

## A Party Just for the Ladies

By Tammy Smiling

As our sports convertible pulled into the club mid afternoon that sunny Saturday afternoon, I felt like I was back on the first day of my pledging my sorority with a surge of palpable anxiety and anticipation. While we rounded through the porte-cochere and pulled into the parking area, I reflected about how it all began with my best friend, Ashley, calling me the previous week to ask if I would attend a very unusual and "edgy" party being hosted by a group of liberally minded women. Ashley was a managing editor with a trendy woman's magazine covering, and thus was on every society's "A" list to receive an invite to any high society event. But this one really piqued her interest.

*The invitation read "You are herewith invited to a unique social gathering for empowered ladies of contemporary interests and exotic proclivities. Hors d'oeuvres, drinks and eclectic activities will be offered by comely gentlemen, all of whom have been hand selected for their polite and gracious deportment and general aesthetics. Dress for women is smart casual, cocktail or business attire. Dress for our male participants is simple and easy – a laundered and neatly pressed birthday suit."*

Ashley wanted to attend desperately, but did not want to go alone. I on the other hand had mixed reservations. I come from a typical American conservative background with puritan roots, and had never been to any type of swinger party, orgy or any other type of event, and nudity at a party implied such activities. But Ashley promised me this was not of that ilk, and that sexual engagement between participants was not part of the agenda. She told me it was something totally different, which then piqued my curiosity as much as Ashley's.

The invitation had the location of a privately owned tennis and recreation club. It was a venue that could be rented for private and exclusive events and parties. And on this day, it was rented to this society of avant-garde women. Surrounded by tall poplars and dense, high shrubbery and fences, the club was afforded complete privacy.

I was later to find out that the general manager of the club was a woman, and, was part of the clique hosting this soiree. Her involvement and orchestration of the event gave the women full discretion and latitude as to any type of event the desired, including requiring full nudity of all males present.

I learned these parties were called "clothed-female/naked-male" parties, or, "CFNM" parties, and the events typically included a dress code for the women of finer, even elegant, attire. Teasing and taunting the men with sexy and alluring dress, such as stiletto high heels, a low cut dresses or slit, tight leather skirts were perfectly acceptable, but nothing see-through or revealing. However, a completely different dress code, or rather no-dress code, applied to all men, and that was, all men present must remain completely naked during the entire party. Further, it was required that all servers, waiters and butlers would be men, and they too must also be nude for the event although gloves, vests and bowties were expected of the servers.

Another rule was that all men, regardless if acting as a server or as a guest of interest for the ladies, were required to cater to whatever whims and needs the women had without question, and the rules and agenda specifically indicated the party was dedicated to the pleasures and enjoyment of the women, not the men, and all men coming must accept and agree to this overriding theme prior to their being invited. The men also knew in advance that they would never see, nor could they expect to see, any female nudity whatsoever.

I originally thought perhaps the events were more about female domination or some type of BDSM play. But they were not. The intent, I learned, was a healthy portion of feminism and female empowerment combined with a dose thrown in of appreciation and adoration of women by the men. Of course, such an event could only have been orchestrated by women and for the exclusive enjoyment of women, which made it all the more attractive to me. These events provided women with an upper hand and a position of empowerment and elevation over the men. As an adolescent, I always enjoyed goading the boys, and this was a great way to be put in a position where we could view them fully exposed and vulnerable, yet the men were denied the same for the women, and I liked that advantage. As a feminist, this entitlement afforded to the women but not the men allured me to this event. But it was the elevation of status and control the women had over the event and the men that made it a must for me to attend.

We were pleasantly surprised to see the parking lot had filled many with cars of friends we recognized. There is safety, if not power, in numbers, and knowing there was a sizeable group of women already there made me feel more relaxed. It would also assure that I would have lots of friends to see with whom I could enjoy the event.

At the main entrance was a small check-in table manned by Denise, a friend of Ashley and part of the hosting committee. Denise beamed as she saw us approach and greeted us with a warm hello. She said the party was already in full swing, and it appeared there was a large turnout. We gave her a token donation for the event, signed the register and walked through the gates. We then turned a corner around a group of tall shrubs cloistering the private lawn of the club. Concealed from the prying eyes of the outside world were two large French doors with beveled glass at the main entrance. As we reached these doors and rang the bell, my heart began to pound again in anticipation.

I can only explain the experience that followed comparable to a bucket of cold water crashing upon me. The doors opened and there he was, Reginald. Our eyes froze on Reginald's eyes. We observed he was a tall, attractive and well built man with hair graying from maturity. His hair was impeccably groomed and his bowtie was neatly aligned under his chin. We saw he wore a neatly pressed butler's vest, white gloves and highly polished black leather shoes and black hosiery socks. But that comprised his entire outfit. The vest covered his torso down to just above his belt line, but between his vest and his socks, he was completely naked. Although I realized the men would be naked before I came, the visual impact of such nudity did not truly hit me until I saw Reginald standing there in front of me, with his manhood prominently and fully exposed as he greeted us.

It was like an unstoppable gravitational force pulling on my eyes as they quickly glanced at his cock. Just as the rest of him, his pubic hair had been neatly trimmed and groomed, with all hair removed from his penis and testicles. It revealed he understood that his genitals would be

presented and on display to women just as was the rest of him, and thus he paid close attention equally to that part of him thus making his genitals presentable and pleasing to view. Such careful attention to his cock and balls reflected respect for the women, and I appreciated that. I noticed his penis was long and slender, and his scrotum hung their contents low.

As he stepped back from the opened the doors allowing us to enter, he smiled politely. He said in a British accent, "Good afternoon ladies, I am Reginald, your butler for this event. Welcome to our Society gathering. May I have your names please?" I thought about how the British accent was so appropriate, and that clearly the ladies orchestrating this party had paid attention to details.

Ashley said "Yes, I'm Ashley Winthrop, and this is my friend, Brenda Nielsen." Reginald replied "Very well indeed, please follow me." He turned and we followed immediately behind him through the foyer listening to the cacophony of female voices, laughter and music emanating from the ballroom. As he walked in front of us, we both looked down at his naked butt. Ashley and I looked at each other with wide eyes and open smiles as if to say "OMG, I can't believe this!"

Reginald then entered the main ballroom filled with dozens of people and said in a booming voice to overcome the noise "Announcing the arrival of Miss Ashley Winthrop and Miss Brenda Nielsen!" He then turned to us and said in politely "I hope you have a pleasant time, and if I can be of service, please do not hesitate to call on me. Now if you will excuse me I must get back to my duties". We thanked him then watched him return back to the entrance to welcome yet another couple of ladies that had just arrived.

At that moment, Janice Demure, the hostess and event organizer, came up to us. She was an eccentric socialite in her 50s that had inherited wealth, and with that, too much time to spend on social activities. She was overly dressed in a tight red skirt, high heels and enough jewelry to where if one added a few lights she could be a chandelier. Her hair had been dyed a bright shade of red. "Ashley, Brenda! Welcome - I'm so glad you came!" She gave us a warm embrace and said to Ashley, "My goodness, look at you two! With your figures and gorgeous young looks, I hope you'll both be kind enough to leave some of the man candy for the rest of us!"

We laughed and I complimented her on her stunning dress. She asked, "Well, what do you think of our little soiree?" Ashley smiled slightly shaking her head saying "Janice, you've really outdone yourself this time." Janice then looked at me for a response. My mouth opened and all that came out was "I...I...I, well, this is sure something! Is this your first CFNM party?"

Janice said with a smile, "Not at all, I've been hosting and attending them for quite a while. It's just the first time I decided to invite any other women!" Janice had a wonderful sense of humor. She continued "...so, I wanted to make sure it was of high caliber. We are expecting dozens of women, maybe more, coming in from all over. I have two friends flying in all the way from Chicago for it!"

At that moment I caught out of the corner of my eye a silver platter coming into our circle covered with small crackers and caviar. Holding the platter was a delicate young man with reddish hair who looked so young I wondered how he got to the party assuming he hadn't a driver's license yet. He was also wearing a bowtie and white gloves, but other than that, he was completely naked. I could not muster the courage to look below the platter and instead took one of the hors d'oeuvres

and said "thank you". Janice chimed in, "This is Terrence. He actually works here at the club and offered to serve as I'm helping to sponsor him for a trip to Europe after high school". I smiled at him and he turned and left. At that time I looked down at his naked butt and saw a muscular derriere indicative of a track runner. I looked at Janice and said "Uh, high school?" Janice laughed and said "Oh, not to worry, he just turned 18 last Wednesday, which makes legal" and then she winked at me. She followed "I knew some of the ladies would enjoy observing a lovely young naked boy flowering into his manhood." We just continued to look at her while thinking about the concept when Ashley mused "Well, if the guys can go watch strippers of the same age, why shouldn't we have the same! What's good for the goose..." Ashley then followed Terrence with her eyes as he stood facing her passing out hors d'oeuvres to another lady and said in a subdued voice "I sure wish my high school sweetie had had a dick like that one on Terrence"

Chuckling Janice said "Yes. And what Terrence doesn't realize is that my assistant Karen, invited two nieces, who will be here shortly. They went to Terrence's high school upstate and said he was a bit of a heartbreaker, and upon learning about this gathering and that he would be here, they organized a select group of girls that know him to drive down come to our party. And Terrence doesn't know they're coming! Of course, Denise will check their I.D.s to make sure they're old enough". Ashley smiled and said "That's great! Little Terrence is about to get quite a surprise when they show!" and we all laughed.

I took a minute to pan the room. It was of the Victorian era with a high coffered ceiling, serving and seating tables, and a bar. Along the opposite wall was more beveled glass opening up to the swimming pool and hot tub area. Ladies sat outside under table umbrellas and I noticed there were three or so naked server boys passing out hors d'oeuvres and drinks, all appearing to be young like Terrence. Inside were another four naked server boys doing the same.

Ashley said "I noticed Terrence and all of the other servers do not have any pubic hair, is that intentional?" Janice replied "Absolutely. Our instructions were that all server boys must remove all pubic hair, and that their scrotums and penises had to also be cleanly shaved or waxed. I felt that given they will be leaning over the tables while serving the ladies, their genitals should be clean and neat and very presentable for viewing as they may be dangling in one's face as they serve. We felt the unwanted hair was best removed for their service. And, well..." And at that time Janice leaned into our little circle and said quietly with a wry smile "As you can see, I selected them all because of their youthful features, and well, without the hair on their penises, it gives them a kind of naked little boy look – sort of emphasizes their youth, don't you think?"

Ashley said "Janice! You ARE wicked!", then hesitated and said "But I like the way you think!" We all laughed at the amusing thought of it, and Janice then excused herself to go greet some new guests arriving. Right as she left, another server passed us with a tray of stuffed mushrooms. He looked young indeed, and Ashley eyes followed his youthful manhood at the top of his legs as he passed us and said with a smirk, "You know, she does have a point. And it really makes their dicks look all the more naked." I looked about at the room at some of the cocks on these servers, and chuckled while agreeing with her.

We then walked over to the bar. The bartender was a man in his early thirties with curly sandy hair. He was clearly a body builder with massive arms and a well cut chest. Unlike the servers, he

wasn't wearing a bowtie, or anything else for that matter. I got the impression he was too machismo for such silliness.

"Greetings ladies, what can I do you for?" Ashley asked for a gin and tonic and I a martini. He made the drinks quickly with precision, clearly showing he truly was a bartender. We thanked him and put a dollar in his tip jar and turned around. Ashley then leaned into me and whispered "Do you believe in the theory that buff guys like that are compensating for their shortcomings?" I responded I hadn't thought about it. She suggested I go back to the bar and ask him if he had Sapphire gin, which would give me an opportunity to sneak a peek behind the bar and thus be able to nonchalantly view his lower half down below the bar. Obviously she'd seen something. When I did, I was able to look down at the bartender's cock. It was clear that of all the men I had seen so far, our muscle boy here had the tiniest penis and smallest pair of balls of the group. I returned to Ashley and said "well, maybe there's merit to that theory!" She laughed and said, "Looks that way, doesn't it – what do you want to bet he never comes from behind the bar?" I laughed saying I wouldn't take that bet.

We then walked over to the food table. It was well complimented with vegetables, imported cheeses, designer crackers and the like. We each got a small plate and found a table to sit at. We now had a moment to relax and really peruse the room. The crowd was growing and there was a throng of women ranging in age from young 20s to their 60s. Although there were some very slender and attractive young women, such as Ashley, I was pleased to see that women of all ages and shapes had come. And this was only appropriate and fit well with the feminist philosophy, and that was, this party was not about glorifying gorgeous female figures and youthful looks of a select group of women; rather, it was the men that were being objectified having been selected to attend based upon their physical attributes, attitude and appearance, and, it was the men that had to meet certain standards for objectification. And I then came to realize I loved this event for that very reason.

But what I noticed was that aside from the servers, there were only a few men there. The men, who were all nude of course, were sitting at tables chatting with the women or were at the bar chatting with each other. But of all the men, there was not one I'd call unattractive. I then noticed a lady dressed very opulently of portly features at the table next to ours lean over and say to one of the men "Uh, I'm sorry, what was your name?" He replied, "Walter". She then said "Walt, I would like a red wine, and would you get Delores here another scotch?" He said nicely "sure" and got up and went over to the bar. I heard the woman say "I really like to watch him parade about in the altogether!" And she laughed. His politely obeying her request was indicative of the deportment and attitude that appeared to be expected of all men attending.

I was able to view the foyer from where I sat and observed Janice cross it escorting a man who had just arrived into a room. He appeared to be in his early 40s and wore khaki slacks with a brown leather jacket. They were in there for a few minutes, then I observed her emerge with him, but now he was completely naked. He was sculpted like Michelangelo's David, with virtually every muscle visibly defined by cut lines in his chiseled physique. I was not the only woman studying this specimen as he strolled across the room with his manhood swinging proudly.

Janice came to our table and said "That's Bert, he use to be my trainer". I then asked her about the room, and she said it was the men's locker room. I then asked naively, "and women are

allowed in there?" She laughed saying "Of course, silly – it's OUR event and we ladies can do whatever we like! There are two club locker rooms, one is exclusively for women with no men allowed, but I've made sure the doors to the men's locker room, shower and bathroom area have been left fully open for our entire event and all ladies may come and go into them as they please. Either Denise or one of the other ladies of the hosting committee escorts each man upon his arrival into the locker room and then instructs him to strip completely naked, including watches, rings, all jewelry...everything. They may only come into the party dressed the same way that they came into this world and no more. Only after they've removed everything and stowed their items in a locker are they allowed to enter into our party environment. This assures that no men will be lingering about in violation of the protocol of the party, which requires all males to be nude at all times. Would you like to see the men's locker room?" Ashley and I both said "sure!"

Janice showed us across the room into the foyer into an area where there were double doors to the men's locker room were pulled and wedged fully wide open. A sign above it said "MENS LOCKER ROOM". But there was a hand written sign on the door that said "Women are welcome and may enter today at anytime", obviously to assure that all the women knew that they were invited into the men's locker room at anytime during the party.

As we passed through the opening, our entering gave me the anxious feeling that I was walking into a forbidden place for women – a man's locker room used to house naked men doing things naked men do in locker rooms but few women witness. As we came in, we turned a corner and saw the benches and lockers. There were two men undressing while Denise talked with them, apparently monitoring their disrobing to assure they complied with the rules. We then heard one of the showers going. We rounded a tiled wall to see a very slender yet muscular Latino, about thirty, showering. He was standing right there right in front of us bathing and we watched as he lathered his body in the cascading water. Maybe it was the martinis, but watching him lather his svelte frame as he scrubbed his tight buttocks finally jump started my libido. I felt a tingling between my legs, which for me meant he was not the only one that was getting wet.

Janice said, "You must be Carlos". He turned and looked at us smiling and said "Yes, I'm Carlos. I just finished installing a sprinkler system, and wanted to clean up for your party". Janice sighed and gazed at him saying "Honey, I don't know if I prefer you clean and smelling sweet, or hot and sweaty!" He laughed. She then introduced us to him and he smiled at us, but then his eyes locked on mine. Did he know what I was feeling, or was he so used to drawing the attention of young women he owned the confidence he exuded? Regardless, he knew I desired him, and there was nothing I could do to hide it.

Janice said, "Come, let's let Carlos finishing scrub-a-dubbing!" We walked passed the sinks and saw yet another door wedged open. It was to a tight corridor with only urinals in the room along one wall. We saw stepping up to one yet another man, also nude. Her attention drew to this man and she walked into the urinal room unabashed, and we followed.

He was in his upper 40s, nice physique and broad shoulders. Janice proclaimed "Well hi Bob! So glad you could make it!" He stopped and saw her while responding in a friendly voice "Hey sweet stuff, wouldn't miss it for the world!" She walked right behind him and hugged his torso and began a conversation with him. Her gratuitous presence remaining in the urinal room as she conversed with him revealed to me that she got a particular thrill out of denying the men even the most basic

level of privacy at this event. The sanctuary of the men-only environment of the urinal room had been destroyed by her leaving the doors open and the invitation for all women to enter. She had designated all bathroom areas as either women only, or, if they were normally designated for the men only, at her party on this day they became coed with all doors propped permanently open, and this included women being allowed to converse with, and watch, the nude men as they used the urinals. It was one of the wonderfully deviant sides of Janice that assured the ladies could enjoy whatever exotic or erotic proclivities they wanted to pursue, even at the expense of the men's privacy, and I loved the idea of it.

Janice introduced him to Ashley and me, as we stood on the opposite side of him. It was a very unusual and strange feeling being a clothed woman talking to a naked man I had never met who had just stepped up to a urinal. There was a forced casualness about the encounter for Ashley and me, but not Janice, who relished in the moment of catching this man off guard and forcing him into a conversation with the three of us at such an awkward moment. Standing to the side as he made light talk with Janice, Ashley and I had a full view of his penis as he held it. Although my initial urges were telling me I should look away, my libido, that was sitting on my shoulder after slurping down a martini was arguing with these conservative voices telling me this was simply too fun of an opportunity to pass up, and my libido demon won. I heard this invisible little creature whisper to me, *"After all, today is a day for new experiences, and seeing a man pee up close is something new you've never experienced!"*. Even my previous boyfriends had been shy about it. Bob's attention was turned to Janice, so I took the opportunity to continue to gaze at his dick as he held it.

Bob was certainly not shy about having three women next to him at the urinal and chatting with them as he stood there naked about to relieve himself. In fact, it seemed he intrinsically knew that this kind of encounter was intended to allow women into and observe the private sanctity of this male activity, and it was perfectly appropriate for us to be there at that exact moment to watch him as he readily accepted our presence. This feeling was underscored when I discerned him make a slight step backwards opening the gap between him and the urinal thus creating a much better view clearly inviting us to look at his dick and watch him pee if we were so inclined.

Given that, my last feelings of guilt evaporated and I gazed down at his penis knowing he knew I was looking at it in anticipation of watching him complete what he was there for. He had a nice penis of decent girth, and I saw he was circumcised with the penis head fully pronounced. I focused on the very tip of the head on his penis hole when I suddenly saw a thick stream of golden liquid begin to shoot out of it into the basin. As he proceeded he continued a conversation with Janice about the traffic getting there, but I wasn't listening and my eyes were locked onto his dick watching it pee, and it was clear he was perfectly fine with my watching it so intently. I then looked at Ashley who had a smile on her face as her eyes darted back and forth between watching his urinating dick and his face. He then looked down to what he was doing, which pulled all of our eyes back down to it as well, with all four of us now silently staring at his penis as he continued to pee. As we continued our ogling of over his penis, we watched him finish then conduct the ceremonial shaking of his penis a man does after he finishes peeing, holding the penis mid-section with his thumb and index finger then shaking it vigorously while we watched the head flop about slinging the last golden drops from his penis hole into the basin. Janice piped in at that moment "Honey, you're still dripping - are you sure you shook it enough?" We laughed and he said, "Hmmm, better make sure". We continued laughing as we watched him shake it a few more times.

Janice was continuing her conversation with Bob as I heard "excuse me" over my left shoulder. It was a server boy, and I politely stepped out of the way as he approached the urinal. It occurred to me there was no alternative for him, so I turned my attention back to Janice. She then bid Bob farewell and the three of us turned and walked back into the locker room. I turned to Janice, who had noticed my keen observing Bob pee. I was a bit embarrassed at my flagrant staring during the process when she reassured me "Honey, that's what this is all about, just enjoy yourself – in fact, voyeurism is an integral and enjoyable aspect of these parties. And they'll be even more of the men exposed to you today than just their bodies. Did you enjoy watching him pee?" And I replied "Well" and I hesitated, "Yes I did, it was one of those things you'd never expect you would see. I mean...being in a men's locker room as watching them undress, shower, and, standing at the urinals and having conversations with nude men as you watch them pee. It's all quite a unique and different experience." Janice replied "Indeed, and isn't it great?" and I replied "I'm beginning to think so!"

It was all just one more entitlement the women were given over the men. Fortunately for the men, the throne room did have doors, and were probably left closed so the women could use them as well while having privacy. It was interesting in witnessing how many of the women that day preferred using the men's locker room as opposed to the women's, or at least they spent a good time going in there.

I reentered the locker room and Denise had yet two more men at the lockers stripping. Carlos was drying off. He smiled at me and I walked over and talked to him. I really wanted to drink in his whole body, his sinuous muscularity, his firm thighs and tight buttocks, and most importantly, his cock, which I could almost tell without looking directly at it was something to behold. I smiled at him and said bye, and he gave me a wink.

The three of us returned to the party. The noise level was increasing as the room echoed with chatter and laughter, mostly female. But to our delight, the number of men that were there had grown significantly. The gender ratio was approach equal proportions, but not quite. Standing there, I felt like I was attending a 50% nudist conference.

I commented to Janice how the assortment of men was indeed very of good quality. Some pretty handsome guys, even the servers and butler were easy on the eyes. She told me about the interview process, how she, Denise and other women in the "Society" would conduct interviews. Interviews include the men discussing what they found alluring about the parties, why they wanted to come, and to assure they understood the rules and requirements. She said the women would also have the men strip and then take digital photos of them to review later. She promised to let me see all of them later, even the ones of the men that did not make the cut.

I watched the servers scurry about handing out tasteful treats, I watched the men fetch drinks, stand at the hors d'oeuvres tables and chat, or simply walking about. Most women love a nice firm butt, and Janice certainly had given us plenty to view. What I also found interesting was observing the variation in the men's endowment packages. I had never been to a nude beach or resort, and had only seen the genitals of boyfriends as well as the infrequent art work or photograph. And adult porno films always select men of large proportion. So this allowed me to view the genitals of all types of men of varying ethnicities parade about in front of me. And mom was wrong, if you



seen 'em one, you aint seen 'em all. And the icing on all of this all was that female voyeurism was a key purpose of the party, so prolonged stares were normal.

But the men were expected to simply allow this without pursuing your interest by making a move on you. They were there solely to be viewed, objectified and provide amusement, but no more. And I loved it.

We sat at a table with four women Ashley and I had been out with a few weeks prior to the party. We had attended a networking conference together, and had become a bit of a female rat pack. From that point forward, our conversation migrated back and forth between work, relationship issues, observations of some of fashion we were witnessing, but always intermingled with observations of one of the men there debating his attributes and providing judgmental commentary on what we observed.

As a group, I can say without conceit, we are a target for men's attention at clubs. Julianne and Connie were avid spinners at the health club, and Kathy was a beautiful Asian girl with full and thick long black hair that glistened in a way that only Asian women can enjoy. Despite each table having designated waiters, the male guests were also continually approaching our table asking if they could get us a drink, or perhaps give us a foot massage, which was one of the acceptable requests the men could ask the women.

Women were indeed getting foot massages, neck massages and were flirting with the men. I then overheard a bit of an argument and recognized Janice's voice. She was a few feet behind me in the corner of the room with Terrence, and I listened how she scolded him for wanting to leave. She reminded him of the terms of his agreement to serve, and was now breaking his promise. His complaint was that he had noticed that the girls that had gone to his high school were all now sitting at a table, and he was shocked they were there. And most importantly, he didn't understand why he had been assigned specifically to Table #8, which had been reserved for this exact group of girls. Further, he felt it was all a "setup". Janice's voice was getting stern as she reprimanded him and reminded him of her promise to sponsor him, he had received good money in advance for his work that day, and he wasn't about to relinquish his duties. She told him the fact that he had been assigned to serve that table was not anything he should question, and that he must immediately go wait on them and treat them with the respectful service he had promised to give all attendees. He then said in a quiet subdued voice "yes ma'am", then dutifully walked over to the table.

Upon noticing that I and the other ladies at our table had overheard the Terrence getting scolded, Janice leaned over and said to us "Well, he was right about one thing, it was a setup!", and laughed. Ashley said "What a devious trick to play on that boy. As I keep saying, you ARE wicked! But I DO like the way you think!" They laughed as Janice walked back towards the foyer to greet more guests.

There was a bit of deviant genius to Janice. No doubt many, if not all, of the ladies there had been intentionally informed by her of this trick she planned on Terrence. Thus, Table #8 had become a miniature stage with a performance about to be played out for the amusement of the audience. And the audience was those ladies sitting at the surrounding tables that knew the story, including Karen, Janice's assistant that had intentionally invited her young niece because she knew they

knew Terrence. My initial thoughts were for poor Terrence, who was about to be thoroughly embarrassed if not humiliated in front of girls from his high school, and without his ability to control the situation, becoming their naked servant boy. Had he jilted one? Did he have feelings for any of them or vice versa? And what would they say when meeting with others that knew Terrence, or when he ran into one of them at other parties and the like?

But then, I thought about it from the perspective of the girls at Table #8, and realized how fun it might be for these girls, and how amusing it will be for the ladies surrounding them to witness the dynamics as embarrassed, nude little Terrence waits on these giggling girls. Then, the overriding thought came to mind as to what this was all about. The theme had been known by all men, not only including all the male guests, but all server boys, waiters, butlers and all other men attending. They all knew this party was solely and exclusively for the enjoyment and entertainment of women, and that that aspect was superior and more important than anything else. And all men coming, including the servers and waiters had to, in advance, agree to this, embrace it and pledge to make it so. In fact, I learned she even had them sign releases to this effect, not for anything legally binding, but more of an attitudinal commitment by the men, including Terrence. This "setup" would no doubt lead to a very awkward and embarrassing situation for him, and because it was his embarrassing predicament that brought enjoyment to the women, he had no choice but to endure it such that they could enjoy it. And there having fun with it was his fulfillment of his commitment to them and the event. Therefore, Terrence's complaints were irrelevant, and Janice was correct in scolding him for bringing them up. His being required to serve this specific table was not only perfectly appropriate, but brilliant, and I was just pleased Ashley and I were close enough to the Table #8 to hear the conversation and watch it all play out.

As he approached Table #8, it was clear a number of the ladies were watching the reaction of all participants at that table. With a white serving cloth over his forearm, white gloves and bowtie, he said to them "Ladies, may I get you something?" Some of the girls looked at him with wide smiles, one said "Well hello Terrence!", but then two exclaimed loudly that echoed across the room "Oh my God!!! It's Terrence McKinley!!" It was then obvious a couple of the young girls had intentionally not been informed to surprise them. The entire table of girls burst into laughter, and I also so smiles and chuckles from the ladies of the surrounding tables. One buried her face in her hands as she laughed turning red and unable to look at him. But the others took great delight in his presence. The dinner tables were standard height such that the tops were about six inches lower than the balls of even the shortest of waiters. Thus, Terrence's penis and balls were on prominent display at eye level of these girls as he dutifully asked if he could get them anything. As the girls laughed, some were glancing at his dick while others were outright gawking at it. As the girls laughed, Terrence's face grew to a full rosy red almost glowing with his extreme embarrassment. But to his credit, he did not wince and stood there quietly and dutifully awaiting to receive their requests.

It was then that I spied Janice standing in the corner watching this whole thing come down, and laughing with delight. Eventually, the girls ordered a round of apple martinis. Terrence turned and went to the bar wherein Janice greeted him. She commended him on his department, and told him he would get an extra tip for the day. He was quiet, and asked, "Well, you know they aren't 21 yet." Janice said "Honey, this is my private party and their aunt is here as a chaperone, get them their drinks."

As the party wore on, the apple martinis obviously began to have an effect of the girls at Table #8. Initially, they could hardly begin a conversation with Terrence, but soon began to talk with him, asking him how he got the job, how it felt to be naked in front of everyone. He'd stammer his response always asserting that it was all about the money. But when he wasn't there, they talked ecstatically about him. Soon, the girls were getting loose, and as Terrence was getting another order from them, one of girl blurted out "You know Terrence, we always wondered what your dick looked like, now we see." They all chuckled and looked at Terrence's manhood as it dangled right in front of them when another said "Yeah, and we all agreed, you have a really nice one too!" And they laughed. She then continued "But your dick looks, well, really naked. Are you old enough to shave?" And they burst into laughter. "I'm sorry" she followed, "I meant to say, did you shave your balls also?" Terrence replied "Uh, well, yeah, it was a requirement for all of the servers". Janice then approached the table saying "Yes, that was my idea. What do you think girls, would you have preferred Terrence shaved or not?" Terrence had no choice but to stand there and allow them to examine his genitals until he was given permission to leave.

One of the girls chimed in, "I'm more into guys' asses. Turn around Terrence, let's check it out." Janice said, "Terrence...you heard her, turn around and let us see that nice butt of yours." Terrence complied and turned letter the girls examine his naked butt. They all commented on how nice it was, and one reached over and squeezed on of his cheeks and said "yeah, firm too!", bringing their giggles. Terrence was again bright red and began to walk off when Janice instructed him "Uh Terrence, not quite done yet here...turn around." He did, and Janice said, "Yes, I'm more of a cock woman, and that's a nice one. Terrence, I'll have another Canadian Mist, please go get our drinks". He then left to fetch the drinks. As he did, the chatter and giggling at the table that ensued was nonstop. I was happy to see they were having such a great time, and I must be honest and admit that fact that it was at Terrence's expense certainly was entertaining for a lot of the ladies.

One of the younger of the girls seemed to be very shy, and a bit overwhelmed by it all. She confided to Janice that she was still a virgin, and had never seen a man's cock before. Janice laughed, and followed with, "Well, this must be quite a new experience for you Rhonda. This morning you had never seen one, and now, there's a room full of them! And what have you learned?" The girl responded, "Well, I've always been curious about the difference in how a penis looks when its circumcised versus not." Janice smiled, no doubt with spinning wheels in her head. She then started to look about the room at the various servers, then said "Yes, that's it, I see the two." The girls at Table #8 waited in anticipation to learn what was Janice's next item of amusement.

Janice shouted over the crowd "Sam, Sam, would you please come here? And Tim, yes you dear, Tim, would you come here please?" Both servers walked over to the table. Janice said "Boys, put your trays down for a second and stand next to each other, hands by your sides." The boys did what was asked of them. She then said, "Denise, please move to the side so both boys can approach the table so we can see those wonderful penises of theirs." Denise complied and the the two young men stood side by side with the penises on display for the table of girls. Janice said "Thank you dear. The reason I chose these two young strapping fellows is, as you can see, both have penises that are almost identical in size. If it weren't for the rest of them, they'd be identical twins. But...there's one difference, and what's that Rhonda?" Rhonda and the rest of the girls laughed, and Rhonda said "I see, I see. Sam's penis is circumcised, but Tim's is not." Janice

smiled and said "Exactly, you get an "A" Rhonda". Janice said, "Come here Rhonda, I'll show you something." Rhonda and Janice walked around the table to the two boys. By now, half the surrounding tables of women had focused on Janice's education of Rhonda.

Janice then put her hand under Sam's penis lifting it up. She said "Here Rhonda, run your finger around the crown of Sam's penis head. Rhonda did. Now, she said, hold his penis, feel the skin. Rhonda followed up with this. "Now" she said, "put your finger on the tip of Tim's penis and feel the skin protruding off the tip, that's what we call his foreskin." Rhonda of course knew this, but what Janice was doing was putting on a show – she was a teacher teaching young women about penises as two naked male subjects stood at attention for the pedagogical demonstration. Rhonda followed up on Janice's instruction. "That's it, pull on his foreskin, roll it between your thumb and fingers."

As Rhonda complied, Janice said "Uh oh, looks like our boys here are beginning to stiffen up!" The girls began to chuckle seeing that the manipulation of the penises of the two young guys was getting them erect. But Janice wasn't going to let up. She said "Rhonda, hold Tim's shaft with one hand and pull back his foreskin all the way with the other." Rhonda complied again. Janice said "Now what do you see?" Rhonda responded "Well, it looks like even the head of Tim's penis is identical to Sam's."

Denise chimed in "This isn't fair, how come Rhonda gets to have all the fun?" The girls laughed. Janice said "Okay, okay, Denise, would you do the same please?" The schooling quickly turned from a learning session into just an opportunity for the girls to play with the penises of these two boys. As they did, the two boys were soon fully erect. Janice said, "Well now, there you are! What do you see now Rhonda?" Rhonda said "When they both have boners, you can see the heads on both of their dicks." Janice laughed "Yes, that's the point, well girls, looks like my work is done here, have fun!"

Janice left the table without dismissing the two servers, who didn't know what to do as the girls continued playing with their hard cocks. Sam said to Janice "Should I go back to my service?" Janice turned to the girls and asked "Well?" Denise said, "Not yet, I want to feel what it is like to stroke each of their cocks, if there's a difference." Janice smiled and said to Sam "Well Sam, it sounds like a lady at our party has just made a request, you know the rules...let them stroke you if they want". Obeying Janice's orders, the two boys continued standing at attention while the girls took turns stroking the each boys erect shaft comparing how they felt.

As we all watched, Sam began to take deep breaths. He said, "Girls, I'm not...uh...well...I don't know if I can take this much more – I really think I should go before I embarrass myself." Denise then said, "I think I understand Sam, not to worry, but no, you can't leave yet. Keep standing right here." She then reached over and grabbed a pad of butter and rubbed it on Sam's cock. She then grabbed his shaft and squished the butter all over it. Then, she began stroking it turning what was just fondling and inspection and tugging to full out masturbation of him.

Sam stammered and grimaced. He said in bated breath "Please, I don't want...uh...I can't control myself if you keep doing this." Janice, who's now looking back at the table again said "Sam dear, you're not supposed to argue with the ladies, remember? So please keep quiet. Denise is

enjoying herself right now, so do as she has instructed you!" Sam said in a quivering voice "Uh...yes maam"

By now, all the ladies sitting nearby were watching this table. A couple that were heading to the bar also stopped to watch poor Sam stand there with his perceived dignity being compromised. Then came a low groan from Sam followed by his squirting his sperm all over Table #8. Immediately upon this happening, laughter and applause echoed throughout the room. Even the male guests and other servers were chuckling at the sight of Sam writhing while shooting his spray onto the table, all the while Denise continue her fast jerking of his hard dick.

Denise then quashed her giggles and said "Janice, I think we have a problem. Sam here's made a mess on our table." Looking at Sam Janice responded in a musing way, "Tisk tisk Sam, look at that mess you just made! You should be ashamed of your self. Now, go get some wash clothes and clean up". Sam rolled his eyes and said "Yeah, sure" and proceeded to clean up his mess. The girls found it quite amusing, but Sam avoided Table #8 for the rest of the party, despite when some of the girls lady laughed and said "Oh Sam, we need some milk for our coffee, can you come here?" while they laughed.

Connie then directed our attention towards one particularly attractive woman, Cheryl. Cheryl was slender with green eyes, long black hair and a very pretty face. She was the type that turned men's head when she entered a bar. From watching her, it was clear she knew the power this gave her over men, and Connie said Cheryl was very much into playing head games on them. She pointed out that Cheryl would feign interest in men to get nice dinners, drinks and attention, but would drop them as soon as she saw something more interesting. She said Cheryl also loved to make a man think she was interested in her, and even prick tease him, kissing him on his neck, making him rock hard then leave him denying him anything. She would later laugh about it with her friends telling them how she loved to tease her dates frustrating them and giving them a case of the blue balls.

We saw her target, and it was Jack. He had flirted with her at the buffet table and she then had him at the bar. Her eyes gazed into his, she smiled at him and laughed at all of his silly jokes. She put her hand on his should and would lean over and whisper in his ear, with her hair dragging across his chest. As they faced each other, she put her heel on a stool whereby her bare knee was flush against his inner thigh. As they chatted intimately, she'd move back and forth until her knee would actually come in contact with his scrotum. I stole a glance from time to time and it was clear it was having the intended effect on him as I saw his penis began to noticeably throb and stiffen. Soon, his cock was hard and fully erect pointing outwards and upwards. I then notice her lean into him with her ear in front of his mouth as if she could not hear him. This afforded her the opportunity to peer down and observe his rock hard boner, which by now had a very wet tip. The whole room could witness how horny she had made him, and she knew it.

And apparently, that was her goal. Once she had observed his highly aroused state and throbbing erection, she responded to something he said saying "Well isn't that nice! It was nice talking to you!" and instantly got up and walked off leaving him hard and full of unmet anticipation. I saw a smirk of pride on her face - she had finished with him, won her victory, and was now on to her next target, a fellow by the name of Robert who was an investment banker from San Francisco. Within seconds she had her hand on Robert's shoulder laughing at something he said giving him her full attention as Jack sat their stunned watching her now prick tease Robert. Before long, he too was

beginning to sport a throbbing boner. He kept attempting to keep his back to the room; however, Cheryl would reposition herself each time so he had to face the room to talk to her. It was obvious to the women that she did not want her devious prick teasing skills to go unnoticed by the rest of the ladies. And poor Robert was her fool that had no idea the game she was playing on him, although the ladies did. We watched, and as soon as Robert was flying at full mast, she again walked off smiling to talk to yet another victim.

But there was a lot of teasing going on by many of the women, not just Cheryl. As the afternoon wore on, the teasing reached higher levels. The amount of caressing shoulders and rubbing hands along the six-pack abdomens of some of the men increased. One of the ladies at our table, Jennifer, had one server stand at our table as she admired his thighs running her fingers up and down them. And the friskiness then progressed to women pinching the guys on their butts, grabbing their cocks and fondling of their balls.

Eventually, erections on the men became the norm rather than the exception. With all the male arousal that permeated the event, one could almost smell all the testosterone in the air. But there was an invisible force field that precluded any relief of their arousal. The women could not answer their erections with any sexual act. True, I witnessed some of the women giving a hard cock a few strokes, but never to any conclusion. Although these men were extremely horny, the women were always just out of their reach, and these men could do nothing about it. Women were in an empowered position, and that meant that they could delight in torturing these naked men keeping them hard and frustrated, and there was nothing the men could do about it except parade around the room as the women watched their hard erections literally drool with hopeful anticipation that would never be met. For me, it was the ultimate in female control over the male.

Another aspect of the party I found interesting were the number of couples that had come. It appeared that some of the men were simply exhibitionist, and their girlfriends or wives enjoyed their guy's exhibitionistic proclivities with them. Other ladies obviously wanted to attend the gala and witness all the studs strut their stuff, and their hubbies were evidently fine with granting their ladies such erotic endeavors.

But with some of the guests, particularly the couples, I sensed an element of female dominance in their relationship. Ashley told me that one of the couples she knew was into her dominating him, and, he was her cuckold. I also noticed that in terms of endowment, the inadequacy of his cock would have rivaled that of the bartender's. At one point I noticed the two of them sitting next to a strapping young man, and as she fondled this guy, she reached underneath his package and lifted it presenting it to her husband. She said to him "Gerald, see Rick's cock...his balls? Don't you wish you were as much of a man as he is?" She turned to the guy next to her, Rick, and said "As you can see Rick, Gerald has a pathetically small penis and is unable to satisfy a woman. You know, he's not much of a man in that regards. Rick, do you think you could satisfy me?" Rick responded with "Uh...sure!" What was interesting is that I wasn't the only woman that witnessed the exchange, particularly her contrasting Rick's and Gerald's endowment purposely humiliating Gerald in front of me and the other ladies. It certainly had the ladies eyes darting back and forth between the penises of Rick and Gerald clearly seeing the vast difference. There were some surprised looks and quiet chuckles emanating from the surrounding tables. Within a few minutes the three of them had left together.

Ashley, who also saw the exchange, told me that the couple was into it, and that Gerald got off to being dominated and humiliated by her as much as his wife enjoyed humiliating him about his size. And this party was a perfect place to put his inadequacy on display for all to see while she drew attention to it and chastised him about in front of others, particularly the other women that could witness his being openly humiliated by her about his small dick. Ashley commented that she anticipated the three of them were probably going to go to some room somewhere while she instructed Gerald to sit in a chair while she had Rick make love to her in front of him, with Gerald only watching and masturbating.

The episode made me wonder what other type of kinky fetishes some of these couples harbored, and what their plans were. Were some of these couples trolling for a guy for a threesome, or even perhaps another woman? Were their bisexual or gay men here to pick up on some of the other men? All of these potentialities could be occurring, and some probably were.

But the answer to these questions could only be surmised through speculation. Any actually sexual playing that might result was prohibited from the party environment. And that is what made it such a great gathering. The innuendos, the flirting, the teasing and the maneuvering were fun to hear and watch, but I felt comfortably safe being a mere witness to it.

There were other aspects of female domination that seemed to be an under current with at least a few of the women. Janice sat at our table for a while and commented on something that made me realize this. She said "You know, a man's virility is often defined by his balls, both in myth lore and in present day clichés. Such adages as "He's got big balls", "brass balls", and the like reveals this. Samson claimed it was his hair – he was about three feet off, it's the balls that men judge their manhood. And if a woman controls his balls, she controls him".

At that moment, Reginald the butler approached the table and leaned over and whispered to Janice that he had requested the caterer to put the last trays of food out. Janice replied "Thank you Reginald." As he started to turn she said "Reginald, stand there for a second." He said "Yes mum." Janice then took a second to look at his balls, then slowly reached up underneath them cupping them and saying to us "Yes, ladies, this is what I'm talking about". She then suddenly grasped them with force. Reginald gulped and stood at attention. As she squeezed them she said, "Reginald, that's quite uncomfortable, isn't it?" He said in a stifled voice, "Yes mum." She then squeezed harder and said, "That hurts even more, doesn't it". He said with a gulp "Yes mum!" She then turned to us and said "You see, I have this man by his balls...at this moment, I fully control him, he'll do whatever I say, and I OWN him." She kept holding his balls for a moment when he said "Yes mum, but you know I will do whatever you see without your tight grasp on them." She smiled, and said "That's true." She released them and said "Thank you Reginald, I wanted to display a point to these women. You may go now", to which Reginald replied politely "Thank you madam", and left.

It was clear Janice loved dominating men as well. In fact, it became clear that the protocol was that not only could women fondle any men at will without the man's prior approval, but reaching down and grabbing him by his balls to exert control over him by literally "having him by his balls" was acceptable as well. A couple of times I indeed noticed a woman grabbing a man's balls as if to say "Gotcha! Now who's in control?" It was just one more thing that established the women's hierarchy of position and power over the men at this gathering.

Then Janice took the final step in this regards and announced to the group some games and contests would be played. We all sat in anticipation. She then said that there would be a ring toss competition, and said that Robert would hold the staff, with the staff being his erect cock. Robert looked surprised when she commented "Robert, you have the best pole in the group for it!" He asked, "But how will I keep it up" to which Janice replied "Robert, do you mean I have to tell you how to keep it up after you've been doing it to yourself your whole adult life?" This brought laughter from the crowd. Janice announced that an imported bottle of champagne would go to the lady who made the most successful ring tosses.

She then had Robert lay on the elevated stage floor that was used for bands and dancing. She instructed him to make it hard, at which time we began to watch him masturbate. She had ladies volunteer, and soon a group was there, including the entire group of girls from Table #8. Robert presented his erect shaft as a target, and the ladies began tossing plastic rings. They bounced and twirled and when the first one landed encircling his erect penis, the group cheered and applauded.

It was very funny to watch and the room was filled with laughter. Janice came and sat back down with us, once again proud of her ability to bring amusement to the women. Janice chimed in at that moment. "You see, men that are serving as waiters, butlers and the like are exempt from any of the party games or contests. They are here for one thing, and that is to provide service to the ladies. But the men coming as guests, they were also made aware that they would also be providing service, but in a different way. They would be the object of our amusement, games and contests, and had to agree to it".

I asked Janice "It seems you have total control over these men, and none have yet to really challenge your or any lady's authority. That's not like the guys I know." Janice explained "You see, we put out ads and talk to many guys. They are interviewed prior to attending. The number of men volunteering far exceeds the number we need. For every guy that is accepted, about six are rejected. So we can be very choosy and selective. And their unconditional promise to cater to the lady's needs and desires, and participate in contests, whatever they may be, is a requirement. Their reward for it is their opportunity to amuse and make happy a group of desirous, elite women. And that is their OWNLY reward. And you'd be amazed at how many men will jump to this call"

"What would you do if any of the men showed with a hidden agenda, and didn't abide by your commands?" I asked. Janice said "They'd be asked to leave immediately, and they know it. And we have our bartender, Frank, who could easily assist in that. As you can see, he's a competitive body builder." I commented that we had noticed, and, noticed other things about Frank to which Janice laughed obviously knowing what it was to which we were referring.

As the ring toss game ensued, Janice started a game of Twister being played in the men's locker room. At first the rules were only the men would play with the women watching, but unlike the men, the women weren't as agreeable to the rules, and eventually a number of women had their bodies wrapped around the guys' like pretzels.



Another activity involved the ladies casting ballots to see who would be "booted onto the island", ergo, which guy had the nicest body, ass, cock, balls, etc. There was also a measuring of erect cock versus hand size to check out the myth, however, there was no conclusive determination.

After the ring toss game, which was won by Connie, Janice had five men line up facing the audience and spread them apart having them stand on crates so they could be clearly seen by the whole room from the knees up. Five lady volunteers were then selected and stood behind them and three judges were selected, of which I was one. The three judges sat in chairs immediately in front of the stage and the rules were explained by Janice. "This is the Minute Man competition. As you all remember during the Revolutionary War, there were a group of men that could rise to the occasion in a minute to fight the British. Well, this is similar. The ladies are challenged to get the men to rise to the occasion, but in a different way." Laughter could be heard. "This game is to judge which lady has the best skill as a prick teaser. But, at no time may a woman touch a man's penis in anyway, and, their cocks must remain visible to the judges at all times for judging. That would be a disqualification. And another bottle, this time it's 1997 bottle of Blanc De Noir champagne." If anything, Janice did have expensive tastes.

As the men stood there, the judges were asked to confirm that each man was indeed in a flaccid state to assure no head starts. Then sultry music began to play as the competition began. The women began to rub their hands all over the men, grabbing their asses, running their hands up and down their inner thighs. Crates were placed adjacent to the men such that the women could also stand on them and lick the men's chests, suck on the napes of their necks, run their fingers through the men's hair and stick their tongues into their guy's ears.

I closely watched each female contestant to assure she did not violate the rules while also closely the penises of each man. Randy's penis was by far the largest. Thick long, and he was uncut. Jonathon's penis was also uncircumcised, but although not as long as Randy's, was equally as thick. The other contestants, Bob, Tony and George were all circumcised and were very adequately endowed as well. It then occurred to me why these men were chosen by Janice, as they had the largest cocks, and what better men to put on display?

The men were all beginning to show signs of arousal as their penises throbbed as they began to inflate. Ashley, who was one of the contestants, then told her guy, Tony, to straddle both hers and his crate standing on them. He did, which allowed his legs to be spread wider. Ashley then she got behind him and began to run her tongue down the top of the slit of his ass. She stuck her finger up his butt slit while she put her face below his balls, which were now dangling above her. She then began to slide her tongue along the bottom of his scrotum followed by her gently and ever so gently biting his scrotum sack. Roxanne, who was the contestant next to her, said "Hey, Ashley's cheating! She's not supposed to touch him there." Janice said, "No, I said you couldn't touch his penis, and she's not touching it. In fact, it looks as though Tony's penis is quickly getting out of the way!" The room was full of laughter and encouraging cheering.

Ashley then opened her mouth while sticking her tongue out. She then let the wet balls of Tony slide into her mouth as she began to suckle on them. Tony's cock instantly shot up and was rock hard and the judges agreed we had a winner. Janice announced that Ashley had won the competition. With that Ashley yelled "Yaaaayy!", then sweetly kissed Tony's balls as if to thank them for doing their job on him. Janice handed the bottle to Ashley, but also had some lesser

valued wines handed out to the other ladies. She said "Ladies, let's all give them an applause...thank you guys!" and the audience cheered and applauded. Stepping down Bob asked Janice "Hey, what do the guys get?" Janice responded, "What do you get? You get to be horny!" and we all broke out into laughter.

By now I had noticed some of the men and women pairing off and quietly leaving the party together. The party had reached its zenith, or so I had assumed. Janice was at our table and we began to talk again about many things, but with Janice being there, it again gravitated back to virility and a man's balls. Janice asked "Do you think how much a man can cum is based upon the size of his balls?" Kathy said "I think it has to do with whether he's cum lately and how often." Connie piped in "Yeah, but all things being equal, I think the bigger a guy's balls, the more he can cum." I responded that I didn't have enough experience in that area to have an educated guess.

Janice then began to beam and laugh. Something has sparked her, and we could only guess. She said, I just had another splendidly wicked idea! A new contest! Leslie at our table said "No way! You're not going to!" Janice just smiled and said "Watch me!"

Janice stood on the chair, which given she was now four martinis into the afternoon, wasn't a good idea. She said, "Everyone, we're going to have one last contest. Okay, I want all the men that have not had sex over the last day to raise their hands. Virtually every male guest raised his hand. She then said, "Okay, of you men, if you have not masturbated lately, keep your hands up". Of course, all the men kept their hands up, as lowering their hand would have been a bit of an embarrassing admonition. Janice then said, "Okay, you men with your hands up, bring your chairs to the stage".

Nine men came to the stage with their chairs. Janice instructed them to put their chairs in a row facing the audience a few feet apart. She then told them to sit in the chairs facing the audience, and to lean back in them thrusting their pelvises forward while spreading wide their needs. After they complied she said, "Okay guys, now lift your penises up and hold them back to your tummies", which they all did.

She then said to the ladies in the audience. "Alright ladies, first, I want you to rank which man has the largest balls and try and order them from one to nine". The ladies chuckles and chattering could be heard "Jack's balls hang real low, but are they as big as Bert's?" "Tony has a nice pair, but show does Jim". Eventually, they were ranked by vote with Jack winning.

Janice then announced, "Alright men, we're going to prove a theory, and see if the size of your balls determines how much you cum. We're now going to have you compete in a masturbation contest!" With that the men were obviously flustered. Some were saying "Oh, no, no, I can't". They started to rustle and one said "How can we do it with all of you watching – it's not, well, I don't think I can". But George, Bob and Jim were smiling and already beginning to touch themselves.

Janice said in a jovial manner "You guys all agreed, but if you don't want to keep your agreements, you can be party poopers. And you know what I say to party poopers, Booooo!" She then said "Okay, we have a long waiting list of men for our next party, and for any of you men that will jack off and cum for us right now, you'll be guaranteed a slot. But if not, you won't be invited back because you're a party pooooooper!"

Randy asked "But do we have to cum?", and Janice replied like a little girl that was being asked to go on a pony ride "Uh huh! Besides, you men have been prick teased terribly, and this way you won't have to go home with a bad case of blue balls!" We couldn't help but laugh at her comment, and I thought that it did make a good point that might further persuade these men. "C'mon guys, we know all you men enjoy jacking off, and this will give you an opportunity to do in now instead of waiting to get home, the only difference being we can watch you." Janice then said, "Ladies, the men need some encouragement, so I'm going to ask the better teasers amongst you to go up and see if you can't offer some help. But remember our rules for the party, you can't stroke him to climax as that's a hand job and is not allowed. So, no touchy-touchy of his cock, he has to do it all himself!"

At that moment a number of the women got up and stood behind the guys. They began to touch them, rub them and tease them as had been done in the Minute Man contest. Janice said "Alright guys, lets see you play with yourselves!", and as instructed by her, we saw the men begin to play with their penises and balls. At first the men were fondling themselves, caressing their balls and pulling on their penises. As their penises began to inflated, the stroking began. I have no doubt the women in the audience were observing what I was, and that was how the men varied in technique. Some of the men reached over the top of their dicks with their thumb facing inward and sort of began a pull and push motion. Others held their penises with just two or three fingers and thumb below the head and stroked whereas other held it in their hands as though shaking the hand of someone. Some stroked them vigorously in a jerky motion, whereas others were slow and rhythmic.

At that time, three of the girls at Table #8 came forward to sit at our table as we were right in front of the stage, obviously to have a front row. I heard one say to the other, "Wow, I've never seen a guy masturbate and always wondered about it, and now I get to watch nine naked men compete in a jack off contest!". Janice laughed and said to her quietly "Boys at your age are often embarrassed about admitting they do it let alone letting you watch them. I thought this would be an added treat for you girls to witness."

The girl then said to Janice "Well, we have a secret of our own. See that man third from the right, with the graying hair? That's William Hartman?" Janice looked at the man who was in his late forties "Yes, the attorney, a partner in a large firm?" The girl then said, "Well, Nicole, here was an intern at that firm for six months, but he never recognized her. She told me she always kept her hair up and wore glasses and dressed real conservatively. She said that he was part of the reason she spent her whole time as a librarian and secretary, despite her wanting to go to law school" Janice turned immediately to look at Nicole, who's long flowing blonde hair and green eyes (absent the glasses) made her appear more like a runway model than an office clerk. Janice said under her voice "Oh my God! This is wonderful!" The girl continued "Nicole said he was quite a blowhard, and would order her around and was always making innuendos to the women there, even commenting about her boring looks. And what's worse, he's married!" Janice eyes bulged and said "Well, he lied on his application then." She turned and looked at Nicole, who had intentionally sat directly in front of William and was glaring at him with a big smirk on her face. William, probably arrogantly thought her interests in him was because of his looks and charisma. He looked back at her as he tried to look studly jerking his cock for her with his balls flopping with an equally accelerated rhythm.

"Has she introduced herself to him yet?" The girl replied "No, Nicole doesn't know if she's going to, but certainly wanted to wait and spy on him watching how he conducted himself and to let him play out his escapades clueless without knowing. Nicole just mentioned to me she's giving him a new nickname for the ladies where he works, Willy Wanker" Janice leaned forward laughing hard. She said, "I'm sorry, this is just too good, I've got to tell some friends." The girls said "Yeah, great idea, let the other ladies have fun with it also."

Janice then went to the next table behind us and leaned into the ear of the opulent woman with the full physique, who appeared to live on gossip. I watched Janice whisper the whole story into her ear and this woman's eyes got wide and a huge smile appeared on her face. Janice then went to the next table and the next. After she left each table, the whispers went like wildfire around each table followed by much laughter. Of course, I too couldn't hold back my amusement and laughed also watching Wanking Willy wondering what his reactions would be upon finding out that this girl was a direct link back to his firm.

My attention turned back to this concourse of masturbating men. One of the men was cupping his balls as he masturbated. The woman next to him reached over and pulled his hand away from his balls and replaced them with her own. She grasped his balls firmly and I heard her say to him, "I want to feel them pulse and throb as you cum". He smiled at her then turned his waist slightly to her and widened his legs a bit to assure she could grip them more easily. His pace jerking his cock quickened showing he appreciated her grip.

Janice stood up and said, "Ladies!" while tapping a fork on her wine glass. She said "Please indulge me. For the next few moments don't say a word, don't make a sound." The room went quiet and Janice said "Guys, pick up the pace, we anxious!" And the men resumed stroking their shafts furiously. Janice said in a whisper "Listen ladies, listen closely!" We all listened, wondering what we were listening for. And we then heard it. The room was now filled with the wet, sloshing sound of nine men masturbating as their hands swished up and down their wet shafts slapping their balls below as they jerked themselves. Constrained giggles began to follow and Janice proclaimed "I just LOVE that sound, we should put that on a CD and call it The Music Medley of Masturbating Men!" The ladies broke out in a roar of laughter with the opulent one exclaiming "Well done, well done Janice!" Janice certainly knew how to make every aspect of this party just another form of amusement for her lady guests.

The laughter died and the audience continued to watch these naked men on stage masturbate. I then saw Cheryl standing to the side of Jack, the same guy she had mercilessly prick teased then left as soon as she had him hard. I saw her bend over and whispering in his ear, and was just close enough to hear her. She said to him "Oooh Jack, stroke that cock of yours...mmm....yes. Show me how you will lay in your bed tonight and jack off thinking about me, wishing you could have had me. Do you want me Jack? Do you? Mmmmm...then show me. Let me see how think about me, fantasize about me. Prove to me how bad you desire me through your jacking off over me."

This was the ultimate in prick teasing, and it had a definite affect on Jack. He pivoted to the side and thrust his pelvis at Cheryl such that his cock was directly in front of her, pointing at her so she could look straight at it as he jacked off. It was a demonstration by him to her he was masturbating

solely for her and no one else. His pace increased to a fast jerking motion as his face grimaced. At this point, Cheryl was not touching Jack. She didn't have to. Her eyes were wide with enthusiasm as though she was about to obtain a victorious conquest as they remained lock right has his wet dick as precum oozed all over its head and his knuckles. She said, "Is that what my teasing you earlier makes you want to do, to jack off? Tell me Jack - tell me how bad you want me. Show me! Jack off for me!"

Unlike Cheryl's voice, Jack's voice was uncontrolled and loud enough to be heard by all. We heard him moan through heavy breathing "Yes, yes. Oh Cheryl, I want you! I want you so bad! Please Cheryl, please, let me have you. Can't you see how bad I want you?" He was now jacking off furiously and you could hear the sound of his hand slosh up and down his wet shaft and slap his balls with each stroke. She said in a low voice again to him saying "Yes, I can see. Your desire's obvious. But if you really want to prove your desire for me, you will let us see you jack off and cum before any other man does while telling me how bad you desire me"

It was clear to me that for Cheryl, it was a mind game she was playing on Jack. She had to prove to everyone at the party her desirability was greater than any other female there, and Jack was going to be her unwitting stool pigeon to prove it for all to see and hear as he pointed his pelvis in her direction, jacking off furiously while he openly proclaimed his intense desire for her. What better visual could a woman present to a room of other women to prove her absolute desirability? And Cheryl was just that good. She won her victory as Jack moaned and began squirting his sperm high into the air all over himself. And what added icing to the cake for her was the amount he came. It kept spewing forth in large quantities arc after arc of opaque white streams squirting up, all the while he looked into her eyes his professing his desire for her. There were cheers and applause across the room watching him as he did. Kathy commented then about how Jack's balls were certainly large and robust, and perhaps the theory of the size of testicles did indeed correlate to how much a man could cum.

Upon seeing the last few drops of cum drip down his cock shaft, Cheryl then panned down the row of other men and upon seeing they were still jerking their cocks, laughed loudly and proudly exclaiming to the room "Yes! I did it!" Her attention turned immediately to the audience raising her fists up in a show of victory as she smiled widely. Jack said to her "Well, does this mean I get to have you?" She said, "No Jack. I'm sorry, you're not my type" then turned her back on him and immediately walked off the stage with a smug smile. The trick she'd played on Jack did not go unnoticed by many of the ladies, and we laughed with amusement applauding her as much as him. Janice said to Cheryl "Well, fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, then Jack's the fool!" Cheryl smiled and said "I think that sums it up!" Jack sat on stage for a moment a bit stunned as he tried to understand what had just happened with his legs spread as we watched the cum drip off of his balls. He then left the stage towards the men's locker room. As he walked in front of me I watched the wet substance drip down his stomach as strands of his cum slung off of his swinging penis. This party had certainly reached another level I'd not anticipated.

I then turned my attention to the remaining eight men, still competing to see who could cum next. I was also interested in confirming the theory concerning the size of a man's balls versus how much he can cum. Shortly after Jack came, the man whose balls were being squeezed by the woman next to him came next. I later learned that his wife was in the audience, and was perfectly fine with another woman squeezing her husband's balls as he masturbated, evidently preferring to watch

than participate, but evidently had no problem with another woman holding his balls as he came. He too came a lot, and also had a nice package to support the theory.

As each man came, there were cheers and applause. Eventually, only three men were left, but were evidently unable to cum. One was Willy Wanker. The theory of testicle size was shattered when Peter, who probably had the smallest balls of all the men, came profusely and impressively.

Janice then announced the end to the competition, and asked the ladies to give a round of applause for the male participants. She said she definitely would make sure they were on the guest list for the next party.

The men eventually all left the stage, at which time I noticed Nicole had wandered with her friends over to the desert table. Right behind her was Willy Wanker, still erect. I drew the attention of some of the ladies at our table of the encounter. We saw Willy approach her, obviously impressed with him as he leaned over her saying something to her. She appeared to have shrugged him off trying to ignore him, but he followed her and kept trying to talk to her despite her obvious lack of desire for him.

Janice said, "No, that's not right. He shouldn't be pursuing her like that, it's completely inappropriate". We continued to watch the situation play out, and then saw Willy leaning over her with his erection now pushed up against Nicole's thigh. Janice was just about to get up and go over to save Nicole when Nicole spun around and as lightening fast as a viper reached down and forcefully grabbed William by his balls squeezing hard. Willy was caught completely off guard and fell backward against the desert table in shock while grimacing in pain.

Nicole said to him in a very audible and angry voice "Do you know who I am?" William said "No, no I don't!" Nicole responded "I'm Nicole Johnson, remember? I was the intern at your firm last summer that you ordered around like a bar maid. You really are a prima donna, aren't you?" His eyes bulged in shock "Oh my God, yes! I remember you!"

"Well William, I just watched you sit naked in front of a large group of women, play with yourself and jack off like a little boy. How do you think your wife Cassandra would like that? How about your executive assistant, Pamela, or, maybe some of your partners would like to learn how you spend your Saturdays? There's certainly enough here that would testify to it...that is a word your familiar with isn't it, "testify"?"

He then said "No, No! Please, please don't". I'm sorry...please". Nicole then stared into his eyes with scorching intent and said "Well Willy, wouldn't you say I have you by the balls now, in more ways than one?" He responded "What do you mean?" Her response to his was to simply squeeze his balls much harder driving the point home. Her hard grip made him moan in agony and dance and squirm, causing his erect penis to flop around in all directions. As his dick flopped about, her forceful squeezing evidently caused him to ejaculate some semen he from his shaft as it slung a clear sticky stream getting on the table, him and her arm.

He then said while moaning "What is it you want?" She said, "Well first, you must acknowledge what a jerk you were to me, and apologize. Then, I want you to agree that as I get my law degree, you will never get in my way...in fact, if I need you for anything such as a reference or

endorsement, you will happily and eagerly give me a wonderful one, okay?" He said "Uh sure, yeah, yes, I will!" She said, "If you don't, the world will know. You see, I had my cell phone while you were up there, and the reason I sat in front of you is that now I have a streaming video of you doing your thing in front of all of us...you know there's a lot of people out there that would like to see it!" He responded, "Oh no, please, no!"

She then said "Oh...by the way, we've given you a nickname, Mr. Willy Wanker. You see Mr. Wanker that I really do have you by the balls, don't you? And you now know that right here, in front of all these women and my girlfriends, this simple office clerk has just humiliated you and emasculated you probably more than you've ever been, right?" He stuttered "Uh..uh...oh...yes, you have, please, I'm sorry!" She then followed "And like I heard another woman here today say, if I have you by your balls, I OWN you, and wouldn't you agree I have you by your balls?" He didn't respond quickly enough to her, so she increased her grasp on his balls causing him to yelp. He then said "Yes! Yes! You have me by my balls!"

She then said. "Okay, we have an understanding. I give you permission to go now...I don't want to see you here anymore, so I'm ordering you to leave the party". With that, he turned and raced to the men's locker room. As he did, Janice applauded, which was followed by other ladies clapping and cheering Nicole. Janice walked over and said to Nicole, "Honey, I'm so proud of you! Seeing a beautiful young lady like you emasculate a man of power was one of the most impressive and amusing things today! I'm so glad you came", and Janice hugged Nicole. Nicole was so fraught with emotions her eyes were welling up. She said "Janice, you have no idea how long I've been waiting to do that, it was very cathartic, like I've been finally vindicated." The women sitting with me enjoyed watching that episode play out as much as Janice did, and Nicole's friends were giggling and chatting about it for the remainder of the party. As for William, he quickly dressed immediately afterward and tried to leave inconspicuously.

After that episode, the party quickly thinned out and was over. Most of the women left as they came, with the same women they showed with, but all seemed joyous and apparently had a great time. Ashley and I decided to hook up with some of the other ladies at a local club to continue the fun.

On the way out, Ashley wanted to make one more pit stop in the men's locker room. We entered to see the men at the lockers getting dressed, and some had even made some female fans that were talking with them as they got dressed. Ashley then saw one of her friends and began a conversation, which left me leaning impatiently against a locker waiting for her. From my vantage, I was able to see down a small row of lockers secluded from the rest of the room, probably reserved for workers. Terrence was standing there, still naked as he undid the combination lock. But hovering around him was three of the girls from Table #8. I heard one say "But Terrence, we are all staying at my uncle's house on the beach, they're on vacation. We'll pay you more than you're making here. We're having a bit of a slumber party with more girls coming, and would love for you to be our naked server tonight...please?" Terrence was reluctant "Well, I don't know. It's all been a bit much for me." She pulled his hand away from the combination lock and gave him one of those deep alluring looks a girl gives a guy when she is trying to persuade him. I then noticed one of the other girls sitting on the bench next to him was fondling Terrence's dick while the other rested her hand on his shoulder. Terrence allowed the girl to continue to fondle him, but every time Terrence tried to undo the combination, the other girl would reach over and re-scramble

it again and say "C'mon Terrence, talk to us." The girl sitting there fondling Terrence had achieved getting him full boner, and it was impressive, at least seven inches in length. Terrence then looked at the girl pleading with him as her friend continued her influence over his decision making by stroking him. It was clear Terrence was enjoying her stroking him as he stood so she could continue as they discussed the matter. He then began to smile, and quit trying to open his locker. "Well...for how long?" This seemed to acknowledge to the girl stroking Terrence that she was succeeding in influencing his decision as she then began to fully masturbate him. Her friend looked down and saw it working on him and giggled and responded, "Well, I don't know. Depending upon how much service is needed, could be very late".

Ashley was now watching this play out with me. Terrence then said with a big smile, "Okay, sure, I'll do it". Ashley commented to me, "You know, if ever you need something from a man, stroke his dick until he says yes, it always works." I responded "Yes, and why do those young girls already know it while I just learned that trick today?" We laughed then left the party.

The party was everything it had promised it would be and more. It was comforting knowing that we, as females, could enjoy such a wonderfully lopsided event, having these men, completely naked and vulnerably exposed at all times they were in our presence, cater to us, humor us, perform for us and yet I never saw a single lady disrobe, nor was there ever a need to even insinuate we would have any sex with any of the men. And despite this inequity, Janice says there's a long waiting list for men wanting to come to these CFNM parties as both guests and servers.

Certainly, prick teasing these men, watching them get hard and horny only to be frustrated when they were denied was very amusing for us ladies to watch, and proved to us ladies that when a man is being influenced by his libido, a woman is always smarter than he is. And credit must go to Janice in requiring the men to masturbate openly in front of us to relieve that frustration, it was one of the highlights of the party, as very few women ever get to see a group of attractive naked men have a jack off contest. And again, the theme was that the enjoyment of the women was all that mattered, and if we were amused by such frustration of the men, then such manipulation of the men and their libido was proper, appropriate and made for that much more of a great party.

Yes, it was inequitable, but that inequity was what made it particularly unique and enjoyable for the women. The unfairness of the situation was embraced and enjoyed by the women solely for their pleasure. And for me, that made it such an unusually wonderful event. And for any woman with an open mind and not controlled by contrived values society has placed on her, I would thoroughly recommend attending a party like this.

And Janice orchestrated the party quite well down to the smallest details. When I viewed the whole party in retrospect and what it was aiming to accomplish, every moment, no matter how unusual or awkward it seemed at the time, flowed into the next such that in the end, they all made absolute sense and were perfectly appropriate and enjoyable to experience. The party was the perfect boilerplate for what I believe a CFNM party should be about, and I certainly hope Janice hosts many more. But I will not wait for Ashley to invite me next time, as my RSVP will be one of the first Janice receives – I just hope there's enough room for the throng of ladies coming.



