

THE CASE OF THE UNKNOWN CASE: 2nd Update

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Kandi had been giggling when Donna answered the phone. That was not a good sign.

“And to what do I owe the pleasure of this call, hmmm?” Donna teased. Although Kandi could not see her friend she knew Donna was standing in that half-cocked pose, one hand on her hip with one foot out a smidge, waiting to hear what trouble Kandi was bringing her way.

“Oh, just wanted to see if I could stop by and show you something...” Kandi replied. Donna could hear in the background that her friend was walking down the street, and quickly given the sound of her heels on the pavement.

“Well, uh...” Donna looked down at herself. It was laundry day, and she was wearing the few pieces of clothing that were clean - a plain white tank top and a pair of frilly panties she’d gotten while out with a bachelorette party. “I’m not exactly dressed...”

“Shit, please, what have you got that I haven’t?” Kandi scoffed.

A big set o’ titties... Donna thought to herself. She looked down at her rail-thin body, two little nipples the only things pushing out against any fabric. And that did mean *any* fabric – her bony ass wasn’t living up to the frivolity of the party panties.

Given the pace of Kandi’s click-clacking shoes Donna get to herself that Kandi’s fleshy oranges were bouncing and jiggling all over in the unnecessary push-up bra the other girl constantly wore.

“Fine, whatever...” Donna sighed into the phone.

“Great!” Kandi exclaimed. Before Donna could hang up she heard Kandi’s footsteps stop. Then the buzzer for the apartment building’s front door rang through Donna’s humble abode.

“You just assume no one will ever turn you down, don’t you?” Donna rolled her eyes as she went to buzz open the door.

“No one has yet,” Kandi’s smug voice replied before the call ended.

Donna did her best to cover the dirty laundry hamper and tidy up some plates before Kandi could get to the third floor. It did take the visitor a little longer than usual, and as she did Donna could understand the delay – Kandi was lugging along with her a fairly large suitcase.

Rested on the floor it came up to Kandi’s knee, and was about eight inches thick. Given Kandi’s struggle it was quite full.

“Look, I brought us some fun...” Kandi panted, dropping the case inside Donna’s door and leaning on the stove to catch her breath. Donna mentally kicked herself for even worrying about what little she was wearing in front of Kandi. The deep-breathing woman had her trademark pink push-up bra under a white tied-off shirt, which meant her lower ribs, toned abs, and trim belly were all on display. A plaid skirt that barely reached the bottom curve of her ass interrupted the skin, before smooth thighs led to knee-high black socks that wrapped around calves and feet held up by strappy three-inch black heels.

It must be Catholic School Girl Night at the casino... Donna thought to herself. Both were waitresses, but in very different ways. Donna served food at the sleepy local dinner down the street, and Kandi served drinks at the new Swank! Casino that had taken over some abandoned warehouses a few blocks away.

“Why did you bring your suitcase here? You’re not planning to stay, are you?” Donna asked, reservation deep in her voice.

“Who said it was *my* suitcase?” Kandi grinned, grabbing the handle and lugging it across the room.

“What? Wait, whose is it – do NOT put that on my...” Donna let her sentence trail off as Kandi, unconcerned by the incomplete objection, plopped the suitcase atop Donna’s sheets as if she was spiking a football after a touchdown.

“I saw it fall off a truck while I was walking back from the casino. I figured we could have a good time going through someone else’s stuff...” Kandi grinned.

“Oh no, I don’t want to be involved with-”

Once again Donna’s objection was cut off, this time by the distinct sounds of clasps unlatching.

As Kandi opened the suitcase Donna thought she heard the sound of air swooshing by. She even felt a little breeze ruffle the frill of her panties. Kandi hadn’t reacted to anything, aside from letting a big grin stretch across her face.

“You HAVE to see this, Donna!”

Donna sighed and walked over to her bed, her bare feet making little *pad pad pad* sounds with each step. She put a hand to her mouth as she looked over Kandi’s shoulder.

The case was filled with clothes, every item of which was in its own little clear plastic pouch. Panties and bras and socks and other small things hung from the raised part of the case, while the bottom portion was clearly thick with layers of items. Near the top, inside the space where the case’s handle was attached, was a logo and motto under it;

VengeWear – *We’ve got your back when getting back!*

“This is so...”

“Cool!” Kandi exclaimed, immediately starting to pick things up and examine them.

"I was going to say *concerning*..." Donna muttered. She wanted to step away from this and leave Kandi to her sins, but the slim woman found herself compelled to look in the case. Something about it was just...*irresistible*. Her hand reached out over Kandi and plucked a blue bandana from the upper portion of the case.

"C'mon, this stuff is really sweet!" Kandi giggled, examining through the plastic wrapping a bright pink thong she'd found.

"At least it all seems brand new..." Donna sighed as her hands opened the plastic almost of their own accord. Within a moment she'd tied the bandana around her head. She didn't know why...she didn't really like bandanas, but for some reason she didn't want to take it off.

"Yeah, that hasn't stopped me before. I think this will be a nice touch today..." Kandi smiled, hooking her thumbs around her skirt and pushing it and her panties down her legs. Donna gasped in surprise as Kandi opened the bag with the thong, her shaved pussy quite visible.

"Do you mind?" Donna muttered, turning away.

"Oh come on..." Kandi laughed as she bent over and pulled the thong up over her shapely legs, "Don't be so immature. Unless you don't want me to see those little nubs of yours get harder..."

"What? Why? You think I'm hiding something?"

"Oh, *of course not*..." Kandi responded in a sing-song manner, "I already know you're a total horndog for the ladies. I'm surprised you can get through the day without a muff dive."

"You're so crude..." Donna sighed as Kandi laughed. Suddenly Donna realized how really ridiculous she must look wearing the bandana and she took it off, throwing it aside.

"How do I look?" Kandi asked, striking a pose aside the bed to show off the thong. Donna turned. Her eyes lingered over Kandi longer than she had expected, gazing at the bulge of her breasts and the curve of Kandi's mons before it disappeared under the scant material of the thong. Donna realized she'd started breathing heavier than normal, and a little tingle had begun between her thighs.

"Earth to Donna!" Kandi laughed.

"Oh, sorry, I..."

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