**Babes Gone Bad**

by sarahhh©

"Sarah?"

"Yes, Rachael?"

"Let's get naked!"

"Huh?"

"Naked. Nude. Take off our clothes."

"Why should we get naked, Rachael?" I asked, somewhat confused.

"Silly girl. To celebrate the Steelers Super Bowl ring number six."

"But the Steelers didn't win number six yet."

"We will. Let's get naked and do something real naughty."

"Like what?" Now I sounded even less excited. Rachael is a little on the wild

and crazy side.

"Let's go to a bar to watch the game. One where we've never been before. Full of

horny guys. We'll get in a catfight. And rip off each other's clothes. I love

it! I love it!"

"Uh...I don't think so, Rachael"

"Oh, please, Sarah? I'm so frigging bored lately. Let's do it!"

"Forget it, Rachael. I'm not taking off my clothes in front of a bunch of

strangers. Or letting someone else rip them off."

"But you have a great body. You're not a prude are you?"

"No, I'm not a prude. I'm not ashamed of my body. You know that. You've seen me

naked. When we showered at the gym."

"You've seen me naked, too."

"Yes, and I must say that you also have a great body, Rachael. But you already

know that. And at least your boobs match. One of mine is bigger than the other."

"Who can tell? So let's let a few other people see how great our bodies are.

Just for kicks!"

"I said no."

"Okay, what do you want? What will make you do it?"

"Rachael, you know that green bra-top dress of yours? The one with the empire

waist and slightly flared A-line ankle skirt."

"No, not that! It cost a fortune."

"Then my clothes stay on."

Rachael went and got the dress and gave it to me.

"Okay, Sarah, when we get to the bar, what are we going to fight about?"

"Beer?"

"Hmmm. Well, we can't do that Miller Lite thing. That's a little old."

"How about Coors? I'll accuse you of being a whore. Whores drink Coors."

We both began to laugh hysterically and poked each other playfully.

"And I'll accuse you of being a virgin, Sarah!"

"You know I'm not a virgin, Rachael. I told you about some of my lovers."

"Mentally you are a virgin, Sarah. Who can tell, anyway? I've told at least a

dozen dudes I was a virgin and they were my first."

"What beer rhymes with virgin?" I asked.

"None that I know of. Just drink Budweiser." She collected her thoughts for a

moment. "I got it! Pud rhymes with Bud."

"What's a pud?"

Rachael laughed at my expense. "A pud is a pussy."

"Oh. Too bad we can't think of anything that rhymes with our local brew, Iron

City. What a pity. What exactly are we going to say when we rant and rage on

each other?"

"Whatever comes to mind. It's not like these dudes will be paying much attention

to our words when we are ripping off each other's clothes."

"True. We should wear old blouses and skirts. Skirts will be easier to rip off."

"Sarah, one more thing."

"What?"

"We have to take this a little further than just getting naked."

"Oh?"

"Sex."

"Oh no, no way. You know I don't do casual sex. I have to really care about the

person."

"You know that diamond pendant of mine that you really like?"

"I'm not screwing or blowing some guy I never met before for a diamond or

anything else. I have my principles."

"Sarah, are you sexually attracted to me?"

I know I blushed. "Well...I...uh...I..."

"I told you about some of girls I have been with, Sarah."

Yes, she had. And her stories turned me on.

"Go get the pendant, Rachael."

\* \* \*

We went to the bar the afternoon of the next Steelers game. It was jam packed.

Five wide-screen televisions.

There weren't any waitresses. You had to go to the bar to get a drink. But there

were five bartenders. Rachael motioned to one.

"We'd like some beers," she said to the bartender.

"Well, it's your lucky day, girls. It's big can happy hour all day. You drink

for half price."

"We don't have fat butts!" Rachael snapped. "Do you want us to prove it?"

"No, no," I didn't...uh...mean...uh...that," he stammered. "Big cans of beer are

half price tonight. You girls definitely don't have big butts. I noticed that

when you two walked in. In fact, you two are just right. Are you models?"

Now Rachael laughed. "No. But we are auditioning for a beer commercial." I

couldn't help but giggle.

Rachael ordered a Coors and I ordered a Budweiser. Big cans.

When the bartender returned with our big cans he waited, expecting us to pay

him.

Rachael asked him, "Don't girls who get naked drink for free?"

"I don't know. I'll go ask the manager." He came back a few minutes later. "The

manager said naked girls drink for free. But we've never had any naked girls in

here that I know of. Too bad."

Several guys walked over to our table and asked if they could sit down. We said

we were sorry but we were waiting for our dates. They kept staring at us. All of

them. Not used to seeing many women in this place I guess. At least ones that

looked like us.

Another dude strolled over and said to me, "Hey, you look like Miss Universe."

"Excuse me?" I responded. "Miss Universe doesn't have red hair."

"Oh well," he offered pathetically, "you look like Miss Universe except for the

hair."

"Nice try, dude. Please leave us, would you? We have important business to

conduct."

I ordered another Budweiser and Rachael ordered another Coors. We ordered

another. And another.

We watched the first half of the game intently. The Steelers led 24 to 3 at

halftime.

"This game is over," Rachael said. "We're going to the Super Bowl! But now I'm

bored."

"Whores drink Coors!" I suddenly screamed at her.

"I'm not a whore!" she yelled back.

"Yes, you are a whore! Whores drink Coors!"

"You're a fucking virgin!" Rachael roared at me. Virgins drink Budweiser! The

virgin pud drinks Bud!"

"I am not a virgin!"

The stares became even more glaring as all eyes fixated on us.

Rachael grabbed the top of my blouse and ripped it right down the front, popping

away the buttons. I did the same to hers. We stood beside our table. She tore my

skirt away with one swoop. I did the same to hers. Just bras and panties now.

"Hey girls, don't stop now!" the patrons of the establishment began to chant.

"Whores drink Coors!" I screamed again.

"A virgin pud drinks Bud!" she yelled back.

We began to tussle, pull hair, and tug on bras and panties.

Two guys approached us. "Excuse us, girls, but if you have a problem, I think we

can help. Whether you are a whore or you are a virgin. We'll give it to you up

your cute little asses. Whores like to take it in the back door. And you," he

said looking at me, "will still technically be a virgin."

"Get lost, buster!" Rachael snapped at him. "This is our argument! No buttheads

butting in and no comments from the peanut gallery." They backed off. Rachael

has this nasty look that can turn fiery coals into ice. Nasty, nasty, nasty.

We had shopped for new lingerie just for this occasion. Strapless bras with

front closes. Bikini panties. Rachael wore black and I wore white. You know,

white for the virginity thing.

Rachael popped my bra off quickly and I did the same to hers.

"Nice hooters!" several guys screamed.

"Let's see the tuna!" they started to chant. It got louder and louder.

Rachael slipped my panties down. Very slowly. I wiggled a little and helped her

get me out of them. I did the same to her.

"Hey Red, I love that little red patch of fur on your pie!" one dude exclaimed

for my benefit. And he added, "How old is your girlfriend, eleven? There's no

fuzz on her fuzzy donut." Rachael shaved.

"What's worse than a hurricane?" I asked Rachael. She looked puzzled. "A tit

twister!" I told her as I gave her one.

Rachael slapped me in the face smartly. And then she said so sweetly, "Let's

make out."

She led me by the hand to the pool table and we got up on it, standing. Rachael

had picked up the remote for the television nearest the pool table, changed the

station to CMT, and turned up the volume.

Faith Hill's "When the Lights Go Down" played. Rachael demanded loudly, "Dim the

lights!" Somebody did. The two of us started to dance. She got to be the guy.

Rachael put her right hand on my ass as she held my right hand in her left hand.

I played with her beautiful hair that she had braided. I had asked why and she

said she didn't want her hair to get in the way when she licked me silly. So I

put mine in a pony tail just before we started dancing.

We pressed our naked bodies against one another, nipple to nipple. I felt the

tips of mine get hard. And hers. Rachael cupped my face tenderly with her hands.

"I love you, Sarah. You're my new best friend. I'm going to give you a buddy

suck."

"I love you too, Rachael. I'll do for you what you do for me."

Separating our bodies slightly, Rachael kissed me so softly and sweetly. We

began to explore one another's mouths with our tongues. Girls can kiss so good.

Soon our hands found each other's breasts. Then she began to tickle my stomach.

And lower. Until she found my pussy. "It's wet," she observed stoically.

"Yes, that it is, Rachael. And soon I said, "So is yours."

Rachael moved down to nibble one of my hardened nipples, keeping her finger in

my pussy. I groaned a little. Then she moved to my other breast. I moaned a

little. Slowly to her knees she went with her tongue following her downward path

on my body.

"Spread your legs, Sarah." I did.

Rachael licked and kissed the inside of my thighs. She made heart-shaped designs

on my legs with the tip of her tongue. At least I think that's what they were.

Some of the rowdier patrons began to make lewd remarks. "Kiss her clam!" one

bellowed. "Yodel in her canyon!" another roared. "Hey Red," one screeched, "I

bet I can lick your cooter better than she can!" I seriously doubted it.

Rachael nuzzled her face into my little red bush. I couldn't help but strain to

get my pussy closer to her. She put her lips right on the top of my slit. Then

she kissed me there. First gently, then harder.

"Oh my God, Rachael, that feels so good!"

"You taste great, Sarah," she paused momentarily to say. "Best pussy I ever

ate."

"Less filling?" I asked. We both giggled.

"Don't make me laugh, Sarah. I can't concentrate on your pretty little pussy."

"Concentrate, Rachael, concentrate. Please concentrate!"

Rachael used her tongue to separate my pussy lips. After she opened me up she

ran her tongue up and down between the layers of flesh. She spread my legs a

little further apart and began to eagerly tongue fuck me.

"Oh Rachael...that's so good. So good. Rachael, Rachael. Pretty Rachael. I love

the way you do that, girlfriend!" My knees buckled.

"Okay, lie down on your back now, Sarah. You're not going to be able to take

much more of this standing up. I'm going to lick your luscious lips silly."

I did as she suggested, propped up on my elbows. Rachael lay down between my

legs. "Put your legs over my shoulders, Sarah." I did. She quickly went back to

worshipping my wet pussy.

I could tell my clit had gotten hard enough to peek out of its little hood.

"Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo," I whispered.

Rachael gently pulled my pussy lips apart with her hands and quickly flicked her

tongue on my clit. My legs shuddered. She rolled my clit with her tongue for

awhile and then tapped on it gently. Such a delicious sensation.

"Oh Rachael...oh my God! Don't stop. Go, girl, go! Don't stop. Don't ever stop.

You go, girl!" And she did.

When she could tell I was getting close, Rachael formed her lips into an "O" and

began to suck my clit. First softly and then a little harder and still harder. I

pulled her head to me.

"Oh Rachael! Oh Rachael! Oh Rachael!" I quivered and shook in ecstasy as I

gloriously exploded in what perhaps was the best orgasm of my life. Simply

fantastic!

Rachael came up from down under and embraced me. We hugged and kissed and

cuddled for a few minutes. "Thank you, buddy. For the buddy suck," I whispered.

Someone yelled, "Okay, Red, your turn! Let's see you go south on your

girlfriend." Another dude screamed, "Yeah, give her some face! Go get a perm!"

I went down between Rachael's lovely long legs and did the exact same thing to

her. She came wonderfully in my mouth just as I had done in hers.

As we lay on the pool table and caught our breath we noticed that every guy in

the place had his dick out and in his hand. The bartender who brought our first

drink came over with a tray full of beers and shots for us. "The manager says

you two drink for free. Not just today. Every time you come in here."

"Okay Rachael, I'm going to make someone smile. Really smile."

"Huh?"

I stood up and addressed the admiring crowd. "Who wants a great blow job? Who

wants to cum in my mouth, all over my face, and on my tits?" Every hand in the

place went up. The hand that wasn't on their dicks. "Okay, write your names on a

slip of paper and put it in my Steelers hat."

I selected a slip of paper out of the hat. "Who is Chris?" I asked.

A rather distinguished gentleman in a suit and tie raised his hand.

"Well, lucky you, Chris," I said. "Come up here." He started towards me

tentatively. His penis was sticking prominently out of his pants.

I got off the pool table and onto my knees on the floor.

"Chris, get your sweet ass over here. And bring that big dick with you." I

reached for his cock and drew him closer.

"Do you really think I have a big dick?"

"You sure do. Isn't it big, Rachael?"

"Really big."

"You know, Chris," I teased him, "I think your dick is too big. I'm going to do

you a favor and make it smaller for you."

"Huh?"

"I'm going to suck it until it gets smaller. Would you like that?"

"Yes, I think I would like that. Very much. You are a very beautiful young lady.

And so is your friend. Simply gorgeous. Why do you do things like this?"

"For kicks, baby. For fun. I like to make people smile. Besides, We are

celebrating the Steelers going to the Super Bowl!"

"Yes, well, I certainly wish the Steelers would go to the Super Bowl every

year," he said, although for some reason not very convincingly."

"What do you do for a living, Chris?" I asked, curious. "You seem a little

conservative. I mean, you are the only dude in this place wearing a tie."

"I'm an architect from Boston here on business."

"A sucked off architect," I purred. I began to nibble the head of his cock. "Do

you like that, honey?"

"Uh...yeah...uh...it feels really good."

"Do you like blow jobs, baby?" I asked.

"Uh...yes...as I matter...uh...of fact...I do," he stuttered.

"You can cum in my mouth, Chris. Would you like that?"

"Uh...uh...yeah."

"You know what, Chris? I think you're horny. I think you're real horny." I

stroked his cock with one hand, held his balls in the other hand, as I flicked

the tip of with my tongue. "Does your wife or girlfriend like to suck your

dick?"

"Uh...not very often. And she spits it out."

"That's too bad, baby. I think you want to cum real bad. I think you want to cum

in my mouth and down my throat real bad. I think you want to shoot a big load

all over me. Don't you, honey?"

"Uh...yes...uh...that would be nice."

"Not to worry baby. I'm going to guzzle and gobble you like you wouldn't

believe."

And then I did. I closed my mouth over the head of his cock and slid one hand up

and down on the shaft and gently fondled his balls with my other hand.

"Oh my fucking God!" he cried out.

I then used more and more of my mouth and less and less of my hand. I tilted my

head back and let him pop it down my throat. All of it.

"Oh my motherfucking God!" he screamed. His legs shook.

I reached around with one hand and put her finger in his crack, stimulating his

prostate.

"Jesus Christ almighty! I'm going to heaven! This is the fucking Rapture! Oh my

God, oh my God, oh my God," he muttered deliriously as he grabbed me by the hair and pulled me all the way down on him, and more. I'm sure it looked like I had

even swallowed his balls. I held him down my throat for many minutes, until the

swelling went down, and then I pulled him out.

I wiped the cum dribbling from my chin with my torn blouse. "What did I tell

you, Chris? Did I make your dick smaller, or what?" I wiggled his limp dick and

giggled. He looked like he was in total shock. That or total ecstasy.

"Rachael, your turn," I then said, winking at her. "Pick a name out of the hat

and get down on your knees."

"But...but...but..."

"Rachael! C'mon girlfriend, don't be shy now!"

"But you know I like girls."

"Yeah, well I like girls too. Pretend you're sucking that big rubber dong you

like to play with."

"Well...I guess so." Rachael picked a name out of the hat. "Who is DJ?" A dude

in a Cincinnati Bengals shirt eagerly raised his hand.

It didn't take long. Less than a minute. Rachael could suck cock as good as she

could eat pussy.

"Don't tell me you never did that before, Rachael!" I joked.

"Not since a dude broke my heart," she said, and then whispered so only I could

hear, "DJ told me he would take us to the mall to shop at Victoria's Secret. He

has a Steelers credit card!"

"Yeah, well let's go max it out!" I suggested. "C'mon Chris, you come too. You

can help me try stuff on." His eyes gleamed.

We picked up our clothes and strolled out of the bar. Naked. Cum was shooting

all over the place. One guy hit the ceiling. Really. Three guys stood in front

of the dart board and tried to hit the center. Really. Rachael hollered, "We'll

we back for the Super Blow 'er I mean Bowl! Rock on dudes!" They whistled. And

cheered. And stroked.