Grand Prix

The Grand Prix is in town again!

The Grand Prix happens at the end of summer; it’s usually really hot - in more ways than one, that’s for sure. Last year, I flirted my way through the whole weekend; some of the guys were not that great, but I’m a bit of a nympho, so I’d rather have variety than be fussy.

Last year, I was just 18 and a bit of a novice at all this. This year, I’m going to put into practice all I’ve learned about showing myself off!

Last year, I only had the one outfit, thinking I’d have time to go home and get changed. No way! My dress looked like it’d been dragged through a tip by the time I got home after three nights. It’d changed colour - from white to grey - and had every kind of stain known to humanity on it. Champagne, mainly, but pizza, beer and . . . er, cum as well.

But that’s all another story. I’m here to tell you what happened THIS year

. . .

I’m just an ordinary looking girl. That is, I’m no model or anything, but I look OK. I diet all the time, to keep my figure looking good. Most of my boyfriends reckon I shouldn’t even think about a boob job. They’re a good size and still pretty firm. I love the fact that my nipples sorta stick out to the sides, so I can wear really low cut tops.

But the part of me I like showing off the most is my butt - and my pussy. I’ve done ballet since I was a little girl and yoga for the last year or so, so my butt is in great shape and sticks out nicely.

“You could eat lunch off it,” is what my friend Sheree says.

I like my pussy a lot, though. Everything is neat and compact; my lips cover it all up. I shave the lot, because I’ve noticed that guys like it that way. It also means that I can flash more easily too!

In the summer, I usually tan out on the beach with just a thong on; my favourite one isn’t made of fabric, but out of tiny little beads. When they slide between my legs and part my pussy lips, it feels amazing! Also, I can move the beads from side to side, so I don’t get any tan lines.

It looks amazing too; one day just about a week ago, I lay on my back and started pulling gently on my nipples. As I arched my back I spread my legs apart just a few inches. Within about two minutes I could see three guys set themselves up on the beach just to look at me.

Sheree says, “You’re such a slut!.”

She’s right, you know. But I reckon she’s just jealous because she doesn’t have the guts to do some of this stuff. She’s got a better body than me, too. Her legs are long and slim and she’s got a really pretty face, so she could get heaps of guys looking at her.

“You should come with me to the Grand Prix, Sheree,” I said to her the other night. “I’ll dress you up!”

“No way. We’ll end up getting mugged or raped or something, the way you dress,” she said.

Stubborn bitch, I thought to myself.

“That’s exactly why I need you. Two’s better than one, huh?” I pleaded with her.

I talked her into it in the end. She loves a good fuck, but she’s a bit shy about showing herself.

“How else can the guys inspect before they buy?” is my motto.

We planned to hit the bars and clubs near the track on Friday afternoon, see if we could wangle our way into the race on Saturday, out clubbing again Saturday night and then, on Sunday, well, who knows?

I packed a little backpack with all the clothes I thought I’d need for the weekend: my black hotpants with the lace-up sides; a couple of g-strings; my almost sheer baby-blue shorts; my long satin skirt with the side laces; a bikini top; and my multi-purpose black lace dress.

I turned up at Sheree’s wearing my favourite denim cutoffs which have been ripped and ragged almost beyond recognition. Some strappy black sandals gave me an extra four or five inches and made my butt stick out nicely. I thought about just the bikini top, but decided it was a bit slutty. Instead, I found this little tank top with a kitten on it which I cropped off at the bottom.

“Is that all?” screeched Sheree when I got to her place after work and showed her how my tits jiggled under my top.

“Oh, and my extra sexy party shoes!.” I pulled them out of the bottom of my bag.

“They’re new,” I explained, as I put them on to show her.

“God, they’re high,” said Sheree. “But I like the way they lace up almost up to your knees.”

“Let’s see what you’ve got to wear,” I suggested.

Sheree gave me her little fluoro carryall. Inside were two pairs of jeans, two little t-shirts, a black bolero jacket and some sensible underwear.

“Forget it Sheree; you’re a total frump!,” was all I could think to say.

An hour later, I had Sheree tarted up nicely. A little checked miniskirt made her look like a slutty schoolgirl, especially after we’d folded the waist over a few times. Her long brown legs looked sensational, especially as I’d talked her into wearing her white strappy 6 inch heels. A tight white midriff top finished it off - Sheree insisted on bra and knickers.

I knew that to get Sheree really going, she’d have to be trashed, so I’d already started feeding her the drinks. She’d had three by the time she was ready and I’d had just a couple.

As Sheree came into the room and checked herself out in the mirror, I could tell she was a bit shocked.

“OK, I think I’m ready, although I can hardly walk in these.”

“You won’t be doing much walking tonight, honey,” I said. “Let’s go!”

Watching Sheree get changed had made me feel pretty horny already. I’d taken off my laced up platforms and had put my black high heeled slide-on sandals back on. While she wasn’t watching, I also took off my g string from under my shorts and stuffed it into my bag. Through the frayed crotch of my shorts, I could get glimpses of my slit in Sheree’s mirror as I sat experimenting with parting and crossing my legs. Good.

I put all Sheree’s clothes in with mine: a lace bodystocking, a pair of denim cutoffs which I trimmed a bit for her, a black miniskirt which was short enough if we folded the waist over a few times and a little floral summer dress.

“We can share our clothes Sheree. We won’t be needing much. I think our cab’s here.”

Walking from the cab to the waterfront, where most of the Grand Prix crowds were eating and drinking, I noticed that the frayed seam of my shorts kept riding up between my legs. I don’t mind my butt cheeks poking out a bit - in fact, I usually only wear shorts where they do show a bit - but I didn’t want any cops to see the front in case they thought I was a hooker. So I undid the top couple of buttons to let my shorts sit loosely on my hips.

Sheree’s bare legs got most of the stares as we looked for a seat outdoors in one of the cafes. A nice man asked us to sit with him and his friend, so we said yes. He was a good looking young Indian guy and he and his friend both had jeans and Ferrari team shirts on.

They eyed us both up and down as we took our seats, so I made sure I sat side-on with my legs crossed, flashing most of my thighs. Sheree was a bit nervous in her outfit, so she sat facing them with her knees together.

We chatted for a while about the race and the great weather. While the guys were ordering our drinks, I leaned over and whispered to Sheree, “Did you shave darling?”

She grinned and nodded at me.

“Good girl,” I said and put my hand on her flawless brown thigh, attracting the eyes of both men.

Even that made me feel horny, especially with the way the guys were now looking at us. I could feel my pussy moistening, so I uncrossed my legs and put one hand down between them.

“What are you looking at?” I asked the guys with a grin. “You’re making me feel a little uncomfortable.”

“You’re both very beautiful girls, that’s all,” the friend replied.

I wondered how brave these guys were, so I put one foot up on the nearest guy’s leg. His eyes immediately moved up my thighs, so I went on.

“It’s nice to get a bit of sun, while the summer lasts, huh?” I commented, as I put my other leg up on his thigh and stretched out.

I wiggled my feet so that my shoes fell off onto the ground.

“Mmmm, the sun feels great, doesn’t it Sheree? You should do a bit of suntanning too, darling.”

Sheree gingerly put her legs up on a nearby chair. This got both guys grinning - and the waiter who brought our drinks. He loitered a bit to get a better look at us so I stretched out even further, but with my legs together. I’ve worn these shorts enough to know that even an inch would give him a clear view of my cunt.

“I hope you don’t mind me stretching out like this,” I said to the guys, “but the fresh air on my legs is too good to resist.”

“Fresh air’s good for the whole body, huh?,” one of the guys commented.

I thought I saw him wink at Sheree, but I couldn’t be sure. All I noticed was that she downed her drink in one gulp and turned a little bit red.

“It sure is. Some parts especially,” I said wickedly.

With my feet on my guy’s upper thigh, I started wiggling my toes and pressing them into the crotch of his jeans. Within just a couple of seconds, I could feel his dick stiffen. As I wriggled my toes and moved my legs around, I knew that he could occasionally get glimpses of my wet pussy rubbing against the seam of my cutoffs.

“But fresh air doesn’t get to everywhere, does it?” I asked him.

Sheree said something to me, but I was too busy looking this guy in the eye as I jerked him off with my toes through his jeans. Because I was feeling so horny, I hardly noticed that the waiter had come by to collect our glasses and was also hanging around watching.

My guy finally came in his pants and, as he did, I could hear Sheree draw in her breath sharply.

“Jeez. You are such a slut,” was all I heard her whisper.

His friend was just staring at me and the waiter also just stood there. I almost felt a bit embarrassed, but I quickly reminded myself that nobody minds seeing a girl’s body.

I put my feet onto the ground and looked down at my crotch and saw much of my swollen pussy lips were clearly on show. This turned me on hugely so I spread my legs even further apart as I leaned down to get my shoes.

“Will you help me on with these?” I asked my guy, who had put a napkin onto his lap to hide his embarrassing wet patch.

He barely made a sound as he leaned down and put my shoes on my feet, one by one. He got a good close look at my pussy as he did this and I came close to grabbing him by the hair and pushing his face against my wet cunt.

“Nice to have a drink with you boys,” I said nonchalantly, as I stood up and adjusted my cutoffs so my cunt was hidden. I was so burning with horniness, though, that I couldn’t resist a last tease, so I undid the last buttons, making my shorts just sit on my hips.

“Sheree, do you reckon we should move along? It’s getting dark and there’s fun to be had.”

We walked off down the beachfront, and I loved the heaps of stares we got as we left the café.

“Let’s get changed,” I suggested to Sheree. “My shorts are damp through and we better get a bit dolled up for a club or something.”

“We should find some guys to buy us some dinner, too,” Sheree added with a grin. “You were amazing back there. I was feeling so horny, but a bit scared to do anything.”

“Just think of this,” I advised her, “If you’re feeling horny, spread your legs a bit and let your hand drop down there and do a bit of stroking.”

“If that’s too obvious, just loosen your clothes and let a bit more show. Then imagine what the people around you are enjoying seeing. Everyone loves to see a girl have fun.”

We went to the bathroom in the back of a restaurant to get changed. Sheree had been inspired enough by my fun with the Indian guys to take off her bra and knickers. This left her beautiful brown legs tottering in her six inch heels, she’d turned the waist of her miniskirt over once more making it even shorter and she pinched her nipples to make them stand out under her midriff top.

While doing this, we got a few looks from restaurant patrons who came in and out, especially when I was standing naked - except for my new lace-up high heels - in front of the mirror. To tease a few of the women, I put one foot up on the basin as if to adjust my shoe. It made me incredibly horny to get a good look at my slippery cunt in the mirror.

“What do you think?” I asked Sheree as I pulled on my lace dress.

It’s a long dress - for me, that is - it comes down to my knees. It’s got laces which usually do up the back but once I wore it back-to-front with my tits out.

“What happens if you make the shoulder straps longer?” asked Sheree with a naughty grin.

“Well, you know, the whole thing sits a bit lower,” I said.

“I think you should go low cut all the way!” Sheree said, as a plump middle-aged woman was looking at me disapprovingly.

I adjusted the spaghetti straps so that the top of the dress just covered my nipples.

“What about this?” I asked Sheree.

As I jiggled my tits, they popped out straight away.

“You’ll have to be careful!” Sheree giggled. “Turn around and let me admire your sexy arse.”

In the mirror, I could see that the back of the dress was down far enough to show the top of my butt cheeks. A good inch or so of my butt crack was visible.

“I guess you can’t really wear a g-string with that now,” she commented.

“Let’s see it from the front too. Lean over a bit for me.”

As I did, I could see what Sheree was getting at. She could not only see all of my tits, but my belly too and, below that, my shaved pussy and thighs.

“Well Sheree, I know you like what you see here, but there’s nothing much to take off. To tease the guys, you know?”

So I put on my briefest g-string. It’s white - you can see it clearly under the dress - and is made from this knotted fabric. I like it because the knots sliding against my clit make my pussy wet when I writhe around on the dance floor. I figure it also gives a guy something to do with his tongue.

We ended up at a place called Priscilla’s. It’s got a big bar down one side, a lounge area at the back and a flash restaurant upstairs on the balcony. Two guys in the lounge saw us lurking at the bar and quickly picked us up.

One of them turned out to have some manners.

“Have you two eaten?” he asked.

Half an hour later, we were upstairs, flirting and chatting with Tom and Martin. The waiter had given us a table right at the front, where we could see down onto the street.

Tom and Martin were staring like crazy at my tits, which I just loved. Because my dress was so low, every movement felt like they’d swing free. I knew the guys could see nipple when I leaned forward, so I tried to do it as much as possible, occasionally tucking my tits back under the skimpy lace top of my dress.

I also became aware of Martin tickling my back gently as he sat beside me. This made me feel excited, so I’d wriggle my butt in my seat to encourage him.

I was surprised by what he did next, though.

“What are you doing?” I asked him, giggling.

His finger had hooked around the back of my g-string and he’d slowly tugged it tight between my legs. The feeling almost took my breath away and I think I must have blushed a little bit.

My cunt was totally wet by this stage, after all the teasing, so I lifted my butt off my chair and leaned forward on the table. My tits spilled out and, as I sat back, I could feel Martin’s fingers go exactly where I’d hoped.

Two fingers were sliding in and out of me strongly and I was getting such rushes of horniness I barely noticed Sheree and Tom on the other side of the table.

“She’s got great tits,” was all I heard Tom say and I noticed Sheree staring and blushing too.

For some reason, when I think my observers are embarrassed, it brings out the best in my exhibitionism, so I grabbed my drink and took a big ice cube out. With it I started to caress my bare breasts until both nipples were long and hard. I could still feel Martin’s fingers working away but he was nowhere near my clit, which is where I needed some attention.

So I swivelled around and worked myself free of Martin’s hand.

“Oh?” He looked a little surprised.

“Just a moment,” I said, with a smile, as I lay down across his lap with my long hair hanging onto the floor.

“Give me your hand,” I said, and I guided his still wet fingers to my cunt.

He pushed aside the front of the g-string and his fingers went expertly to work.

“You’ve done this before!” I giggled.

My tits were spilled out still and hanging up toward my face; my cunt was on full view out toward the balcony. I was getting hornier and hornier thinking about what people could see and I could feel my climax building up.

“Quick, give me your other hand,” I said to Martin and put it firmly on my exposed tit. He started pulling on my nipple as I moaned.

“Oh yes! Make me cum. C’mon. C’mon.”

At last, my orgasm came. My thighs trembled and my whole body tightened and went stiff.

Martin looking straight down at me, his hands still where they’d been.

“Wow. You’re one hell of a wild chick,” were his words, but the amazed expression on his face said much, much more.

I sat up, wet from sweat and the water from the ice and, looking around the restaurant, quickly pushed my tits into my skimpy dress.

“What did you guys do down there?” Tom asked. He looked across at Sheree expectantly.

“Just one of her little show off games,” Sheree said to Tom and Martin, as if what I’d done was perfectly natural.

“I don’t even think anyone noticed,” Martin said. “The waiter had gone and those people next to us were totally caught up in their own conversation. And the music pretty much drowned out your moaning.”

“Well, I’m a bit disappointed that no-one did,” I said. “Maybe next time they will,” I added mischievously.

“Sheree, let’s go to the bathroom.” I took our bag and her hand and started to lead her away from our table in the restaurant.

After a good orgasm, I always seem to tingle all over for several minutes and my horniness, if anything, increases. In this frame of mind, I adjusted my skimpy lace dress so the edges of my nipples could just be seen and jiggled my way to the ladies’, enjoying the looks I got on the way.

“He’s a cute guy, that Martin, huh?” said Sheree as soon as we were in front of the mirrors. “Looks like he knows what you want too!”

“That’s for sure! Let’s give them both a surprise,” I suggested. “Let’s get changed completely and go back out.”

I pulled off my g-string and stuffed it into my bag.

“God, I’m still so horny. What should we do?”

Sheree looked me up and down. “Well, it’s hard for you to be wearing less than you are right now.”

Two women in their 30s came to stand at the mirrors right near us and looked across. They were trying desperately to rearrange their sagging tits to show a bit more as well.

“I know,” Sheree said, with a wicked grin. “Why don’t we swap clothes? You should wear my bodysuit and I’ll wear your dress. That way we’ll match in our black lace.”

“You’re a size smaller than me though, Sheree.”

“Well, that bodysuit of mine’ll have to stretch a bit, won’t it?”

I was excited that Sheree was finally getting into the spirit of the evening.

“I see what you mean, darling. And if my dress is a bit big, it’ll show off all your best assets.”

I added, “Just thinking about it makes me so horny I can hardly keep my legs together!” I said this last part loud enough for the two women to hear clearly clearly.

They raised their eyebrows at each other slightly and looked at Sheree and I with a kind of superior look that some of the total bitches at school used to give me.

I didn’t like it much so I pulled my dress off over my head, handed it to Sheree and stood in front of the mirror thrusting my still-wet tits out. Standing naked in my heels, my butt stuck out nicely and I turned around to admire it in the mirror. I put my finger right between my legs and ran it slowly up between my slippery pussy lips to my belly.

Both women were just staring at me with their mouths slightly open.

“It’s so hard to know exactly what to wear, isn’t it?” I asked them sarcastically. “Showing the right amount of tit and arse is a real challenge, huh?”

They looked at one another with eyes wide open, not knowing how to react.

“I’ve just had a guy bring me to orgasm out there in the restaurant,” I went on. “Much better than the food here. I can recommend it.”

One of the women was tomato red but had started to get turned on by what I was doing, I could tell. All of a sudden, she said, “Well, I’d like to see you girls in action then. We’re down in the lounge if you’d like to show us old ducks a thing or two.”

She and her friend laughed and Sheree and I couldn’t help laughing along with them.

As they left the bathroom, I felt a hot flush of excitement go right through me.

“There’s nothing like a challenge, huh, Sheree?”

“What about Tom and Martin?” Sheree asked. “Are we going to leave them at the table?”

“If they want us . . . they can look for us.”

Sheree was wearing my dress, still a bit wet in places, but it clung to the important parts. She also borrowed my beaded g-string which glinted under the dress provocatively. Because she’s got smaller tits, we arranged the straps so that it sat high, giving people a good look at Sheree’s fabulous long legs.

I couldn’t get Sheree’s bodysuit on in one piece, so we’d cut it in half around the waist.

“I’ll buy you a new one!” I promised her.

What I was left with was a bottom, which looked like a pair of pantyhose minus the feet - and a skimpy top, which was ultra-tight almost sheer black lace.

I rolled the bottoms down so they sat really low on my hips and turned around to look in the mirror.

“Can you see my pussy Sheree?”

“I can just see the top of your mound. If you didn’t shave, I could see quite a bit I think,” she replied.

I rolled it down another inch or so.

“Your slit’s just about showing,” Sheree said.

That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.

“What about my tits?”

“They look a bit small ‘cos they’re pressed in too tight, I reckon,” Sheree said.

“You’re right. This top’s just about suffocating me!” I said. “Grab the scissors and cut from the top so my tits can push up.”

A little snip of fabric and my tits popped up out of their prison. I adjusted them so the nipples were behind the lace but otherwise plenty of fleshy breast was wobbling around freely.

“How do I look?” I asked Sheree.

“Like a complete slut!” she giggled.

As I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror I could feel myself getting wet. I stuck my fingers down the front of my stocking and fingered myself as we left the ladies’ restroom and walked back out into the restaurant.

“What the hell are you doing?” whispered Sheree as the door clicked shut behind us.

“I’m wanking, Sheree. What does it look like?” I whispered back.

As I swayed in my high heels, I felt too horny to care about anything. My finger felt nice massaging my clit as I walked down the stairs.

“We’re getting a lot of looks,” Sheree whispered, once we were down in the lounge.

“That’s the whole idea, honey!” I whispered back. “Let’s look for those two women from the bathroom.”

We sauntered around the lounge, eyeing off guys and girls. A couple of guys had a bit of a grope of my arse and one guy even pulled down the back of my stocking several inches.

Without pulling it back up, I turned to face him.

“You should ask before you do that sort of thing.”

“I’m sorry,” he said before falling silent. He was a tall, confident looking guy in a white t-shirt. He kept looking me and up and down especially where my stocking was now barely covering my pussy.

After a moment or two he spoke again with a little smile, “I will ask next time. My name’s Bruce, by the way.”

“I hope you will Bruce,” I told him with mock seriousness.

“Perhaps you could do it now,” I added, with a little smile, wondering how confident this guy really was.

Bruce looked me in the eye for quite a while before he said something.

“OK. I’ve watched you since you came downstairs. I’d like to slowly expose your body to everyone here.”

I gulped a little bit. “Alright then.” I could feel my face going red - and the heat in my pussy growing too.

I looked around for Sheree, but she was already sitting on the arm of some guys chair with a drink, chatting.

Bruce moved close to me and his arm went around my waist.

“I want to see if you’re shaved,” he whispered.

A little jolt of electricity went through me as he said that. I swear I could feel the wetness trickle down my inner thighs.

“OK. But I want to be totally naked,” I whispered to him. “And spread my legs for everyone to see.”

I thought that would shock him a little but his face gave little away.

I took his hand and put his fingers down the front of my stocking. I wanted him to stroke my wet slit so badly, but he didn’t. So, knowing that people could see half my butt with my stocking still pulled down, I started to walk towards the chair where Sheree was sitting.

“Hi there Sheree,” I said, “I’ve found a friend.”

Sheree was sitting astride the padded arm of the chair, leaning forward onto a guy sitting in the chair. Her dress was up around her waist and, visible to the whole lounge, the globes of her butt separated by just the beads of my g-string.

“Looks like you have too,” I added when I saw what she’d been up to.

As she turned around, smiling, it was obvious the guy in the chair had been sucking on one of her tits. She faced me, her lipstick smeared, with her tit hanging out of the slinky dress.

“Hi guys!” she giggled drunkenly. “I’m having such a good time!”

Seeing her acting the total slut made me feel strangely jealous of her, so I looked at Bruce and said to him, “Sheree’s got a stunning butt, huh?”

He nodded and stuck his tongue out just a tiny bit in a very sexy way.

“Why don’t you take it off for her?,” I suggested to him.

Obediently, Sheree stood up straight with her back to us, and leaned down to kiss her guy again, pushing her shapely brown arse out towards us. Bruce slowly pulled her g-string down, down, down, until her shaved cunt was visible.

“Like this?” he asked me.

“Mmmm,” I moaned. I couldn’t help but start to finger myself as I watched.

Several people started to watch us now and Bruce moved to let them see Sheree’s exposed wet pussy clearly. Sheree was still leaning forward, kissing her guy, but her legs were slowly spreading further apart, responding to Bruce’s touch.

“Go on, Bruce. Take it off,” I pleaded with him.

Bruce pulled the g-string right down to Sheree’s ankles and she stepped out of it, planting her feet far apart to spread her naked pussy for all to see.

“I think she enjoys being shown off,” Bruce said to me. “What about you?”

I was standing with my hand down the front of my stocking, and hardly even noticed the guy behind me who was kneading my butt cheeks. There was a group of about ten people watching, among them the two women we’d met earlier in the washroom.

“I’m easy,” I told Bruce.

“I know,” he said, as he took my hand from my stocking. It was now pulled down below my butt and pussy and the onlookers could see my shaved cunt lips.

Sheree was still in front of her guy, kissing him, while he fondled her tits. Her cunt was slippery and wide apart and, before some guy got there, I thought I would. I sat down on the floor between Sheree’s legs, leaning back against the chair, facing out into the room. I kicked my shoes off and arched my back upwards towards Sheree’s juicy slit.

As my tongue reached her clit, Sheree tensed like a bolt of electricity had hit her. I kept licking her in little swirls and I could feel someone pulling at my body stocking. It was Bruce.

“Take them off, quick!” I urged him as I stopped licking.

He pulled and pulled and eventually got them off my legs. I was now on the floor with my legs and pussy completely naked and it felt great!

“I want to spread my legs,” I whispered to Bruce. Just saying it out loud to him was almost as exciting as doing it.

My tongue went back to Sheree’s glistening lips as I spread my legs out on the carpet. My back arched some more and my butt lifted off the ground. I was aching for someone to play with my cunt.

Pretty soon someone did. My eyes were now closed and I almost didn’t want to open them. Sheree was just about at orgasm and the excitement of not knowing who was licking me so skilfully was incredible.

“Oh, yes, yes, yes!!!” It was Sheree yelling.

I kept alternating the ways I licked her. Fast - slow - fast. Stopping for a moment, then starting again. Pretty much the way I like a guy to do it to me - and the way someone was licking me right now!

All of sudden, Sheree came. Her legs locked and just about strangled me. I was pretty close to orgasm myself, so I hung on with my eyes shut for a moment longer.

“Keep going! Yes, like that!”

I urged the person who had my legs spread wide apart. A moment later, I came like I’d never come before. My orgasm seemed to last minutes as I lay there, eyes still shut.

When I finally opened my eyes, the person who’d brought me to orgasm had gone. A circle of people were standing around me. My legs were wide apart, the carpet between my legs wet. I looked up but couldn’t see Sheree anywhere.

As my eyes focussed a bit better, I could see Tom and Martin. Bruce was there, smiling. The two women from the bathroom, too. I’d just had the orgasm of my life, but I still felt naughty.

“Will someone help me up please?” I asked.

Bruce came forward and helped me up. I straddled the arm of the chair which was now empty, my cunt wide apart facing the group.

“My shoes, please.”

Bruce handed them to me and I slid them on slowly, eyeing the group as I did. I made sure my legs stayed as wide apart as possible.

“So, whoever licked me out did a great job. Thank you,” I announced to the group.

I noticed my beaded g-string that I had lent Sheree was still on the floor. I leaned down to pick it up and dangled it between my spread legs, to hide my naked pussy from view and just sat, smiling.

“Hey, Sheree!” I suddenly noticed her emerge from behind the watching crowd.

She was holding the hand of the guy who she was kissing. They both came forward and stood in front of me.

“Look at you!” Sheree said, pointing at my pussy. “Nothing’s enough for you, huh?”

“I need to have a dick up my pussy,” I giggled. “Any takers?” I added, loud enough for the others to hear.

A couple of the waiters were hanging around. They obviously had instructions to see that nothing got out of hand, so one said to me, “Listen girls. We can’t have you doing that here, OK?”

“Where do you suggest then?”

Several people in the crowd laughed, so I got a bit bolder.

“See this g-string?” I waved it around in my hand, again showing my wet cunt to everyone.

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“Go girl, go!”

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A tall, tough-looking guy in a black suit stood in front of me.

“Miss, we’ve called the police,” he said. “They will be here in about five minutes.”

“Are you the manager here?” I asked, sitting up and putting my thighs together.

“Yes I am. Your performance here has offended quite a few of our patrons.

And, I probably don’t need to remind you, it’s against the law.”

I thought for a moment.

“I suppose I’d better get out of here, huh?”

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you, yes.”

I could see Sheree almost hiding behind a pole. She had our bag - good!

“Let’s go Sheree! Hurry, this guy’s called the cops!”

“You’d better put some clothes on!” Sheree said.

“Here!” She handed me the bag and I rummaged through it.

“This’ll do,” I said, as I pulled one of my pairs of shorts out.

A few people were still watching so I made sure I flashed my pussy as I slid my shorts up. They lace up at each side and I left the laces loose so the shorts kind of sit low on my hips - plenty of room for a hand to slide in!

“Let’s go Sheree,” I said as I slid into my high heels. “How do I look?”

“Like a cheap hooker,” Sheree giggled. “Your tits are just about out of your top and it looks like your shorts are about to fall down.”

“Sounds good! Let’s go and wander around outside.”

As we were leaving the restaurant, we saw a pair of patrolling officers coming down the street.

“Quick, Sheree!”

I grabbed her arm and we trotted across the street as quickly as we could in our high heels. My jiggling tits attracted a few stares in the crowd, especially as my nipples had popped out again and plenty of flesh was in clear view.

The cops - a male and female - looked at us as they entered the restaurant where we’d been.

“Phew! Sheree, that was heaps of fun! Three orgasms in one place! What shall we do now?”

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Grand Prix Ch. 2

by sluttyally ©

"Sheree, let's go to the bathroom." I took our bag and her hand and started to lead her away from our table in the restaurant.

After a good orgasm, I always seem to tingle all over for several minutes and my horniness, if anything, increases. In this frame of mind, I adjusted my skimpy lace dress so the edges of my nipples could just be seen and jiggled my way to the ladies', enjoying the looks I got on the way.

"He's a cute guy, that Martin, huh?" said Sheree as soon as we were in front of the mirrors. "Looks like he knows what you want too!"

"That's for sure! Let's give them both a surprise," I suggested. "Let's get changed completely and go back out."

I pulled off my g-string and stuffed it into my bag.

"God, I'm still so horny. What should we do?"

Sheree looked me up and down. "Well, it's hard for you to be wearing less than you are right now."

Two women in their 30s came to stand at the mirrors right near us and looked across. They were trying desperately to rearrange their sagging tits to show a bit more as well.

"I know," Sheree said, with a wicked grin. "Why don't we swap clothes? You should wear my bodysuit and I'll wear your dress. That way we'll match in our black lace."

"You're a size smaller than me though, Sheree."

"Well, that bodysuit of mine'll have to stretch a bit, won't it?"

I was excited that Sheree was finally getting into the spirit of the evening.

"I see what you mean, darling. And if my dress is a bit big, it'll show off all your best assets."

I added, "Just thinking about it makes me so horny I can hardly keep my legs together!" I said this last part loud enough for the two women to hear clearly clearly.

They raised their eyebrows at each other slightly and looked at Sheree and I with a kind of superior look that some of the total bitches at school used to give me.

I didn't like it much so I pulled my dress off over my head, handed it to Sheree and stood in front of the mirror thrusting my still-wet tits out.

Standing naked in my heels, my butt stuck out nicely and I turned around to admire it in the mirror. I put my finger right between my legs and ran it slowly up between my slippery pussy lips to my belly.

Both women were just staring at me with their mouths slightly open.

"It's so hard to know exactly what to wear, isn't it?" I asked them sarcastically. "Showing the right amount of tit and arse is a real challenge, huh?"

They looked at one another with eyes wide open, not knowing how to react.

"I've just had a guy bring me to orgasm out there in the restaurant," I went on. "Much better than the food here. I can recommend it."

One of the women was tomato red but had started to get turned on by what I was doing, I could tell. All of a sudden, she said, "Well, I'd like to see you girls in action then. We're down in the lounge if you'd like to show

us old ducks a thing or two."

She and her friend laughed and Sheree and I couldn't help laughing along with them.

As they left the bathroom, I felt a hot flush of excitement go right through me.

"There's nothing like a challenge, huh, Sheree?"

"What about Tom and Martin?" Sheree asked. "Are we going to leave them at the table?"

"If they want us . . . they can look for us."

Sheree was wearing my dress, still a bit wet in places, but it clung to the important parts. She also borrowed my beaded g-string which glinted under the dress provocatively. Because she's got smaller tits, we arranged the straps so that it sat high, giving people a good look at Sheree's fabulous long legs.

I couldn't get Sheree's bodysuit on in one piece, so we'd cut it in half around the waist.

"I'll buy you a new one!" I promised her.

What I was left with was a bottom, which looked like a pair of pantyhose minus the feet - and a skimpy top, which was ultra-tight almost sheer black lace.

I rolled the bottoms down so they sat really low on my hips and turned around to look in the mirror.

"Can you see my pussy Sheree?"

"I can just see the top of your mound. If you didn't shave, I could see quite a bit I think," she replied.

I rolled it down another inch or so.

"Your slit's just about showing," Sheree said.

That's exactly what I wanted to hear.

"What about my tits?"

"They look a bit small 'cos they're pressed in too tight, I reckon," Sheree said.

"You're right. This top's just about suffocating me!" I said. "Grab the scissors and cut from the top so my tits can push up."

A little snip of fabric and my tits popped up out of their prison. I adjusted them so the nipples were behind the lace but otherwise plenty of fleshy breast was wobbling around freely.

"How do I look?" I asked Sheree.

"Like a complete slut!" she giggled.

As I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror I could feel myself getting wet. I stuck my fingers down the front of my stocking and fingered myself as we left the ladies' restroom and walked back out into the restaurant.

"What the hell are you doing?" whispered Sheree as the door clicked shut behind us.

"I'm wanking, Sheree. What does it look like?" I whispered back.

As I swayed in my high heels, I felt too horny to care about anything. My finger felt nice massaging my clit as I walked down the stairs.

"We're getting a lot of looks," Sheree whispered, once we were down in the lounge.

"That's the whole idea, honey!" I whispered back. "Let's look for those two women from the bathroom."

We sauntered around the lounge, eyeing off guys and girls. A couple of

guys had a bit of a grope of my arse and one guy even pulled down the back

of my stocking several inches.

Without pulling it back up, I turned to face him.

"You should ask before you do that sort of thing."

"I'm sorry," he said before falling silent. He was a tall, confident looking guy in a white t-shirt. He kept looking me and up and down especially where my stocking was now barely covering my pussy.

After a moment or two he spoke again with a little smile, "I will ask next time. My name's Bruce, by the way."

"I hope you will Bruce," I told him with mock seriousness.

"Perhaps you could do it now," I added, with a little smile, wondering how confident this guy really was.

Bruce looked me in the eye for quite a while before he said something.

"OK. I've watched you since you came downstairs. I'd like to slowly expose your body to everyone here."

I gulped a little bit. "Alright then." I could feel my face going red - and the heat in my pussy growing too.

I looked around for Sheree, but she was already sitting on the arm of some

guys chair with a drink, chatting.

Bruce moved close to me and his arm went around my waist.

"I want to see if you're shaved," he whispered.

A little jolt of electricity went through me as he said that. I swear I could feel the wetness trickle down my inner thighs.

"OK. But I want to be totally naked," I whispered to him. "And spread my legs for everyone to see."

I thought that would shock him a little but his face gave little away.

I took his hand and put his fingers down the front of my stocking. I wanted him to stroke my wet slit so badly, but he didn't. So, knowing that people could see half my butt with my stocking still pulled down, I started to walk towards the chair where Sheree was sitting.

"Hi there Sheree," I said, "I've found a friend."

Sheree was sitting astride the padded arm of the chair, leaning forward onto a guy sitting in the chair. Her dress was up around her waist and, visible to the whole lounge, the globes of her butt separated by just the beads of my g-string.

"Looks like you have too," I added when I saw what she'd been up to.

As she turned around, smiling, it was obvious the guy in the chair had been sucking on one of her tits. She faced me, her lipstick smeared, with her tit hanging out of the slinky dress.

"Hi guys!" she giggled drunkenly. "I'm having such a good time!"

Seeing her acting the total slut made me feel strangely jealous of her, so I looked at Bruce and said to him, "Sheree's got a stunning butt, huh?"

He nodded and stuck his tongue out just a tiny bit in a very sexy way.

"Why don't you take it off for her?," I suggested to him.

Obediently, Sheree stood up straight with her back to us, and leaned down to kiss her guy again, pushing her shapely brown arse out towards us.

Bruce slowly pulled her g-string down, down, down, until her shaved cunt was visible.

"Like this?" he asked me.

"Mmmm," I moaned. I couldn't help but start to finger myself as I watched.

Several people started to watch us now and Bruce moved to let them see Sheree's exposed wet pussy clearly. Sheree was still leaning forward, kissing her guy, but her legs were slowly spreading further apart, responding to Bruce's touch.

"Go on, Bruce. Take it off," I pleaded with him.

Bruce pulled the g-string right down to Sheree's ankles and she stepped out of it, planting her feet far apart to spread her naked pussy for all to see.

"I think she enjoys being shown off," Bruce said to me. "What about you?"

I was standing with my hand down the front of my stocking, and hardly even noticed the guy behind me who was kneading my butt cheeks. There was a group of about ten people watching, among them the two women we'd met earlier in the washroom.

"I'm easy," I told Bruce.

"I know," he said, as he took my hand from my stocking. It was now pulled down below my butt and pussy and the onlookers could see my shaved cunt lips.

Sheree was still in front of her guy, kissing him, while he fondled her tits. Her cunt was slippery and wide apart and, before some guy got there, I thought I would. I sat down on the floor between Sheree's legs, leaning back against the chair, facing out into the room. I kicked my shoes off and arched my back upwards towards Sheree's juicy slit.

As my tongue reached her clit, Sheree tensed like a bolt of electricity had hit her. I kept licking her in little swirls and I could feel someone pulling at my body stocking. It was Bruce.

"Take them off, quick!" I urged him as I stopped licking.

He pulled and pulled and eventually got them off my legs. I was now on the floor with my legs and pussy completely naked and it felt great!

"I want to spread my legs," I whispered to Bruce. Just saying it out loud to him was almost as exciting as doing it.

My tongue went back to Sheree's glistening lips as I spread my legs out on the carpet. My back arched some more and my butt lifted off the ground. I was aching for someone to play with my cunt.

Pretty soon someone did. My eyes were now closed and I almost didn't want to open them. Sheree was just about at orgasm and the excitement of not knowing who was licking me so skilfully was incredible.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!!!" It was Sheree yelling.

I kept alternating the ways I licked her. Fast - slow - fast. Stopping for a moment, then starting again. Pretty much the way I like a guy to do it to me - and the way someone was licking me right now!

All of sudden, Sheree came. Her legs locked and just about strangled me. I was pretty close to orgasm myself, so I hung on with my eyes shut for a moment longer.

"Keep going! Yes, like that!"

I urged the person who had my legs spread wide apart. A moment later, I came like I'd never come before. My orgasm seemed to last minutes as I lay there, eyes still shut.

When I finally opened my eyes, the person who'd brought me to orgasm had gone. A circle of people were standing around me. My legs were wide apart, the carpet between my legs wet. I looked up but couldn't see Sheree anywhere.

As my eyes focussed a bit better, I could see Tom and Martin. Bruce was there, smiling. The two women from the bathroom, too. I'd just had the orgasm of my life, but I still felt naughty.

"Will someone help me up please?" I asked.

Bruce came forward and helped me up. I straddled the arm of the chair which was now empty, my cunt wide apart facing the group.

"My shoes, please."

Bruce handed them to me and I slid them on slowly, eyeing the group as I did. I made sure my legs stayed as wide apart as possible.

"So, whoever licked me out did a great job. Thank you," I announced to the group.

I noticed my beaded g-string that I had lent Sheree was still on the floor. I leaned down to pick it up and dangled it between my spread legs, to hide my naked pussy from view and just sat, smiling.

"Hey, Sheree!" I suddenly noticed her emerge from behind the watching crowd.

She was holding the hand of the guy who she was kissing. They both came forward and stood in front of me.

"Look at you!" Sheree said, pointing at my pussy. "Nothing's enough for you, huh?"

"I need to have a dick up my pussy," I giggled. "Any takers?" I added, loud enough for the others to hear.

A couple of the waiters were hanging around. They obviously had instructions to see that nothing got out of hand, so one said to me, "Listen girls. We can't have you doing that here, OK?"

"Where do you suggest then?"

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