**Her Little Dress**

by Laszlo ©

She signaled her interest by looking at me just a fraction longer than

necessary. I looked away and then back again to see if she'd returned her

gaze. She hadn't but, inching back even further on her high bar stool,

recrossed her legs, letting her little dress ride slightly higher on her

thighs. The music was loud and she gently swayed from side to side.

She looked in her mid 20's, very long dark hair, possibly Greek or

Italian. She dressed to show off her body, that was for sure. From my

vantage point, it was impossible to see whether she was wearing a bra, but

I guessed so because the tight, striped fabric of her dress pushed her

breasts way out in front of her and held them up effortlessly.

I looked up slightly and saw, again, that she met my eye, albeit briefly

before looking down towards the hem of her dress. The fingers of her left

hand started playing with the thin fabric, stretching it up and out from

her thigh. Then her hand stopped, her palm flat on her upper thigh, her

fingers curling in between her legs. She started rhythmically stroking her

left thigh, a little smile on her lips as she sipped her drink. When she

uncrossed her legs, she left her hand there, her thighs gently together.

She leaned to the left and said something to the girl next to her.

"So", I thought, "they're friends. I should have guessed". I'd eyed her

earlier, but it was clear the friend already was with a guy. When my girl

spoke, her friend turned to face her, with her back to me, but kept her

arms around the neck of a tall long-haired guy in jeans and a white

T-shirt. He seemed as impressively built as the girl, who was wearing a

skirt so low-slung I was amazed I couldn't see the top of her butt. His

hand was caressing the small of her back and when he went lower, she

wiggled her butt provocatively. For a moment, I was totally distracted.

When I looked back at my girl she was looking at me, smiling. Her eyes

flicked briefly toward her friend, who now had half her guy's hand

squeezing her butt under her satin skirt. They were swaying to the music,

her long hair burying her head on his chest. When I finally looked down at

my girl's legs, I could see she had parted them a little. Facing me

directly, she continued stroking her inside thigh. Her legs were brown

from the summer sun and she was wearing sandals with very high heels.

Suddenly, I noticed her toes, with their painted nails, curl with tension.

Her entire foot arched within her shoe and her right leg straightened a

little in front of her. Wow! She was obviously touching her clit, right

there, not minding my watching her at all.

Two guys chose this moment to move in front of me and stop there, yelling

into each others' ears above the music. They were too close to her to see

what I could see and seemed interested in their own conversation anyway. I

stayed put, noticing that my girl's friend had now turned around

completely, pressing her butt into the front of her guy's jeans. His hands

circled her waist, the fingers of his right hand several inches down the

front of her low skirt. I could now see that she was leaning to the right,

saying something to her girlfriend.

The guys stayed where they were, facing away from the girls so I decided I

had to move to a better position. The only obvious one I could see was a

few feet to the right of my girl, where there would be just a small drinks

table between us and the wall behind us. Just as I moved there, the couple

to the right of my girl, got off their stools and left.

"Are these seats free?" I asked them, as they left, nodding to me. Now I

had to make a quick decision: the stool nearer or further from my girl.

She wasn't looking my way, but I felt sure she had kept her eye on me. I

decided on the stool further away, as it would give me a better vantage

point. I'd take the risk that some other guy might want to sit closer.

I moved my stool a little towards the drinks table, which was set at the

right height for customers on stools. It was laden with drinks already, so

I moved some glasses to put mine down. As I did so, my girl also was

looking for space for her drink. I smiled, said nothing, but cleared a

small space for her glass. She smiled back and I nodded, returning my gaze

to the crowd in front of us. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see her

turning slightly toward me, away from her friends. I turned back to get my

drink and saw that she was now facing me, perhaps just four or five feet

away, her dress virtually around her waist, as she'd stretched it to

swivel towards me.

I could see the luscious curves of her upper thighs making direct contact

with her stool; the fabric of the skirt had ridden up above her butt

completely. Her friend, standing behind her, had noticed what she was

doing and grinned at me, and then down at what she could see of the

bottoms of her friend's butt cheeks. The sight obviously turned her on, as

she pushed her guy's hand even further down the front of her stretchy

skirt.

I returned my attention to my girl. She obviously was wearing a g string,

and not much of one, as I could see the side of her leg all the way up to

her waist. Her thighs were together but some little rhythm set her feet

swaying in time to the music. She glanced at me once more, then suddenly

leaned right forward towards me, over her thighs. I caught a glimpse of

cleavage as her top gaped forward.

She was bending over to fiddle with the ankle strap of her left shoe,

moving her thighs well apart in order to reach her foot. She undid the

strap and sat up again, still leaning a little forward, her shoe now

dangled precariously on her toes, the chunky heel and sole in contrast to

the slender straps that made up the top of the shoe. It was perfectly

clear I'd watched all of this closely and, as if by explanation, she

leaned forward again.

"These shoes look great, but they're not that comfortable". I could hardly

hear her over the music.

"You're right about the first part though. They do look great." I smiled

and she leaned forward once more.

"I'd like to just take them off altogether, but the floor in here is

covered in beer", she replied, running her finger a few inches along the

top of her thigh.

"Why don't you just loosen the other shoe too." I waited for a small smile

before I continued, "I'll give you a hand if you like".

"Thanks", she replied and quickly swung her right leg up onto my thigh. I

almost spilled my drink all over her leg and I could see she was amused by

my embarrassment.

By now, she was right on the edge of her stool, her left foot on the

floor, barely in its shoe. I was right about the g string. It was white

satiny material and only about two inches wide near her waist where her

dress hem was. Clearly, she shaved; not a stray hair to be seen.

At this point, I imagined I was in some sort of corny porn film, where the

actress says, "Like what you see?" and I was supposed to reply, "I'd like

to see more" or something equally lame. Instead, she just smiled and

nonchalantly swiveled her right leg to the left and right on my thigh, as

if this was a perfectly normal way for two strangers to be sitting. When

she swiveled her leg to the right, I could see every scrap of fabric that

made up the g string, and saw from the ripples in the satin that it only

loosely covered her pussy.

She was enjoying the attention, that was clear. Why not play a little game

then? See how far she'd go with this showing off?

Her friends had turned towards us now, so they could see what she was up

to. The two guys, also, had finally noticed her.

I swiveled her right leg to the right gently, as far as it would go, as if

I was examining her shoe. I took the opportunity to look up and down her

leg, as she shifted her weight slightly backwards, using both arms to

balance on her stool. She was stretched out invitingly like this in front

of me, her legs sufficiently wide apart that I could see the top of her g

string below the hem of her tightly stretched dress.

"Are you uncomfortable?" I shouted.

"Not at all", she replied. She repeated herself, making sure I understood.

I undid the ankle strap of her shoe and she wiggled her toes and arched

her foot. Giggling, she then lifted her leg as high as she could above me,

her shoe dangling. In the second or two she held it there I could see the

loose satin of her g string disappear between her smooth brown butt

cheeks. Naturally, I thought she'd now put her foot on the floor but, no,

she returned it to the top of my thigh, the shoe askew.

After giving her foot a couple of long squeezes, I slid the shoe on. She

was quite unaware of the two guys staring; her friend was standing where

she could see as well, slowly rocking backward and forward. Her guy had

pushed her skirt down at the front just about as far as it would go

without showing her pussy and he was stroking her through the fabric.

"Oh, wow," she exclaimed, "that felt great. I've been on my feet most of

the night."

I was about to introduce myself to her, but thought I'd see how far she

exhibit herself before we even knew anything about one another.

Suddenly, she swung her leg off mine, shuffled her foot into her shoe and

hooked the heels of her shoes into the foot rails of her stool. At this

point, most girls would have smoothed their dress down over their bare

thighs, but she didn't. Instead, she hooked one of her fingers into her g

string and gave it a little tug, as if to loosen it. She then opened her

knees slowly and casually let her legs hang apart so I could see what

she'd done.

She'd pulled her g string sideways and one half of her hairless pussy lips

was openly exposed; what little fabric there was had bunched up in her

slit. The club was fairly dark, but there was enough light for me to

glimpse that she was wet. As soon as she was sure I'd had a good look, she

closed her knees and stood up, without looking at me, wobbling on her

unstrapped heels. She pulled her dress down as far as it would go and

motioned to offer her stool to her friend. "Well," I thought, "That was a

nice finale."

It was already about 2am and the crowd had thinned out a little. I looked

around and saw some chairs and sofas in a lounge area behind me occupied

by what seemed to be couples, chatting and drinking. The dance floor had

some room on it; there were even one or two places at the bar. Directly

facing me, her friend was preparing to sit down.

Her skirt was, by now, so far down around her hips I could easily see her

butt cleavage when she turned to sit down. She didn't bother to adjust it

but, amazingly, as she wiggled onto the stool, started to unbutton her

shirt. The guy with her was watching her with a look of stunned silence. I

noticed our two friends had also renewed their attention. I was starting

to think she was continuing the strip-tease but she just let her shirt

hang loose, showing that she was wearing a bikini top underneath.

While this was happening, my girl had wobbled a step toward the table

where her drink was. She was now well within arm's reach, just to my

right, but I had to consider my next move. It would be far too easy to

grab her butt, or stroke her leg, but it was clear it was my turn.

I got her attention by leaning over and placing my hand on her taut butt

cheek. She looked at my hand and bumped her hip gently towards me,

smiling. Without saying anything, I pointed at an empty sofa behind us and

raised my eyebrows. She grinned, nodded and I stood up to hold her hand.

As we made our way over with our drinks, her hips wiggled from side to

side, presumably from her unstrapped shoes, making her dress ride up. By

the time we got to the sofa, I could see the bottom of her butt cheeks and

I was ready to burst my pants.

Some of the people sitting nearby gave her a good look, as she was

certainly showing a lot of leg. She sat leaning into one corner of the

sofa and slowly drew her knees up under her chin, showing just a sliver of

white fabric between her pussy lips. I sat down close to her.

"I'm enjoying myself a lot tonight," I commented.

She responded by stretching her right leg across my lap. I could now feel

the smoothness of her skin as I adjusted her leg to hang between my

thighs. I started stoking her thigh gently and I could feel her relax and

begin to murmur gently. When my caresses came close to the top inside of

her thigh, I felt her urge her hips slightly forward. Her eyes were closed

and her tongue was gently licking her lips. She couldn't see the curious

onlookers, some of whom couldn't help but watch her.

I felt her right hand softly take mine and nudge it closer to her pussy.

She spread her legs even wider apart, if that were possible; I could feel

the heat from her pussy without even touching her. She was starting to

thrust her hips even more now, so my hand would contact the wet fabric of

her g string. I pressed her warm mound with my fingers and her murmuring

became moaning. Her leg started to vibrate and her right shoe fell from

her toes onto the floor. I hardly noticed; I was interested in seeing how

I could work her up through her panties. The fact that about half a dozen

people were watching us only made me as excited as she was. I took an ice

cube from my drink and slowly rubbed it on the outside of her g string.

She drew in a breath, opened her eyes and looked down. I had surprised

her.

Then she surprised me. She took the ice cube from me, stretched her g

string aside and started rubbing her clit with it. First slowly, then

fast, she kept it up until the cube had turned to water in her hand. My

hand was there before she'd finished. Two fingers slid easily up her warm

pussy and I started to move them in and out. By curling my fingers and

leaning forward I could feel the soft corrugations of her g-spot. I knew

when I'd reached it because she started to spasm and moan loadly. If the

music wasn't so loud, she'd have had every person in the place watching.

As it was, probably every person in the lounge area knew what was going

on. Two or three had subtly positioned themselves to see better.

I felt like prolonging this a little, to see how far she'd go, so I pulled

my fingers out slowly. She tried to stop me with her hand and then started

masturbating herself. I grabbed her hand away. She pulled her right leg

away and, kicking off her left shoe, stood up and faced me, barefoot. Her

dress was up around her waist, her g string entirely to one side. She

moved closer and, with a wicked grin, pushed her hips out towards my face.

I could see her juices dripping down her thighs.

"I'm enjoying myself a lot tonight, too", she said, as she straddled me on

the sofa. Through my thin summer pants, I could distinctly feel the heat

and wetness where she made contact with my hard on. She started rotating

her hips on top of me and my hands went to her butt cheeks, squeezing them

and pulling them apart alternately. She rocked more vigorously now, one

hand down at her clit, the other squeezing her breast and teasing the

nipple erect so I could see it through her bra quite clearly.

Then, she came. A quick shudder followed by almost stillness.

"Oh my God", was all she said, softly. One finger still deep inside

herself, she lolled forward against me. Her butt and thighs were drenched

in sweat and I could feel a wet warmth penetrating the front of my pants.

After a minute or two, she sat up, still straddling me, smiling broadly.

"I guess I owe you one", she said. She wriggled backward, exposing her

slippery cunt to me once more. It was just an inch or two from my dick,

trapped still inside my pants. I shivered as she stroked my hard on with

her nail.

"Now, or some other time?", she asked.

"Why don't we play this little game together some other night?" I

suggested, despite an almost irresistible urge to fuck her on the sofa

right there. The tease and the provocation was more fun than the

consummation, I suppose. "How about next Friday? Same place, similar time.

Maybe your friend would like to play too."

She smiled as she adjusted her g string slightly and pulled her dress down

a little, "I'll be here."

I watched her lean and fasten each shoe and slowly totter to stand up.

"Well, I'll surprise you, you can be sure of that", were her last words as

she turned and walked towards her friend, hips swaying, dress wriggling

ever upwards.