Jill Pt 1

Thu Feb 9, 2006 03:15

151.199.7.138

One week after the wild night at The Pink PUSSYkat when Jill, Barbara, and Harry played Harry's Snip game, Jill met Steve for breakfast at a small coffee shop not far from the high-rise commercial bank building where she worked. She had revisited the events of the Snip game in her mind over and over, and found herself increasingly excited that she felt no shame but instead a wonderful feeling of release, a growing sense of power, and even a strong feeling of pride in herself. That night had certainly changed her view  
of herself.  
  
She had not heard from Steve, nor had she tried to contact him, until he called her the previous evening and arranged the breakfast meeting. She came more out of curiosity than anything else. She wondered what he wanted to say, and she was interested to find out what his attitude was toward the events of that night.  
  
Steve arrived promptly and they found a table and ordered. Steve seemed his usual casual, rugged self but also a little tongue-tied. They made small talk until the breakfast arrived, and then ate in relative silence for a few minutes. Finally Steve looked got around to the point of why he had called her.  
  
"You know," he said, "I've never had an experience like that night in my entire life, and I want you to know I wouldn't have missed it for anything. You were fantastic. And now I'm probably going to say something stupid.  
  
"We had a great time. But you impress me as someone who wants more of a steady relationship than I'm able to provide. I don't want you to think that I'm not attracted to you - I hope I made it clear a week ago that you attract me very much. But I'm not ready for any kind of relationship. I'll probably regret saying this to you for the rest of my life, but it's true.   
  
"I was married for eight years, and the last five were hell. We're divorced now, thank God, but when we were married, my ex-wife was terribly jealous, and there was nothing to be jealous of. It's not that I don't have the chance, given the business I'm in and all the girls that come my way, but I never cheated on her, not once. The marriage, the divorce, which was really messy, just everything about it made me gun-shy, I suppose. That plus the fact that I've thrown all my energy into developing my business and that leaves me little time for a personal life. Maybe it's not a good way to live, but it's the way I want it right now, and for the foreseeable future.  
  
"I think you're a terrific person, and you deserve better than anything I can offer you in a relationship. I can't imagine even seeing anyone on a regular basis. I just can't do it. And I think you deserve something much better than that. I feel a little guilty and more than a little stupid but I want you to know how I feel. No, don't say anything, let me finish.  
  
"I have a friend, Jeff. We've known each other for years. He was seriously seeing a Chinese woman who was over here studying American business methods. They were together for nearly two years, but about six months ago she had to go back to China, nothing she could do about it, and so they broke up. This may seem that it's coming out of left field, and it may be either none of my business or a stupid idea, but I've thought this past week that you and Jeff might hit it off.  
  
"He saw you the night you came in with Harry and Barbara and asked me about you. Of course, then I didn't know anything about you at all. He was only there for a short time so he has no idea what went on later. It's the first time he's mentioned an interest in any woman to me since his girl went back home. So I thought that you might, well, he's a great guy and he, oh, I don't know, I'm not good at playing matchmaker, but I thought you might like to meet him.  
  
"Here's the situation. I'm working on opening a second Pink PUSSYkat up the coast. I'm going to have to go out of town a lot for a few weeks, maybe several, and Jeff's going to watch the place here for me when I'm away. Eventually I'll have to get a full-time manager, but things aren't to that point yet. So Jeff's agreed to keep an eye on things for me. I'm leaving Saturday morning, and Jeff's coming by the PUSSYkat on Friday night to get cued in. I thought, if you’re interested that you might want to come by, maybe about eleven p.m. or so since he and I will be pretty well finished with what we need to do by then.  
  
"I won’t say anything to him about this or about what happened last week so everything will be up to the two of you if you decide to show up. Either something will come of it or it won't, but I thought you might like to come by and check Jeff out. Steve chuckled. "I know Jeff would be more than happy to check you out!"  
  
Jill wasn't surprised by Steve's "confession," having sensed that he wasn't a long-term sort of guy, and Barbara had mentioned Steve's troubled divorce to her. Jill thought Steve was sweet for being so honest and straightforward with her. She felt he was someone she could count on as a friend.  
  
Jill's curiosity was piqued by Steve's talk of his friend Jeff. She tried to think who he was but decided she just hadn't seen him, what with her nervousness at the beginning of Snip Night. She thought she might take Steve's advice and show up just to see what reactions she might cause.  
  
When Friday night arrived Jill considered carefully what to wear and then worked to give her ensemble a "special" touch. She got to The Pink PUSSYkat at just before eleven to find the parking lot nearly full. Inside, there didn't seem to be an empty seat in the place. Two topless dancers were dancing with abandon on the runway and getting a very enthusiastic response from the huge male audience. Jill made her way carefully among the tables, trying not to bump into any of the several scantily-clad waitresses or the men who were standing up or moving around for a better look at the dancers. She was able to navigate her way to the bar without incident, although a few of the men called "Hey, Baby" or "Hi, Good Looking" as she passed them. No one tried to grab her, and none of the comments sent her way were too rude, and she realized that Steve's place not only did a great business but that the patrons were fairly well-behaved.  
  
She found Steve sitting at the end of the bar nearest the stage in conversation with another man seated next to him who she supposed must be Jeff. She walked over and tapped Steve on the shoulder. He turned and when he saw who it was, promptly got up and gave her his seat. He greeted her and introduced her to Jeff, who acknowledged the introduction with obvious pleasure. He was a good-looking man, not as rugged or muscular as Steve but well built with humorous eyes and a nice smile. Jill ordered a margarita and Steve got it for her.  
  
Jill learned that Jeff had known Steve since high school, that they were close friends, and that Jeff (which she already knew) was going to be keeping an eye on the place for Steve during the next couple of weeks. He told her that his "real" job was working as an architectural engineer, a term she wasn't familiar with.  
  
"I'm the guy who figures out where all the plumbing goes," Jeff said with a laugh. "It's not very glamorous. What I really do is work with the architect and the builder first to see that the building design conforms to the requirements of its purpose for power, water, structural requirements, etc. Then I work with the builder to make sure that everything that's constructed conforms with the plans, agrees with the building codes, stuff like that. It's as much a blue-co1lar job as a white-collar one and the money is pretty good. Guys like me say the architect gets all the prizes and we do all the real work, but that isn't true.  
Most of the design stuff is done on computers now, so my main job is in the field working with the hard-hats. I like it a lot." They talked some more, and Jeff became more obvious about looking Jill over.  
  
Jill was basking in Jeff's attention. She was wearing a thin black semi-transparent blouse with large pockets placed strategically over each breast. Her black bra showed through the blouse but not where the pockets made the blouse opaque. The first two buttons of the blouse were open, almost but not quite revealing a glimpse of her bra. She also wore a mini-skirt with tiny black and white checks and a row of buttons from waist to hem. The skirt stopped at mid-thigh. She was bare-legged and wore black sandals.   
  
She watched until she decided that Jeff's interest was centered solely on her and not on any of the dancers who seemed to parade on and off the stage in a continuous stream. Jeff was leaning closer to her as they talked. She casually crossed her legs and a button on her skirt popped open, causing the skirt to gape at the top of her thighs. Jeff's eyes widened, and he suddenly had nothing to say.  
  
"What's wrong, cat got your tongue?" teased Jill, knowing exactly what was drawing Jeff's attention. She wasn't wearing knickers, and the gaping skirt demonstrated the fact conclusively.  
  
"Ah, your skirt…" Jeff began.  
  
"What about it?" Jill was really drawing this out. She looked down as if noticing the open button for the first time. "Oh, you mean the button." Jeff nodded. "It took me six months to train that button to do that." Jill laughed at the surprise on Jeff's face. "Well, no, actually it only took a couple of minutes."  
  
"You mean you really 'trained' the button to do that?" Jeff asked in amazement.  
  
"Sure," Jill answered casually.  
  
"I think I need a fresh drink," Jeff stated. "How about you?" Jill agreed, and he ordered two more margaritas. After they took a sip from the newly-filled glasses, Jeff asked, "Would you mind telling me how you go about training a button to do that? Call it professional curiosity from one engineer to another." Jill chuckled.   
  
"It's easy. Look. I'll show you." She reached down and opened the next button down the skirt and held the edge of the buttonhole up a bit, causing the skirt to gape even further. She relished Jeff's intense interest in what he was seeing. Jeff watched in fascination as Jill put the tip of her little finger in the buttonhole and twisted it back and forth several times. She withdrew her finger and looked critically at the buttonhole.   
  
"Not quite yet," she commented, and repeated the process until she was satisfied that the buttonhole was stretched to the degree she wanted. She uncrossed her legs and buttoned both buttons.  
  
"Are you ready for the great experiment?" she kidded Jeff.  
  
"Oh, you bet. I'm always interested in learning something new about design stress. Might be useful information in the future," he grinned.  
  
"OK, then, here goes." Jill slowly and elaborately crossed her legs. Both buttons came open and the skirt gaped widely. "I'd say that was a success; what do you think?"  
  
"Definitely," Jeff agreed. "I'm certainly satisfied with the results."  
  
"The real trick is to stretch the buttonhole enough so that the button will open when there is a little stress put on the skirt, like crossing my legs, but not stretch it so much that the button won't stay closed when I stand up. But that's really difficult, and I bet I overdid it. Let's see."  
  
Jill uncrossed her legs again, buttoned the buttons, and stood up carefully. The buttons popped open immediately. The skirt lay flat against her thighs as she stood without moving. She looked down.  
  
"See, that looks all right, even with the buttons opened. But watch!" Jill took a few steps backwards and the skirt opened with every movement. She stepped forward and the same thing happened. She shrugged and resumed her seat, the skirt gaping widely.  
  
"Any questions?" Jill inquired with a smile.  
  
"I know you wore that skirt with Steve in mind..." Jeff began.  
  
”Never assume," Jill responded. "That might not be the case at all. In fact, Steve told me I might meet someone here tonight, and that's why I wore it."  
  
"That puts an entirely different light on the matter," Jeff said with enthusiasm.  
  
"Yes, doesn’t it?" Jill smiled. "Next question?"  
  
"What... uh, I guess I'm trying to ask, why you do it, I mean, training the button?"  
  
"Don't you like to watch my skirt open like that?"  
  
"Well, sure, of course. I mean ..." Jeff was obviously embarrassed.  
  
"Of course you do, you wouldn’t be normal if you didn't. Well, I like to show. I knew I was going to meet someone tonight, so I tried to make my outfit a little 'special,' if you know what I mean."  
  
"But you didn't know anything about me. We’ve never met before. I guess I just don't get it."  
  
"If my first impression wasn't favorable, I never would have crossed my legs, the button wouldn't have opened, you wouldn't have seen anything unusual, and I would have found an excuse to leave after a few minutes." Jeff digested this for a few minutes.  
  
"So I can assume we've made a good start?" he asked a little anxiously. Jill laughed.  
  
"I think you're safe with that assumption."  
  
"I'm still a little uncertain about your 'special' outfit. I mean, I think it's great, but I guess I still don't know what you're getting at, exactly."  
  
"If the button didn't pop open, the skirt wouldn't gape, right?"   
  
"Sure, I suppose."  
  
"If the skirt didn't gape, you wouldn't know I'm not wearing knickers," Jill explained, smiling sweetly.

Jill Pt 2

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"I've sure never met anyone like you," Jeff said, shaking his head.  
  
"Does it bother you that I'm frank?"  
  
"No, no, it isn't that," Jeff replied hurriedly, "it's just that I'm not used to being in a situation like this, let alone talking about it." He thought for a moment. "I guess what I want to know is why you want me to know that you’re not wearing any knickers."  
  
"It doesn't mean I'm going to jump into bed with you in the next five minutes, if that's what you're wondering. Is it?"  
  
Jeff reddened from his collar to his hairline. "I can't say it hasn't crossed my mind, but that's not it. I've never met anyone who not only wanted to show herself off like you do but who is willing, even eager, to talk about it." Jeff’s falling into silence then was an invitation for Jill to tell him more if she wanted to, but letting her take the initiative. He realized she had been doing that all along.  
  
"It's a fairly new experience for me," Jill admitted. "I'm not sure I can explain it, except that it's fun and I get a good sense of myself by doing it. I'm also interested in the reactions I get. If you had drooled all over me or tried to put some serious moves on me, I wouldn't be here talking with you like this. It all depends. Some men I wouldn't flash at all, out of self-protection. That's not really a problem here, because I know Steve will keep things under control. But in everyday situations, I have to be careful unless I'm with someone I know pretty well."  
  
"How long does it take for you to get to know someone that well?" Jeff asked, a hopeful tone in his voice.  
  
"Depends on the person, but in your case, I don’t think it'll take longer than, oh, two or three years, say." Jill laughed at Jeff's woebegone expression. She put a hand on his arm. "I'm only kidding. Don't worry, you’re doing fine." Jill was struck with the thought that during the past several minutes of conversation, Jeff had been looking at her face, not at her open buttons and what they revealed. He was really listening to her. "In fact, you’re doing very well, come to think of it," she added.  
  
"You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that," Jeff said earnestly. "Another drink?" Jill nodded and Jeff signaled for two more margaritas.  
  
"You know, I'm impressed," Jill went on. "You haven't looked down at my skirt for at least five minutes. You're allowed to, after all. You have my permission. My encouragement, even."   
  
Jeff looked down at her open buttons almost by reflex. He took a little time to appreciate the smooth skin of her thighs and the black curls framed by the opening in her skirt. Her skin was very white, and the black hair showed starkly by contrast. His body was responding to the visual stimulation, and he hoped he wouldn't embarrass himself.  
  
"Do you always go without knickers?" Jeff seemed surprised at himself for asking that.  
  
"Knickers, with or without, is a serious and complicated topic that needs quite a lot of exploring, don't you think?" Jill laughed at Jeff's dumb-struck expression. "Perhaps it will help if I tell you that until recently I rarely went without knickers, but now I've decided that I don't like to wear knickers at all, except on very special occasions. In fact, I'll make a deal with you."  
  
"What's that?" Jeff asked, completely at a loss with this whole conversation.  
  
"Any time you find me wearing knickers, you have my permission to take them off, no, better yet, to tear them off of me, right then and there."  
  
Jeff’s mouth opened and closed but no sound came out.  
  
"You don’t believe me, do you?" Jill asked in an accusing tone. "You think I'm the kind of person who won't honor a pledge or keep an agreement. You think I'll go back on a deal."  
  
"No, no, I don't think that," Jeff blurted. "I'm sure you're someone who keeps your word."  
  
"What can I do to convince you, I wonder," Jill asked as if to herself. She thought for a moment until her expression brightened and she smiled brightly at Jeff. "I know. First, are you sure I'm not wearing any knickers?"  
  
"It sure doesn't look like you are!" Jeff exclaimed, again looking down at the gaping skirt and its two strategically open buttons.  
  
"Don’t you want to make absolutely sure?" Jill insisted. "Maybe you should check more thoroughly."  
  
Jeff paused as if uncertain what to do. He reached tentatively toward the gaping skirt, then stopped, keeping his hand poised above the opening. Then he moved his hand to the hem of her short skirt, resting his palm on her bare thigh. He fingered the two bottom buttons and then flicked them open so that her skirt opened fully and fell away on both sides of her legs. He slender but shapely thighs were entirely uncovered, and Jeff could easily see the juncture where they met and the black curls adorning the spot.   
  
Jill looked down approvingly and slowly uncrossed and recrossed her legs, watching Jeff's eyes all the while. His eyes followed every movement of her legs with rapt attention.  
  
"Are you sure now?" she asked. "Are you completely sure?"  
  
Jeff didn't say anything but simply reached down and opened one more button. The skirt fell open to her waist, held on by only the top button at her waistband. The slight swell of her abdomen shone palely above the dark thatch of hair.  
  
"I don’t think there is any doubt about it now," Jeff said conclusively.  
  
"I'm glad you're convinced I'm not wearing any knickers," said Jill. "I hope you know that you always have the right to check. For now you'll just have to take my word about tearing off any you might find."  
  
At this point Steve came along and looked down at Jill's fully-open skirt.   
  
"I see you two are getting along," he chuckled, and went behind the bar and started taking drink orders at the other end.  
  
"I still don't think you're completely convinced that I'm a girl of my word," Jill complained. "I guess I'll have to find some other way to make you believe me." Again she thought for a moment, then turned to Jeff and said, "How about this?" Jill's hand moved to her black blouse and opened a button, then another, revealing a glimpse of her black satin bra beneath.   
  
"You know, Jeff, since I've stopped wearing knickers, except for those oh-so-very-special occasions, I've also discovered that I don't like bras very much either. And that's a big change for me, because I've always been self-conscious about my breasts because they aren't very big. I'm five-eight, and my measurements are 34 - 23 - 36. My bra size is 34 B. So I think it's a big step for me not to be ashamed of my breasts anymore."  
  
Jeff listened, as well as watched, as though nothing in his life had ever been so fascinating.  
  
"So…" Jill continued as she opened another button. She reached inside her blouse and unfastened one of her bra straps. "Would you mind getting the other one?" she asked Jeff sweetly.  
  
"Happy to," Jeff responded. He reached inside the blouse Jill held open for him and fumbled with the strap. His hand was electric against her skin. Jill swayed slightly against his touch. He managed to work the strap loose and drew his hand back.  
  
"Can you unsnap the back strap through my blouse? It shouldn't be too hard, there's only one hook. Just pinch it like you were snapping your fingers and Presto! It should pop right open." Jeff did as she directed and the results were just as she predicted. Jill took her time sliding straps and tugging elasti...il her bra was gathered at the front of her blouse. She managed to keep her breasts from showing, however.  
  
"Here," she said, pulling the bra free and handing it to him. He looked at her blouse but was disappointed to find that the pockets hid everything behind them. The blouse, though unbuttoned nearly to her waist, gaped only enough for him to get a hint of curving flesh and some tantalizing cleavage.  
  
"The bra is my little gift to you, a memento of the evening," Jill continued. "And if you ever find me wearing another one, you have my permission -- no, my request -- no, my demand! -- that you tear it off my body! Now are you convinced?"  
  
Jeff swallowed and took a big sip of his margarita. "All except for one thing."  
  
"And what could that be?" Jill questioned.  
  
"I'm not convinced that there was ever any reason for you to be se1f-conscious about your breasts. Of course, I haven't seen them, but. .."   
  
"I like you, Jeff!" Jill laughed. "Aren't you satisfied that I'm sitting here next to you with my skirt open to my waist? With nothing underneath, don't forget! Am I supposed to take my blouse off as well? Am I supposed to strip myself naked in public for you when we've just met? I think you've seen enough for one night. Just remember what I told you. By the way, when is Steve leaving?"  
  
Jeff's head was spinning. "Tomorrow morning early. Why?"  
  
"So that means you'll be here tomorrow night, watching the place for him. I might see you then."  
  
Jill got up from her stool and backed away from Jeff. She stood for a moment, letting him look her up and down, getting the full effect of her state of partial undress. Then she started for the door, her skirt opening and flaring back from her thighs as she moved. She touched Jeff lightly on the shoulder as she passed him and he turned to watch her make her way back through the room to the door. Several heads turned, suddenly struck by the view of her open skirt and what it revealed as she passed by.   
  
Jeff could see Steve standing by the door, and Jill paused to speak to him briefly. She leaned up and kissed him on the cheek before going out the door. Steve gazed after her and shook his head slightly, and no one would ever know what was going through his mind at that moment.

Jill Pt 3

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Jill returned to The Pink PUSSYkat the following evening, waiting until almost midnight to arrive. The parking lot was nearly as full as the night before, but as she found a space for her car, she could see that quite a few people were leaving. She walked to the entrance and went inside.  
  
There was a large crowd, mostly in the area closest to the dancers' runway. All the tables were filled back as far as she was standing, but there were several empty tables and booths in the back. Jill threaded her way through the crowd and found Jeff at the bar, standing at the end next to the only empty stool.  
  
"Are you saving that for anyone special?" she asked Jeff coyly.  
  
"I think so," he replied. "It's yours if you want it." Jill thanked him and sat down. Jeff brought her a margarita without being asked.  
  
"I like your outfit," Jeff observed. Jill smiled prettily at the compliment. She was wearing a thin pale blue long-sleeved v-neck blouse made of a smooth clingy fabric. The blouse had four buttons from the v to where it tucked into her long beige wrap dress, which was attached at her waist by two buttons spaced about four inches apart. While she was standing, the skirt reached to mid-calf. As she sat down, it parted to show most of her legs. She was wearing nylon stockings and the parted dress revealed them nearly to their tops.   
  
Jeff spent the next half-hour doing a lot of running back and forth, helping at the bar, busing tables, working the cash drawer, restocking the bar, and acting as potential bouncer. He paused for a moment to refill her glass but was too busy to talk. Jill sipped her drink slowly and watched Jeff as he moved. He wasn't as obviously muscular as Steve, but he was clearly in good shape and athletic, as his Pink PUSSYkat logo T -shirt and trim khaki trousers demonstrated. By the time he was able to return to Jill's side, more than half the customers had paid and left. Jeff sat on the vacated stool next to her.  
  
"The dancers finish at one a. m.," Jeff explained. "They take turns performing from seven, and since there's always a dancer on the runway for those eight hours, it makes a pretty hard night for the girls. Of course, it makes a pretty hard night for the men too, but in a different way." They both chuckled. "We close at two on Saturday nights," he added. They chatted for a few minutes, and then Jeff was called away again about something to do with a check, and it was nearly one a. m. before he could take a full break from his duties.  
  
He finally was able to return to his seat next to Jill, clearly happy to do so. Jill sat with her legs crossed and absently ran a fingernail back and forth across her stocking just above the knee.  
  
"Oh, darn!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I've got a snag." Jeff looked down and, sure enough, the stocking was beginning to ladder up her thigh and down over her knee. "Well," Jill said, "there's only one thing to do."  
  
She spread her parted skirt wider until the tops of her stockings and the top garter clips showed, as well as an inch of bare thigh. She unfastened the clip holding the snagged stocking and lifted her leg so she could reach the second clip underneath. She opened the clip with a deft gesture and began to roll the stocking down her thigh. She rolled the filmy material slowly, pausing now and then as if to consider how she was doing. Jeff thought she was doing fine. She toed her shoe off her foot. Jill eased her foot out of the stocking and crossed her legs the other way. The contrast between her two legs, one stockinged and one bare, looked very sexy to Jeff's eyes.  
  
"I guess I'd better take off the other one," she said. "Or maybe you would like to, Jeff."  
  
Jeff needed no further encouragement. As he recalled, he had permissions, even demands, that hadn't even been mentioned yet. Removing a stocking shouldn't be a problem. Jill crossed her leg so Jeff could reach her garter clips more easily, and he wasted no time in unfastening them. Jill's thigh felt cool and smooth on top, but as he started to roll the stocking down, his fingers reached the inner part of her thigh, which was much warmer. Her legs were stunning! he thought. He rolled the stocking down and she dropped her shoe and lifted her foot for him to pull the stocking off. Her movement caused her skirt to open to the tops of her thighs.  
  
"Well?” she challenged.  
  
"I think I'm supposed to do some checking," Jeff said. He put his hand on her knee and slid it up her thigh to the very top, sliding the side of the dress back all the way to her hip. She was naked underneath. She laughed at the look of disappointment on Jeff's face.  
  
"You're disappointed because I'm not wearing knickers? Can that be true?" she teased. Jeff flushed with embarrassment.   
  
"That does seem pretty stupid, doesn't it?" he muttered.   
  
"I think it's kind of cute," Jill said, smiling at her joke. "You have to admit, it's unusual."   
  
"Everything about this is unusual," Jeff replied.  
  
"Well, perhaps, but I'm glad you remembered you are supposed to check," Jill said, "I really am. Checking is always important, you should remember that, and do it often. You just never know."   
  
Jeff glanced at Jill's blouse, but it was evident from her nipples poking at the thin fabric that she wasn't wearing a bra. Knowing Jeff was checking out her blouse, Jill slumped back against the stool, knowing the blouse would gape a bit between the buttons, giving Jeff a glimpse of the undercurve of her breast and of the skin of her stomach. She knew he would find the tantalizing peeks arousing, not to mention the shape of her nipples articulated in the fabric of her blouse.  
  
Jeff was confused. This wasn't what he had expected. Nothing this woman did was what he expected. He couldn't anticipate what she would do next, and he found that both disconcerting and fascinating. Checking her out. Checking…  
  
"I'll keep that in mind," Jeff said. "In the meantime, let me observe that you have incredibly beautiful legs."  
  
"Thank you kind sir, she said," Jill responded, smiling and sitting up straight. "Now, if you will excuse me while I go to the little girl's room, you might get us another drink while I'm gone. But before that, I need to do something with this skirt situation." She reached down and clasped the garter belt and rotated it around her waist until she could unhook it and pull it out from under her skirt. "There, that's better." She handed the garment to Jeff. "I'll be right back." She picked up her purse and walked toward the back of the room.

Jill Pt 4

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Jill was gone less than five minutes. She was a bit disappointed to find that many of the customers were gone, but knowing Jeff as she now did, that was probably just as well. All the dancers had finished their last turns and retired to the dressing room off the back of the stage. Five of the ten waitresses who had been working the floor sat at a back table and were counting their tips. The others were still working, clearing tables for the most part. The three bartenders were cleaning up behind the bar and beginning to total their receipts. Only about a half dozen customers were left. Jeff nodded to one of the bartenders, who picked up a portable microphone and announced "Last Call!"  
  
Jeff picked up a fresh pitcher of margaritas and two glasses and led Jill to the back of the room. He chose the raised booth in the corner. After pouring drinks and sipping from them, Jill and Jeff looked expectantly at one another.  
  
"You come wrapped like a present," Jeff told Jill, indicating her outfit. It was then he noticed there was something different about it.  
  
"Do you like presents?" Jill asked coyly.  
  
"Oh, you bet. When I was a kid, I couldn't wait for Christmas. But I thought Christmas came in December."  
  
"What did you usually do with your presents?” Jill asked with a smile.  
  
Jeff reached out and opened the top button on Jill’s blouse. The edge of a blue satin bra came into view.   
  
"You see," she said, "it's always important to check, even a second time."  
  
"I'll certainly remember that," Jeff responded, as he continued opening the blouse buttons one after the other. The bra was a simple but expensive-looking garment with no decorative or support function. Jeff pulled the blouse away from Jill's slender torso and feasted his eyes on her shallow cleavage and smooth ivory skin.   
  
Jeff turned his attention to Jill's skirt, which was already parted nearly to the tops of her thighs. He spread the split of the skirt further apart until the split reached Jill's abdomen, revealing a pair of blue satin French-cut knickers matching the bra. He ran his hands over the front of the knickers and fingered the waistband, then the side seams, the leg holes, and finally the area of wetness between Jill's legs as she quivered under his touch.   
  
At last he reached behind her, grabbed a fistful of cloth over each buttock, and pulled savagely. Jill gasped. There was a sharp tearing sound as the knickers came apart. Jeff tore the knickers around to the sides, leaving Jill's ass completely bare. He tore both side seams out and then the front panel of the knickers, leaving only the waistband and the two elastic leg bands. Those he tore viciously. He tossed the scraps of cloth onto the floor of the booth. Jill lay back, her legs sprawled as if after sex.   
  
Jeff attacked the bra much more gently. He held one soft piece of cloth that served as a cup and easily separated it from the strap which held it, then repeated the process with the other cup, and finally held both cups and separated them from one another. Jill sat up and allowed Jeff to slide what remained of the bra away from her body.   
  
Jill's breasts were small but perfect. Jeff was enthralled by the lovely curves, the unblemished smoothness, and the upturn of her small nipples, which were very pink and hard, straining outward as if reaching for him.  
  
Jill watched Jeff as his eyes seemed to caress each millimeter of skin, and then gasped again as Jeff lightly traced a line with his fingers from the hollow of her throat down to her cleavage and then lightly around each breast in slow circles that narrowed until his fingers were pulling lightly at both her nipples. Jill arched her back and leaned forward in her seat, pushing her breasts into Jeff's hands which were caressing her so expertly. His touch was gentle but it set her on fire inside. She ached for him to take her breasts in her mouth, desiring his lips, coveting his tongue, panting for him to nip and lick and suck until she would go mad from his attentions. Instead, he paused and leaned back, gazing at her intently. Then he leaned forward again and kissed her mouth, his lips soft at first but becoming more demanding, his tongue flicking quickly against her lips and teeth, then plungng deeply into her mouth and entwining with hers. She responded immediately with her own tongue, probing deeply until both were breathless and had to break apart.  
  
His hands returned to her breasts, cupping them as his thumbs flicked at her nipples. She tore at his shirt, ripping it open. She traced her long fingernails across his chest, then reached around under his shirt and clutching at his back as their lips came together, the kiss becoming more and more demanding. Jeff closed his hands over her breasts, hurting her the way she desired him to, but quickly turning gentle once again, caressing her breasts and nipples, running his fingers over her collarbones, touching the hollow at the base of her throat, moving one hand incessantly across and around and under and over her breasts until she could barely gasp. She felt a fullness begin in the lower part of her abdomen. She was becoming very wet between her legs. He had not yet touched her there. She ached for him to. Excruciating, exquisite torture.  
  
Jill leaned back, breathing heavily, as was Jeff. Jill's blouse lay fully open, her breasts enticing him, her skirt parted nearly to her waist as she let her knees relax and separate. Jeff smiled, enjoying what he was seeing, knowing there was still more to come.  
  
One of the bartenders approached the booth with the final receipts tally and the cooler key in his hand. He hesitated but Jill waved him on. He looked at Jeff, who shrugged and nodded. The barman handed Jeff the receipts for his signature and Jeff dutifully signed his name to each one while the barman couldn't keep his eyes from exploring Jill's revelations. Her long legs were stretched out, her skirt was open nearly to her waist, and her blouse covered nothing but her shoulders and upper arms. Jill stretched her body and arched her back a little, lifting her breasts until her swollen nipples seemed to point directly into the bartender's eyes as she smiled lazily with half-closed eyes. When Jeff finished signing, the barman muttered a stuttering "thank you" and reluctantly retreated to the other end of the room.  
  
Jeff poured fresh drinks from the margarita pitcher. "I never thought --," he began, but Jill interrupted him.  
  
"You haven't finished unwrapping your present." She remained half reclining against the back of the booth. Jeff bent over her, placing one hand back of her neck and lifting her head to meet his probing kiss. His other hand again caressed her breasts, very gently now. Her body began moving slightly under his touch. Jeff eased Jill's blouse off her shoulders and slid it down her arms until she was completely free of it. Her shoulders were smooth, while her collarbones were delicate, as were the bones of her arms, wrists, and fingers. His hand traced them all, and her entire body quivered. Her breasts, she soon discovered, fit exactly into his cupped hands, and equally well into his mouth. She clutched him spasmodically, urgently, as he caressed and kissed and fondled and sucked her breasts as she writhed beneath him. They both felt ready to explode.  
  
Jeff finally brought his fingers to the two buttons holding her skirt together. He freed first one and then the other, moving his hand down over her stomach and abdomen, probing her deep navel, tantalizing her by bringing his hand first closer but then further away from the tops of her legs. He stroked her abdomen and after what seemed an eternity to Jill, lightly touched the thick hair of her pussy, then ran his hand across the arc of her hip and down the outside of her leg to her knee, completely freeing her from the skirt. She was finally, completely, gloriously naked.  
  
It is at this point, dear reader, that modesty requires that we draw a curtain across the further activities of Jill and Jeff for the remainder of the evening in question, at least for the present. Never despair, however, for they will surely be found elsewhere in another place at a later time where their story may be told in all its fulsome detail. Until then, pleasant, and erotic, dreams. Harry.