**In A Bar (Mia Collection)**

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I stand up, stepping in front of the mirror..." Perfect!" I say giving myself a once over head to toe. My six-inch heels lift my ass under my tight leather miniskirt that barely covers it and slims my legs. My tight red tank top has settled above my hipbones showing a few inches of smooth tan skin and a blue dangly feather belly button with silver jewels spinning and glittering in the light. My lack of bra is evident by the little bumps where my nipples perk up under the fabric. My eye makeup accentuates the blue green of my iris's and my big black eyelashes bat. The last finishing touch, my glossy red lipstick on my full lips. Like I said... Perfect.

Usually, I rock a more...comfortable look, meaning a sweatshirt and jeans hair in a bun...typical college girl. But today calls for something special, something that shows there's more to me than the sweet, innocent, good girl he thinks I am. Tonight, in a crowded club, with the drinks flowing, and the music beating, I am going to tease him until he can't deny how badly he wants me.

When I sit down in the front seat of his car, he flicks the light on and gives me a once-over slowly like he is trying to take in every detail. His eyes lingering when they reach my breasts and inner thighs. I take this moment to admire a rare sight, He is dressed up. A buttoned shirt with only the top two not done up, black slacks but loose enough to keep him comfortable, and a black leather belt that matches his dress shoes. He looks amazing.

"Damn, you look stunning." His eyes glance back at my breasts quickly before meeting my eyes again.

"Thanks, you look great yourself." I smile, glancing at him through the corner of my eye. "Let's get tonight started." I flick off the light and we begin our drive to the club.

Neon lights flash vibrantly to the music, some pop song I do not know very well is playing so loudly I can barely hear him. Someone takes our jackets and hangs them up handing him a ticket to go get them that he slips in his pants pocket. We yell over the music occasionally at each other as we start walking around. I am taking in all the sights around me, the dancing, the outfits/people, and I even spot a few couples around the edges that look like they are really..." enjoying" each other. The couple on the dance floor grinding so hard it is like a bad porno, the couple against the wall so fucking in the zone I am nearly sure there's penetration...maybe they think it is dark enough no one can see? Or maybe they just do not care? My friend grabs my hand as he pushes past them, we slip past and our shoulders bump against the guys back and another person's shoulders as we go.

"It's so crowded here," I yell, laughing a little at the couple we passed.

"That's... makes it... party! Come...way." I catch as he yells back. He waves his hand in a follow-me gesture leading me up to the bar. "What do you want?" he gestures to all the bottles behind the counter like I know what they are.

"Gin and tonic," I yell back hoping that I said an actual drink and it is not just a movie thing.

He gives me a side-eye look like I am crazy or growing horns. Then smiles and turns back to the bartender. He drags me over to a quieter table in the corner. We start talking, and a few minutes later a bright pink drink with an orange split over the rim shows up in front of me with a thin straw like the ones for coffee but shorter. "There's something you will actually like. Freaking gin and tonic." He chuckles a bit "Have you ever even tried gin?"

"...No" I giggle. "But it's the first drink I thought of!" He chuckles along with me. Shaking his head at me before burying his face in his hands.

I guess the drink he ordered is called a Bahama Mama and it is amazing. Pure heaven in a glass. He got a whiskey that he let me try, it was good, but I definitely like this better. So, there we sat, drinking, and chatting, people watching, and occasionally singing along to the music as it plays. When we both finish the last of them, I stand up and go to his side of the booth.

"Come on!" I reach down and grab his hand. "let's go dance!" I tug at him a bit.

"Oh No. No. No." He protests, pulling against me slightly. I tug him a little harder, almost whine "please.", give him my best puppy eyes, and he finally gives in. I drag him to the dance floor, and we start rocking to the music. The couple that was grinding so intensely here earlier is gone...too bad since I was kind of hoping to copy a few of her moves.

He is maybe a foot in front of me, standing stone still his eyes saying, "good luck getting me to dance." I accept the challenge. My hips swaying, my heels flashing in the light, my cleavage bouncing slightly with my movements. I grab his hands and start making him sway with me a little. He finally relents and starts to really dance with me. Innocently at first, then I decided it was time to make a move. I pull him in a little, spin around and place his hands on my breasts. I reach back and run my fingers through his hair as I grind my ass against him. He slides his hands slowly from my breasts down my body, his fingers pressing against the dip in my hip bones, pulling me against him a little so that my ass rubs him a little harder as we grind and dance.

We dance a solid hour grinding, moving together, entwining our bodies to the music. I wrap a leg around his waist and lean in my lips against his ear "I'm thirsty, how about you choose another drink for me to try." He smiles, and we begin walking back towards the bar. I leave him to order drinks so I can run to the bathroom and double-check my makeup. I check mascara and lipstick, and then I step into a stall, slip off my black lace thong and shove it in my purse. Then I leave and walk back to the bar where he has already saved us one of the booths in the corner. He stands up so I can slide in and he sits down again on the edge of the booth. It is so dark here, dimly lit by the dance floor lights and a few neon signs. He hands me a drink that is just the prettiest shade of blue, it has a slice of pineapple on the side of the glass, a cherry on top floating next to a Hawaiian flower. Blue Hawaiian, its coconut and pineapple, kind of tastes like a pina colada. And I love it.

We sit there drinking laughing and talking again. He is sitting so close to me this time his leg up on the seat so he can face me, without having to turn. I set my hand on his knee, and he loses his words for just a second having to remind himself of what he was talking about. I giggle just a touch; it is so cute when guys get flustered like that. After a few minutes, I ask him a silly question.

"Did you notice my socks tonight?" I smile slyly. He gives me a confused glance and peers at my feet under the table.

".... No?" He chuckles a bit. "Are you even wearing socks?"

I giggle a bit as he continues trying to peek under the table. "For once I even have the matching panties on too!" I bite my lip a bit holding back my giggles.

"But...you aren't wearing socks..." now he looks thoroughly perplexed.

I lean in close and whisper "Exactly." I wink and I think his jaw almost hit the floor he looked so caught off guard.

But then he smiles and stands up. Leaning down and bracing his hands on the booth cushion supporting his weight. One hand reaches down to my legs pulling them up onto the seat, so they are laying there in front of him. He stands a little more, grips my ankles and pulls me right to the edge of the seat. My miniskirt slips up a bit, and I struggle to fix it. He grabs my wrists in one hand and pins them to my waist just moving my fingertips away from being able to cover myself. I see something primal in his eyes, something fierce, and It makes me all sorts of nervous and excited. I can feel my pussy getting wetter...

With his other hand, he grips the back of my neck his fingers wrapped in my hair and pulls me into him kissing me hard. He releases my hands and I use one to match his embrace. And the other attempts to fix the edge of my skirt again. We make out for a while, every few seconds he brushes my hand away from the hem of my skirt preventing me from covering myself back up. And finally, he stops and pins my arms back where they were originally were.

He kisses me again as he reaches down with one hand and pushes one of my legs to the side, his hips are now between them, and suddenly I feel his skin against mine, his cock resting against the mound of my pussy and rubbing against my tight slit. I am so wet, and my heart is pounding in my throat. I whimper slightly every time his cock slaps my clit or presses against my pussy. I feel the cool wetness of his spit against my warm wet sex, followed by his dick thrusting deeply into me.

In this position, thank goodness, we probably look more like a drunk couple passionately making out, than the couple committing a bold act of exhibitionism. He starts pounding into me harder and faster making me moan and whimper. My eyes are rolled back every time his cock fills me up and stretches out my lusting hole. At some point he releases my wrists again, and my skirt that now resembles a belt wrapped tightly around my hips, is the furthest thing from my mind. My fingers find their way under the edge of his shirt and my nails drag against his back as I moan in his ear, for only him to hear me.

He pulls out almost all the way and holds for just a second, watching me quiver in anticipation biting my lip to refrain from begging, my fingers tugging at his shirt and his back lightly, begging him to fill me. He thrusts, quickly and hard. I half gasp half moan as I feel every inch impale me in the best way. His balls slap against my ass, and the roughness of the stubble above his fresh shaved cock provides the most stimulating friction against my clit...My breasts rise towards him as I arch my back and my hips tilt trying receive him even deeper. I am just about to cum, and I bury my face into the dip between his neck and his shoulder as my hands reach up wrapping around him my fingernails digging in between his shoulder blades. I moan loudly but with the music I know he is the only one that hears.

"Not yet baby. I don't want you to cum until you beg, and I allow it" He half moans and half growls, his lips right against my ear.

My nails dig in deeper; I feel my legs shake, and my pussy clench around his thick hard member I moan louder "Mmm baby fuck me.... Please...." I Beg him as he continues to thrust fast, hard, and deep. We are both wet with sweat, and every nerve in my body tingles and aches with a deep need, a hunger that only he can fill.

He nuzzles into my neck leaving a trail of a few sloppy sexy kisses, before his teeth nibble at, and then dig into my ear lobe. I wince and whimper a bit before he stops and growls in a primal, deep, and gravelly roar. "Beg like you mean it. Nice and loudly for everyone to hear. I want you to show how badly you want it. How badly you need it."

He pulls back a bit and gazes at me, his eyes staring into my soul and his smile encourages me to speak up...no that is not right... It challenges me. It tells me that he is waiting, and he wants to be impressed. "Please!" I all but yell, Desperate to feel that sweet release. "Please can I cum for you?" I would have continued but I cannot hold back my moans long enough to add anything. I see A few heads nearby turn, one or two men point at us, and make some cheering movements as they figure it out, but everyone else seems to not notice or at least not care.

"Good girl. Now... I want you to drench my cock... Cum for me baby." He moans more encouragement But I cant focus on his words with the buildup of sensation exploding inside me, the sweet release clouds every sense as I close my eyes, my legs quake and my nails sink in a little deeper he shifts a little, burying his face in my neck again, and growls deep in my ear his voice vibrating and sending tingles down my spine. He slows his thrusts down to these long and deep movements before stopping, his cock throbbing inside me, as my own orgasm slowly fades.

We lay there for a moment, both totally spent, enjoying the feeling of our bodies against each other. Kissing each other in a slow and sweet way as we cool down. Then he stands up and discreetly fixes his pants and belt. I readjust my skirt and the guys that noticed us a few minutes ago are eying us again, obviously laughing to themselves as we both try to adjust our messed-up clothing. I giggle a bit and can feel my cheeks get flushed. He grabs my hand and drags me to the bar again, we both get an ice water and I get an Old fashioned. After ordering the drinks I decide to go get cleaned up in the bathroom, while he waits and watches the drinks. I shut the stall door once I finally get through the little line outside. I lean against the cold metal and sigh, feeling like I am living a dream, floating on a cloud, dancing on moonlight, whatever cheesy little saying you want you use...that is how I feel. "I can't believe that actually happened!" My mind reels and flashes back, my spine and my clit tingles as I think of how sexy he sounded whenever he would growl...I snap myself out of it and finish cleaning up before heading back to the bar.

We finish our drinks and then we decide to leave. He holds the door for me, smacking my ass as I walk through, then giving me his "I didn't do that" look when I give him a playful side-eye glance. We laugh as he catches up and gives me his jacket to keep me warm, and he drapes his arm over my shoulder, pulling me close as we walk through rows of cars to reach his. When I reach to open my door his hand reaches out and presses against it holding it shut. I turn and look at him, and he wraps his other arm around my back pulling my waist towards him, pressing against me until I am up against the car and then he kisses me. My knees go weak. He pulls back, smiles, pulls me aside and opens the door for me.

The perfect end to a perfect night.