**Needing Hot Eyes**

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Introduction

I remember reading somewhere that girls liked to wear miniskirts for the sense of freedom they give. What a crock of shit that is! Ever since I knew I was a 'babe' - and I'm not fond of that handle - at a very early age, I began to enjoy showing what I had to offer. But I've had to wait until I'd finished school, rolling up the waistband of my uniform skirt as far as I dared, leaving buttons undone - that sort of thing, before I could really start to show off as I wished.

I had a spell in technical college, learning a few office skills, then found work in a department of the local authority, mainly responsible for computer-filing and so forth. It wasn't very demanding for a nineteen year-old who was reasonably bright, but it left me time to spend with my thoughts, and, especially, my fantasies. Principal amongst them was the one where I was on a crowded train, and, having forgotten to put on underwear, found myself impaled on a massive cock from behind - I had several versions of that one.

1

It was late May, the sun was shining, and I thought..........why not? I wore a dark green flouncy, silky pleated skirt, not too short, just above knee-length, with a cream-coloured camisole top. I needed no bra, really, and rather liked the sensation of my nipples jutting out against the thin material. Back to my thoughts! I put the white silk panties I had been going to wear back in the drawer, and smiled a secret smile. As I left the house to walk to the bus stop, it felt........what? Sexy? No, better than that, I was living my fantasy. I looked around as I stood in the bus queue. How many people had their fantasies? And did any of them have them about me? Would anyone think I was completely naked under my skirt and top? I felt now a sensation of wetness creeping into my neatly-shaved pussy, and had to start thinking about something else, in double-quick time, before I sat on the bus and started to drip!

Somehow I got to the office without embarrassing myself, and the day passed uneventfully - except inside my head, where I imagined all manner of scenarios. Mr Blake took me over my desk, I gave young Gary a fantastic blow-job, and, most powerful of all, I had a pulsating sixty-niner with Jenny, Mr Blake's lissome secretary. And all because of clothes - or lack of them. The day started me off on a path, a path that led me to an erotic dreamworld, all the more fantastic because it was real. I decided to indulge another fantasy I had dreamt of. I bought a knee-length black pencil-skirt, which had a small slit at the hem. Carefully, I sewed it up , making sure that the hem was so tight around my legs that my steps would be very short ones. I coupled this with the highest heels I had - a pair of five inch platform heels I had bought to go to a friend's wedding. The resulting restraint was very sexy, and drew a great many lascivious looks as I minced around the office, a lacy black bra just about visible under a translucent grey silk blouse.

2

I got the chance to give fuller range to my urges when the Office Garden Party was announced, for a Sunday in June. Such occasions are great opportunities for exhibitionists, and I knew that some of the other girls in the office would go for revealing outfits. I gave it some thought. How to send out a message - 'I'm naked under this dress?' Okay, no panty-lines goes some way, but I surfed the web until I found something far better. A long white silk sleeveless sheath with a four inch gap all down one side, closed by means of three gold-plated clasps, one just below breast level, one on the hip and the last at calf-level. And it looked to be about my size, and for sale on Ebay! I put in a bid immediately, and by the next day, it was winging its way to me.

I shivered with excitement when I slipped the amazing dress over my head and let its soft silk whisper down over my breasts, and reach neatly to the floor. When I looked in the mirror it was just unbelievable. My nipples jutted out at the thin silk of the loose bodice, and when I turned side-on, I saw that nobody could imagine I wore anything underneath. The hem was almost tight enough around my ankles to make walking difficult, and as I proposed to wear needle heels, my only concern was whether I should be able to pass the evening without creating a wet patch when I sat.

I drew plenty of long, lingering looks on the lawns of the Civic Centre as the party progressed, but one pair of 'hot eyes' bored into me every time I chanced to look in a certain direction. Chanced? well, not really. A table held four of the bosses from my department, three men and a woman, plus Jenny, the aforementioned secretary. It was her eyes that seemed to follow me everywhere I went, including when I was sat at my table with some other girls from the office. I looked back at her, and she seemed to lower her eyelids ever so slightly. I stood up and walked slowly past her, making sure the gap in my dress was quite obvious to her, and made my way to the ladies' toilet. I actually needed a pee, which was an awkward manoevre in this dress, as I had to undo the bottom clasp and re-fasten it afterwards, but when I came out of the cubicle, Jenny was there, leaning against the washbasins, clearly waiting for me.

'Alice, isn't it?' she asked. I nodded, 'And you are Jenny.' I took in her slim body and long, dark blonde hair, and thought I'd never seen anyone so gorgeous. She wore a navy blue satin dress, open right down to her navel, so that the swellings of her breasts were brazenly evident, her nipples barely concealed. The skirt was pleated and short, ending at mid-thigh, and patterned wite stockings were obviously not tights. Her shoes, like mine, were high-heeled.

'I just love your dress,' she said, 'wherever did you get it?'

I told her, then said, 'It would look even better on you.'

'I doubt it.' She looked at me, reached out a long-nailed, elegant hand, and I felt an almost electric shock as she touched my arm, 'Though I do share your taste in clothes, I think. Shall we meet, just the two of us?'

'Oh yes, I'd like that,' I said, and we arranged to meet the next day, Saturday, eleven o'clock in Starbucks.

3

I pondered upon what to wear, and decided, for some reason, on a pencil skirt. I had one that was knee-length, very tight around the hem, and went well with my 5" black needle heels, and black stockings. As a contrast I wore a loose cream silk blouse and no bra. I left my hair down and put in long pendant silver ear-rings. A light suede jacket was sufficient, and when I checked my appearance in the mirror, I was satisfied. On the way, I was wondering just why I had gone to so much trouble. I was inexplicably nervous when I walked into the crowded coffee shop, but saw Jenny was already there, keeping a place for me, so I asked her if she wanted another coffee.

'That'd be nice,' she said, 'A latte,' so I got two, and a couple of Danish pastries, hoping she'd like one, and took them on a tray. As I walked carefully through the aisles towards Jenny's tables, I was conscious of the eyes following me, looking me up and down - both male and female.

'Naughty,' she said, and I noted that her eyes were an intriguing hazel, and sparkled as she looked at me. I didn't know if she meant the pastries or my clothes. She was wearing a tight blue minidress, that looked as if she must have been poured into it.

'You look wonderful,' I said, as I sat down.

'I couldn't compete with you,' she said, 'I see you and I have a lot in common, though. I wondered if you'd like to do some shopping with me?'

'I'd love to,' I said, and we finished our coffees and snacks, chatting about everything and nothing, then set off to raid the Commercial Centre. Jenny linked her arm through mine as we walked, neither of us able to take great strides in our tight skirts. I was acutely aware of the attention we were getting from all quarters, and mentioned it to Jenny.

'Great, isn't it?' she said, 'I have amazing fantasies. I came twice last night almost without touching myself, just thinking about..............oh, I don't know.'

I looked at her, and chuckled, 'You must know. I bet you were thinking about that boss of yours.'

'If you must know,' she said, her eyes lowered, walking more slowly now, 'I was thinking about you.'

'Fuck!' I exclaimed, altogether taken by surprise.

'Yes,' she said, 'Something like that!' We had stopped walking, and laughed nervously together.

''Come on,' I said, 'Let's go to my place, I don't feel like shopping any more.'

4

In turn, I think we felt the cab-driver's eyes on each of us, in his mirror. We grinned at each other as first Jenny hitched up her super-tight, very short skirt, making an awful lot of her long, slim legs visible, then I slowly undid a couple of buttons on my blouse, virtually inviting him to have a good look at my cleavage. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the poor guy practically salivating. I gave him a decent tip when he dropped us off.

'God, I love your breasts,' said Jenny, as her long fingers made bullets out of my nipples. We had scarcely had time to get indoors before she had my blouse off, our lips locked together, tongues exploring. I pulled her towards the sofa, fumbled around her back for the zipper. When I found it, I was thrilled to find her completely naked under her dress. When I wriggled out of my skirt, she sighed with pleasure to find that all I wore were my stockings and suspender belt - panties had seemed superfluous.

She continued to fondle my breasts, but breathed, 'Let me see your cunt, darling.' The word, coming from her sweet lips somehow didn't sound vulgar, and I smiled as I shuffled my arse back on the sofa, then raised my right leg, hooking my heel over the back of the sofa, leaving my left foot on the floor. I was spread wide for her, but opened my gaping vagina still more, fingers of both hands easing my moist lips apart. Jenny gave a little moan as she plunged her tongue deep into my waiting cunt, sending me into paradise as I fingered my clit simultaneously. I came with a huge spasm, and may even have screamed, but for sure I almost blacked out.

'Fuck, I need a drink,' I said, but Jenny was already fetching me a glass of water.

'I think you came,' she laughed.

'You don't say,' I replied, then, more seriously, 'I think it's your turn, my love.'

For reply, she moved up to 'her end' of the sofa, but instead of spreading herself as I had, she turned over and knelt, showing me her lovely arse. She eased her knees as far apart as the sofa allowed, and I needed no further invitation to lick her damp pink crack, the long strokes of my tongue drawing gentle moans from her. But then, her head nestled on the arm of the sofa, she reached behind her with both hands and pulled her arse-cheeks wide apart, exposing the puckered hole of her anus, which seemed to grow as she did so. 'There!' was all she said, and I licked her, pushing my tongue into her as far as I could.

'Oh, yes, darling, yes!,' she said, 'Now with your fingers. Fuck me!'

I pushed an exploratory finger into her anus, waggled it, heard her groan, then added a second finger, which elicited a deep, animalistic growl. 'More!' she cried, and I shoved three fingers deep inside her.

'Oh Christ,' she gasped, 'My bag - get it!'

I found her bag beside the sofa, and looked inside, understood. There was a fat, glass-bubbled dildo, which I took out and showed her. 'Now!' was all she said, and I obediently rammed it into her waiting rectum. A couple of strokes, in and out, and sh shuddered from head to toe as an almighty orgasm transported her.

After a while, she looked at me, and said, 'Wow.'

'Wow indeed,' I agreed, 'I think I know what you like now.'

'Maybe you should try it sometime.'

'Maybe I will. But I still think we have a lot more in common.'

'What do you mean?'

'I think we both like showing ourselves off.'

'If you're saying I'm an exhibitionist - guilty as charged!' She laughed.

5

Jenny and I had become 'an item' I suppose, and we decided to go on holiday together. Neither of us had a great deal of money, so we found an inexpensive two week package deal to Benidorm. Not a bad place for people with my tendencies, I thought, as I walked out of the hotel while Jenny was still dozing after our early morning start. It was lovely and warm, people walking about in very little clothing, so that I felt fine in my halter-neck sundress, without a stitch on underneath. I had shaved my pussy carefully before leaving, and felt good. So good, in fact, that I was tempted to sit on a bench and let my skirt ride up just enough............but no, that sort of thing just wouldn't do.

Back in our hotel, as I was about to pop the key-card into the door-slot, two young guys rounded the corner from the lifts and headed for the room next door. The taller of the two, who I thought didn't look half bad - well-built and clean-looking, anyway - said, 'Hi, I guess we're neighbours,eh?'

'Guess so,' I replied, 'I'm Alice.'

'Jon,' he said, and this runt is Herbie.' He got a punch in the ribs for that. Jenny had heard the interchange and opened the door, so I introduced her. Then I had a thought. 'Say, do you guys know any good nightspots around here? We saw lots of signs for nightclubs on the way here, but out of town.'

They looked at each other and laughed. 'Listen, we come here every year,' said Herbie, 'Those "clubs" are really brothels, but we know all the good spots around town, don't we, Jon?' His friend nodded, and something about their body language got my 'gaydar' going. Nevertheless, I asked them if they'd show us where we might enjoy a 'trendy' night out, and Jon soon produced a town plan, and showed us where to go. 'Get a taxi, though,' he said, 'It's a dodgy area.' I thanked him.

Back in the room, I shared my suspicion with Jenny. She laughed and said she agreed, especially as they hadn't been keen to take us there, or anywhere else, for that matter. We decided to go to the club, which was apparently called 'El Tornillo' anyway, and see for ourselves. After a reasonable buffet dinner in the hotel, we spent an hour getting ready, then got reception to call us a cab. I looked at Jenny as we waited. She wore a silvery minidress, which barely covered her hold-up stocking-tops, and was perched on five inch heels. For my part, I had gone with my favourite pleated navy miniskirt and a cropped, sleeveless cream top, and also wore stockings, though mine were held up by a little satin garter belt. I wore stiletto-heeled sandals.

The taxi-driver seemed to enjoy the view from his mirror, and almost took out a lady with a pram on a zebra crossing as a result, then said, 'Very pretty chicas! You like club you go to I think.' He turned and leered at us as he waited for a car parking in front . He dropped us, however, without further incident, at the spot we'd showed him on the plan, and we saw the neon sign above the door: CLUB LA CONCHA. I was a bit miserly with the tip, as we disembarked.

The place was throbbing, well crowded, with mainly young clientelle, and I was pleased to see that most of the girls were sexily dressed. There seemed to be no entrance charge, so we walked in, and immediately started dancing to the insistant beat. A couple of young guys took an obvious interest in us, and insisted on buying us drinks - I raised no objection, neither did Jenny. Their names, for what it was worth, were Carlos and Oscar. We both got felt up a bit when we sat at a little table, and I let Carlos - at least, I think it was Carlos! - kiss me. Then the DJ stopped the music and a 'wet T-shirt competition' was announced.

'No good, I haven't got a.....' started Jenny, when the announcer, stood in the centre of the floor said, first in Spanish, then in English, 'T-shirts are provided - all one size, in the changing room, and there is a rack to hang up your pretty frocks. Let's GO!' He indicated the changing room, and Jenny was already dragging me after her, determined to take part. Why not, I thought.

Whenwe got into the spacious room, there was a table holding a stack of plain white T's, and a mob of girls of all sizes and shapes, tits swinging, jiggling or jutting, depending on their size, were dressed in panties, putting dresses on hangers, to go onto a long rack. Jenny soon slid out of her dress, but it took me a bit longer to get my top and skirt off. We looked at each other and giggled. 'Not much in the way of panties, eh?' said Jenny, whose nether regions were barely covered by skimpy black lace, whilst mine were even more exposed under a pair of thin, almost completely transparent nylon panties. 'Jesus,' I said, 'I don't know if we should do this.'

'Go on,' said my friend, 'We've both got great tits, let's go for it.' It was true, mine were slightly larger than hers, but we both had nicely-shaped, perky tits, with prominent nipples. We grabbed T-shirts and slid them on. Even dry, our nipples poked out sharply at the white cotton. 'Bloody hell, though, those panties!' I muttered, as we went back into the main hall.

6

I guess there must have been about fifteen of us daft enough to line up in T-shirts, most of us with just panties underneath, but I noticed that one girl had tight lurex leggings on, and a couple more wore shorts. The 'announcer' stood there with a cheeesy grin, holding the end of a hosepipe. He yelled something at the people behind us, who all scurried rapidly out of the way, then shouted, 'Listas - ready?' And before anybody had any chance to back out, he nodded to somebody behind him and water gushed out in a wide spray from the nozzle. I felt a cold, drenching shock as the water cascaded all over me, and my hair was plastered to my head, the T-shirt stuck to me like a second skin, and - oh dear! As the hose was turned off, I found that my panties too were soaked and I knew they were now completely transparent, so that my shaved pussy was exhibited for all to see. I saw one or two girls with similar problems holding their hands over their genitals, but I thought - what the hell? I turned to see that Jenny was laughing, and smoothing her T down to make the most of her nipple-jut. Bitch! So I did the same! We both posed as if for photos, and actually found that many were being taken.

The 'announcer' stepped out in front of us all, with two more guys. He said, 'Somos el jurado - We are the jury.' They walked down the line of us, making sure they had a good look at each girl in turn, and the oldest of the three, who was really quite dishy, let his gaze wander from my T-shirt down to my soaked panties. I felt them getting even more soaked. All three walked up and down a couple of times, then went into a huddle. The 'announcer' then approached us, took Jenny by the hand and led her forward a couple of paces, then a tall, slim, Scandinavian-looking blonde whose nipples prodded sharply at her T-shirt from what appeared to be quite small breasts, then, without delay, he was grasping my hand and leading me forward too!

'¡Las tres finalistas!' he yelled, then, before I knew it, he was holding up my hand, '¡La ganadora!' (the winner) He gave me a 100 euro note, smacked me on my wet backside, and shooed us all off to go and change.

'Wow,' said Jenny, 'And you could see what you had for breakfast in those knickers.'

'I think that's what swayed it,' I said, 'You've got better tits than me.'

'In that case, you can buy us some drinks,' she said.

While I was at the bar, the 'announcer' came up beside me, and said, 'Estas bebidas son pagadas,' to the barman, who then pushd back my twenty euro note as he plied me the two G&T's I had asked for. I turned to thank the guy, and he said, in halting English, 'My brother, he has open a new club, different level.' He indicated a higher class of establishment. 'If you and your friend want to go tomorrow, I show you where.' I nodded and he spoke in rapid Spanish to the barman, who duly produced a town plan. He showed me where this club was - quite close to the place we were in, I realised, and said it was called 'Club Delfin Dorado' - the Golden Dolphin. I said we'd give it a try. 'You will like,' he said, 'Good place for fucky-fucky.' With that, he walked away, leaving me somewhat.......I don't know......aghast?......amused? Those things and more.

7

'Well, that sounds intriguing,' laughed Jenny, when I told her what I had been told about the 'Delphin Dorado' - shall we give it a go?'

Whatever my misgivings, after a lazy day on the beach, giving all and sundry a good eyeful of naked breasts - and very skimpy bikini bottoms - we had the usual non-descript hotel dinner, then got ready to sample the delights of this new club.

This time we both chose dresses, I suppose typical 'club' gear - mine scarlet, halter-necked, backless, so that the very start of my bottom-cleavage showed, and very tight, mid-thigh length, whilst Jenny picked a gold-coloured sleeveless number just about long enough to be decent. 'I certainly can't go commando tonight' she said, stepping into a minute pink thong that was scarcely much better.

'I'm going without,' I declared. I always loved the feeling.

'Dirty bitch,' said Jenny, laughing.

We soon got a cab and were duly deposited at the 'Delfin Dorado' - STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY said a sign by the door, in about six languages, and another one insisted on under eighteens being prohibited. In case we were in doubt, a very large man with no discernible neck supporting an unsmiling, shaven head stood just inside and studied us carefully. 'English?' he asked, gruffly.

'Yes,' I said.

'You will sign in please,' he said, and allowed us past, to where a woman in her forties, who looked as if she could probably go ten rounds with him, stood beside a lectern, with an open book, and presented each of us in turn with a pen to sign in. 'Full names, please, and hotel you are staying in.' We complied meekly, and she waved us through, as three or four more people were coming in behind us.

I stared with wonder at the sight of the dance-floor before me as we entered. Not as crowded as the one at the CONCHA, it was still fairly well occupied, and a DJ on a platform was flanked by two completely naked girls, one black, one white, gyrating to his beat, as were the dancers, many of whom were very scantily attired. Practically all the men were shirtless, and rippling muscles were on display. Some of the girls were also topless - I watched one 'dancing' with her bottom grinding hard into a tall man's groin, as he fondled her perky tits with both hands. I somehow knew that if she moved away, he would be sporting a huge erection.

At tables, set into alcoves around the floor, couples, both men and women and same-sex pairs, were drinking, but many were kissing and I could see at least two blow-jobs being enjoyed.

'I see what they mean about adults only,' said Jenny.

'Well, we're adults, aren't we?' I rejoined, 'Come on, let's find a table.'

We found one, not at the front, but further back, and as soon as we sat on the velour cushion, a waitress, predictably topless, came and took our order for G&T's. My attention turned to Jenny, in this sexually-charged atmosphere. 'I've been neglecting you, darling,' I said, my hand on her knee. For reply she leant over and kissed me, her tongue snaking into my mouth. I slid my hand further up her slim leg and twanged her thong against her buttock.

'Ow' she said, and helped me ease my dress up as I lifted my bum off the seat. The waitress giggled as she delivered our drinks and took the money I had put on the table, because Jenny's head was already between my legs, her long, dark blonde hair tickling my inner thighs as she forced my labia apart and thrust her tongue deep into my sopping wet cunt. I had to ram my fist into my mouth to stop me from yelling out loud, and I came almost instantly.

'Me now,' said Jenny, and sat back as I dragged down her thong, and played with her clit the way I knew she loved, with my finger and thumb, then I pulled down the top of her dress and bit down on one of her nipples, simultaneously ramming two fingers deep and hard into her arsehole. 'OH Christ!' she moaned, and I knew she too had had a great orgasm.

8

We visited the Delfin Dorado twice more during our stay, and were approached by the owner, who wanted us to work there as waitresses. I was almost tempted - the club brought out my exhibitionist tendencies, and I think Jenny shared them - but we contented ourselves with wandering along the beach topless, tiny bikini bottoms our only garment, holding hands.

Back in cloudy, damp England, it was just that bit more difficult to be an exhibitionist - I sometimes felt sorry for the poor 'flashers,' who risked arrest - and ridicule - as they let some woman get a glimpse of their pathetic manhood in some nasty, cold corner of a public park.

Without ever really talking about it, Jenny and I took to doing our own version of 'flashing' - whenever we went anywhere together by car, we almost always wore miniskirts, which were easily raised just enough so that a lorry-driver pulled up alongside was treated to a fleeting, tantalising glimpse of pussy, as neither of us wore panties.. Both of us liked to go bra-less, and I mainly favoured loose silk blouses, so that my breasts could jiggle nicely when I walked. When I was in the office, I was always conscious of those eyes on me - the hot eyes that I needed..