Picking up a Slut

Ch. 1

by Laszlo Â©

"You know how hard it is to get a good fuck in this city?"

She was rubbing her bare leg against mine as we sat side by side at the

bar. I knew she was drunk - very drunk - by her provocative conversation.

Sex and men, men and women, women and sex.

"You have a girlfriend? A wife maybe?" she asked, putting her manicured

hand on mine, feeling where my wedding ring should be.

She giggled and knocked back the rest of her vodka, the third that I'd

bought her. Her ample tits jiggled in her tight spaghetti strap dress and

I watched her strand of fake pearls nestle into her cleavage.

"No, not me. I'm free and easy," I replied. "A wife wouldn't let me out to

meet sexy women like you," I grinned.

I could have taken this girl home with me an hour ago. But what I enjoy

most is flirting in public with bimbos who like to flaunt their sexy

bodies. Seeing what they'll dare to do in front of other people is always,

for me, the best prelude to sex.

"She'd hate the thought of me admiring those pearls, for example," I

added, with a wink.

"You like them?" she asked, toying with the pearls that had wedged between

her tanned breasts.

"They look great against your skin," I whispered, as I leaned forward and,

with a finger, pushed one of her straps down off her shoulder and then ran

my finger up her neck.

"You're tickling me!!" she laughed, turning to bite my finger gently. Then

the bite turned into a suck, an advertisement, perhaps, of what her tongue

and lips could do. The couple sitting opposite us at the bar were watching

us with interest, as things heated up.

"Mmmm, that's nice!" I said softly, as I extracted my finger and ran it

down her cheek. I kept it going down the other shoulder, leaning across

her, and loosened her other strap also. She gave no opposition to the

slender thread sliding down, so my finger kept going, caressing the pearls

at her neck and, then, slowly, those lower down as well.

She threw her head back, showing me the long arch of her neck. I kissed

her ear, but my finger kept going, down, down. Finally I could feel the

soft flesh of her breasts. I coiled the strand of pearls around a finger

and, with my other fingertips, gently stroked her breasts through her

dress.

"You've got stunning breasts," I whispered, "and nibbling on this ear is

kinda fun too." I think she knew I'd pulled the straps down far enough to

almost show her nipples, so she sat upright and turned to me.

"Wouldn't we be more comfortable somewhere else?" she asked, looking down

with mild surprise, but not adjusting her dress at all.

"I'd like to show you off a little, if I may," I said.

I often say this to flirtatious women like her; usually, they respond by

asking me what I mean. I'd usually say something like, "I think you're

exceptionally beautiful and I'd like it if others could appreciate it as

well." About half the time, they're fine with it and go along with me.

After all, I usually pick slightly 'slutty' women to flirt with; women who

were already showing a lot of leg or cleavage.

"Well . . .," she paused a little and bit her lower lip. "Just a little, OK?"

I nibbled her ear again and kissed, lower, on her neck. My hand returned

to her pearls and, this time, moved inside the tight fabric of her dress.

No bra, and her nipple was hard as I tweaked it. I stretched the fabric to

peek at the curve of her breast and the dark erect nipple.

The barman here knew me well, as it was a regular pick-up joint for bimbos

and wannabes. He moved in for a look, making out he was just collecting

glasses. "Another drink here?" he asked, smiling.

She opened her eyes and, realising my hand was inside her dress still,

pulled away, slightly alarmed. "Umm, no, not for me," she stammered.

"We'll have two more," I countered. "Thanks Ian," I winked.

"Don't worry about him," I went on. "He's a friend." My hand went back

inside her dress and, this time, she made no objection. I also moved to

start unzipping the front of her dress.

"Hey!" she said softly, and put her hand on mine. "Naughty!" she giggled.

"C'mon," I said, "It's dark in here and nobody's watching." As I said this

I glanced across the bar and saw the other couple still eyeing us closely.

Ian brought our drinks and she picked hers up, emptying her glass with one

long sip. "Well, with that in me, why not?" she giggled and reached for

her own zip. Her slim hand with its painted crimson nails slowly slid the

zipper down an inch.

"Very nice," I whispered. "That deserves a kiss!" I added, as I planted a

juicy one on her lips.

"Can I have another one?" she asked, after I pulled away.

"Sure," I said, and motioned with a nod to her zipper.

Her hand took the zipper and, very slowly, undid another inch, as she

looked me directly in the eye. Her already low-cut dress was now revealing

nearly all of her tits, which jiggled nicely as she wiggled on her seat.

I kissed her again, this time a bit longer. She moaned loudly as her body

twisted towards me. Again, I pulled away first and sat up straight,

looking her up and down.

"How many more kisses are left in this zipper?" she giggled, running her

finger down the front of her dress. The zipper ran all the way to the hem

and it was now undone to below the bottom of her breasts, showing the top

of her tanned belly.

"Well, that depends on what you've got on underneath," I winked, grinning.

"You are incredibly wicked!" she giggled, as Ian came back again to get

her now empty glass.

I reached towards her zipper once more, imagining she'd stop me. But she

didn't. I took the zipper in my fingers and looked her in the eye,

smiling.

Zzzzzzziiiiiipppppp.

I pulled down, down, down. As I undid it all the way, I got a view of her

gold g-string, just big enough to cover her neatly trimmed bush.

"Well?" she asked, when the dress had come completely apart. It hung on

her by the shoulder straps alone and she wriggled her arms free and let

the dress fall to the floor below.

Ian and several other couples were now staring at her, sitting in just a

pair of platform shoes and a tiny gold g-string. Her voluptuous hips and

ample tits glowed golden under the dim lights.

"I think I'd like another drink!" she giggled, pushing her tits out. Ian

quickly went off to make them, while I admired her - both for her body and

for her courage.

"You look absolutely superb!" I whispered, cupping one breast as I leaned

forward to kiss her. She met my kiss hotly, pressing and twisting her

almost naked body against mine.

"Let's go!" she whispered. "I'm so hot and horny I could come right here!!"

People had stopped their conversations to watch her and Ian soon returned

with two more vodkas. "These are on the house," he said, stopping to

admire her heavy breasts with their dark, erect nipples.

Again, she picked up her glass and, in a single long sip through her

straw, it was gone. That made five, or was it six? I'd lost count myself

of how much we'd drunk.

Other guys were starting to walk past and grab at her butt, which she

largely ignored. But I could see that if I didn't get us out of here soon,

my plans for the night might not work out how I'd imagined.

"OK, I think we should go," I whispered, pressing my lips against the

wispy hair of her temple.

I got off my stool and reached down for her dress, which was crumpled on

the floor. As I offered it to her, I could feel it was slightly damp from

having lain in some spilled drinks.

"I'm sorry, I think it got a bit wet . . .," I started to apologise.

"Hey, don't worry," she slurred, as she struggled to pull it on.

"I'll help you," I offered, seeing that she was going to have trouble

putting it on. She slid off her stool and stood, swaying slightly, so I

could help her with the dress. I deliberately zipped it up just enough to

hold it together, but not far enough to conceal her jiggling tits.

"It's not zipped up!" she murmured, as she leaned against me.

The thought of walking out onto the street with a half-naked drunk slut

made me feel incredibly horny, so I zipped her up just a fraction more and

slid her breasts in under the loose material.

"There!" I said. "Let's look for a cab." I left a generous tip for Ian and

ushered her towards the door, feeling every eye in the place following us.

In her platform heels, she stumbled out onto the street, to the obvious

astonishment of a couple of passers-by, who looked around to glance at her

wobbling cleavage.

"I can't walk in these shoes!" she complained, as she clung to my arm. Her

lipstick had smudged a little and her hair was messy; with her tits almost

out and tottering on her heels, she looked every bit the trashed bimbo.

"Hang onto me, honey. You'll be alright," I reassured her, as we moved

along slowly. I wanted her to look even more wanton and sluttish so I slid

my hand under her dress and up to the waist of her g-string.

"Oh," she moaned. "What are you doing?"

"Just a little adjustment!" I laughed, as I pulled her underwear down her

generous butt. "You'll be more comfortable walking without this."

Her slinky little g-string slipped down her butt and hung between her

thighs as she tried to keep walking. "You'll have to step out of them," I

suggested.

She said nothing but simply stopped and lifted one foot, then the other,

until she was free of her underwear. I took the g-string and stuffed it

into my pocket, and led her slowly along.

"Much further to go?" she murmured. "Let's go home. Fuck. I wanna fuck."

Most people we passed could see her breasts swaying almost openly through

her unzipped dress, but few would have noticed that she was now pantyless,

as her dress was just long enough to cover her pussy.

"Here's the taxi rank," I said, pulling her to a halt near a bench. It was

a well-lit area, with about half a dozen other people waiting for cabs.

They all stared, with one middle-aged lady saying, "Is she alright? She

looks in a bad way!"

"A few too many," I smiled, trying to act the chivalrous gentleman. "Just

taking her home before she really collapses."

"Mmmmm," she murmured, leaning into me with her warm tits. "I wanna fuck.

Fuck me," she said softly.

The middle-aged lady was listening and, I think, was a little shocked at

what she heard. "You better take her home, son. You take the first cab

that comes, OK?"

I wondered whether to zip up her dress and make her 'decent' while we

waited, but I decided against it. She kept murmuring and whispering things

as she leaned into me and wriggled her hips provocatively.

"Is she OK?" the interfering lady asked me, as the other bystanders

watched. "What's she been drinking, anyway? Why don't you zip her up a

bit, too?"

"She's OK. Really," I said with the straightest face I could manage. The

middle-aged lady kept on looking her up and down.

Several cabs had gone by, all with passengers. Suddenly, the wriggling in

my arms got stronger and her moans got a bit louder. She leaned up and

started kissing me amorously, as one leg wound up and around my hip.

"I want to fuck," she said softly. "C'mon. C'mon."

With her leg up like that, I knew that the other taxi passengers could

probably see her butt and, perhaps, even her pussy from behind. I felt

incredibly turned on by this and, if it wasn't for the meddling lady,

would probably have encouraged her a bit more.

"Hey, hey," I whispered. "We're at a taxi rank. We'll be in a cab soon.

Home soon, OK?" I pushed her leg down again, so she tottered on her heels

once more.

She looked up at me, with a slightly hurt look on her face. Then she

grinned girlishly and her hand went to her zipper. "Look!" she whispered,

as she started to pull her zipper down.

I was so captivated by the thought of her stripping off in public like

this that I made no move, no sound. Her slim hand pulled the zipper down

until her tits fell free. She looked down at them with obvious approval.

"Kiss me!" she ordered, with a slightly slurred voice. I felt as if someone else was controlling my body and, obediently, leaned down to meet her wet lips.

As we kissed, I could feel her hand, unzipping the rest of her dress. She

let it fall open at the front as she pressed hard against me. The feel of

her ripe full breasts with their hard nipples aroused me tremendously and

I took a look at the people around us, watching.

"Go, girl!" said a young guy, standing with his buddies, who then started

cheering her on.

I knew that her loosely hanging dress shielded much of her naked body from

view, at least for as long as she remained tight against me. We continued

to kiss as she rubbed her breasts against my chest.

"Hey! You two!! For goodness sakes!!" It was the middle-aged woman again.

"Here's your cab. Quick!"

I saw a cab had come to the kerb and the rear passenger door was open.

"Let's go babe!" I whispered, as I disentangled her from me. I thought of

zipping her up, but then decided to give these people a show instead.

So, taking her hand, I led her the half a dozen steps across the footpath

to the waiting cab and helped her in. Her tits jiggled as she walked past

the assembled people, most of whom looked too stunned to say anything.

"Thanks!" I smiled to the middle-aged woman as I slid into the cab's back

seat.

I pulled the door closed and gave the startled cab driver my address.

"We'll be there in just a few minutes," I whispered to her, as I pulled

her close to me and kissed her in the darkness.

"Good!" she murmured. "I want to fuck you," she whispered, as the city

lights glittered on her bare skin through the glass of the speeding cab.

Picking up a Slut Ch. 2

by Laszlo Â©

At the age of 35, I've only just discovered how easy it is to encourage

women to flaunt their sexy bodies and not mind men looking at them. While

most women don't like to be called sluts, some of the signs are pretty

easy to spot: low cut tops; short skirts; tight pants.

This one, however, caught me by surprise. "Do you like my shoes?"

Niki had been chatting with me for an hour or so, crossing and recrossing

her smooth tanned legs. Her loose dress kept riding up her legs, keeping

my eyes on her flawless thighs. Every so often, her slim hands, with their

manicured nails and silver rings, would smooth the sparkly fabric down.

"Well?" she asked, with a little pout, putting one foot up on the low

table in front of us. The soft, slow jazz went on against the clink of

glasses and murmured conversations in the background.

Her slim foot was arched in a very high heeled sandal. Two little

leopard-skin straps crossed her toes and just held the shoe on as she

dangled it. Encircling her ankle was a fine silver chain, which I fingered

as I leaned forward.

"Very nice!" I commented, as my eye moved up her shapely calf and thigh.

Again, she stretched her dress over her upper thighs and leaned forward so

that her hair brushed my face. "And you like my little chain?", she asked,

as she also fingered it, twining her long fingers around mine.

I ran my fingers up her calf and to the inside of her knee.

"Looking for something else, Laszlo?" she giggled, letting her caramel

thighs drift open slightly. Niki smiled as some people walking by our

table looked at her long outstretched leg.

"So, you like slinky little dresses, huh?" I asked Niki with a smile.

"This one certainly looks good on you!"

"It looks good crumpled on the floor in a corner, too!" she giggled,

pulling her leg back up towards herself. I caught sight of a flash of

white g-string, but, in moments, she was on her feet.

"Gotta powder my nose!" she giggled, as I watched her totter off towards

the bathrooms, her svelte butt swaying under the fabric of her dress as

she walked.

While Niki was gone, I watched another guy flirting with his date. I

wondered if she was a hooker: incredibly short pink nylon skirt, six inch

white platforms with white thigh high stockings. They were standing just a

few metres away, at the bar and, even in the dim light, I could see her

bare back through her mesh top.

I was willing her to turn around, wondering if the front of her top was

sheer as well, when Niki returned.

"An interesting view, huh?" she said, nodding towards the pink skirt girl,

as she snuggled in close to me on the sofa. I looked down at Niki's thighs

which became almost totally exposed as she wriggled further into her seat.

"Mmmm, I should have touched up my lips!" Niki murmured as she leaned

against me. She opened her little handbag to search for her lipstick. What

I saw, though, surprised me: a crumpled piece of white fabric.

I plucked it out and held it to my nose. "Nice!" I said, laughing.

"Hey, give that back!" she giggled, loudly enough for several people

around us to hear, including the pink skirt girl. She looked sharply

around and I saw that the front of her top had a pattern on it, hiding her

nipples, but not the generous curve of her tits.

I dangled the g-string just out of Niki's reach as she tried to grab it.

The pink skirt girl was laughing too and her date had also turned to look.

By now, of course, just about everyone within earshot knew what was going

on, although the dim lighting limited what they could actually see.

"Can't I keep it? Please?" I laughed.

As Niki reached over me to try and grab it, her dress rode up and revealed

quite a bit of her butt. My hand went down and started stroking the bare

flesh.

She twisted around, surprised. "Hey, what are you doing?" she whispered.

"Just admiring something other than your shoes", I smiled, as Niki settled

back into her seat, on top of my hand. "Do you mind?"

My hand kneaded her butt cheek and my fingers crept towards the cleft

between her legs. She sighed a little and shifted her position, parting

her legs as she did so.

The couple opposite were talking intimately to one another, but also

watching us carefully. I knew that the pink skirt girl could just about

see right between Niki's legs so, with my free hand, I pulled her knee to

one side a little more.

"You are very wicked!!" Niki whispered, emphasising the word 'very', but

she didn't resist.

In fact, her thighs fell open completely as she slid onto my two fingers.

The girl opposite gasped and pointed as Niki did this but, a second later,

her thighs had come together again.

"You're a hot bitch!" I whispered to Niki, nibbling her ear. She just

moaned and wriggled as my fingers searched about inside her. I desperately

wished it was my cock, now hard in my pants, that was where my fingers

were.

"See those people?" Niki whispered back, pressing her tits against my arm.

"Yeah", I said, as I caught the pink skirt girl's eye, "And they see us

too!"

"Is she on the job?" Niki asked. "She looks like it; there's no way that

guy's her boyfriend".

'That guy' was also getting turned on by Niki's antics. Watching Niki the

whole time, he leaned on the bar and pulled the girl in front of him, at

first with his hand stroking her exposed midriff. Gradually, his fingers

went to the waist of her skirt and started pushing it down her hips.

"She's not wearing knickers!!" Niki whispered to me, as she continued to

wriggle and squirm.

"She's not the only one!" I whispered back as I watched the guy opposite

push the girl's stretchy little skirt down until her hip bone was visible.

Any lower, and he'd have her mound on show as well.

"Look what she's doing now!" Niki said. We both watched as the pink skirt

girl laughed with the guy and slowly rolled her top up, revealing her

tanned belly. A little diamond glinted from her navel as she glanced over

at us.

"She's challenging you!" I whispered to Niki.

"You think so?" Niki whispered back, as she lifted her hips off the seat

to get a different angle with my fingers.

"I know so! Look!", I said.

The guy opposite had pushed the pink skirt down so far that it was bunched

up around the girl's hips, just covering her pussy. Some sort of little

tattoo was visible in the area where she'd shaved her bush. In the

meantime, she'd pulled up her top so far that the underneaths of her large

tits were just poking out. The guy was stroking her belly up and down,

'from tit to slit', as he pushed his hips into her butt rhythmically.

"Jeez!" Niki said. "She's a total slut, huh?"

I didn't point out to Niki that it was a case of the pot calling the

kettle black, but I drew her attention to the other people who had noticed

the pink skirt girl as well.

"She might as well lose her skirt altogether!" Niki whispered loudly, in a

disapproving tone of voice.

The guy was now kissing her, as she stretched backward to meet his lips.

In doing this, her top revealed the whole lower half of her generous tits.

His hand was stroking her beneath the pink fabric which still remained

around her hips and her shapely legs were nicely outlined as she stood,

tiptoe, in her platform heels.

"She's amazing!" I said quietly, feeling Niki's slipperiness squirm around

my fingers.

"Yeah, but I need a drink. Can you go to the bar and get one for me?" Niki

asked loudly, with a little grin.

"You'll have to let my hand go!" I laughed.

She eased off my fingers, keeping her legs together, and sat back down. I

licked one finger and gave her the other to lick, which she did with a big

smile. The pink skirt girl was watching us do this and she gave Niki a

little smile.

"On second thoughts, I think I'll come with you!" Niki giggled, once I was

standing.

I helped her to her feet and got very horny, once again, noticing just how

short Niki's tiny dress was - especially now that I knew she wore nothing

underneath. She leaned her tits into my arm as we took the few steps to

the bar.

"Excuse me!" Niki said loudly to a guy who was standing right next to the

pink skirt girl and whose eyes had been glued to her tits. He obediently

moved across, giving Niki a dirty look as he did so. She didn't seem

bothered by this and stood close up against me.

While I got the barman's attention, I had a good look at the pink skirt

girl's 'boyfriend'. He was a slightly overweight 50-something businessman

type. Looked rich, judging by his shirt. She was definitely a hooker to be

with him.

By the time I turned around with our drinks, Niki had struck up a

conversation with the girl. "I was admiring your shoes from over there",

she was saying, pointing to the sofa where we'd been sitting.

"I wanted to ask you where you got them", she went on, eyeing the girl's

exposed belly and lower breasts. "My name's Niki, by the way, and this is

Laszlo".

"I'm Sasha", the girl said in a soft husky tone, "and this is, um, Carl.

Say hello, Carl".

"Hi", the businessman guy said, almost reluctantly. By now, he'd pulled

his hand out of Sasha's skirt and had turned to order them another drink

each. Sasha made no effort to pull her skirt up or adjust her top, but

just stood there, leaning against Carl, while Niki made small talk with

her.

"And your cute diamond stud!" she was saying to Sasha. "Can I touch it??"

she giggled.

"Of course!" Sasha said, pushing her stomach out.

Leaning against the bar, between Sasha and Niki, I watched Niki's slender

finger touch the diamond stud and then continue circling Sasha's navel. It

travelled down her lower belly and stroked along the top edge of her skirt.

"And what's your little tattoo?" Niki asked, holding her fingertip right

on top of it.

"Have a look", she said. "Both of you", she added, nodding to me as well.

Niki squatted down to look. "How cute!!!" she squealed, attracting the

attention of everyone nearby. "Have a look, Laszlo!!"

I helped Niki upright and moved around to look, squatting as Niki had.

Down here, I had one hell of a good position. I could see right up Niki's

dress at her trimmed bush and I had Sasha's beautiful smooth brown belly

right in front of my nose.

"Can you read it properly?" Sasha asked. "Here", she said, stretching her

skirt out from her belly so I could see it better.

The tattoo - of a cartoon cat saying "Meow!! Come and Play!" - wasn't the

only thing I could see better now. The strip of pink fabric, stretched

right out, showed me Sasha's perfectly shaved slit, her moist lips rosy.

Squatting so close, I caught whiffs of her scent which almost made me come

right there.

I looked up at Sasha who was smiling down at me. "Seen enough?" she asked.

"Almost!" I laughed, as she eased her stretchy skirt back into place. A

hand came into view as she did this - it was Niki's. Right in front of my

nose, she was stroking Sasha's tattooed mound. The bar was noisy with the

hum of music and people and not too many people could see what I could

see, crouched where I was: two slutty girls, neither wearing knickers,

right in front of my nose.

I kissed Niki's fingers once or twice; she teased me by snatching them

away and I found my lips making contact with Sasha's skin.

"Whoops!" I said, looking up, aware that I'd probably offended Carl.

In fact, he was grinning - at Niki. And she was grinning straight back at

him. I noticed, too, that Niki's dress had ridden up - because Carl's hand

was stroking her bare butt. As much as I wanted to stay, I couldn't,

because people were bumping into me, trying to get past.

"Very nice view down there!" I smiled, as I stood up and came face to face

with Sasha.

"I thought you'd like it", she said with a seductive smile. My eye went

down to her tit, which was only half covered by her stretchy top and was

being stroked by Carl's large hand. Sasha saw me looking and just smiled.

"You've got a very sexy girlfriend", she added nodding toward Niki, who

was in whispered conversation with Carl.

"Yeah, she is", I replied, without adding that I'd only met Niki a bit

over an hour ago. "I think Carl thinks so too!" I added, as Sasha and I

both looked at where Carl's other hand was.

We stood silently, sipping our drinks. Every now and then, I admired the

swell of Sasha's breast under Carl's fingers. Finally, I thought I'd break

the ice. "When Niki and I were sitting over on that sofa before, we were

both quite surprised that you let Carl expose you like that, in front of

all these people".

Sasha smiled and thought for a moment before she answered. "It's a little

arrangement we have, let's say".

"An arrangement?"

She nodded. "Carl has this little fetish. Undressing women in public. I

help him out from time to time". She smiled, a little uncertainly, as if

she wasn't sure how I'd react.

I broke into a broad grin. "That sounds like a fantastic arrangement,

Sasha!"

She laughed with me, visibly relieved.

"So, how far do you go?" was going to be my next question, but Sasha

answered it for me, as she removed Carl's hand from her breast.

"Sometimes, he dares me to become completely naked in public places", she

offered, almost breathlessly. "He likes it when he knows other people are

watching me be a slut". She said this last part loudly enough for Carl and

Niki to hear.

"Does he mind other men touching you?" I asked, quietly and a little

nervously, hoping Niki wouldn't hear.

"Depends", Sasha murmured, sticking her belly and tits out provocatively

towards me.

Sasha's fluttering eyelashes told me that this was an invitation. She had

superb breasts, large and firm, both nipples visibly erect through the

thin fabric. She was excited, that was certain, as were a number of other

onlookers, clearly enjoying the sight of two guys flirting with such sluts

in public.

"I think we should go, Laszlo", Niki suddenly said to me.

I wasn't ready to leave the delicious Sasha just yet, so I delayed

answering, but Niki quickly added, "Carl's asked us all to his place for a

drink".

"Very kind of you, Carl" I said. He just nodded in reply and leaned to

whisper something to Sasha.

Sasha nodded back to him and then said, "OK, we ready to go?"

As Niki grabbed her little handbag, I could see she was excited by the

hard nipples poking right through the skimpy fabric of her top. Sasha also

moved away from Carl, as if to leave. Instead, though, her hands went to

her skirt and pulled it up. As short as it already was, she folded the

fabric double, so that a mere six inches of fabric went around her hips.

"Carl's little request!" she explained, giggling, as she adjusted the

strip of pink to barely cover her pussy. She turned around to get her own

handbag and, from the rear, much of her soft shapely butt was visible.

"And my top", she added. "Would you?" she asked, pushing her fleshy

breasts towards me.

I looked at Carl, who just nodded and across at Niki, who was settling

herself onto a vacant bar stool but didn't respond. I reached for Sasha's

stretchy top and, in keeping with her skirt, I pulled the top down all the

way, then folded it up so that the lower half of Sasha's tits were

exposed, with just a hint of nipple.

"Mmmmmm", Sasha murmured as I did this, the whole time rubbing her breasts

against my hands.

Niki watched Sasha's flirting, leaning back on the bar on her elbows,

running her fingers over her breasts, looking very hot and horny. Sitting

on her stool with her legs wide apart, her dress sat quite high on her

thighs and her strappy shoes dangled off the ends of her toes. The thought

that just a scrap of skimpy fabric was between me and her pussy made me

very hard.

A lot of the people around us had kept watching us, of course, and Sasha's

'new outfit' was quite an attraction. Once I'd finished adjusting her, she

leaned her butt back against Carl and I looked over at Niki.

"Come here", she mouthed silently, her hips thrust forward on her stool

and her hands still fingering her breasts through her dress.

I stepped nearer to her and stood close, facing her directly. "So, you

wanna fuck that slut?", she asked me softly.

"I'm here with you tonight", I replied quickly. "She's simply part of the

whole adventure". I smiled, not knowing if Niki was offended or just

putting it on.

She grinned and pulled me towards her, wanting to kiss me. Leaning on her

against the bar, I could feel the hardness of her nipples through my own

shirt, as she rubbed her tits furiously against me and then wrapped her

legs around my hips.

I could hear Sasha's little voice giggling behind me as my hands went down

to Niki's bare butt under her dress and lifted her towards me. "Guys! You

look like you're about to fuck right here!"

I pulled away from Niki and stood up. She was still half sprawled back on

the bar, her legs apart and, this time, her dress high up around her

waist. She made no attempt to smooth her dress down; instead, she lifted

it higher until her breasts were on show also.

"She's got a bit of a crowd!" Sasha giggled, as she indicated the group of

people who'd gathered to watch Niki.

"So, Laszlo, you gonna fuck me here?" Niki challenged, in a loud whisper.

"I'm here if you want me", she giggled.

The barman's voice boomed over the buzz of music and voices. "Ladies,

ladies!!! That's enough. I've got to ask you to leave. Please!"

"Let's go", Carl's voice could suddenly be heard. "We're overstaying our

welcome here. My car's downstairs waiting".

Every eye in the place was on us as we headed to the elevator. Sasha's

little 'skirt' barely held her cute butt in place; Niki kept fingering her

tits under her dress, making sure that her pussy and butt were almost

entirely on view, as we waited.

"So, will you both join Sasha and I for a nightcap?" Carl asked, once we

were descending to the street in the elevator.

I looked across at Niki, whose dress was up around her waist still.

Her only reply was to smile - at me, then at Carl and Sasha - and gently

run her fingers across her bare pussy lips.