Put on a Short Skirt and Flirt

by xR Â©

Alissa sighed in relief as she got home from work. It's not that she

minded her job as a maid. In fact she enjoyed most of the aspects of her

job. Being able to see how the other side lives, what kind of things the

people with money and power decided to display around their homes. She

especially liked visiting the homes where explicit art and literature were

on prominent display. It always made her interested in meeting whoever

lived at those homes.

What really got her about her job was the so-called uniform she had to

wear. A formless grey shift that came down past her knees. It was intended

to hide up to a year's worth of dust, but it also hid the fact that there

was a woman underneath it. And after a week of wearing that uniform, then

coming home exhausted, she needed to remind herself, and the world, that

she was a woman.

The uniform was off almost before the door to her apartment was closed,

Alissa having decided she'd rather walk around her apartment naked than in

that thing. The first thing she did was hop in the shower. She needed to

get all the dirt and grime from work off of her, and more importantly, she

needed to awaken her skin and get it ready for some fun. The hot pulsing

spray of the shower seemed like the perfect way to do both.

By the time she got out of the shower, she'd already made up her mind for

what she was going to wear. It took her almost no time to get into her

bedroom and get dressed. The shirt was a simple one. Just a clingy white

baby-T. The only really special about it at all was how thin and

transparent it was. Most girls would consider the shirt too thin to wear

without a bra. Alissa considered it too thin to ruin with a bra. Besides,

her B-cup breasts were small enough that the shirt gave them all the

support she needed. And she especially liked how you could see

indentations in the shirt from the two small rings that went through her

nipples. The skirt she wore with it was designed to flirt. A friend of

hers had made it to her specifications. The skirt was made of a very light

material and was cut so that it would flounce around as she moved. And the

material itself was thin enough that it was slightly transparent, but all

you could see were the vague shapes of her legs, and only that under good

lighting. The front of the skirt was just long enough that it covered

everything when she walked. But that was only if she wasn't moving around

much. All she had to do was start shaking her hips in a dance and the

skirt went flying every which way, which she liked. But the really

interesting part was the back. She'd had her friend cut it so that as the

skirt went over her sides, it gradually got shorter, so that it was

several inches shorter across the back than across the front. She had a

nicely shaped rump, and this showed it off quite well. The back bottom of

the skirt ended up just resting on her rear, not hanging off at all, and

leaving the bottom half completely visible. And as a special treat, she

pulled on a pair of knickers she personalized herself. They were plain

white cotton knickers, but on the lower half of the ass, she's written in a

red pen the word 'Hi', completely with a smiley face dotting the 'i'. It

was positioned so that if she walked by someone sitting down they might

catch a glance of it, but if she bended over, the fabric stretched causing

the letters to grow huge over her ass.

The outfit was topped off with some basic make-up and a pair of black

pumps, just in case she didn't look slutty enough. As she headed out the

door, she grabbed coat, more to keep the cops from complaining about her

skirt than anything else. The club she was going to wouldn't care about

the skirt, she'd actually walked around there topless a couple of times.

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Once she got to the club, she decided to leave her purse and coat in the

car, then she walked towards the door. She hung out in the parking lot

just long enough to let the cool air perk her nipples up a little, then

she headed through the door, ready to turn some heads.

The club was crowded, so not as many people noticed her as she would've

liked, but she was still pleased with the amount of attention she got.

After spending a few minutes sliding through the crowds in search of

anyone she knew, she got up and started dancing. Mostly she danced alone,

moving all over the dance floor, but occasionally a guy or girl would come

and slide their body up behind or in front of hers. She didn't mind,

actually she kind of enjoyed it, but she kept moving on because that

wasn't what she came here for. Her eyes kept scanning the club, searching.

She wanted to find some guy she could have her own brand of fun with.

As her eyes continued to search, she found someone she thought looked

promising. He was dressed up a little, wearing slacks and a polo shirt. He

stood out in a place like this, although he didn't seem to mind. He went

straight to the bar and got a drink. Probably just the closest place to

his office to get a drink, she figured. She wasn't sure he was the type,

but if nothing else it might be interesting to talk to a business man who

comes to a dance club just for a drink.

The man had a beer in one hand and was scanning the crowd when she slipped

onto the stool next to him. "Just a beer? You could have gotten that

anywhere, surely there's some other reason a guy like you is here."

The man jumped, not having realized there was someone sitting next to him.

"Um.. well.." he said as he turned to face her, trying to regain his cool.

She reached out a hand, "I'm Alissa." She hoped that a more normal

greeting would help his confusion out a little.

"Dan... I'm Dan" he said, shaking her hand. He shook his head a little to

clear it, then smiled at her, "Long day at work."

She nodded knowingly, then smiled back. "You still haven't answered my

question. What brings a guy like you here? You're not dressed for the

club, so it leaves a girl wondering."

The confused look came over his face again, but quickly cleared away this

time. "Just looking." He realized from the look on her face that that

probably wasn't a good answer. "Um.. I just find after a hard day at work

that its nice to sit back with a beer and relax. And I happen to find

watching a group of people to be more entertaining than just sitting at

home watching TV."

"Hmm.." Alissa looked him over, trying to find the best way to get what

she wanted and start showing off for him without freaking him out. "You

just like to watch the girls dance around in skimpy outfits," she teased.

"What?!?" he exclaimed, spitting out the beer he'd just put into his

mouth.

Alissa laughed, obviously pleased with the response she got. "It's

alright. Some of the girls come here just to show off what they've got,"

she giggled and wriggled her chest a little, trying to get another

reaction out of the poor guy.

"Um.. well, it's definitely a perk," he smiled at her, having started to

get his cool back. "How can you tell which ones are here to show off? Are

they the ones who get up on the dance floor with hardly a thing on? Or is

there an easier way to spot them?"

"We're all here to show off, its just a matter of what we're trying to

show off," she winked at him.

Dan took a sip of his beer, trying to determine what to say next when the

bartender dropped a beer mug behind Alissa. She turned and smiled at the

bartender, "I'll get that." In an instant she was off her barstool and

turning around to get the mug. Dan looked startled when he realized how

high the back of her skirt rose up. But that was nothing compared to how

big his eyes went when she bent over and he saw the word 'Hi' written in a

very feminine script. "Um, hi," he murmured.

Alissa handed the mug back to the bartender, then giggled at Dan, "You

like?"

He grinned, "They're adorable." Now that she was obviously showing off for

him, he could relax a little and just see how far she'd go, "Now, what

would it take to get you to dance for me in that?"

Might as well get something extra out of this, she thought. "How about a

drink?"

"Easy enough. Barkeep, a drink for the lady." Alissa smiled at the

bartender. He knew her well enough that she didn't have to specify what

type. Much to Dan's surprise, an instant later a double-shot of Jack

Daniels appeared before Alissa. She downed it in an instant and grinned at

him.

"It helps loosen a girl up for dancing." She winked then hopped off her

barstool.

She moved away from the bar, next to Dan where there was more room for her to move. The dancing she did was rather basic and only had one purpose.

She spread her legs a little and started shaking her hips, causing her

skirt to raise up and flare at the sides. Her hands slid up and down her

bare legs, accentuating them and making it almost natural to lean forward

and shake her chest at Dan. After a moment or two, she twirled around,

letting her skirt ride up, then stopped with her back to Dan. She

instantly realized that her little show was creating quite an audience.

Well, the more the merrier. She bent down low, placing her hands on her

knees and started making her butt dance for Dan. She'd wiggle it back and

forth, cause the skirt to flip up a little, then slide down. While teasing

Dan, she looked at the crowd and slowly ran the tip of her tongue along

the edge of her teeth, wanting to make her audience pay even more

attention to her.

"Is this going to turn into a strip show?" he called teasingly at her.

She quickly turned back around and grinned at him. "I don't do strip

shows, but I may be persuaded to lose the top," she winked at him and

stepped a little closer. A quick glance at the bulge now forming in Dan's

pants told Alissa that her dance was doing the trick. She continued

swinging her hips back and forth a little and ran her tongue along her

teeth for Dan as well. She kept moving, getting right up on him without

touching him.

"And what would it take for you to do that?" Dan glanced at the refill of

beer he'd just gotten. If nothing else he could always throw it on her

shirt.

"I want to see some of you as well." Her eyes followed Dan's down to his

drink and she grinned.

"Well, I supposed I could lose my shirt as well."

She shook her head, "Nope, not good enough. I want to see that," her eyes

went down to the bulge in his pants and locked on it. "And I want to see

you stroking it." Afraid she might lose him, she moved a tad closer and

raised the stakes, "I'll even let you throw that beer on my chest if you

want." she thrust her chest forward, bumping it into his mug and causing a

few drops to splash out onto her chest, "But you can't touch me."

Dan's eyes lit up at her suggestion. He barely had time to toss his beer

onto her chest before his hand dropped the mug and went down to join his

other hand that was already working on undoing his fly. Apparently he

hadn't noticed the crowd, all the better for her.

She waited for Dan's eyes to look up at her before she started rubbing the

beer into the white shirt. Her shirt was already clinging and completely

transparent, but she was hoping Dan would appreciate the show. A seconds

hesitation while she licked her lips, then she lifted up her shirt in one

movement and tossed it behind her. Good thing she still had that coat in

the car.

The beer left her chest soaked and slightly glistening in the light of the

club. Her hands slowly trailed up her stomach, then wrapped around her

breasts. Gentle squeezes and caresses as she showed off for the man in

front of her. She enjoyed showing off almost more than she enjoyed a good

show, but showing off while watching a show was by far the best.

During all of this, Alissa's eyes had never left Dan's crotch. She almost

sank to her knees when she realized the bulge has been lying. Over six

inches of cock were standing up straight up out of Dan's pants. Over an

inch had been added to that by his stroking, and it looked like it was

still growing. His hand slid back and forth over his cock, bringing slight

groans from Dan as it did so. This was a man who obviously knew how to

bring himself pleasure and wasn't ashamed to do so.

Alissa's hands slid forward. Her fingers pinched her nipples and briefly

tweaked them before reaching for their real goal. She grabbed the rings in

her nipples and pulled them forward, stretching her nipples out. Then very

slowly she started to twist them back and forth, causing slight moans from

her. Her hands knew how to please her without her thinking about it. Where

her attention really lied was in the hand of this man sitting in front of

her. She heard herself give an involuntary gasp as Dan's cock reached its

full size, just under eight inches. She found herself lowering down to get

a closer look as her lust started to take control over her body without

asking her first.

Alissa's tongue slipped out an ran over her lips as if she were preparing

to eat a delicious treat. Suddenly she was snapped out of her reverie by a

sharp laugh from Dan, "Remember, no touching," he teasingly reminded her.

The comment snapped her back to reality and she realized what she was just

about to do. Not that she didn't want to do it, but she had other plans.

She grinned sheepishly up at Dan and slowly rose, still shaking her body a

little. The height of the barstool Dan was sitting on combined with the

fact that she wasn't standing up all the way brought Alissa's breasts to

the same level as Dan's engorged cock. She licked her lips again and just

watched Dan's cock, enjoying the way his stroking would bring some of his

skin up around the head of his cock, then pull it away again. Knowing

their place in the world, her hands mindlessly busied themselves with

caressing and squeezing her breasts while she watched the show.

She was startled by a sudden loud groan from Dan. "You may want to move,

or you chest is going to be quite messy."

"It already is," she giggled, never letting her eyes leave Dan's cock,

which she could now see it slightly throbbing. She teasingly jiggled her

breasts in order push Dan over the edge. After a few jiggles, she moved

her hands out of the way, and just in time. Dan's cock started really

throbbing. Each throb was accompanied by a string of milky white cum, most

of which hit her upper chest and neck. He continued stroking in slow

tightly squeezed strokes, milking the last of his cum out. The last bit of

cum didn't shoot out as far, but Alissa spread Dan's legs apart and moved

forward, letting it land right on her breasts.

Once he was done, and before he could react, Alissa stood up and took a

step back. She slowly trailed a finger along her breast, covering it in

some of Dan's cum. She brought the finger to her lips and slid it into her

open mouth. Her lips closed around her finger and sucked on it as she

slowly twirled her finger around, then pulled it out, "Mmm... beer soaked

cum. It's an interesting flavor."

Without wiping any more off, Alissa turned and looked at the crowd. Almost

everyone in the club had been watching the show. She took a second to

ready herself, then purposefully strode straight through the crowd, doing

her best to pretend no one was standing in her way. She wouldn't have

minded taking her time, but if she did, she would have never gotten

through, so she had to keep pushing her way through.

Just about every person she walked past reached out to her. Most reached

out for her chest. Some trying to squeeze them, some just caress, and yet

others going for her nipples. A few people actually managed to get a hold

of a nipple ring, resulting in a pleasantly painful tug on her nipple as

she walked, until whoever it was let go. All of the other hands reached

down for her skirt. It probably only stayed on due to the miracle of the

crowd not being able to decide if they wanted to pull it up or down. But

that didn't stop several hands from getting around her skirt one way or

another and grabbing her crotch or her ass. By the time she got through

the crowd, almost all the cum had been wiped off her chest, and her

knickers were down around her knees, just barely staying on. By this point

countless hands and slide along her crack of her butt, over her mound,

along her slit, and even a few fingers found their way inside her, if only

for an instant.

She paused for the briefest second and debated what would happen if she

just went back into the crowd. Then common sense kicked in. She reached

down and hiked up her knickers as she started running for her car. She

quickly keyed the combination into the keypad, then slammed the door

behind her and locked the door. She pulled her coat on so she wouldn't get

pulled over, then headed home for a nice relaxing bubble bath, during

which she'd replay the night's events over and over in her head.