Spoilt for Choice

Ch. 1

by Laszlo Â©

I had been standing around now for over an hour and was onto my fourth

vodka and lime. I'd been scanning the dance floor, the sofas and the bar

and she wasn't anywhere to be seen. Plenty of other girls in various

states of dress: miniskirts, slinky long gowns, short shorts, plunging

cleavage tops, bare midriffs, the lot.

I'd met her last week and she'd played an extraordinary exhibitionistic

game, letting her skirt ride up constantly, teasing me with glimpses of

her shaved pussy, barely hidden behind a white satin g string. We'd

parted, after she'd teased herself to orgasm in front of a small crowd,

agreeing to play again tonight. Perhaps I needed to focus my attention on

someone else.

A very young girl, dancing with a girlfriend, kept catching my eye. Now

that I appraised her seriously, I could see that she was interested, as

she'd met my eye several times already. Slim, with small breasts jiggling

in a lace top. The loose spaghetti strap top only came down an inch below

her breasts, and was held together at the front with just two small

buttons. She kept playing with the top button, twisting it as she danced.

She was wearing what I thought were black shorts but, looking more

closely, I could see it was a slit miniskirt. The slit was against her

left thigh, and the skirt, like the top, was held together above the slit

with two small buttons. The skirt was low on her waist and flicked left

and right as her hips moved to the music.

I moved onto the dance floor and shimmied my way over near them. Closer, I

could see her smooth, shapely thigh muscles working and her shoes: very

high strappy numbers with chunky heels. Her friend had noticed me sidle up

near them, too. She was short, cute, braless with large breasts, the dark

nipples visibly stretching the front of her low cut white t shirt. A plump

little pierced belly was on view above her very tight satin hipster pants;

she, too, was wearing very high strappy shoes. The pants had zips front

and rear and the rear zip was pulled down almost two inches, showing the

top of her pink g string. Neither of them were models, but looked to be

ordinary girls from the suburbs enjoying showing off their charms.

As I approached, they looked me up and down. I'm about six feet tall, slim

with dark hair; not too bad looking for thirty five. My best feature,

according to my girlfriends, is my butt, so I try to show it off too.

Fairly tight, slim-legged black pants, no underwear. As I got nearer, they

started to flirt while dancing. The short girl thrust her tits out and

wobbled them provocatively - they moved like jellies inside her shirt. Her

hands found their way to her hips and, with a wink, she started to slide

them down her butt cheeks into her pants.

As she turned right around, I could see her zip had loosened further - now

it was down about four or five inches and her pink g string had

disappeared between some inviting white flesh. She was wiggling her butt

provocatively at me for several seconds so I grabbed her zipper and slowly

started to pull further down. She didn't object but glanced around at me

and smiled. I pulled further and saw that the zip went right down under

her crotch. Dancing the way we were, it was impossible for me to go

further, unless she bent right over.

She turned around and faced me, a wicked grin on her face. Her pants were

now loose at the front, and she slid one hand inside. Her fingers down

between her legs, she started gyrating with her eyes closed. Her tits

undulated as she moved, threatening to pop right out of her low cut top.

In fact, the upper edges of her large nipples were clearly visible above

the neckline of her top - she opened her eyes and giggled as she looked

down at them and wriggled them even harder.

Her friend had now moved around behind her and was dancing up close

behind. Her hands encircled the short girl's waist and slowly moved upward

under her breasts. This had the effect of thrusting the short girl's tits

upward towards me, almost entirely free of her tight shirt. I moved closer

and danced with my hands on her hips. She rubbed her breasts against my

lower chest and the friction worked one breast, and then the other, free

of the shirt. I had an enormous hard on in my pants which I hoped she

could feel against her belly. The way she smiled seemed to suggest she

did.

One or two people had noticed her tits free themselves, but they kept

dancing, no doubt imagining that she was my drunk girlfriend. She

certainly was acting in a very uninhibited way. Her friend kept dancing

closely behind her - her hands released her friend's breasts and moved to

her waist, on top of my hands. Our eyes met, over the top of the short

girl's head and some little electric shock seemed to pass between us.

With the short girl's eyes shut, we wedged her between us, continuing to

stare silently at each other as we danced. I was becoming incredibly horny

as I imagined what was under her brief slit skirt. Our hands were still

joined on the short girl's hips, but I could feel her hands slowly moving

lower, pushing her friend's pants off her hips. The short girl responded

by wiggling her hips even more, as if to shake her pants right off, so I

freed my right hand and slowly unzipped the front of her pants. My right

hand could feel her g string - a very small one indeed and not difficult

to get around. Her friend, but this time, was doing the same thing from

behind. She'd unzipped and I could feel her slim fingers meet mine in the

juicy wetness between her friend's legs.

I began stroking from the front, her friend, perhaps, had her fingers up

her cunt or even her ass. Whatever the case, the short girl began bucking

and moaning quite loudly. Several people on the dance floor looked at this

girl with her big tits out, her pants down around her hips, with a guy's

and a girl's hands between her legs. The way she was shuddering, I could

tell she was close to orgasm. And she was. With a long wail, she flailed

and her friend and I squeezed her tight - both of us with big grins from

ear to ear.

As we released her, she stood, tottering, nipples totally erect on the

ends of her still firm breasts. Her pants were down below pussy level,

allowing everyone nearby to glimpse her wet lips. I expected her to react

self-consciously, to immediately pull up her shirt and her pants. But,

instead, she smiled at me and her friend, pulled her pants up enough to

walk and, holding our hands, left the dance floor. Her tits wobbling

attracted the stares of many as we made our way to the bar.

To Be Continued...

Spoilt for Choice Ch. 2

by Laszlo Â©

"Well, I suppose I should buy the two of you a drink, after all that," I

laughed. "By the way, my name's Laszlo."

"I'm Kim," the tall girl replied, "Oh, and my wobbly little friend is Sammi."

Sammi put two fingers into the top of her T-shirt and stretched it up over

her exposed breasts, but then adjusted it carefully to show just a

fraction of dark areola. The wide neck of the shirt allowed a great deal

of plump breast to be seen, especially as Sammi was a good 8 inches

shorter than me.

"If you've got 'em, show 'em off, huh, Sammi?" laughed her friend.

"I'm impressed so far with both of you as exhibitionists," I said.

"Me?" exclaimed Kim. "What have I done? It's Sammi who went overboard on

the dance floor."

"With a little help from you and I," I winked at her.

We went upstairs to the balcony overlooking the dancefloor and I found us

some bar stools. While the girls went off to the bathroom together I

ordered a round of vodkas. As they returned, I could see Sammi had zipped

up her pants but, pleasingly, had skillfully arranged to show even more

cleavage; her tits moved precariously with every step she took in her

strappy high heels. Kim's hips swayed as she walked in her platforms and,

somehow, her skirt had less movement in it, as if it were tighter and

shorter. Her midriff was taut, and her small breasts jiggled neatly under

her black lace crop top.

As they took their seats and we started our drinks, Sammi said, "When you

came over to us on the dancefloor, we were wondering how far you'd go. Far

enough it seems."

"And the night is young - and so are we," I said, almost blushing at using

such a terrible clichÃ©.

"I'm glad," Sammi said, "you found us a seat. We've been fighting off the

guys all the way to the ladies and back."

"Well, I'm glad you did; I noticed you certainly had an appreciative

audience," I said, looking down admiringly as Kim crossed her slender legs

and dangled one shoe off the end of her painted toes.

We talked for about fifteen minutes like this, laughing together. Sammi

was one of those very tactile people; she was constantly reaching across

me to grab Kim's arm when she made a point, her tits brushing against my

arm and chest, ensuring my hard-on stayed hard. She knew that every time

she did this, I'd look down her cleavage. A few times, we caught each

other's eyes and smiled; once or twice, she ostentatiously 'adjusted' her

top to ensure that she was showing as much as possible.

She would also put her hand on my thigh as we chatted, occasionally quite

high up near my hip. After a while, her hand stayed there and I could feel

her fingernails stretching toward my rock-hard cock in my pants.

"Oooh, Kim," Sammi cooed, "Someone's getting all excited."

"Trust you to notice," laughed Kim. "I'll do my best to distract him."

She stood up off her stool, pressed herself up close against my side and

kissed my neck seductively once or twice. I could feel the softness of her

breast against my arm and her hip joined mine tightly. I circled her slim

waist with my arm, drew her closer and toyed with the buttons holding the

slit of her skirt together. As I caressed Kim's upper thigh, Sammi and I

continued chatting. She was stroking my hard-on skilfully - it was clearly

outlined against my thigh through the thin stretchy fabric of my pants.

The club was dark enough that nobody could see what was going on, so I got

a little bolder. Spreading my legs wide, I moved Kim so she was standing

between my legs, off a little to my left. I could feel the pressure of her

butt against my inside thigh; she glanced at me, gave her butt a little

wiggle, giggled and said something to Sammi.

My hand was circling her waist and I started to stroke her belly, lower

and lower, until I was at the waistband of her skirt, which I began

pushing down gradually. She made no objection and swayed gently from side

to side, in time with the beat of the dancefloor. To all external

appearances, she was just a girl in a very skimpy skirt standing

nonchalantly between her boyfriend's legs, enjoying the music with her

friend.

Sammi talked on, recounting some of her previous exhibitionistic

experiences. All I could do was nod and say, "Uh-uh" and "Mmm," to her

stories as I could feel her dextrous fingers at work, slowly unbuttoning

my pants. What was probably a minute felt like ten and, finally, my cock

was free, sticking straight up. Sammi took a sip of her cool drink,

lowered her head and, briefly, rolled her tongue and lips around the head

of my cock. Any longer and I would have burst right there on the spot. But

I could see she had other ideas.

"Kim," she said to her friend, "lean back. We can't see the dancefloor."

Kim leaned back into me, my cock pressing against her delicious butt. She

turned her head to say, "Mmmm, that feels nice" before facing forward

again and giving her butt an almost imperceptible wriggle. The slit of her

skirt was against her hip and I started to turn it rearwards. Again, there

was no objection from Kim - indeed, she sucked her belly in a little to

allow her skirt to move freely until the smooth globes of her butt were

facing me. With a little shock, it registered that she wore nothing under

her skirt.

I felt very self-conscious for a moment, sitting there with this slim

girl's soft bare butt pressing into me from the front, her friend leaning

her tits and cleavage into me at every opportunity, her hand gripping my

cock. The self-consciousness caused my erection to flag a little, but a

sudden movement from Kim soon brought it straight back. She leaned forward

from the waist, as if to pick something up off the floor. In the moment it

took to do this, I saw her pussy lips exposed clearly, wisps of pubic hair

moistened and hiding little.

Sammi's hand still held my cock and she angled it forward, so that as Kim

stood up straight, the tip of my cock met her butt cheeks. She pushed hard

backwards but, as she raised herself up on the balls of her feet even

higher than she already was on her strappy sandals, my cock found a place

between her legs. Kim pushed her hips gently backwards and forwards, her

pussy lips moistening the length of my shaft. My cock is average in size

but, right then, it felt a foot long.

I could see that Sammi was hugely turned on by all of this. Her fingers

were stroking the edges of her t shirt and she started to pull and twist

her erect nipples one at a time. A couple sitting to the left of us had

noticed Sammi and the guy, in particular, was captivated. It was almost as

if Sammi's tits were the perfect foil to what Kim and I were doing: while

Sammi was on show, nobody would notice a thing.

I felt Kim's hand press the head of my cock into her pussy. I'm normally a

safe-sex kind of guy but, in this situation, I didn't even stop to ask

myself whether there were any risks in fucking an almost naked girl in a

bar. Kim was almost as tall as me but, nevertheless, needed to be on her

toes for me to enter her and, as she leaned further forward, her hands

clutched the balcony rail for balance. Once a couple of inches were inside

her, she started to gyrate, as if she were dancing. Her pussy clenched the

head of my cock and she started to slowly slide onto me.

Sammi was flirting outrageously with the guy nearby, whose girlfriend was

watching her antics with disapproval. Sammi's front zipper had come down a

few inches and quite a bit of her midriff was showing as she danced

absentmindedly, glancing over to the couple from time to time. One wet

hand was lazily squeezing her nipples alternately and parts of her white

top were slowly becoming transparent. Sammi pretended there was nothing

amiss and danced strategically in the line of sight between the other

couple and Kim and I.

Kim's upper body was almost horizontal now, her arms folded and leaning on

the balcony rail. Her fully exposed pussy was riding backwards and

forwards and, every now and then, I'd withdraw completely and hold her

still. When I did this, she'd turn around with a look that said, "Stop

teasing me!."

From my viewpoint, all I could see was a slim naked girl bucking in front

of me in high heeled platforms, with a narrow band of fabric around her

waist and another one bunched up around her breasts. I noticed a couple of

guys down on the dancefloor look up; even through the darkness and strobe

lighting, they could evidently see Kim's slender legs parted up to her

pussy, teetering in her strappy shoes.

My right hand curled around her hip and found her so wet, my fingers

easily swirled around her clit as we moved backward and forward in unison.

Her arms were on the balcony rail and one hand was pinching her nipples

through the light fabric of her top. I could feel her pussy muscles

tighten and release, repeatedly, and I knew she was coming. Thinking not

just of pregnancy, I forced myself to mentally disengage so I wouldn't

cum. Her pussy gripped me tight and Kim yelled above the music: a long,

moaning wail which caused several dancers to look upward.

Her hand left her nipple and pulled me tight and kept me inside her for a

moment or two. My cock was throbbing and felt twice its normal thickness

inside her. I knew that if I moved a millimetre I'd cum straight away. So

I held her tight as well, bending her over that railing until I had the

discipline to withdraw from her.

She stood upright and turned to face me, adjusting her skirt so that the

slit had turned to the front, although off to one side, just hiding her

pussy from view. She wiped her upper thighs with one hand and licked her

fingers one by one.

"Hmmm. You didn't cum," she said accusingly, but with a smile.

"Just saving myself up," I replied.

"I wonder what for?." Her question was addressed to Sammi who, by now, had

finished provoking the couple nearby and was staring at us both with a

sluttishly disheveled look about her: pants undone several inches,

standing with her legs apart precariously on her high heels, and her dark

nipples clearly erect and visible through her badly stretched low-cut top.

Sammi looked from Kim to I and said, "Well, you two have had your fun -

for the time being, anyhow. It's time we had a dance together."

As we followed Sammi downstairs in her perilous heels, and I watched her

delicious butt wiggle from side to side in her tight pants and her

wobbling tits almost overflowing her low-cut top, I smiled to myself in

the certainty that tonight had a long way left to run.