**Ten Pin Bowling Alley Tease**

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**Ten Pin Bowling Alley Tease Ch. 01**

I recently had some great fun whilst out playing ten pin bowling with three of my senior lovers.

Bill, Frank and Peter had originally arranged a game of ten pin bowling with another man Fred.

Sadly he had to drop out on the evening in question or else I could have had another playmate for fun and frolics.

The lane at the local rink was booked for late on in the evening, as the guys wanted me to try and do a bit of teasing whilst we were playing, and we were conscious of not having wee kiddies around as I teased and flaunted myself.

The evening was arranged and I had to consider what I was going to wear for the fun times ahead.

Originally I had a couple of outfits in mind. One was some skin tight pair of jeans and a crop top. The jeans being very tight and would have showed off my arse a treat. The second one was a mini skirt and crop top combo.

I had been leaning towards the jeans side but one of my regular e mail friends, John, came up with the idea of the mini and a very revealing crop top, to show off a much flesh as I dare.

So that was it all decided then.

I was to be taken out by the three aged lothario, wined, dined, teased and toyed with, before heading back to Peters for a good solid fucking!

The day finally arrived and I was giddy as a schoolgirl getting ready for the night out. I had felt so fucking horny for most of the day and my pussy had been dripping with the anticipation of a great night of fun.

I shaved my legs and fanny nice and smooth in preparation, made sure I had my little nipple rings on (they heighten the sensitivity of my titties amazingly) and I was virtually orgasms as I got dressed.

As per John's instructions I went with a short (very short) flared mini skirt, white crop top that was extremely tight and showed a bit of mid riff too. My nipples and rings being easily visible as the ached against the material. I wore white see through undies, thong style and of course, and no bra.

Usually I would have popped some stockings on but the skirt was way too short and I wanted to be as bare as I possibly could.

For travelling in, and for getting royally fucked in later, I wore my patent black heels, I kept my ankle straps on and also had a small gold anklet on my right leg.

Once dressed I applied some make up, over the top lipstick, plenty perfume and I was ready.

Ready, willing and absolutely gagging for it!

Peter picked me up from the house as they had all been out for a spot of lunch and a couple of beers (Frank and Bill anyway).

I clip clopped my way down the stairs on the way to the front door. To give them the full effect I decided on carrying my coat out to the car and letting them see me in all my glory walking up the path and out into the street in my tarty outfit.

I felt desperately sexy as I clacked my way up the front garden path. Across the road a couple were out walking their dog and I could see the guy casting a glance at me as my heels made the loud sluttish click and clack noise as I paraded out.

My skirt took the breeze and for a split second a gust blew it up, exposing even more of my bare legs to all the viewing onlookers. My tits were fucking aching and my nipples solid as a rock as I approached the car.

The man opposite was now visibly checking me out. 'I bet he is in trouble later!' I thought to myself, feeling extra sexy as I did so.

Bill lowered the passenger seat window as I approached ever closer.

"Looking for business love?" he jokingly and rather cheekily asked.

"You cheeky sod," I laughingly replied to him. "Why are you looking for a good time boys?" I quipped.

"With you dressed like that you wee tart ,I think a good time is guaranteed!" Bill replied.

As I stood chatting a gust of wind blew up my skirt causing a quick flash of my knickers and all of my legs.

"Wahhaaay!!" they shouted. "Lovely view hen."

I smiled at them all, and by now my fucking cunt was sopping wet. The gusset of my knickers was already damp, with a telltale wet patch forming from my leaking cunny juice.

"Get in the back you wee tart," Bill motioned to me. "You will get arrested standing about the streets like that. Or you may get a business offer for real."

As I clambered into the back of the car Frank and Bill both managed to get some sly feels of my legs, tits and arse.

Hands pawed all over me, exposing my knickers again and at one point whilst Bill fumbled up my skirt Frank had his two hands up my little crop top and was massaging my aching tits.

"Hmm that feels fucking great!" I wantonly encouraged.

"Pair of jammy sods," Peter said as he began to drive off.

For most of the journey I had two pair of hands all over me, pawing at my tits, playing up my skirt and at one point I had them both with their tongues rammed in my ears as they licked and nibbled on them, whispering how fucking sexy I looked, how they wanted to see me flaunting myself and also how stiff I was making their pricks.

That part was easily verified as I was intermittently rubbing each of their crotches and getting a good feel of the straining bulges their trousers concealed for me.

Peter was egging us on, saying how he wished he hadn't agreed to drive and that he wanted a feel of my tits as well.

We snogged in the back seat like teenagers on the drive too. I loved alternating between them, tasting each of the their breath as we exchanged slippery kisses and tongues, before turning my head and getting a good deep kiss from the other one. All the time the pawing and fondling of me was constantly going on.

Peter's eyes kept flashing in the rear view mirror to get an eyeful of my cunt being ravaged or my tits mauled.

My fanny was literally fucking soaking wet, my clit throbbing and twitching in my knickers by the time we reached the ten pin bowling alley.

The walk from the car was exciting, the slight breeze again lifting my skirt for all to view more of my bare flesh and my nipples were as stiff as hat pegs with the anticipation, the pawing they had been receiving and the chill in the air.

Once inside the brightly lit bowling alley I felt deliciously exposed and abandoned any pretense of being anything other than a horny fucking tart.

Once Peter had paid we were given our shoes, those horrible flat ones you have to wear to play the game.

To change out of my spiky heels I sat on a high stool near the cashiers desk and I could sense eyes boring into me.

The three guys were all transfixed as I clambered up onto the high stool, my tiny mini riding even higher to give off delicious views of legs and my panties.

As I unbuckled my straps on my 'fuck me shoes' I gave some long views up my skirt as I splayed my legs with keen slutishness.

I made a meal of taking the straps off around my ankles and left my anklet on as I began to tie up the flat training shoes.

The lanes were very quiet only four of them had anyone on them and we had been given the second last lane to the left.

We paraded up to the lane, I wiggled and waggled as best I could, the flats having taken some of the sexiness away from the look I was going for.

In the lane next to us were five young teenage lads, all about 18 and they acknowledged our arrival with some amusement. Three old codgers and a middle aged women who appeared dressed for a night club in Ibiza.

Glances were cast my way and I again made the most of ensuring they got views of my legs, arse and tits as I bent over, stretched and flaunted myself like a willing lady of the night.

The game itself was entertaining. It turns out I'm not very good at bowling!

The times I have played it with the kids I have often ended up using the bumpers they had and also the slide thing that sends the ball down!

So it was again.

I have to say in my defense my attention was elsewhere. The game was merely a vehicle for me to flash as much flesh as I could for my three older fuck buddies and also try to give the dishy teens a glimpse and a sneaky flash as well.

I succeeded!