The Hairdresser

by Laszlo Â©

"What are you doing on the weekend?" she asked me, as she massaged my

scalp.

One of those usual vacuous hairdresser questions, I thought.

"Oh, not much. Maybe catch a movie on Saturday night. No plans, really", I

said, as I enjoyed the feeling of her nails pressing into my head.

I breathed in the perfume of the shampoo and, with my eyes closed, hardly

listened as she talked on. Once or twice, though, I opened my eyes and

found myself looking straight up from the basin, into her dark almond

eyes.

"You've got really long eyelashes, you know!" she giggled at one point, as

she rinsed my hair off.

Her slender fingers playing with my hair and her flirtatious manner made

me think of flirting a little too. I've been a little out of practice

lately, as I've been seeing someone. However, she's a doctor, studying for

exams, so she doesn't often have time to socialise. Besides, she was out

of town for a conference this weekend . . .

"Mmmm, that feels nice!" I smiled, eyes still shut, as she rubbed my scalp

one last time under the warm water. I jiggled my head a little, like a cat

wanting a rub.

"You want more, do you?" she laughed. "OK, just a little, 'cos we're not

too busy!" She sat me up in a chair and towelled my hair off a little. I

let my head fall back into her skillful hands; she kneaded and pressed

just the right spots and if it wasn't so invigorating, I would have fallen

asleep.

"Is this nice?" she asked, pressing two spots on my temples.

"Mmmm", I murmured, not wanting the pleasure to stop.

"What about this?" she added, with a little giggle. I felt my head fall

back a fraction and rest against something soft. As her fingertips came to

the front and pushed my head back, I could feel her soft breasts envelope

the back of my head. I was in heaven!

"That feels amazing!" I said quietly, as she massaged my brow and hairline

with both hands and leaned forward to knead her tits against me as well.

"OK, time for your haircut now", she said, suddenly moving away and

standing behind me. She smoothed her top as she did so and, because her

hands - and my hair - were damp, I could see her dark nipples through the

thin fabric. For a small girl, she had large shapely tits.

"Mmmm, my t-shirt got a bit wet!" she giggled, patting the damp fabric

with her slim hands. "Maybe I should get the blow-dryer out and dry it

off, huh?", she added, looking me in the eye through the mirror.

"No, don't worry too much; I like what I see", I replied, with a little

wink. She replied with a smile and took up her scissors and comb.

As my haircut went on, Natasha told me a lot about herself: she's 22, born

in Malaysia, loves Hollywood flicks and became a hairdresser when she was

16. "I'm a bit of showoff!" she giggled.

"Like what I did to you before!" she added, as she pushed her tits up

against my head once more.

"It's a pity I'm turned around the wrong way!" I laughed, looking at her

pretty face in the mirror, laughing back at me.

Natasha snipped away for another minute or two in silence while I admired

her slender brown arms and the breasts softly jiggling under her shirt.

Once more she leaned on my shoulder and, again, brushed her tits against

the side of my head.

"What did you say you were doing Saturday night?" she said softly.

I turned my head a little towards her. She didn't pull away at all.

Instead, she leaned further forward so my face was virtually nuzzling into

her nipple, which I could feel hardening under her shirt.

I pulled away, wondering who else in the salon was watching; nobody seemed

to have noticed. I looked up. "About Saturday night, Natasha - well, I've

got a girlfriend, although she's out of town."

"I've got a boyfriend too and, funnily enough, he's away too", Natasha

said coyly. "Were you going to ask me out?" she pouted.

I thought hard about this dilemma. Surely a night out with such a sexy

little bimbo wouldn't do any harm? Especially if I didn't sleep with her.

She was a bit of a ditzy type, though, and I wondered if we'd actually

find things to talk about for a whole evening. And what if one of Karen's

friends saw us together?

"Yeah, I was going to ask you out", I said, feeling myself redden

slightly. "I love the company of show-offs", I added, grinning.

\* \* \*

The first thing that struck me when the door of Natasha's flat opened was

the smell: powerful incense and aromatherapy oils, mingled with a little

marijuana. Second was Natasha herself: transformed completely from the

hairdresser in jeans and t-shirt.

"Hiya!" she said cheerfully as she reached up and kissed me on the lips.

Her eyes were done up with lots of dark makeup, making her look very

exotic and her full lips were glossy from lipstick. "Come in to my little

den!"

As she turned and walked in front of me, I realised how tiny she really

was. Slender legs, miniscule waist, only about 5 feet tall. She was

wearing a slinky satiny skirt, mid-thigh length, and just a tiny top,

exposing a lot of midriff. She'd piled her hair up on her head,

accentuating her slender neck and shoulders.

"Nice little place you've got here", I commented, as I looked around the

dimly lit room. No furniture really, just piles of cushions on the floor,

a big boombox stereo which was thumping out some dub reggae thing and a

few cartoons in plain black frames on the walls.

"I'm just having a little smoke", Natasha giggled as she took a burning

butt from an ashtray. "Here", she said as she handed it to me, "Oh, and

take a seat".

I did as I was told, partly because I wanted a better view of Natasha's

slim brown legs as she walked barefoot around the room. "So where's your

boyfriend tonight?" I asked, to make conversation.

"Like your girlfriend, he's out of the way - for tonight", she laughed as

she swished her skirt around her hips. "Make yourself comfortable, I'll go

and get ready".

Get ready? I wondered what that meant. I could hear her in the bedroom

rummaging around. Pretty soon, a voice spoke. "I was thinking of this

dress, but it shrunk a little when I washed it".

Natasha appeared at the doorway holding up a tiny tube of white fabric.

She stretched it across her breasts and, she was right, the lower hem

barely covered her thighs.

"It looks just fine to me!" I laughed, hoping she'd have the guts to at

least try it on in front of me.

"Yeah, right! I'm just looking for some shoes", she laughed back, turning

her cute butt away from the door. "Hey, I need some more of that smoke",

she added as I stretched out on the cushions once more.

I took it in to her and found her sitting on the bed, tying the straps of

some extraorinarily high heeled platforms. The satin of her skirt sat

loosely across the very top of her thighs, revealing most of her slim

brown legs.

"You like?" she asked, pointing her feet straight out at me, once both

shoes were on.

I handed her the smoke and took one slim foot in my hand. The skin was

smooth and brown and she had bright pink painted nails. Like her wrists,

her ankles were impossibly narrow. It gave me a hard on just feeling the

silkiness of her skin and watching her tiny foot arch with pleasure as I

stroked it.

"Can you walk in these?" I laughed. They must have been six inch heels, at

least.

"Of course!" Natasha giggled. "They're a tiny bit big for me but, then,

nearly everything is!" She gave me a little wink, which stirred my

hard-on, then stood up in her shoes.

Standing, her feet arched strongly upward, outlining the musculature of

her smooth legs; the extra height made the skirt cling nicely to her

shapely butt. She handed the smoke back to me and took a step to look at

herself in the mirror.

Natasha gave her butt a little shake. "No VPL, huh?" she asked as she

studied our reflections in the mirror. I gave her a querying look.

"Visible Panty Line?" she giggled, as she smoothed the back of her skirt

down with her pretty hands.

"Not that I can see" I replied, moving to stand right behind her and

looking down at the smooth satin that fell into the cleft of her butt

cheeks. Her perfume caught my nostrils and I took a deep breath as a wisp

of her hair brushed against my face.

"Bra?" Natasha asked, moving her hands to her tits. Only as she said this

did it register that she hadn't been wearing one. Her top was finely

crocheted white cotton with a halter neck. It was held together at the

front with a large silver ring; through it, Natasha's deep brown cleavage

could be seen.

I was wondering if such big tits on such a tiny girl were natural, when

Natasha answered the question for me.

"I'm lucky with these, huh?" she said, squeezing the flesh up and almost

out of her top. "Dad's Malaysian and mum's English, so I got his skin and

her tits!" she giggled.

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As we walked down The Promenade, Natasha talked and talked: soap opera and

movie star gossip, that sort of thing. I didn't say much - I think the

smoking shut me up a bit - but I did enjoy all the looks Natasha got, from

men and women alike.

"Is this place OK?" I pointed at Federini's, a place which does bad,

over-priced Italian food, but has some intimate booths to sit in.

"Oh yeah! I love Federini's!" Natasha squealed. "Let's get a booth!" she

added, clattering through the entrance in her high heels.

The head waiter took in Natasha as she walked up to him. Walking in high

heels made her tits bounce nicely and, in the dim light, her long smooth

legs looked made of copper.

"A booth?" he said as I approached and nodded. "This way, sir".

Natasha took my hand and almost ran to the booth the waiter pointed to. It

was upholstered in plush blue velvet and had a tasselled tent-like top,

rather like a four-poster bed. She slid in one side and, rather than let

me sit opposite, pulled me in next to her.

"This is cosy", I said, as she pressed up against me. Her hand went to my

thigh as we looked over the menu and it stayed there after we'd ordered.

"I've had such a busy week!" Natasha said, "And it's so good to just

relax. Can I stretch out, honey?"

Without waiting for any reply, she leaned against the corner of the booth

and stretched her long legs out across my lap. "You don't mind, do you?"

she winked.

"Not if you don't mind me stroking them" I replied, beginning at her toes

and soles, and moving my hand up to knees and, then, her thighs.

While I did this, she chattered on, occasionally sipping her drink, once

or twice sitting upright. However, she'd always return her legs to my lap

where, by now, I had quite a hard-on. As she drank more, Natasha also

became more careless with her skirt and, after a while, stopped pulling it

down when she shifted position.

"Yummy ravioli!" she giggled, wiping her mouth with her napkin. During her

meal, her thigh had been hard up against mine and she hadn't flinched when

my hand rested on her bare skin once or twice.

"I'm so full!" she went on, leaning into the corner of the booth once

more. "I can hardly fit into this skirt now", she added, looking at me, as

she undid the side-lace which held it together.

I watched as her nimble fingers untied the lace and pulled the sides of

her skirt apart an inch. She slid both hands down into the front of her

skirt and clutched her belly. "Oh, God! I've eaten too, too, too much!"

"Can I rest on you again?" she asked, as she swung both legs up onto my

lap once more. As she did this, I noticed with interest that where she'd

untied the lace, there was no sign of underwear, just the smooth brown

skin of her hip. I wondered if she'd been flirting with me all evening,

with just a skimpy satin skirt between me and her bare pussy?

"Is there some drink that's good to have if you've eaten too much?" she

asked, her big eyes glowing at me from the dim corner of the booth while

she continued to rub her belly.

I ordered a digestive from the waiter. "That'll fix you up!" I smiled.

Natasha kept massaging her stomach and moaning softly. "Where does your

stomach hurt?" I asked.

"I'll show you". She leaned right back, pushing her legs onto me even

further. She untied the side-lace until all of the bare flesh of her

thigh, hip and waist could be seen through the slit she'd created.

Definitely no knickers there, I thought to myself.

"Right down here!" she murmured, her hands on her lower stomach, pushing

her skirt down even further. As she said this, the waiter returned with

Natasha's Underberg. He eyed us both carefully as he put the drink down

and gave me a barely perceptible smile.

"I should sit up to drink this, huh?" Natasha smiled. She held her hand

out to me and I pulled her upright. This meant that her skirt was now just

loosely bunched fabric around her waist but her legs were together, still

on my lap.

"Wow, it's bitter!" she said, as she sipped it. She placed one foot on the

floor, leaving the other on my lap. Her legs spread like this, I couldn't

resist looking down, to see if she'd showed herself.

"Does that feel any better?" I asked in a concerned tone, as my hand

stroked her upper thigh.

I could hardly believe it when Natasha responded by arching her body back

and resumed stroking her belly with her hands. This time, though, she'd

pushed the skirt down so far I could see her closely trimmed bush quite

clearly.

She saw what I was looking at straight away. "Whoops!" she giggled.

"Skirt's too low, huh?"

She slowly pulled the waist of the skirt up just an inch and, then, toying

with the side lace, undid it even further, leaving her entire side bare,

but her pubic hair covered.

"VPL's certainly not a problem now!" I joked.

"Yeah, but what if Boffo, you know, the waiter, comes back?" She giggled

at the name she'd given him, as she stretched the edge of her crumpled

skirt down between her still spread thighs.

"Feeling any better?" I asked, admiring her taut belly and watching her

fingers caress under her skirt.

"It feels much better after that drink and without my skirt so tight", she

sighed. "But I shouldn't sit here massaging myself like this, should I?"

she added with a little giggle. "You might get the wrong idea!"

"I sure don't mind", I grinned. "Even I do get the wrong idea . . ."

"Hmmm, alright then", she smiled. "You know, this massaging feels real

good, but my skirt's gone all twisted".

"Do you want a hand?" I asked, probably too eagerly.

"We are in a public place!" she said sharply, but with a wicked grin.

For a couple of minutes, we sat like that: I sipped my dessert wine,

Natasha finished her Underberg and returned to stroking her belly. Then,

she surprised me.

"I'm gonna take this damn thing off!" she said, in a mock angry tone of

voice.

Her hands moved to the loosened side of her skirt and, one eyelet at a

time, she unlaced it completely. She leaned forward and dangled the lace

above her glass and let it fall in, laughing loudly.

Natasha gave me a challenging look as she lay back again, arching even

further, causing the fabric of her skirt to shift and, almost, to fall

away from her pussy completely.

"I can see you're feeling a whole lot better!" I said quietly.

I still couldn't believe I had this almost naked bimbo lying half on top

of me in a public restaurant.

"Mmmm", Natasha murmured. At that moment, our waiter returned to take our

empty glasses. He stopped and flushed bright red when he saw Natasha

sprawled like that. She smiled at him and slowly took the corner of her

skirt and stretched it across her pussy which, moments before, was almost

in full view.

"Sorry", she said to the waiter in a low, flirtatious voice, "But I had a

bit of a tummy-ache, so I loosened my skirt. I hope that's OK".

The waiter had recovered a bit of his composure. "Oh, that's just fine,

miss. These booths are, after all, quite private".

She looked down at the satin across her lap. The waiter's and my eyes

followed her pretty hand as she rubbed the fabric against her mound.

"Mmmm, privacy. That's good, isn't it?" she said, looking at us both under

her lowered eyelashes.

The waiter was rooted to the spot and my eyes were fixed on Natasha's

hand, which was now making circling movements. She raised her hips up off

the seat and slowly pushed the satin of her skirt against her pussy with a

finger.

"Man!" said the waiter softly, as he continued to stare.

Natasha drank in all the attention and kept pushing the satin into her

slit, a big grin on her face.

"I've drunk far too much. I've gotta go to the bathroom", she giggled

eventually, looking directly at me.

I looked at the waiter's dumbstruck face and then back at Natasha, who

pulled the skirt around her and sat up with it crumpled in her lap. She

pulled the lace out of her glass and held it up. "How the hell do I get

this back in?" she giggled.

"Doesn't matter!" she added, as she pushed past me. I felt her bare butt

brush against my cock as she slid past and then watched as she held the

skirt together at the waist with her fingers. Like that, she walked

towards the restrooms.

"One hell of a young lady there", the waiter commented, as he cleared the

table. "Anything else you'll be needing sir?"

"I don't think so. Just the bill, thanks".

By the time Natasha came back, I'd paid and was leaning back in the corner

of the booth, running my imagination through what I'd just seen. She was

smiling again now and her long strides were making it obvious that she

wore nothing under her improvised skirt which she only just held together

at her hip.

"That's better!" she giggled, as she squeezed in next to me. She let the

side of her skirt fall open as she again picked up her lace from the table

and toyed with it. "I don't think I need this, huh?".

"No, neither do I", I said, running my hand up her thigh and hip where the

skirt had fallen away. I pushed the fabric off altogether and was pleased

to see that Natasha simply giggled and let her knees fall apart.

At last I had a clear view of her beautiful pussy. Natasha also looked

down. "So, what're we going to do now?" she smiled, as she swung her legs

together and, then, apart even further.

Her thighs were now as far apart as possible and little whiffs of her

pussy scent were driving me crazy. "I think you can guess!!" I said.

"What about your girlfriend?" Natasha giggled.

"Like your boyfriend, she's out of the way - for tonight!" I laughed.

The Hairdresser Again

by Laszlo Â©

The last time Natasha and I went out for a night, she acted the

flirtatious slut and I fell for it. That's to say, I cheated on my

girlfriend and went home and fucked her.

"I cut your hair far too short!" Natasha giggled, as she ruffled my hair

when we awoke in the morning.

"I think it's just fine!" I argued back sleepily, pulling her tiny body on

top of me and pushing my swelling cock between her slender brown thighs.

She spread her legs wide and, when she was nice and slippery, I slowly

eased into this little Asian bimbo.

"Call me your little slut!" Natasha moaned as we started moving together.

As I watched her wriggle and squirm on top of me, my thoughts went to my

girlfriend, Karen. She was a serious type, a doctor, out of town for a

conference. This little vixen riding me now was altogether sexier: her

generous tits bouncing, her copper-coloured skin glowing with

perspiration, long painted nails digging into me and a swarm of dark hair

around her beautiful face.

"What I meant about your hair being too short is that it'll be a while

before you need another haircut!" she giggled, once she rolled off me.

"What's wrong with that?" I asked, feeling my own scalp with one hand

while the other cradled a juicy breast.

She looked upset and wriggled free of my hand. "Well . . . it means I

won't see you for a while, huh? Girlfriend, and all that", she said

petulantly.

"Look, Natasha, this was a one-off as far as I'm concerned. I thought you

had a boyfriend as well, anyway".

Tears welled up in the corners of Natasha's dark almond eyes. She wiped at

them and sniffed. "You don't think I'm sexy, that's it, isn't it?" she

mumbled.

"I've never been so turned on in all my life!" I almost shouted. It was

true, too. She'd been such a flirt, pressing her ample tits against me in

the salon while she cut my hair; then flashing her pussy at me in the

restaurant from under her tiny satin skirt.

"Well?" she pouted, sitting on her haunches to look at me. "Give the

girlfriend the flick then!"

I knew that I'd miscalculated with this one. What if Natasha made trouble

for me with Karen?

"Look, Natasha, I can't just give her the flick because you and I have one

amazing night together!"

"How many nights do we need then?" she asked, this time with a glimmer of

a smile.

I laughed and she leant over and kissed my cock. I took that as a peace

offering, so I sat up and kissed her hard and hungrily. "You are

absolutely the sexiest babe I know!" I whispered as we kissed.

\* \* \*

A week passed and life went on as normal. Karen returned from her

conference and got seriously back into her study. Routine sex once a week

with her was all she seemed to want, so I tried to give her what she

wanted. I almost found her repulsive after having spent time with Natasha:

Karen was always self-conscious about her flaccid stomach and dimpled

thighs and, this time, I was too.

"Something's the matter, isn't it?" she asked, after we'd tried to have

sex.

"Just tired, I think", I lied. "Work's been pretty busy this week". In

reality, all I'd been thinking of for the past few days was how Natasha

would reveal her taut, brown body in slutty high-heeled shoes and tiny

dresses.

A couple of times I even walked past Natasha's salon. Once, I saw her

standing near the front door, her slim legs bare and her braless tits

jiggling, as she laughed with some guy. I was filled with jealousy but

forced myself to walk on.

Then, one day at work, a postcard arrived in the mail. It had a picture of

an Asian dominatrix on one side and a hand-written message on the other:

"I will go naked in public if that's what you want. xxxx"

My boss, Graeme, threw the card on my desk, grinning. "I hope you'll

invite me too!" he laughed.

I spent the rest of the day thinking, imagining, fantasizing. Karen was

due to go on a study weekend with colleagues in two weeks. Could Natasha

wait until then? The other option would be to visit her late one evening,

after Karen's nightly phone call to me.

\* \* \*

I looked at my watch. 11pm. I knocked on the door. No music, no sound. I

knocked again and waited. No answer.

I went back the car and thought I'd wait for half an hour. Listening to

the radio, I almost didn't notice two slim shapes walk through the front

gate of the apartment building.

"Hey! Natasha!!" I called, as I wound the car window down.

One of the slim shapes came back out and squinted in the poor light.

"Laszlo? Is it you, babe?"

"Yeah", I said, as I got out and walked towards her. "I hope you don't

mind me visiting".

For a fraction of a second, I felt uncomfortable, as Natasha looked at me

without saying anything. Then, she broke into a broad grin, stood on

tiptoes, asking for a kiss. For a minute or two her tongue coiled around

mine voraciously and her full breasts pressed against my chest.

"Hey, Tash!" A girl's voice could be heard from inside the building.

"Oh shit!" Natasha said, smoothing down her dress. "I forgot all about

Cleo. C'mon".

Natasha's flat was almost as it had been the weekend before: strong

smelling oils, a whiff of marijuana, dim lighting, cushions on the floor

to sit on. The exception was Cleo, another little Asian girl, even

prettier than Natasha, if that was possible. Her tight dress, without

revealing anything, showed everything, especially her over-sized tits. Her

golden flesh was on display almost to the edges of her nipples, sticking

up from her low cut purple dress. I found myself staring at them, rather

than her, when we were introduced.

"Laszlo's hypnotised!!" Natasha giggled.

"I've just been on a photo shoot", Cleo said, looking down at her

impressive cleavage, as if to explain how she was dressed.

"I didn't know you'd have a visitor this late, Natasha", she added, as she

gave me a flirtatious little smile. "I suppose I'd better be off then,

huh?"

I didn't say anything, hoping she'd stay and give me the chance to keep

admiring her tits. I also thought if she was half as much of a show-off as

Natasha, she might even reveal a bit more.

"Well, we could all go out together, just for a quick drink, couldn't we?"

Natasha offered. She was obviously not wanting to offend her friend, so I

quickly agreed.

"My car's just outside", I offered. "We could drive down to Barrio's".

"Let me just get changed", Natasha winked. "I won't be a moment, hon".

While she was busy, I chatted with Cleo, who found a way to sit with her

legs elegantly folded on a cushion. Up closer, I saw her outfit was made

of purple lace and was actually a miniskirt and bustier top. As we talked,

she kept fingering the spaghetti straps that precariously held her top up.

"So, Natasha's told me all about you", Cleo started, as she carelessly

stretched the left strap of her top. I raised my eyebrows and wondered

what she'd heard.

"Well, I hope it was vaguely complimentary", I smiled.

As we chatted on, my eyes kept being drawn to Cleo fiddling with the

straps of her top so that they gradually slid down one shoulder, then the

other.

"So, Natasha tells me you get off on her sexy outfits", Cleo said, quite

loudly, at one point. She said this as she leaned towards me slightly,

giving me a clear view of the deep cleft between her large breasts.

"What are you two talking about?" came Natasha's little voice from her

bedroom. "I heard the word sex!"

"What are you doing in there, you little slut!" Cleo called. She struggled

to her feet, because of the height of her heels; I leapt up to give her a

hand and was pleased to see her heavy breasts almost jiggle free of her

little top as she steadied herself.

"Wow!" said Cleo as she leaned on my arm. "I'm a bit dizzy! Too much to

smoke, I think!" She giggled and pushed her tits against me as she took my

arm. "C'mon, let's see what that horny little bitch is up to!"

We arrived at the bedroom door and found Natasha sifting through a pile of

slinky little garments on her bed.

"I've tried on about 10 things, and nothing's right!" she complained,

albeit with a little smile.

"What's wrong with what you've got on, honey?" Cleo asked, as she walked

over to where Natasha was perched on the edge of the bed.

My hard-on became harder when I took in what Natasha was actually wearing:

a loose lacey miniskirt which only just covered her lap but not her butt

and a matching sheer top which was hanging open, completely unbuttoned.

"I might wear it to a party or something, but it's way too slutty for

Barrio's!" Natasha giggled, sitting up straight and pushing her tits right

out of the little top. "But Laszlo can be the judge!" she added, caressing

her breasts with her little hands.

"Well, I got this postcard at work earlier in the week . . .", I started

to say, with a smile.

"Oh, no!!!" Natasha wailed. "Not now, please!"

Cleo looked from Natasha to me, and back again, perplexed. "What's with

the postcard?" she asked.

"Here!" I said, taking it from my pocket and handing it to Cleo.

She read it and her face lit up when she realised what it meant. "You

wrote this to him!" she squealed, laughing at Natasha. "You little

slut!!!"

She stood, giggling, as Natasha blushed deeply. "OK, honey, we're going to

Barrio's!! Isn't she Laszlo?" Cleo blew me a kiss and then grabbed Natasha

by the hand.

"C'mon, baby. Just as you are is fine!" Cleo said as she pulled the

struggling Natasha towards the door. It was clear that Natasha had no

underwear, no bra, under her two utterly tiny items of clothing.

"Can't I do up my top???" Natasha objected. "And I can't just go

barefoot!"

"But, honey, why did you put these on for in the first place?" countered

Cleo. "You were thinking of wearing them, weren't you? What do you think

Laszlo?"

She still held Natasha by the hand, although we were at the front door,

which I'd opened. "I think we should let Natasha wear some shoes. And,

maybe, one button is enough".

In Natasha's bedroom I found an amazing pair of 6" platforms. "These

should do, huh?" I winked at Cleo.

As I knelt to tie them around Natasha's ankles, I held her little feet

tight and looked up her smooth legs at her newly shaved pussy.

"You are a little slut, Natasha! You're wet!!" I laughed, as I ran a

finger up her leg to her little slit. She wriggled as I did so, and

giggled.

Finally, her shoes were on and Cleo had done up one of the lower buttons

of Natasha's top, covering her nipples but still exposing a large expanse

of jiggling breast.

"C'mon!" laughed Cleo, still pulling a reluctant Natasha by the hand.

"I don't think I can do this!" moaned Natasha when we stopped at the

parking lot. "Please don't make me!"

"Remember this!" I smiled, waving the postcard in front of her.

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Natasha and Cleo each took one arm and tottered alongside me to the

entrance of Barrio's. I looked across at Natasha's flushed face - she was

anxious but excited and kept fiddling with her single button.

"Hey there!" the doorman said, looking us all up and down, slightly

disapprovingly. "I know it's warm, but this is something else!"

"We'd like some seats with a table, if possible", I said, pretending there

was nothing unusual in walking into a bar - even a tacky one like Barrio's

- with an almost naked woman.

Natasha was still flushed, but had regained some confidence, even though

every eye in the place seemed to have noticed her. Her pussy was just

visible under the flimsy white lace of her skirt and, through the still

buttoned top, her nipples could also be seen.

"You're a hot slut!" whispered Cleo to Natasha as we walked in. She

pinched her butt as she said this, showing the whole room that Natasha

wore nothing underneath.

"I never thought I'd actually do this!" Natasha whispered to me, once she

was seated in a lounge chair. "But I'm getting very horny!!"

With several patrons staring at us, we chatted and laughed our way through

two or three drinks apiece. Cleo became even more flirtatious and kept

running her hand along Natasha's legs, occasionally sliding her fingers

under the tiny lace skirt.

"You love all the attention, don't you?" Cleo giggled as Natasha squirmed

in her seat, spreading her legs to Cleo's touch. I looked down as Cleo's

fingers held Natasha's legs nicely open for me and was pleased to see some

very wet pussy lips.

"And what about you, Cleo?" I smiled. "You're not interested in stripping

off a little?"

"Aren't I flashing enough leg for you, Laszlo?" Cleo laughed, as she swung

one leg over another, revealing most of her thigh under her own tiny

skirt.

"But I think this slut Natasha's wearing a bit too much clothing", she

added, winking at me. "Remember that postcard, Natasha?"

Natasha smiled and sat, still open-legged, her pink pussy on full view to

several gawping couples. "Sure, I'll take this off then!" she giggled and

unbuttoned her top, letting it fall down around her shoulders.

This wanton act prompted several people to position themselves to see

Natasha's charms properly and were murmuring among themselves. Cleo, too,

attracted attention, as her tits strained the flimsy fabric of her top,

the straps of which were, again, down around her slim brown shoulders.

"Are they strippers or something?" I could hear one woman ask her date.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Cleo, giggling. "We'll give them a show,

shall we?"

She reached into her bag and pulled out a slender silver plastic tube. At

first, I thought it was a lipstick but I almost gasped when I realised

what it really was. Natasha's eyes opened wide too.

"What's that for?" she giggled, fluttering her eyelashes as her hand went

down to her pussy. "I'm not sticking that in me here!" she objected,

pulling her legs together.

"Natasha, honey, you've got everyone looking at your wet snatch already",

cajoled Cleo, looking around at the watching faces. "Aren't you feeling

horny knowing that all these people are admiring your beautiful body?"

"This isn't what I meant, about being totally naked!" Natasha hissed to

me.

"If you really don't want to do this, just say so now", I said quietly,

thinking that it was best to give her a way out, if she wanted it.

She bit her bottom lip, silently. Slowly, her legs spread apart again and

a little smile worked its way across her mouth. My finger went down to her

pussy and felt Natasha's swelling wetness; she responded by spreading her

legs fully apart.

"Go, honey!" laughed Cleo, who was getting turned on herself, fingering

the dildo.

Natasha leaned back in her chair, arching backwards, thrusting her wet

pussy at Cleo and I. Cleo leaned forward with the dildo and started

rubbing its tip up and down Natasha's swollen lips.

"Oh God!" Natasha moaned, loudly. Her hands went to her breasts and

started pinching and pulling her nipples. She stretched her feet out,

putting them wide apart on the low table which had our drinks on it.

"You are such a little slut!" Cleo said loudly, as she started poking the

dildo's end into Natasha, setting up even more obvious moaning.

I couldn't help putting my hand to my pants, which were being stretched by

my rock hard cock, and I noticed a number of other guys do the same. As

Cleo worked the dildo slowly in, Natasha twiddled her clit with her wet

fingers and moaned.

"Cleo, baby", I whispered, "You want to be a part of this too?"

"Mmmmm", she murmured, continuing to pleasure Natasha.

By now the little crowd had grown and everybody was watching quite

overtly. I took my hand off my pants and moved toward Cleo, whose butt was

sticking out enticingly. I slid my hands up and down the smooth fabric,

realising, with surprise, that she wasn't wearing knickers.

"Oh, yeah", she continued to murmur, pushing her soft butt into my hands

as they caressed her.

I desperately wanted to see both girls totally naked in front of us all,

so my fingers stretched her skirt down. Cleo didn't resist; the globes of

her beautiful brown butt came into view and, slowly, her bare pussy was

visible, bent over, wet and swollen from her obvious horniness.

Cleo continued her teasing of Natasha with the dildo; the reclining girl

was writhing around moaning, helping Cleo push the silver tube in and out

of her as her clitoris was being stimulated expertly.

I knelt and started licking Cleo from behind, as she remained bent over.

She slightly adjusted her legs wider to give me better access and I could

feel the crowd growing around us. I reached up and inserted first one

finger, then two, into Cleo's hot pussy.

"That's it!" I could hear her murmur loudly as my fingers searched for her

g-spot. I wanted to lick her at the same time, so I sat on the floor

facing the rest of the people, some of whom were yelling things to cheer

us on.

I could hear Natasha was close to orgasm, as her cries had become louder

and the little squelching sounds from her pussy were obvious. Her little

feet were kicking into my back as she tightened up before her climax.

"Oh my God!" she squealed, so I licked Cleo's hard little clit side to

side before holding it gently in my teeth and pulling on it.

I couldn't believe how wet this girl was and, as Natasha's orgasm

subsided, I could feel Cleo's growing. By now, Natasha was looking at us

with a smile and she had some guy fondling her tits.

We exchanged a smile and Natasha arched backwards with pleasure as her guy

started sucking on her tits and someone else had taken the dildo from Cleo

and was running it around Natasha's pussy lips once more. I was happy that

someone was keeping the little slut happy, because it meant that Cleo was

all mine for the moment.

"That's great!" Cleo murmured, as I ran my hands up and down her thighs

onto her butt, where I squeezed her firm brown cheeks. Above me, her taut

breasts pushed against the fabric of her top, as her hips started to

vibrate, a sure sign that her orgasm was almost there.

All of a sudden, she clutched her breasts and swayed back, letting out a

loud moan. Her whole body shuddered, as I held her little clit between my

lips and pushed my tongue into her. She fell to her knees - on top of me -

as her orgasm washed through her and I held her tight, smelling the

perfume of her hair in my face.

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"That was completely amazing!!!" Cleo giggled as we made our way back to

my car.

"You girls really put on a show!" I laughed, looking at them both. My cock

was hard and stayed that way, watching Natasha's barely covered body sway

as we walked along the pavement.

Cleo had left Barrio's with her skirt around her waist but, once on the

street, she pulled it down to cover herself. Even so, she looked like the

embodiment of sex and I couldn't wait to have these two girls all to

myself.

"Well, Laszlo, back to my place?" Natasha giggled, pinching me playfully

on the butt.

"Sure!" I said, excitedly.

"Your girlfriend couldn't match us, huh, babe?" she asked, with a wink.

I nodded and grinned and thought to myself, "Definitely not!"