**Wild Woman Named Jill**

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It was just a party. My buddy Mike had called, saying he had a pony keg and was having some friends over.

Middle of the week to top it off, I had to work the next day.

I wasn't in the mood to get blasted on beer and what I knew I would feel like afterwards, so I begged off.

"You are going to miss out, come on by when you change your mind."

Mike knows me well, I guess.

Later that evening, I was sitting clicking the TV channels, cop shows and dead people with closeups of blood, gunfights with guns that never run out of ammo.

Bored, I counted as one cop ducked, the bad guy fired about 100 rounds at him, then of course one "pop" and the bad guy went down.

Lord.

Cops seem to be dead shots on TV, bad guys can't hit anything but bottles and windows.

I switched to news, the announcer was mentioning what some politician had said and several talking heads all yapped at once about it.

30 minutes of that and I got up, went and took a shower. I got on my bike and peddled off down the street to Mike's house just a mile away.

I was saving gas for my old Chevy station wagon that used five bucks just to start it and five more to get moving.

It did pretty good after that, but hell with it.

Ride the bike.

Besides,It was a nice evening, maybe 70 degrees out, so the bike was the only way to go.

I dodged one nut in a Mazda, got a horn blown at me and slowed down as the jerk tore off waving his IQ at me. Another asshole went by so close I checked up from the blast of air off of him, hearing laughter as they zoomed off down the street.

I was muttering under my breath, a few choice words, when I spotted a young woman come rolling down a side street. She turned and headed the same way I was going.

Peddling like the hubs of hell.

I got a glimpse of long powerful bare legs flashing, nice full breasts hanging in a halter top swaying back and forth. At first I thought she had on a pair of those shorts that look like a skirt, but with a baggy crotch thingie in them.

Hell, this was worth going out for a ride all by itself so I picked up the pace to gain a little, get a closer look.

I got up to within 25 yards of her, she was up on the pedals and working hard. I was pressing just to keep up the pace.

Then it hit me that those weren't shorts, it was a tiny short skirt.

I noticed the back of her short skirt had ridden up, I could see the cheeks of her fanny working. If she had anything at all on under that skirt it had to be a thong.

I poured on the speed and gained a little more. I saw her glance back at me, flash a smile and speed up.

Damn! She was really booking now, I got up on the pegs and made all the speed I could.

I wasn't gaining one damn bit.

There is a short hill the last couple of hundred yards up to Mike's house, best described as steep!

She didn't seem to even slow down, I saw her turn into Mike's driveway as I struggled the last hundred feet or so.

I was completely out of breath by the time I pulled up beside her.

She looked like she had been resting.

Now even a drop of sweat on her, I wiped the moisture off the tip of my nose, looked at her with a silly grin.

"Hi!" She smiled at me as I stopped and pushed my bike over by hers.

"Going to Mike's party?" I barely managed, panting.

"Yea, he just called. Why are you so out of breath?" She gave me that smile again.

"I rode farther than you did." I couldn't keep the defensive tone out of my voice.

"Oh." She gave me that sly smile again.

"Well, I'm Jill. See you inside."

"Danny." I said to her retreating back.

Damn. The legs on that woman, what a body.

I shook my head, followed along.

The music was so loud it was impossible to talk, there must have been 50 people inside. If Mike had just a pony keg it was going to be a brief party.

I looked around trying to find someone I knew, all the faces looked unfamiliar. Another thing I don't like about Mike's parties, he knows everyone on the planet and seems to invite all of them.

There was one smaller group off to the side, obviously smoking dope. I never touched the stuff so I avoided that bunch. Finally I found Mike, he gave me a high five and handed me a paper cup, pointing towards the keg.

No point in trying to say anything, the racket was overwhelming.

I wandered over and got a half cup, with the plan of staying sober. Of course I already knew what the real outcome would probably be, but that was the plan.

Then I looked around for Jill, the truth is I wanted another look at her.

In the light.

No sign of her, I found an empty couple of feet on one of the sofas and snuggled my fanny in there between a chubby obviously fake colored redhead and an older guy.

I didn't know either one, didn't care.

The redhead kept wiggling her butt and glancing sideways at me, the guy was smoking one cigarette after another. At one point he had two lit in the ashtray and one in his hand.

I was sitting there minding my own business when some people started to dance. There was enough room to wobble, that was about it. Arms and legs were bouncing off everyone.

I pulled my feet back to keep from getting stepped on, thinking of taking my beer and going outside to get some room.

Then I looked up and there was Jill. She was dancing with another woman I didn't know, pretty and dressed in simple slacks and a blouse. They did some fanny bumping and whirls, I looked Jill up and down carefully.

That was fine stuff!

But dancing with a woman?

What a shame.

Her breasts were obviously free under the halter top, they swayed back and forth, then bounced up and down. The skirt she wore was funny looking, the hem was tattered like it had been cut off with a kitchen knife or something.

And it was short!

I mean, REALLY REALLY short!

She was facing me, her arms over her head, bouncing to the music. I was staring at that short hemline, it threatened at any second to move up the last inch.

I even tucked my legs back some more and scooted down on the couch, trying to improve my angle. That worked some, too. I got a couple of peeks at what I thought was reddish blonde pubic hair.

Well, I thought it was, anyway.

Then I glanced at her face, Jill was looking right at me. Her expression was wicked. I saw her mouth move, say something, no idea what.

Maybe, "Like what you see?" Then she turned, actually leaned forward a bit. I could see the cheeks of her ass but still could not quite tell for sure what kind of panties she was wearing.

If any.

I almost missed the bottom half of her breasts hanging out as she bent over facing away from me. I watched them sway back and forth, then realized I had guzzled all of my beer.

I scooted down on the couch a bit more.

My mouth must have been hanging open, the bulge in my pants was pretty hard to hide.

Just then I felt a hand on my upper leg.

"Hey, you are a BIG boy, aren't you?" I looked over at the comment from the chubby redhead, she was giving me a big grin. Then she moved her hand slightly, let her little finger brush up and down my bulge.

I must have flushed bright red, I managed to get up and make my way to the pony keg. It was spurting bubbles by now, but I got a half cup of beer and a half cup of foam.

I sipped some, trying to clear my head and make the bulge in my jeans go down. That Jill was hot!

"You didn't answer me." A soft voice said behind me. I turned to look, it was Jill. I realized there was a gap in the music as the songs changed.

"I couldn't hear you." I answered. My voice sounded like I was inside a trash can, my ears were still ringing.

"I asked you if you liked what you saw." She had that sly smile on her face again.

"Uhhh...yea." I said, blushing again.

Damn me, every time without fail my mouth would go dry and I turn beet red if a pretty gal talks to me.

"Keep watching!" She said, and then she was gone.

I did my best to do just that. She danced several numbers, half the room was sneaking peeks at her. She seemed to be having a ball.

I mustered up all the courage I had, headed over to her to try and get a dance.

She looked up at me as I walked up to her. My mouth opened and I asked her to dance, but there was no sound.

The damn music was so loud I couldn't even hear myself.

She reached up and touched her ear, to indicate she couldn't hear me either.

I tried again with the same results. She wiggled her finger at me, headed for the door.

I got that part, followed along.

Outside the music was still loud but at least we could talk.

She leaned back on the deck railing, smiled.

"How long have you been riding?" She asked.

"Oh, maybe for a year off and on, I do it to save on gas."

"I don't drive, I just use my bike."

"I figured that." I said, looking down at her calves, bulging with muscle.

"Want to leave?" She said, suddenly.

"Uhhh...OK..Where to?"

"I have some wine at my house, or juice if you prefer?"

Damn! I was being picked up here. Maybe she wasn't into the ladies?

"Juice sounds good."

"Come on then, it's only a couple of miles."

"OK. But don't run off and leave me."

"You have to keep up." She grinned and hopped on her bike, took off.

"I won't come back for you!" She yelled over her shoulder as the rear tire actually spun as she took off.

I grabbed mine, got it turned around and headed off after her. She was already a full block away.

I headed down the hill at breakneck speed, saw her make the turn at the bottom. I made the turn too, but barely, feeling the back tire skate out.

Jill was now a full block and a half ahead, I got flashes of her bare behind as she rode. It was first pitch black, then her legs flashed as she passed under the next light.

I felt my legs begin to burn, she was gaining on me, pulling away. As she rounded the next turn I saw that she was way up on the pedals now, her fanny sticking out the bottom of that tiny skirt.

I wanted to catch up so badly, but I had nothing left.

She was out of sight when I got to the corner. There was two roads up ahead, one angled upwards and the other down, which one?

I took the lower one, just a guess. What the hell, at least it would be easier.

At the bottom that road headed right back up, I was cursing by the time I got to the top of the next rise.

Then I saw her, she was standing at the sidewalk looking back down the road my way. She had already put her bike away in the garage.

I rolled up and stopped. She just stood there with that silly grin on her face.

"You can really ride that thing!" I said, after I managed to get a breath.

"Yes, I am a racer."

"A racer?"

"Sure, I am on the women's team at college."

"Oh. No wonder."

"Well, you kept up."

I really hadn't, but a bit of luck never hurts.

"Come on in!" She turned and went inside, leaving the door open.

I followed along meekly, wondering what to say, what to do.

Oh, well. I was here with this vision, the worst she could do was throw me out.

"Juice, huh?"

"Sure, sounds good." I drank half the glass before setting it down. The sweat on me was beginning to evaporate.

Jill didn't have any sweat on her at all.

"Have a seat." She motioned towards a chair sitting a bit off by itself.

I thought that was odd but I walked over and sat down.

"You are the first one to keep up." She smiled that sly smile, her lips were pursed.

Now what the hell? I wondered.

"Will you just stay there in the chair?"

"OK." Now I was really puzzled.

"You seemed to like looking at me."

"Uhh..yea, you are beautiful."

"OK. Now just sit there, promise?"

"I promise."

Jill walked over and pushed a button on a player, music filled the room. Not the crazy rap music like at the party, but slower, dreamy stuff.

Then she turned and stood there for a moment.

"I want you to look at me."

"OK."

"Just watch?"

"OK." I was really confused now.

Jill began to move to the music, her hips swayed, she lifted her arms over her head, then lowered her hands to the sides of her body, stroked up and down.

Hell, now she was dancing for me!

She turned her back, I saw her reach up between her breasts. Then she turned back, holding the front of her top against her. Somehow she had untied it. I looked more closely, realized the knot was in the front.

She moved her hands but the top stayed draped over her breasts, then she spun and it slipped, one bare breast came into view. She reached up and lifted the strap over her neck, tossed the halter top on a nearby couch.

She lifted her breasts, one at a time, displaying them to me. I wanted to reach out and grab her, kiss them, nuzzle, but I was afraid to move.

It was like some kind of..spell?

She moved closer to me, finally just a foot or so from my face.

"Don't move!" She commanded again.

I sat there staying as still as I could, my poor erection was bursting to get out.

Then her hands began to play with the hem of her tiny skirt, I saw more flashes of reddish color, then she lifted it a bit higher.

My question was answered, I was looking at a tiny thong, small bits of blonde and red pubic hair sticking out each side.

She wasn't waxed like I had been guessing.

Then she let the skirt slide down to the floor, stepped out of it. She turned sidways, reached down to pick the skirt up. She struck a pose, her bare fanny sideways to me, her bare breasts hanging down, swaying slightly.

"Want to see the rest?" She asked, turning back to face me, just a few feet away.

"Ok. Show me yours first."

I didn't hesitate, I undid my jeans, freed my erection.

"Nice one. Now play with it." There was an excited catch in her voice.

I didn't need to be asked twice, I wrapped my hand around my length and began to stroke myself.

Jill watched for a moment, then sat down on the carpet. Her thumbs came up, caught the string at her waist. She slid them down and off, turning her knees coyly to the side as she slipped them off.

She never took her eyes off my cock.

Then her fingers went between her legs, began to work as she stared at me.

Her fingers worked furiously, then she spread herself, staring at me as I looked. I could see she was flushing at my watching her, the skin between her breasts turned bright red.

Her breath was coming in gasps, then I saw her stomach convulse as I let go with several ropey blasts.

She lay there for several minutes, staring at me as I gently stoked my now softening member.

Then she hopped up, reached for her skirt and slid it on, fastened the halter top. She didn't bother with the thong.

"That was fun!" She grinned at me.

"Yea." I managed, suddenly self conscious of sitting there with my cock in my hand. I pulled up my pants, feeling the dampness of some spots of cum that had splashed on my clothes.

"Some more juice?" She asked.

"OK." That sounded odd considering what had just happened.

"So...You like to be..watched?"

"Yes, especially by a nice looking man."

"Why me?"

"You could keep up..well..almost." She giggled at that.

"Nobody else ever really has."

"That was fun, can we maybe..do it again?"

"Maybe. Think you can keep up?"

"I will sure try!"

"Do you think you might be able to...even beat me?"

"What happens if I do beat you?" I was grinning, getting it now.

"Then you could be the first for that, too!" Her eyes sparkled.

I went flat out all the way home that evening, my lungs burned again by the time I got there.

I was already planning on practicing every spare minute.