The Wager

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All of my stories are my own original writings. All pictures are of my own body, taken by myself. Don't steal my shit. It's not nice.

I couldn't turn down a dare...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/the-wager.aspx

It was so cold outside, just opening the door to the bar I felt a whoosh of warm air, noise, and the smells of beer and popcorn pour out over my body. Sighing with pleasure I walked into the bar, letting the warmth surround me, glancing around, looking for Noelle. Spotting her at the far end, I peeled off my heavy coat and all of my outdoor accessories on my way, revealing ass hugging jeans and a sparkly sequined top. It’s only Christmas once a year, I thought to myself, I may as well dress up for it, even if I was only going to a small town hick bar.

When Noelle had called and asked me to meet her at the bar I gladly accepted, looking for any excuse to get out and away from my parents’ hectic family-packed house. Coming home for a few days was always an adventure in family dynamics and I was about to go crazy being questioned and prodded by third cousins and people who knew me when I was only knee high, asking me over and over if I had a boyfriend, what my major was in college, when I was moving back home…

Escaping into the winter blizzard I had carefully navigated my little rental car through the pelting snow toward the bar. Carefully parking, hoping nothing would happen to my borrowed vehicle, I hurried into the warm bar. “Busy for Christmas day” I muttered, seeing the people lined up waiting for drinks. Then again, maybe that’s why it was busy…. Spotting Noelle I quickly detoured around a drunken man who tried to grab my wrist as I passed. Adeptly, I sidestepped his sloppy kisses and made my way to my friend. She eyed me gratefully and moved her coat so I could sit on the barstool she had saved for me. Happy to be out of the house I shined a megawatt smile at her boyfriend, who was bartending, as he slid me my favorite drink. With a wink he told me it was on the house. As I took a sip of the sweet drink I looked around the bar, quickly realizing that Noelle and I were the only girls there. Interesting, I thought. Odds are in my favor then, I thought, and laughed.

Catching up with small talk and gossip, Noelle and I laughed and talked. I started slightly when I felt a finger tap on my shoulder. Turning, I saw a wicked grin and twinkling green eyes. He sure is cute, I

thought to myself. After a few minutes of light flirting, he introduced himself as Jack and asked me if I wanted to help him plug the jukebox. Winking at Noelle, I gratefully accepted his hand and led him over to the machine where we haggled and teased, flirted and harassed each other over our music choices.

Seeing the warmth in his eyes and the tilt of his head, I knew he was about to kiss me. Leaning up to meet him half way, his lips gently, softly brushed against mine. Slowly, so gently I felt his hands come to rest on my hips, before I was backed against the wall. The hard wall behind me, his hard body pressing into me, I could hear our first song come on the jukebox. It felt like a fire had started in my body, and our kiss was quickly becoming too intense for a public place. I could feel his steel belt buckle rubbing against my stomach, and his hard bulge grinding against my hip bone.

Running my fingers so slowly down his torso I wrapped my fingers around his big metal belt buckle. Feeling the backs of my fingers slip into the waistband of his jeans, those green eyes burned down at me. “Nice,” I said, letting him decide if I was talking about his clothing or his body. Seeing the flash of dimples, I could see a devious thought enter his mind right before he laughed and arched one eyebrow down at me.

“You can have it, if you’ll do something for me first.” Intrigued and bemused I listened to him outline the wager. If I would let my friend Noelle take body shots off of me, I could have “it.” Neither of us specified what “it” was. I was about to agree easily, when he laid a finger across my mouth and continued. These wouldn’t be just any body shots. I would have to take my jeans and shirt off and sit on the bar, letting Noelle take the shots from between my tits and thighs. I carefully reviewed what underclothing I was wearing and, knowing Noelle wouldn’t mind, slowly nodded.

Not waiting for him to follow me, I sauntered toward the bar. Running down the wager for Noelle, I looked at her boyfriend who was bartending and said, “I’m about to make this the most popular bar in town” before stripping off my shirt. Seeing several male heads swivel toward us, I adjusted the straps of my lacy red demi cup bra. Sliding my heels off, I winked at a guy who was staring, mouth agape, and unsnapped my jeans.

Noelle laughed and grabbed my hands, slowing me down. Running her flat hand up my quivering stomach, she gently cupped my breast through my thin lacy bra. Feeling my hard nipple poke the palm of her hand she closed two fingers on my hard tip and started applying pressure, just a little at first, then harder and harder until I tried to pull away. Knowing me well, she hooked a finger in the front of my bra and held me still as she squeezed. Holding it tight, she leaned in and sucked the other hard tip into her mouth, right through the flimsy fabric. Feeling the lace all but melt under her warm wet tongue, she finally let go of my other nipple. Sensation rushed back into it, sending sharp but pleasurable pains through my body like an electric shock.

My pussy clamped down, as if trying to hold a cock in place, even though it was empty. I groaned and Noelle quickly used both hands to unzip my jeans and thrust them down my hips, quickly baring my panties to the entire bar. A red thong that matched my bra, it was also made of soft but very thin lace. Standing there, my jeans caught around my knees, I was unable to move. My ass was bared to everyone behind me by the skimpy thong, and my hardened and toyed with nipples were peeking out the top of my bra for anyone standing in front of me to see.

Seeing Jack watch us, hard-on clearly visible under his shiny belt buckle, I crooked one finger at him, beckoning him to me. Eyes roaming from my wet nipple to my revealing thong, he came over to me. “Lift me up onto the bar?” I asked him. Gladly complying he grabbed my hips and easily set me so I was sitting on the bar. I could feel the cold granite counter top under my bare ass and the hot stares of men on my body.

Noelle knew what to do, as she came to stand before me, a shot of tequila in each hand. Her bartender boyfriend reached around from behind me and set out a shaker of salt and a plate of limes, along with the bottle of tequila. Setting the shots down on the bar, she edged closer and pulled my jeans all the way off of me. It hit me that I was sitting on top of a crowded bar, one of only two females in the building, in my skimpy underwear. Looking down at my friend, I leaned down and kissed her softly. Feeling her tongue trace the edges of my lips, I softly sucked it into my mouth, rubbing the tips of our tongues together. As her hands trailed up my thighs I could feel another set rubbing my back right before the clasp on the back of my bra was popped open and my heavy breasts jiggled, swinging free of their tight bonds.

Noelle pulled my bra off and started nipping and sucking on my nipples. It felt like I had butterflies in my stomach. Feeling my pussy lips start to tingle and swell I wrapped my tense legs around her waist, holding her to me. Feeling the hot gaze of several men, I kept my eyes shut as Noelle picked up the first shot glass. Opening my heavy eyes, I stared straight at my friend as she put the shot glass up by my chest. Pushing my breasts up and together, I held the shot glass between my soft mounds, just the rim of the glass visible. My puckered nipples were stabbing me in the palms of my hands, like little darts. Leaning down she licked the top of my right breast and then sprinkled salt on it, placing a lime on my left breast, setting me up like a feast.

Arching my back forward to give her better access, I felt her hot wet lips and tongue trail all over my breast, licking up the sprinkled salt before she rooted deep into my cleavage to take her shot. Seeing just a drop of the tequila slide down her jaw and then her throat, I waited until she got her lime slice in her mouth and then I leaned forward to lick the trail of tequila from her soft skin. Noelle moaned and then stepped back, leaving my legs spread wide open before her. She motioned to her boyfriend who was standing behind the bar right behind me. His wide hands settled on my hips and he tugged me

back so I was lying in the middle of the bar lengthwise, and Noelle climbed up on the bar to kneel between my spread legs.

My hair stuck to something on the bar as I lay down, my bare shoulders and back hot against the cool granite counter top. Dangling my legs one on either side or the high bar, I was splayed open almost at eye level for everyone in the bar. Jack was standing on my right, the bulge under his belt buckle more noticeable than ever. He held the tequila bottle in one hand while his other rubbed his cock through his snug jeans. Smiling at Noelle he stepped up and poured the tequila into my belly button, overflowing it so a few drips slipped and ran between the hollow between my hips.

My pussy was so wet everyone within fifteen feet must have been able to smell its spicy sweetness. Noelle could see the juices running out of my pussy down my thighs, and sliding her fingers up the insides of my spread thighs she collected some of my wetness on her fingers. Bending down she licked and lapped up the shot of tequila from my warm body. Her tongue and lips and teeth traced every drop across every plane and hollow and curve of my tummy and hips as I squirmed and moaned under her ministrations. My pussy was clenching and clamping down on nothing but my own juices, begging for attention.

I tried to bring one hand down to my pussy, to relieve the building tension, but the bartender grabbed my hands and pinned them to the bar over my head, watching me squirm and beg. Noelle realized she couldn’t get my thong off with my legs splayed over the bar the way they were, so with a wink to Jack, she grabbed a pair of bar scissors and cut them off of me. I was in such a red haze of arousal, but I still couldn’t help but realize that I was naked, dripping wet, and pinned to a bar in front of a couple dozen strange men. I could hear the heavy breathing and catcalls all around us and I knew some of them must be jerking off to the sight of my naked body splayed open for them like a living porno.

Jack stepped up and said, “One more shot and you’ll win our wager, okay?” I was willing to agree to anything at that point; I’d do or say anything to make the torment stop and let me cum. Jack lifted the tequila bottle over my body, and it looked like he was going to have Noelle do another body shot off my navel. As he started pouring though, he tilted the bottle, and the tequila ran from my navel to my clit. Feeling the warm liquor pool over my body and drip between my already soaking wet pussy lips I almost came right there. Knowing what he had done Jack leaned down and harshly sucked one of my pointed nipples into his mouth, pulling and tugging with his lips and tongue before biting down hard.

As my body arched up, my hips bucked wildly until Noelle grabbed them and held them down. With his teeth still pulling hard on my nipple, his tongue flickered over the abused tip. Noelle knew how close I was and she bent over me again to start licking up the tequila. Her tongue darted in and out of my navel as if she was practicing the motion. Her hands moved from my hips to the insides of my

thighs, holding me wide open, as her tongue followed the tequila down to my soft smooth pussy. Licking and sucking up the liquid, I knew she could taste my pussy juices mixing with the tang of the liquor.

Noelle then traced the very tip of her tongue along the edges of my pussy lips, dipping it between the folds and swallowing down some of my own sweet juices. Just then Jack let go of my nipple. It felt like it was on fire as sensation rushed back into the tip, before he leaned over and started sucking and biting on the other one. Fighting against the hands holding my wrists, my body arched and bucked and I sobbed out begging for release. Unhurriedly Noelle brought two fingers up and rubbed the entrance to my pussy, just applying pressure. As soon as they started to sink in she'd pull them back. Just playing with the very outer edges of my clenching pussy she suddenly rammed her two fingers into me tight and hard.

Screaming in ecstasy I felt her curl her fingers up to massage my g-spot, her tongue still teasing my pussy lips. Still licking my pussy lips, pulling on them with her lips and teeth, she slowly finger fucked my out of control pussy. Her slow but powerful motions rocked me to the core of my being. My body tensed and arched but before I could cum she pulled her fingers back out. Ready to start crying in frustration I felt her take her drenched fingers and press them even lower, against the outside of my asshole.

Rubbing a circle around my super tight hole, she mercilessly drove them into me, reaching deep into my ass. Feeling my legs shaking around her, she knew I was close and as she pistoned her fingers in and out of my ass she traced her tongue down between my swollen pussy lips and shoved her tongue deep inside me. Licking up all of my pussy juices and keeping her tongue driving into me in time with her fingers in my ass, I could feel the pin pricks of pleasure building. Going blind, it felt like the universe was coming apart as I came all over her hand and mouth, screaming and sobbing in pleasure, pussy juices erupting from my aching hole.

I lay limply on the bar, as she gently lapped at my pussy lips, letting me come down gently. Feeling Jack let go of my nipples, and Noelle's boyfriend release my hands, I sighed and shivered. Looking at Jack, I winked and said "I just won your belt buckle, huh?" Hearing him groan, I sat up to a round of applause. He stripped off the belt and detached the buckle. "It was definitely worth it" he told said. Noelle's boyfriend handed me a card that said "Free drinks for life." Laughing, I jumped down off the bar to go get cleaned up a little and collect my winnings.