

# Dancin' Dirty

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*Tequila body shots and some grinding on the dance floor lead to fucking in the shadowbox.*

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Madeline, Britney and I are tearing up the town on this warm spring evening. We started our night at a hockey game, made a pitstop for a mini orgy in the back of a limousine, and now we're headed to my favorite dance club, The Slammer. Not only is that a fun place to go, but we met some hot guys who are headed there as well. They're having a bachelor party, and we're excited to shake up their night just a little bit. We get to the club and there's a line out the door, which happens frequently on weekends if you don't arrive early. It's getting close to midnight, and the crowd inside must be wall to wall at this point. As usual, Madeline has this under control. She walks right up to the bouncer, who is a friend of hers (she knows everyone). He hugs each of us and ushers us under the ropes, much to the anger of the people waiting in line. "When you look that hot I'll let you in too," we hear him roar at the complaining crowd. Stifling a laugh, we hurry into the dark, smoky, pulsating club. I can feel the music in my chest, it's so loud, and I'm immediately caught up in a tide of bodies, moving to the music, carrying me with them into this world of decadence. I've already had a lot to drink tonight, and I've already had sex, so I'm already in that frame of mind and it only takes a few minutes of being groped on the dance floor by random guys before I'm horny again and even more light-headed. From across the room, I spot the bachelor party, and they see us at the same time. I elbow Britney and Madeline (they can't hear me, so we use physical cues) and nod in the direction of the guys, who are already making their way towards us. One of them puts a shot in my hand, which I drink (against my better judgment). It's a Buttery Nipple, my favorite, and it burns my throat as it goes down. The cute guy whose name I didn't really learn steps right in front of me, slides one arm around my waist and the other hand on my hip and pulls me towards him so I'm straddling one of his legs. He grinds me against him, while one of his buddies steps behind me and grinds into me from the rear. Sandwiched between two hot guys, I start feeling a little warm myself, and lean back into the strong arms and chest behind me. That guy, whose face I have yet to see, reaches his arms around and grasps a breast in each hand. My head is swimming from the alcohol and the atmosphere, and I don't even mind that his hands are there...in fact, I like it. He kneads my tits in his hands while he continues to grind against me, and I can feel his erection against my back. The cute guy in front of me leans in and plants a kiss on my lips. I close my eyes and give myself over to these sensations, allowing these two strangers the freedom to play with my body here on the dance floor. Suddenly, I hear Madeline's

voice in my ear, rousing me from my dreamlike state. "I'm going to dance," she says, and gestures in the direction of a cage. The Slammer has four of these things positioned around the room, interspersed with shadowboxes. Girls periodically climb into the cages to dance (and occasionally strip), which is always hot. The shadowboxes are cool too, where a backlight projects your silhouette against the semi-translucent front of the box, so everyone in the club can see your outline. Madeline enjoys dancing in the cages, and I do too, but Britney and I have perfected the art of the shadowbox, dancing together in sensuous ways that make all of the guys within view stand at attention. I extract myself from the sandwich I am currently a part of and take Madeline's hand as she heads for the cage. I look around for Britney, and spot her chatting up the groom-to-be at the bar, where she's tipping back another shot. She's fine for now, but I'll grab her later for a little teasing in the shadowbox. Madeline and I spot two empty cages near each other and split up, each of us climbing into one as the current upbeat rap song conveniently melts into something more sultry. I let the music take over, moving my hips, raising my arms over my head and closing my eyes. There is a pole in the middle of the cage, and I make use of it, grinding against it, sliding one leg around it and wrapping it with my body. When I open my eyes I am pleased to see the bachelor party gathered around the cage, mouths agape, eyes bugging, shifting quickly between Madeline's cage and mine. That's what I like...making men drool. I notice a few of them adjusting themselves as their hard-on's begin to strain the confines of their jeans. I catch Madeline's eye and wink. She's enjoying this as much as I am. When the song is over, I step out of the cage into a sea of hands fighting to help me down. When my feet touch the floor I am immediately passed from one grinding body to the next. A shot is placed in my hand, which I immediately toss back, only to have it replaced with another one. The shot gives me an idea...something I haven't done since college...and I grab the hands of the two bachelor party-goers and pull them with me to the bar. I catch the bartender's eye and wave him over. "Can we do body shots here?" He grins. "Only if you let me do the first one." I grin back and pull my shirt off, hopping up on the bar and lying back. We are almost immediately surrounded by a huge throng of people. The bartender pours himself a shot and places a lime wedge in my mouth. Then he leans forward and licks my breasts, from the left to right, across my cleavage, pausing for a minute in the valley between them and dipping his tongue down low. I stay still as he shakes salt over me, where it sticks to my now-moistened breasts. He bends forward and licks the salt off, slowly, moving his tongue in a circular motion and removing all of the salt. Quickly, he tips his head back and downs the shot, then moves in and takes the lime from my lips, kissing me in the process. There is instant clamoring from the crowd as the guys all beg to do the next one. The bartender hands me another shot, which I toss back, then winks at me and starts raking in the money from horny guys eager to lick my breasts and kiss me for a lime wedge. I turn to the crowd and announce that this is a treat for the bachelor party only, which results in grins from that group and complaints from the rest. I lie flat on the bar again as one man licks my breasts above my bra-line, pours salt on them, licks the salt off and goes for the lime wedge from my mouth. At the same time, another guy slowly pours tequila into my navel while a third guy licks and sucks it out. I turn and catch the eye of the groom-to-be. Motioning him over, I pull his ear down to my lips and say, "a special treat just for you...your last

chance to suck the nipples of someone other than your bride.” I’m pretty drunk by this time, and my judgment is somewhat impaired as I remove my bra, and the roar of the crowd reaches fever pitch. I wasn’t sure if he’d do it, but the future groom leans in and runs his tongue over my nipples, slowly, one at a time. He then lays me back, shakes some sugar onto my breasts and licks it back off, sucking slowly on each nipple after all the sugar is gone. Then he tips back his shot and gets a lemon wedge from my mouth, which he sucks for a second before returning to my lips for one last, deep kiss. As he pulls away, I smile at him and reach up to give him another quick kiss on the nose. “Your fiancée is a lucky woman,” I say, then he helps me up from the bar. I put my bra and shirt back on to a chorus of “boos” from the crowd, but Madeline swoops in, hops up on the bar, and pulls her shirt off to take my place, and the “boos” are quickly replaced with cheers. “Rachel!” I hear my name called and turn to find Britney, who takes my hand. “I haven’t been in the shadowbox tonight,” she says. I follow her over to the lighted box and step inside with her. We know exactly how to pose together to make sensual silhouettes visible from the floor of the club. We don’t even have to touch in order to appear to be touching...to the guys in the club it appears that our breasts are rubbing together, our legs entwined, our hands caressing the other’s body. We’re giggling and posing, like little kids making shadow animals with their fingers, when suddenly the door to the box opens, and there’s the good-looking guy from the bachelor party that I met at the hockey game. The one whose name escapes me still. Britney notices the smiles that light up each of our faces, and considerately excuses herself to check on Madeline. When the door closes behind Britney, he steps in close and wraps his arm around my waist. I lift one leg up, which he catches under my thigh and holds close to his hip as I arch my back and bend backwards. The shadowbox is all about sensuous poses, and I can just imagine that this one looks great. When I pull myself upright again, he pulls me against him for a kiss. The alcohol, the music, the licking and sucking on my breasts, and now a kiss from this hot guy who’s pressed against me in this sort of private, enclosed place, all combine to give me a massive head rush, and I’m suddenly so horny I can’t stand it. I kiss him deeper, harder, opening my mouth to his tongue and running my hands through his hair. His hands are suddenly all over me, running up my thigh and under my shirt, squeezing my ass and my breast at the same time. I reach one hand down to his crotch, and find the hard on that I expected. Pulling away slightly, I look into his eyes, questioning, but he vocalizes what I’m thinking. “Want to?” “Oh, yes,” I breathe as my lips crush his for another delicious kiss. He quickly unzips his fly and pulls his waistband down slightly, freeing his erection, which is so big and hard it makes my mouth water and my juices start to flow. I’m wearing a satin thong under my short skirt...easy access...and he slides it easily aside and presses a finger inside me, thrusting gently to make me moan. Then he lifts my thigh up against him even tighter, pulling me up on my toes and closer to him, and positions his tip right at my opening, watching my face for another signal that it’s ok. “Fuck me,” I whisper. He groans and thrusts, one hand on my ass pulling me hard against him, helping to bury his cock deep inside me. Then he pulls out just a little before he slams back into me. I move my hips, thrusting against him, following his lead as we grind to the rhythm of the music. This is even hotter knowing that everyone in the club can see our silhouettes fucking. I know he has the same thought, because his eyes suddenly light up and he says, “Let’s give

them a show.” He pulls out of me and spins me around, pushing me against the wall and entering me again from behind. Thrusting into me in time with the music, I can only imagine what our shadows look like. I wonder if the crowd can see the silhouette of his dick as it slides into me and withdraws. “You need to cum...I’m not going to last much longer like this,” he moans. I reach down to finger my clit through the satin fabric of my thong as he picks up speed, fucking me harder and faster against the wall of the shadowbox. Suddenly I feel like all the nerve endings in my body explode together in a massive orgasm that forces a scream from my lips. He cums right after me, prompted by my screams, and we both collapse against the wall. He buttons up quickly and we exit the box, unsure how much of that was evident to the crowd and not wanting to get in trouble. We pause for a few minutes on the dance floor. He wraps his arms around me and I close my eyes, enjoying the strength of his embrace and the sweet afterglow of crazy hot sex. Finally, we walk back to the bar and find Madeline and Britney both lying on the bar doing body shots, seemingly having a great time. When they see me, they hop up and ask if I’m ready to go. I look at my new friend, questioning. He grabs a napkin off the bar and writes down his name and number, pressing it into my hand as he whispers in my ear, “I’d love to see you again.” I read his name and smile. How did I miss that? I’d like to see him again as well. I realize that a relationship may be difficult to build because we started so hot, but I’m willing to try, and my gut tells me he’s worth the effort. I hope he thinks I am as well. I’d love to go on a regular date with him...something without the alcohol, music and wildness. Well, maybe a little bit of wildness. I’ll save that for my next Girls’ Night Out.