

The Show Piece

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 Sep 2011

...oh, the life of a bartender...!

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"Damn Jennifer. How the HELL did I get myself into this?" Scott was cornered... well, literally "countered" at the moment in this case. These girl friends had been running around for a while now. He'd met them all before. Jennifer, Kailyn, Julie, and Karen. Jennifer & Kailyn were closer friends than the others, both married. Karen had been divorced for some time, and had two kids - he thought anyway. Julie was recently divorced and the reason for the troop's current rash of wild times. Times that now included their favorite flirt: the local bartender boy toy. Scott had been at his current gig for several months now. A quaint, little restaurant bar. The whole establishment was small, but known for it's finer style and excellent dining. Scott'd been recommended by a buddy to take over the bar, and he'd built a great clientele all of his own following. Before him, the bar served only as a waiting place for people dining, and since his arrival, he's added new regulars on a weekly basis. He'd tell you it was all in his service style. A mixture of simple respect, and pseudo degrading banter towards his guests. On more than one occasion he's chastized a customer for being a less than acceptable guest, but always gotten away with it with a flash of his smile, and easy laugh. This time though, the stakes had been raised significantly. The ladies had come in from a local little concert. They were already pretty wound up, and Scott couldn't resist pushing their limits of conversation pieces. They were a live episode of "Sex & the City" for him. He'd already been with Jennifer a few times. She had kept it somewhat secret from the others for a while, but she eventually couldn't contain herself and had to share. Share, not only her secret tryst, but share HIM along with it! Kailyn had been brought into the fun a few times. Scott figured Jennifer felt she had to spread her guilt of an affair around, and Kailyn being the only other married one, was the perfect target. Julie and Karen didn't quite know that things had gotten that far, but they knew well enough that things were plenty fun & flirty between the other two and Scotty boy. Tonight they were determined to flush it out. They had caught Jennifer and Kailyn plotting to catch him at the bar tonight after the concert. The two wouldn't let them go alone, and connived their way along with them. ...and so they did. The four of them had ambushed the bar about an hour before closing. It was a Wednesday night and not too busy. They had Scott all to themselves. So, the glasses were chilled, the martinis shook, and the ladies even further loosened up. Scott couldn't help being distracted by their outfits. He had always prided himself at not being a gawker by any means, but even he had his limits of open blouses, parted thighs, leaned over torsos, licked lips,

and tracing fingers that he could ignore. Jennifer was a tall, thinly sculpted woman of 42. Blonde by choice, but there wasn't any evidence of her true hair color in the more fun places of her body that he'd seen. Nearly non-existent breasts, but the finest and almost always erect nipples to be found. Her legs and her ass are what drove him nuts. So long and toned. Her ass as perky as it probably was since her early teens. Kailyn was a streaked blonde/brunette of 36. She had a much more unique style to her dress that the others often gave her a hard time about. None of it was ever flattering, and though she was obviously attractive, Scott was amazed to find the body she was always hiding under her clothes. Julie was an amazon. Tall, voluptuous, and amazingly proportioned. A brunette with a plain, but pretty face. She had confided in him once, over a conversation about Jennifer's desire for breast implants, that she had actually had a reduction. Scott couldn't even imagine what her natural endowments had been then! Karen was really the hot one though. Short. Dark hair and eyes. Striking. Amazing breasts that Scott wasn't too sure if they were real, but they ALWAYS provided the most tempting view in whatever tops she chose. She had the attitude too. Not quite jaded, but certainly always the challenger and instigator of berating men. It was Karen that was determined to push the secrets out tonight. Scott had earned the trust of the management and owners a few months into the job. Having been good friends with over half the staff to begin with, he came highly regarded anyway. The owners were an easy-going couple, new to the business and had pretty much put all faith in the General Manager. The GM, a married woman of thirty-plus years, was only too happy to let Scott close and lock the place up some nights. ...and tonight was just one of those nights. Karen had been BLATANTLY tossing out suggestive comment after suggestive comment. Asking Scott about all the women who couldn't ever get enough of the hot little boy bartender. Then, eyeing him up and down, pointedly correcting herself to ask if he was in fact, little. Anything she could do to make Jennifer and Kailyn uncomfortable, or even jealous. Julie was right on cue, and followed along Karen's lead. She asked him if he insisted on wearing the same apron the servers do behind the bar to hide anything in particular from view. Scott, for his part, parried every advance. This wasn't his first rodeo with overly eager or intrusive women. These women, however, he HAD gotten involved with. Half of them anyway. His mind raced though, is it even possible to have all four? Not at the same time maybe, but even just as a random thing? Is that why they were here? Jennifer had been pretty forward in getting Kailyn involved with him. He'd been with them both together and separate. Neither had been possessive or jealous. Is that what this was all about? Jennifer had joked plenty that Julie needed to get laid soon, and they ALL had given Karen hell for resigning herself to her vibrator over the real thing. The thoughts were becoming overwhelming. His imagination fueled by a few cocktails himself, and the array of imagery on display before him. He had been dealing with a hard-on for the past hour now, and it was raging against his slacks. He damn near choked when Julie asked if he had the apron on to hide anything, because at that moment - it was the absolute truth! He was of modest attractiveness. Over six foot tall and with a slim, athletic build. Nothing imposing, or striking. He was unique in that he had red hair. He was even unique among redheads in that his hair was soft and straight, not wiry or coarse. His eyes were brown, not light and he was barely freckled at all. The only collection of those being across his shoulders. He wasn't pale by any means, though he would be

considered lightly complected. He often joked that he was a lucky redhead and didn't "burn to crisp like a vampire exposed to the sun". It wasn't a good joke. He was memorable though. Through his openness and charm, he always left an impression. An attractive, six foot plus redhead running around? Yes, he was easily remembered. So, there he was now... after hours in the restaurant bar. Most of the lights all out and door locked. Four drunk women at his bar, and him well on his way to being pretty plastered. Horny as hell, teased beyond his limits, and suffering from an aching erection. He had just about had enough of it, and had decided it was going nowhere really as far as his ideas of the four of them. He began the introduction of calling it a night and the protests and jeers began. He decided to try and turn the tables on Karen and be the forward one. "Ladies", he said, "we all know Karen's having a fit and squirming on the barstool there - let the poor girl get to her battery operated relief back home!" They collectively drew in deep breaths and all laughed, Karen giving him a smug grin and said: "Well, look who just pulled up his big boy pants and wants to talk dirty to the women now. Shame though... it doesn't quite work while you're still in that apron." "Ha. Ha." Was all he said, and pulled the ties undone, whip the apron off and threw at her from across the bar. The other laughed and cheered, and of course began the cliched calls for "TAKE IT OFF!" Scott just laughed and said: "Y'all tip pretty well all the time, but never enough for that show." ...and the single bills started flying. They all laughed, but Scott wasn't giving in. The restaurant had an arrangement for dry cleaning of the staff's uniforms and Scott always left his apron, shirt and pants there anyway after a shift - having always come straight from his classes, he had a change of clothes. So, he played the part a little and did the silly dance and routine of undoing his shirt and tossing it aside. He pulled his T-shirt off to reveal his thin, but finely cut chest & stomach. He pulled his belt off and went as far as to undo the button of his slacks when he quit and took a drink to let the air settle between them all. ...but Jennifer had long ago decided that wasn't going to be the end of this. She caught onto Karen's ploy a while back, had shared the "eyes only" exchange and "words" with Kailyn that only two good friends of the female persuasion could manage. They were out, and knew it - might as well enjoy it. So, to everyone's surprise, Jennifer said: "Bullshit LITTLE boy. I believe we payed for the full show, and I'm not leaving until we get it." The others stared at her, and then at Scott who stood a bit helpless and unsure behind the bar. Karen slapped her hand down on the bar and shouted "HELL YES! I haven't seen a live cock in forever!" Everyone laughed at her admission and knew she wasn't really even joking. Scott held up his hands and started to protest: "Wait a second... I'm not about to strip down right here at the BAR. Are y'all nuts? Whattaya expect me to do? A strut down the length of the bartop for y'all? Swinging it around while y'all laugh and slap my ass?" He was going for an over-the-top joking scenario, but the ladies all cheered: "YES!" "No way in hell is that happening." he said flatly. "AHM!" Karen cut him off with, and began to undo her blouse. Taking it completely off to confirm Scott's suspicion of a lacey little black bra underneath that had been peeking at him all night. She tossed onto another barstool and looked directly at him. "Pants. Now." was all she said. Without thinking Scott kicked off his shoes and pulled his socks off. With one last look at the four pairs of eyes on him and slightly open mouths, he sighed and pulled his slacks off. His loose boxers did NOTHING to hold back his obvious erection. All eyes were on the front of his shorts. Completely, and

humorously tented to a ridiculous degree. Jennifer smirked, and Kailyn smiled thoughtfully - they knew what Scott had always been hiding behind that apron. Julie and Karen were shocked, and Karen gave a wide eyed look to Jennifer as if to say: "You lucky bitch!" "Now Scotty, quit hiding behind that bar and be a good boy and sit up here on it so we can all get a better view." Jennifer said so sweetly to him. "Damn Jennifer. How the HELL did I get myself into this?" Scott then just grinned. He had stopped thinking, and was just acting. When he settled up on the bar though, the four women scooted back in their stools in a slight semi circle in front of him, his muscular legs dangling and his abs taunt as he was leaned back on his arms, his very erect cock hurting against the material of his boxers drawn tight over it - he decided to make the best of it. Why. The fuck. Not? He looked at the four of them, and in one fluid, quick move he, sat-up, reached under himself and pulled his boxers past his knees, then sat back up and smiled. Eyes all went wide, mouths dropped, Kailyn squealed, and Julie clasped her hands to her face. Jennifer didn't miss a beat. She reached out and pulled his shorts completely off and dropped them in Karen's lap. Scott started to laugh, and the sudden sound seemed to jolt the women back to reality. They all laughed nervously at first, and then wholeheartedly at the sheer randomness of their situation and boldness of this bartender boy! Julie had absently let her hand drop to her lap, and was slowly rubbing her finger along the front of her jeans. Scott didn't miss a beat, or let it slide and called her out on it. "Hey now, what are YOU doing there Jules? I'm the one obviously needing the relief!" he said. They ladies laughed, Julie blushed and picked up her hand. Karen, however, was not amused... YET. "So, do it. RELIEVE yourself if it's such a problem for you Scott." she challenged. They all looked at him and he considered his situation. "The hell with it" he thought to himself, and reached down to take a hold of his hard cock. Slowly he let his hand loosely slide up and down his shaft. All eyes glued to his slow moving fist. He turned it loose for a second, and having no other option, spit into his palm to somewhat slicken his shaft. Kailyn sighed, and Julie's hand went back into her lap. Jennifer didn't even pretend, and was pinching her hard little nipples through her top, and Karen... Karen simply stared with her mouth open. Her very firm breasts heaving in her bra, her dark aureolas apparent through the sheer lace. Her large nipples getting more and more pronounced. Scott quickened his pace a bit. He'd been hard for over an hour now, enduring their teases and dying to get off. He knew he wouldn't last long. He thought they'd make a comment about his quick release, but didn't care. He was on a mission. He could feel the cum building. Knew what a load he was about to spew. For a second, he comically wondered about having to clean it off the bar. "Fuck." he let out between grunts. A simple warning. He didn't even mean to give away his impending release. "Oooo... he's going to cum already!" Karen shouted excitedly. She didn't seem disappointed at all, or even to care how quick it was happening. The others all gasped and smiled big. "Do it!" "Cum Scotty!" "Oh God! Yes! We wanna see you cum!" All sorts of various encouragements from the hungry women. Scott couldn't take it. He'd never been in this situation really, and the cheers were overwhelming! These women were SHOUTING for him to cum! He furiously stroked his cock now. His hand flying up and down, gripping tight around his shaft... pumping it harder and harder with every stroke... "Awww... FUCK! FUCK!aaaaaAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGHHH!!!..." was all he could manage as he erupted. His cock convulsing with each spurt of thick cum. The long ropes

shooting high and splashing down onto his heaving chest. His flexed torso glistening with sweat, cum filling the fine lines of his abs, some even reaching his shoulders. The women all clapped and cheered, pointed at the higher spots of creamy cum on his chest and shoulders. Scott leaned back onto one elbow, his right hand still gripping his cock and his breath heavy. His need was only slightly satisfied though, he realized sullenly. "Oh my GOD!" Karen exclaimed, "you're STILL hard after that?!" To everyone's amazement, she brazenly reached out and grabbed Scott's massive member and pulled it forward only to let it go with a wet SLAP against his stomach. The others all laughed, and all Scott could say was: "Yeah, well... can you blame it? Just LOOK at y'all! How the hell am I supposed to settle down?!" They all looked at each other and laughed. Julie's hand was IN her jeans, and she was still breathing heavily. Kailyn was flushed and had at some point undone the buttons of her blouse, and her skirt seemed to be just a bit lower on her hips now. Karen looked ravenous, and her lust was quickly overtaking the room. Jennifer had stood up at some point and moved closed to Scott. His protruding thigh resting against her, just above her tight stomach. She rested her arm on his thigh, started to slowly rub along its well muscled form, then looked right at Scott and said: "I think I know exactly how to take care of that not-so-little problem."