Another Dance

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A man enjoys an erotic lap dance at a gentlemen's club.

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The club was dimly lit and the haze of cigarette smoke floated above. The loud repetitive thump of the dance music echoed through my head as I strolled toward the main stage.

Two girls, completely naked except for their heels and garters stuffed with dollar bills, swayed rhythmically to the music. A cute dirty blonde with a petite athletic build caught my eye and I stepped up to the stage offering a dollar folded lengthwise between my fingers. With one hand on the steel dancer pole, she squatted in front of me, spreading her legs and with an eye twinkle, curled her closed lips into a flirtatious smile.

My cock twitched at the sight of her exposed pussy lips, decorated by both clit and labia rings that fluoresced underneath the purple ceiling light. Her hand pulled her garter from her inner thigh for me to slide in the dollar and it snapped back to when she released it. The music was loud, but she seemed to giggle as her smile dimpled and she wrinkled her nose.

I nodded my head. “I’d like a lap dance.”

Her lips opened into a wide toothy grin. “I’ll find you when my set is over, sweetie.”

Looking around the club, I noticed a very private corner table was available and made my way over and sat down. A slightly pudgy waitress decked out in fish net stockings, ultra tight Spandex shorts, and a tight low cut silky blouse that barely held her ample cleavage appeared quickly.

“What are you drinking?”

“Jack and coke.”

By the time the waitress brought my drink, the trim dancer had finished her dance set and pulled up a chair next to me. She looked at the waitress who was just then placing my drink on the table and said, “I’ll have what he’s having.”

She turned back to me and cracked a mischievous upturned, side of her mouth smile as she extended her hand. “I’m Krystal.”

“Troy.” I took her hand and gently kissed the back of her fingers.

She sat up straight, arching her back inward, tilted her head and looked into my eyes. “Such a gentleman.”

A new song started to play.

Placing her hands on her hips, she wiggled in her chair. “I love this song.” Her eyebrows raised

inquisitively. “Shall I?”

“Yeah, go ahead.”

Krystal stood up, pushing my shoulders back into my chair, she leaned forward placing her lips to my ear and whispered, “You’re gonna love this.” She emphasized her point by using her warm wet tongue to quickly tease my lobe.

Pushing her crotch toward me, she reached behind and unsnapped her top, allowing it to drop onto my lap. With one quick move of her fingers, the g-string bottom fell to the floor, once again, leaving her naked except for her garter and heels.

Leaning into me again, Krystal pulled me toward her as she pushed her small firm breasts into my face, just barely allowing the nipples to brush my nose and then my lips. Her legs straddled the outside of mine and she placed my hands on her hips.

Her eyes never left mine as her tongue playfully teased along the edge of her lips. Her pussy slid forward and back, finding my protruding cock, just two layers of cotton fabric separated her twat my throbbing pecker.

Her hard thrusts along my lap easily stimulated my arousal, pushing against my prick as it crouched rigid but pressed tightly between our bodies. My hands, roaming slowly down her back found their way down to her tight smooth buttocks, stroking her soft skin.

I squeezed her firm buns tightly and gripped her butt, leaving imprints of my hands as she continued grinding along my crotch. Each sliding thrust Krystal made across my lap created pulsating waves of throbbing pleasure in my cock.

Just before I thought I might cum into my pants, she twirled herself around. My face was then inches from her firm ass and she spread her legs wide while bending over. Her hand slid underneath her crotch as two fingers spread her swollen labia apart. Her face, upside down, hair hanging toward the floor, peered at me between her legs as she smiled.

Backing up, she sat in my lap and began swaying her hips in circles, grinding her pussy on my swollen cock as it nudged upward inside my trousers. The time it took for her erotic pirouette had been just enough to save me from leaving a big wet cum stain on my pants. Momentarily relieved, I wrapped my arms around her tiny waist and she took my hands, placing them on her breasts, allowing me to pinch and pull her hardening nipples between my fingers.

Krystal then arched backwards pressing her face against my neck and her lips softly caressed my skin. She softly kissed the nape of my neck before letting her tongue slide upward until she teased my earlobe once again.

“Oh my,” the words like a soft breath, barely escaped my mouth.

I slowly slid my hands down her belly until my fingers gently felt slight traces of a few hours of shaved hair growth.

“You like that,” she whispered in my ear.

“Yeah.”

Her hand nudged mine harder into her mound and pushed my fingers further down until I barely touched the wet folds of her pussy. She quickly jerked my hand away, twirling while standing up in one motion.

Straddling my legs again, Krystal began to grind her cunt into my chest. Her long dirty blonde hair fell onto my face, tickling my nose.

The music stopped. I sighed and pressed a twenty dollar bill into her hand.

“You want a ten back or another dance?”

I smiled and stared intently into her eyes as my palms gripped the sides of her ass. A bead of sweat formed on my brow and rolled down onto my cheek.

“Another dance.”