

## The Dance

Mary lifted her head as she heard the door close and lock the last girl leaving for the evening. She slowly reaches unclasping her hair allowing her soft red hair to flow gently down her back. She sighs quietly as she closes the book she had been working on so intently. Payroll was finally done. The boss had been gone for hours she would give it to him first thing in the morning. She places her glasses lightly on the table and rises slowly. She looks around her, the room so empty and clean now. Fresh glasses sitting atop the bar, she walks over and helps herself to a nice cold mug of beer from the tap. Sauntering slowly to the jukebox she takes the change from her left pocket and selects five of the sappiest love songs she can find. No since in rushing home, she had nothing to rush home to, not tonight anyway.

Slowly hearing the beat Mary starts to dance. She quickly finishes one beer only to help herself to another. Oh the girls she watches day after day while she does her accounting, dancing, sharing their lovely bodies with the world. She knew that she could never do that. She was sweet, dependable Mary, the boss's niece. No way in hell she would ever be anything but an accountant in this club. No way old uncle Joe would allow it. Mary laughs to herself as she slowly starts to sway again. Side to side her hips moving. Slowly she traces her fingers down her neck, feeling beads of moisture slowly form on her body, she reaches into her glass moistening her fingers and reaching up slowly tracing her neck to her cleavage. Mary slowly unbuttons her jacket taking it off letting it fall to the floor. Feeling relieved from the heat she stops for another drink. Hips swaying again slowly Mary caresses her upper body her chest her belly, smiling feeling her fingers on her body through her light blouse. Down to her hips lighting tracing, dancing, swaying to the slow melodic beat.

Mary jumps when she hears a voice behind her. "Good everyone is not gone I so needed to relax a bit." Mary looks the man in front of her over. Very attractive she recognizes him as Jarrod a regular and smiles.

"Oh I am sorry Jarrod," she says blushing. "But we are all closed up for the night, I really thought the door was locked."

Jarrod laughs lightly "Oh I've been in the restroom I didn't realize it was closing up, that's to bad." he said with a sly wink.

Mary slowly looked up at him staring into his eyes. Her eyes slowly take him in, all of him. His dark wavy hair and dark eyes, just a trace of a light mustache. Her eyes roam further down his body admiring his broad shoulders and working man's hands. The cold beer giving her just a little more courage than normal. "Well I am sure Joe wouldn't want you going away displeased," she giggled. "Maybe I can help you out?"

Jarrod's smile widened. "Mmmhmm I think you can, I know you don't normally work the chairs but I could really go for a nice lap dance. I will be a gentleman Mary. And I know you can do it."

Mary motions over to the left stage where the chair was sitting waiting for him. Taking his hand she leads him over to it. "Just sit and relax, no touching, mmmmm this one is on the house ok baby?"

Mary slowly starts to dance for him looking into his eyes she places one foot between his legs teasing him just a bit, running her finger nails lightly down her legs. Fully dressed in her blouse and skirt she slowly puts her foot down and begins to softly sway. She closes her eyes for a moment to gather the courage, swaying dancing hearing the music. She turns slowly giving Jarrod a full view of front and back. She dances feeling the music letting the music put her in the mood as she traces every curve of her body. Hearing Jarrod moan softly telling her "that's right baby you can do it." She inches down slowly and teases him softly with her buttocks grinding into him and rapidly stopping where she began. "Take it off." She hears him whisper. "All of it."

Mary inches seductively out of her blouse teasing her nipples through her bra, licking her lips.. She turns facing away from Jarrod bending over as she slowly inches down her skirt. She holds his eyes intently as she takes in all of his reactions, noticing his heavy breathing. Her skirt pulled down just enough to reveal the small tattoo on her lower back. She lets the skirt fall to the ground and feels him reach up and squeeze her nice firm round ass. Mary gasps but doesn't correct him. She turns and starts to dance a little faster. Leaning into him her hair falling over him bending just enough to where he can see down her supple cleavage. She reaches behind her and unclasps her bra letting her warm breasts fall freely onto him. She rises and giggles as she takes in his reactions to her. She inches her foot back up between his legs checking for his hardness and realizing that yes it is there, and yes it is her dancing. Mary dances a bit slower now biting her lower lips, reaching up slowly sucking on one of her fingers. Reaching down for his hand and lightly licking one of his fingers. "Please Mary," She hears him whisper, "The rest!"

Mary smiles as she slowly inches down her panties, slowly down her hips to her waist, kicking them off totally naked now, totally bare feeling a light breeze across her body she sways more. Her fingers run slowly now down to her soft red hairs. Blushing and flustered she runs her fingers lightly

through it. Enjoying hearing Jarrods moans and cheers. She knows that she is doing a good job. She climbs into Jarrods lap and slowly grinds against him. She hears him gasp and call her name. He reaches up and softly fondles her breasts. She pushes his hand firmly away smiles and whispers "nuh uh uh."

Jarrod moans, "God Mary please I need more." Mary thinks about this for a moment and reaches for his hand letting him softly fondle her. Mary feels her excitement building and knows she is going to need more as well.

"Mmm Jarrod I need more too." She whispers. She feels his hands slowly start to roam down her body to her sweet sensitive spots. She cries out knowing she should stop herself, stop him, but she just can't.

Mary stands flustered and warm looking into Jarrods eyes wondering if she should just go for it. She drops slowly to her knees reaching up her small hands unclasping his belt. Reaching in gasping as she find what she was looking for. Fully exposed Mary sees Jarrod for the first time tonight.. She inches up further licking her lips moaning. Her tounge so wet her head over him teasing him and licking at him she goes down on HER man. Tasting just as sweet and nice as ever, she loves the little games they play.

### About the Author

Miaa is a 35 year old female that loves writing and spending time with her family.

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