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DANCE**

BRIDGET MIDWAY

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The Dance

An erotic short by

BRIDGET MIDWAY

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Me and my big mouth...literally! I think that as I have my man's thick dick sliding in between my lips.

I hold onto Jarron's muscled thighs, full of tension, and I let my mouth and tongue do all the work. I ease down over his dark shaft and back up to his plump mushroom tip that I can't help but nip every time I reach it.

Jarron sucks air through his teeth when I graze his sensitive head. I gaze up at him. He loves it when I give him what he calls my "Bambi eyes."

"Them brown eyes can get me to do anything, girl," he always tells me.

His dark eyes, almost as black as the night sky, has the power to control me.

He grits his snow-white teeth. Against his mahogany skin, he looks gorgeous. Seven years of being together and not a dull day yet.

I reach my hand up through his open shirt, the shirt he was buttoning when I grabbed him and pulled his dick out of his pants. Age hasn't tarnished his light. His stomach still ripples with muscles thanks to daily crunches and a voracious sexual appetite that has a sista like me begging for mercy some nights.

I wrap my other hand around the base of his cock. I feel him throbbing. His trembling and the fact that his legs are shaking like a clothesline in a strong breeze, I know he's about to give me some of that sweet cum.

"Damn it, baby," Jarron says between gritted teeth. "You know how to get it, don't you?"

I stare at him as much as I can while I'm sucking his cock. His sweet pre-cum teases me for the treat I would be getting soon.

Jarron holds onto my hand that has been resting on his stomach. He pumps his hips back and forth, fucking my mouth.

Used to be my jaw and lips would be sore from this little act. He's as thick as one of them damn Hickory Farms sausages you see during Christmas time and as long as his size fourteen

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feet. Whoever said shoe size does not equate with penis size did not know my man.

Now that we've been together for so long, I know how to take him. I know how to read him. As sure as shit, I know in five seconds, he's going to shoot his load in my mouth and say my full name.

Five. He tells me if it's getting good to him.

"Oh shit! Right there! Right fucking there!"

Four. He's pumping faster. My fisted hand around his shaft moves down to his balls to cradle them. They tighten in my hand, another sure sign.

Three. Jarron puts his hand to the back of my head.

Ordinarily that would piss me off and he knows this. We're about to go out on the town. I just got my hair done and I didn't want to look like I had been on my knees all night...even if I have been.

Two. He stomps his left foot twice.

My baby. Always so predictable.

One.

"Mahogany Beatrice Porter! Damn, I love you!"

I feel the stream hit the back of my throat. I suck right away, swallowing all of his juices like I know he likes. He tastes sweet, like the cream I add to my coffee every morning.

I ease up on the pressure but still massaging his balls as I slither my tongue over him.

When I pull back, I gaze up at him. A thin layer of sweat covers him from his shaved head down to his navel.

"I love you too, baby," I say.

I sit back on my haunches. When he leans down, butterflies kick up in my stomach. Cupping my cheek in his meaty hand, he strokes my skin with the pad of his thumb then plants the sweetest kiss on my lips. My man. With a kiss, a look, a touch, I'm both boneless and weightless.

When he pulls back, he reminds me of my unyielding devotion. "You sure you want to do this tonight?"

What the hell am I supposed to say? The whole night, the whole idea, had been mine. I came up with the plan during some before-work sex about a month ago. Who knew after all of this time that Jarron would remember that shit? Then again, the man

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never missed any of our special occasions. *He* has to remind *me* of the anniversary of our first kiss and what I wore on our first date.

“I’m sure. Are you sure you want to go through with it?” I ask, gauging his reaction.

He gives me that smirk that makes my nipples hard.

“Of course.” He steps out of his boxers and pants that had been pooled around his feet while I worked my magic. “I even have a special surprise for you.” He winks.

The butterflies I had when he kissed me now turn into a feeling like I have Alfred Hitchcock’s birds flapping around in my belly.

“So you have no problem with seeing me with another man?” I ask just to be sure.

We had dabbled into some kinky shit before. Watching porn, having sex in public places, recording our lovemaking sessions. I drew the line at having a threesome with another woman. As kinky as I am and as much as I love my man, I’m not going to stand by and watch him fuck another chick or watch her suck his dick, no, I mean *my* dick! To compromise, we had a close girlfriend of mine, known to be a bit of a freak herself, watch us have sex. Since then, I’ve fantasized about being watched, only I want Jarron to watch me have sex.

I thought for sure Jarron would have objected. Instead he got that smile on his face that could get more women to drop their panties than a gynecologist.

He’d said, “I always brag to my boys what a lucky man I am. Maybe now one could actually see why.”

There was no way I would be down for doing one of his friends. That would be too strange. It would be like me doing his brother. Plus I didn’t want him to have a rift between his friends if things got complicated.

I know my heart is with my man. I will always love and want to be with Jarron. Some dudes, they get a little pussy and they lose their minds and actually think the shit is love.

Jarron gives me a quick pop on my ass that gets my attention. “I’m not worried because I know you’re coming home with me.” He continues, leaning down so that his mouth is right at my ear. “Besides, I know no one can fuck that pussy like I

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can.”

Feeling his warm breath cascading down my face sends a shiver down the back of my neck. Jarron kisses me on my cheek.

As he’s taking a shower I think about what he just said. He’s right. No one can give me the earth-shattering orgasm that he can. So why did I even want to fuck some other dude when I had him?

Hell, even I don’t know. Maybe because he and I have been waving our freak flags for so long I wanted to see just how far to push it. So far he hasn’t blinked in our game of “double dare.” I had a feeling that tonight, I would be blinking like someone threw sand in my eyes.

After Jarron takes a quick shower, he takes me to Two To Tango, our favorite Argentinean restaurant, located in the new downtown Virginia Beach. It’s the place where we had our very first date. I do remember that and it’s not because every time we come here Jarron has to remind me.

Jarron helps me out of the car and gives the valet his key.

“Did I tell you how good you look tonight?” he says and not in a whisper either.

I know how much Jarron likes my hair when I leave it natural, so I let the curl come through and put it in an up do’ to show off the tiger tattoo on the back of my neck. Thirty-five years old and I still love that tattoo.

I’m also wearing my favorite dress, a red number with spaghetti straps and slits up the sides. Since I usually only wear a thong underneath it and nothing else, it’s quickly become Jarron’s favorite outfit too.

“Ah, Señor Stiles,” the host says to us over a crowd of people waiting. “Always good to see you.”

We weave our way through the mass of people. My mouth waters from smelling grilled meats and cilantro wafting from the kitchen. I love this place.

“I have your table already ready.” The host snaps his fingers.

An eager young man comes over to us. Although I love my men dark, the darker the better, I can’t help but be taken in by this young man. Almost as tall as my man, he has dark wavy hair and the bluest eyes I’ve ever seen. Against his light brown

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sugar-colored skin, he got a response from my body that I thought only Jarron could extract. My nipples hardened right away. I even felt my pussy juices starting to drip a bit.

When the man smiles, I have to look away. Straight, white teeth are always my downfall. It was one of the many things I found attractive in Jarron.

“Diego,” the host began, “please seat our guests in the corner table.”

When Diego starts to lead us, the host grabs his arm.

“You’ll be serving them tonight,” he says.

The way he says it and the way Diego smiles like he had just won the lottery, I feel like something is up. The hairs stand on my arms and the back of my neck, a strange reaction to something that should have sounded so innocent.

Diego walks in front of us. I can’t help but to scan his body, take him all in. His broad shoulders supports his wide back that tapers down into a narrow waist. And then there is his ass. High and round. Just like I want to nibble the tip of Jarron’s cock, I want to squeeze Diego’s ass. My mind trips on what it would be like to fuck him, to have his young ass between my legs and pounding into me like a jackhammer.

I hold onto my man’s arm and squeeze him when the images get to be too much for me. Once we get to our table, Jarron lets me slip into the booth first. I sit down but as soon as I bring my gaze up, I catch Diego watching me. He smiles like he’s pleased with what he’s viewing and has this look in his eyes that forces me to cross my legs to tamp down the flames.

Jarron sits next to me in the booth and puts a possessive arm around my shoulders. All at once, I feel wanted, needed, desired. We order drinks. Before Diego has a chance to run off, I tell him I’m ready to order.

“Pardon me, Señora, you have not looked through our menu,” Diego says. “I have not told you about our new specials tonight.”

I put my hand on top of the menu to punctuate my point. “I know what I want.” My voice dips down so that the bass of it matches the seductive music playing in the dimly lit restaurant.

“Then by all means, Señora, please tell me what you would like.” Diego clasps his hands behind his back and listens

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intently.

I lean forward to tell him. I feel Jarron's fingers dancing over my sensitive flesh by my neck. Between his touch and Diego's piercing stare, my clit throbs like it needs some relief.

"I would like carbonada criollo," I say with a shaky voice. As soon as this man walks away, I'm going to have to either have Jarron stroke my pussy right here at the table or I need to go to the bathroom to take care of business. Between the two of them, I feel sexually overwhelmed.

Diego raises his eyebrows at my choice. "Wonderful dish," he says. "One of my favorites. Would you like some bread to go with it?"

I wave my hand in the air in disapproval. "No. I'm watching my weight. If Oprah can stop eating bread, so can I."

Jarron snickers and pats me on my back.

"Excuse me for saying so, Señora, but your weight looks fine."

"Yeah, I keep telling her that, too. More cushion for the pushin'." To emphasize his point, Jarron puts his arm around my waist and squeezes my side.

His touch drives me absolutely crazy. Every nerve and cell race around my body until I almost feel light-headed. God, I need some dick soon.

After Jarron orders and Diego walks away, I turn to Jarron. "Take me to the bathroom."

He furrows his thick eyebrows. "What? You can't go by yourself?"

He is teasing me. From the twinkle in his eyes to the way he licks his lips, I could tell he is making me suffer.

"I'm on the brink, baby. If I don't get fucked soon, I'm going to pull my hair out." I squirm against the burgundy leather seat. It squeaks and moans under my movement.

Instead of giving me the relief that I so desperately need, Jarron kisses me sweetly and says, "Be patient, baby. The night is young and full of surprises."

As a consolation, he did wrap his arm around me far enough to reach my breast. He brushed his long fingertips over my nipple. I swear lights flash in my eyes. I want to climb in his lap and make him finish what he started.

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Not to tempt me any longer, he brings his hand to my back and makes small circles. It pacifies me a bit but not as much as feeling him inside of me.

I scan the restaurant. People fill all of the tables. Candles top each one. Terracotta tiles cover the floor except for the dance floor, which is covered in a shiny, buttery colored hardwood flooring.

The live band continues to play soothing, authentic Argentinean music filled with guitars and accordions. In an instant, I'm swept into another world.

As soon as Diego sets my sangria in front of me, I gulp it down, attempting to quench a sexual thirst with any liquid I can get my hands on.

Diego chuckles. "For my señora, I should bring a pitcher, no?"

My heartbeat sounds in my ears. I couldn't respond verbally so I nod. Diego bows his head and leaves with promises of bringing me back more of the fruity beverage and some water to tie me over.

"Thirsty?" Jarron asks then sips his Argentinean beer.

I didn't know what type, only that Jarron nods after each sip.

"Don't fuck with me, Jarron," I say in a gritty voice.

"Oh, I thought that's what you wanted me to do." He shakes his head. "I was going to take you out back but seeing as you don't want me to fuck with you..."

"You are driving me crazy. How is it that I put up with you for so long?" I cross my legs and squeeze them together hoping to cause enough friction to ease my wildfire of sexual energy.

"Like I said before, no one knows how to please that pussy except for me. You're going to find that out tonight."

This time it's my turn to furrow my eyebrows. I give him a look, wondering what he means by his statement just as Diego comes back with a pitcher full of bright, red salvation. He takes my glass and fills it, occasionally giving me glances to make sure I'm watching his every move.

"Good, yes?" he asks.

It's then that I notice his slight accent. I take a sip this time of my drink. It's just as cool and refreshing as the first glass.

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“Very good,” I say. I continue staring at him. “Delicious.” Then I lick my lips.

“Most women who have tasted this drink want more. They can’t get enough of it.” Diego winks and leaves the table.

“I didn’t know you liked them young,” Jarron says.

He trails his long index finger over my hand and my blood starts to simmer.

“He can’t be too young. He’s serving alcohol so he has to be at least twenty-one.”

“So you do like them young?”

I set my elbow on the table and brace my chin on my fist. “Do you want to see me with someone young?” I watch him sneer.

Jarron moves in closer to me. His strong thigh rubs against my bare leg and I tremble.

“Seeing you gets me all hot and bothered.” He kisses me, sliding his tongue into my mouth, making me want to straddle his lap and fuck him. When he pulls back he says, “Besides, I don’t think you’re going to go through with this anyway.”

I blink hard. “What?”

Jarron swallows down his beer in two gulps. “Baby, I’ve known you far too long. I’m not trying to say that you’re all talk and no action, but--”

“But nothing,” I say, cutting him off. “I want to do this. I just don’t think you want to see me fuck another man.”

I catch a woman at a nearby table glance at us before turning back to her dinner companion. I didn’t think I’d spoken too loudly but apparently I had. Didn’t matter.

Jarron slides his hand under the table. Placing his hand on my knee, he says, “I guess you’ll enjoy my surprise then.”

I stare into his eyes. If it weren’t for the dress and the thong, I would be a puddle right now. The music stops and an emcee goes to the microphone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, now it’s time for our famous tango dance lessons. Anyone willing to volunteer to try this dance?” The emcee looks around the audience.

I take a sip of my drink. As soon as I see Diego stepping onto the dance floor, I nearly spit across the table. Diego is teaching the tango? How interesting.

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“We have a volunteer here!”

I glare at Jarron as he’s enthusiastically pointing to me. Reaching up, I grab his jacket sleeve to bring his hand down. Too late. They flash a spotlight on me and then I see Diego gliding across the dance floor, coming toward me.

He extends his hand. “Señora.”

I glare at Jarron then turn to Diego. With a release of a long breath, I take his hand. Amazingly his fingers and palms are covered in calluses. I never pictured Diego being a hard-working man. I imagined that he spent his days in school, his nights at the restaurant and his late evenings with a bevy of women.

He leads me onto the floor. My strappy high-heeled sandals click against the hardwood floor. Diego stops in the middle and faces me.

“Don’t be nervous,” he whispers. “I know how to lead a woman.”

I nod. His statement didn’t sound overly sexy but in my head I heard him say he wants to fuck me and lick my pussy.

Pretty soon the dance floor fills with about ten other couples. Diego tells me how to stand in position, taking one of my hands into his and resting my other hand on his shoulder. I feel his muscles through his thin shirt. His other hand pressed against the small of my back.

“Watch our experts up front and then follow along,” the emcee says as he presents a perky young couple in shiny satin clothes.

“You smell very nice, Señora.” Diego flashes a smile.

His white teeth makes my knees buckle. “Mahogany. Call me Mahogany.”

The music starts, something slow and melodic.

“Ah, Mahogany. Do you know that that name is Argentinean for rich?”

He could have been handing me a line. With his deep voice, sky blue eyes and delicious accent, I didn’t care.

“Sweep your feet around mine,” he instructs.

I do while staring at him.

“You know the tango was a dance for *putas*.”

I had heard that word before, hanging around the Hispanic housekeepers in the hotel where I work in the business office. I

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knew it wasn't used as a term of endearment.

Diego continued. "*Prostituta.*"

Now it's coming in clear.

"Whore," he says in a whisper.

He twirls me around in a small two feet-by-two feet space and I swoon. In the spin, I see Jarron at the table watching us but then Diego puts my back to him.

"Back in the 1800s, pimps would dance with their prostitutes using violent expressions. It was their way of fighting. This is why traditionally the men lead in this dance." He dips me back. "In the dance, you are my property, my *puta.*"

The curl in his lips whenever he calls me a whore makes me want to kiss him instead of slap him.

"I don't think you can handle this *puta,*" I tell him as soon as he brings me back to my feet.

In a move so smooth it belongs on ice cream, I feel his hand cascading down my back. He cups my ass.

"*Agradable,*" he growls in my ear.

I'm starting to understand what he's saying in Spanish only because of his actions. He pulls me in closer to his body. I feel his hard cock against my stomach. My breathing increases. Damn it. Where's my man when I need him?

I glance over my shoulder. He's not at the table. After a slow twirl, I face toward the front of the restaurant. I see Jarron talking to the host. He gazes at me, the whites of his eyes and his white teeth visible through the dimness.

"*Le quiero,*" Diego whispers.

"What?" I'm surprised I'm able to speak at all.

Then he surprises me. Diego takes my hand and brings it down. I assume he wants to spin me around again or maybe dip me. Instead he places it right over his bulge. With how tight our bodies are pressed together, no one can see it, but damn, I feel it.

I thought Jarron was impressive. Diego is hiding something just as appetizing in his loose-fitting slacks.

I turn back to where Jarron was before. He's smiling. I don't know if he can tell what's going on or if he thinks I'm a fast learner.

"*Quiero joderle.*" Diego grinds his hips up to rub against my open palm.

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The only thing I understand is 'quiero'. I know from that damn Taco Bell commercial it means he wants something. I want something too.

"What does that mean?" I ask.

He stares at me, heavy-lidded and licking his lips. "I want to fuck you."

Thank God his English is better than my Spanish. Diego bows his head next to my neck. As soon as his lips touch my sensitive skin I gasp.

Fuck, I need relief. I look over at Jarron again. This time he does something I understand. He winks then nods his head.

So this is my surprise? He set up my fuck session with Diego. So that's what the host meant when he told Diego that he would be serving us. I smile back at Jarron, ready, willing and able.

"Can we go somewhere private?" I ask right as the song ends.

"Follow me."

He takes my hand and we duck through the crowd on the dance floor to go to the backdoor. I turn back to make sure Jarron is following us. The fantasy won't be complete if Jarron isn't watching.

Diego pulls me through the noisy kitchen. With it being so humid outside, walking through a steamy kitchen did not sit well with my stomach full of sangria. He bursts through a backdoor that leads to a back alley.

"And Jarron will find us?" I ask.

"Sure." But he has a confused look on his face.

Before I can explain myself further, Diego presses his lips against mine. His full lips cover mine as his hands roam my body. He caresses my tits through my dress until that feeling must not have satisfied him. He pulls the straps down, exposing my tits.

I, in turn, unbutton his shirt. I want to see what his chest looks like. Hell, I wanted his young ass body.

"*Es una diosa negra hermosa.*" His hands pull up my skirt to my waist and make quick work of removing my thong.

"What does that mean?"

"Black goddess." He brings his head down and palms my

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breasts.

I had only seen my man admire my tits the way Diego is doing now.

I hear the backdoor slam. I knew it has to be Jarron. Just knowing he would be watching me starts my juices flowing again.

Diego must have smelled my pussy. He gets down on his knees in front of me. Placing one leg over his shoulder, he buries his face between my thighs. His tongue hungrily laps at my clit. To keep from collapsing, I fisted his silky, thick hair and put the other hand on his shoulder.

“*Dulce.*” He looks up. “Sweet.”

“Don’t fucking stop.” I pull his head back down.

His mouth instantly connects to my pussy and I moan again. He licks me from the bottom of my pussy opening all the way up to my clit. What a way to end the night.

Diego’s tongue dips inside of me. The feeling makes me gyrate my hips back and forth, fucking his mouth. He moves his mouth up to my clit again, sucking it. Then he slips his middle finger inside of me.

“God damn!” I pump my pussy harder on his mouth and finger until fireworks go off in my head. I can barely stand or breathe after the intense orgasm.

That doesn’t stop Diego from standing up, turning me around and placing my hands on the wall like I was some criminal on *Cops*. I hear him undo his pants. He holds onto my hip while his other hand holds his cock. He moves the head of it up and down between my pussy lips to tease me.

“Don’t fucking tease me. Fuck me!” I push my hips back.

In response, he dives his dick inside of me. He isn’t as thick as Jarron. Close but not the same. But he’s longer than my man. Diego holds onto my hips with both hands and pumps in and out of me.

“*Coño apretado agradable,*” Diego says in between pants.

“In English, mother fucker!” If I’m going to be fucked by a stranger, I want for damn sure to know what he’s saying about me.

“Nice, tight pussy,” he said in a staggered breath.

Diego squeezes my hips, occasionally giving me quick slaps

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to my ass cheek. If that shit didn't turn me on so much, I would have been offended. Instead I curve my back to get him even deeper. My newly manicured fingernails dig into the brick wall. My tits swing in rhythm with his thrusts. I know Jarron must be getting a great show. I bet he's even jerking off.

I feel Diego's legs trembling. I know he's close. And he's a man and I know what men like.

"Get me off and I'll get you off," I say.

He reaches between my legs and rubs my sensitive clit. It's enough to get my pussy to contract around his shaft and for me to feel every nerve in my body spark like I had been struck by lightning.

Diego continues pumping as I come down from my high.

"N-n-now, Señora."

"Pull out," I demand.

After two more thrusts, he pulls out. This time I get on my knees. I see his dick for the first time. Despite his body being so light, his cock and balls are darker than his skin. His black pubic hairs brush against my hand. I hold onto his shiny shaft and slide it in my mouth.

Diego pumps his hips, grumbles something in Spanish then I feel his salty seed squirt in my mouth. Like a good *puta*, I swallow it all down. As I gaze up at him, I hear the backdoor slam again. Did I somehow miss Jarron leaving and coming back out?

I turn and see Jarron...standing next to the restaurant host.

"Baby, what are you doing?" Jarron asks.

I wipe my mouth and stand. "What are you talking about? We agreed to this. I saw you wink at me."

Diego, probably feeling as confused, pulls up his pants and takes a couple of steps away from me. I return my dress straps to their original spot and pull down the hem to at least be presentable.

"I winked because I wanted to see you and Raul together." Jarron puts his hand on the host's shoulder.

I volley my gaze between Jarron, Diego and Raul. "But I thought you were following me. I heard the door slam."

"That was me." Raul raises his hand. "Jarron told me to follow you. When I saw you with Diego," he smiles, "I wanted

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to watch.”

An ordinary woman would have been embarrassed. An ordinary woman would have crumbled I look at Jarron then turned to Raul.

“So that means you haven’t seen me fuck another man, right?” I stroll over to Jarron and Raul. “I always keep my word.”

Jarron’s smile widens. “Happy anniversary, baby.”

Damn, that’s right. It is our anniversary. Can’t wait for Christmas.

About the Author

Don't let the 1940's-sounding name fool you! Though she may sound sweet, Bridget Midway writes what everyone else fantasizes about. An avid writer for all things fun, unusual and passionate, she enjoys making her readers laugh as much as she likes seeing them fan themselves down after reading a hot, sexy scene. She writes long contemporary romance, single-title romance, some light paranormal romances, science fiction, historicals and erotica, all with multi-racial characters and/or with interracial romances (because when you have a box of chocolates, you have to taste each one and enjoy the differences).

Some of her short stories have been published in *The Sun* magazine. She was a winning finalist for the title of Sexiest Fiction Writer sponsored by BetterSex.com.

After having her initial 850-word short story, "Adam and E.V.E." rejected by *The Sun* because at the time they weren't accepting science fiction romances, Bridget decided to expand the short tale into a 12,000+ word novella and send it to Phaze. So Bridget's first rejected story from *The Sun* and her first attempt at writing a science fiction erotica won over the publisher at Phaze. Visit www.BridgetMidway.com for more information.

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