

Pole Dance

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The mirror was still fogged from the shower, but a hand towel took care of that problem so I could see. Reaching for the product the stylist recommended, I squeezed a dollop the size of a nickel into my palm and worked it into my newly shorn hair. It was a little shorter than I was used to, but with the product in, my cowlicks were tamed, at least for the moment.

The stylist wanted me to color it, but I resisted, leaving alone my reddish brown hair, liberally sprinkled with white. I smiled remembering what the stylist said, *“You look like a roan for Christ sake! Let me do something about this white!”*

“What’s wrong with a little white? And what the hell is a roan?”

“Well nothing if you don’t mind looking older than you could. And roan is a color of a horse’s coat when there’s red or brown mixed with LOTS of white.”

“I don’t have LOTS of white, its fine...will you just cut it please!”

The cut was great. The sides were feathered back and tapered leaving my ears exposed the bangs and top longer and swept to the side, and the back falling in soft waves to my collar. I liked it.

Standing back a bit, I surveyed the effect. The cut kept my hair out of my face, and made my jaw seem less square. My blue eyes stood out more, and my nose didn’t seem quite so large. Letting my eyes sweep down over the rest of my reflection, I was pleased.

At nearly five feet nine, I was taller than many women. Broad shoulders tapered to a trim waist and flared again at the hip to well defined thighs and calves. My breasts, more than a handful at a C+ cup, but hadn’t yet sagged much due to gravity. I was carrying a little extra weight at my tummy, but overall, I thought my body was still in pretty good shape for a 44 year old.

Going to the bedroom I surveyed the closet and pulled out my favorite peacock blue silk shirt. The cut of the shirt accommodated my shoulders and looked tailored. The French cuffs kept the sleeves from riding up my long arms, and best of all my eyes changed to match the deep, rich blue.

I had only worn the cufflinks once before. They were very special, a gift from the woman I loved with all of my heart. They were Celtic knots crafted from the three alchemically pure metals, copper, gold and silver. They contrasted nicely with the darkness of the shirt and caught the light beautifully.

Admiring the workmanship of the links, I sighed with regret. Things had not worked out between us because of my employment situation. That situation, however, had recently changed. I buttoned the shirt even with my breasts allowing some of my chest to show.

Next, I put on the harness with my favorite cock in place. Settling the harness around my hips I stepped into my well worn chocolate brown leather pants. They fit like a second skin, showing off the definition of my thighs. When I went to zip the fly, I realized the flaw in my plan. I’d never packed before, at least not in public, and I wasn’t sure what to do with the 8 inch, deep purple cock bobbing out of my pants.

First I tried pulling the cock up to my belly, but it was really hard to zip the fly over it, and the bulge was just too obvious. *Come on Lou, THINK, men have figured out how to*

do this, I'm sure you can too! OK, plan B. Tucking the cock down the inside seam of my left leg allowed the zipper to close easily, and the bulge was apparent, but not too obvious. *Good, problem solved!* Well at least it was until I tried to walk. *Lord, how do they do this?* Reaching between my legs, I adjusted my 'package' until I could move without being hindered. *Much better!*

Quickly tucking the shirt in, I went back to the closet to get my belt and boots. The belt had a western style silver buckle, tip, loop, and conchas embedded in the brown leather. The buckle, tip and loop were richly inlaid with Lapis, Turquoise, Abalone, and Corals found in the Southwest where I had been assigned last. The brown boots were another indulgence from my time in New Mexico. They were polished to a high gloss, and fit nicely under the leg of my pants.

Pulling the gay travel guide from the pocket of my suitcase, I checked the location of the bar I would be visiting tonight to make sure I knew where I was going. Nothing made me feel antsy than being unsure of where I was going, and I really hated to ask for directions. Confident I knew where the bar was, I stepped to the mirror one last time to make sure I looked as good as I possibly could.

Surveying the room to be certain everything was tidy; I checked the placement of the five vanilla/musk candles I'd purchased earlier that day. If all went well, I would not be coming back to the room alone. I grabbed my ID, some money and my room key and stepped out the door. After I checked to make sure the lock caught, I took a deep breath, squared my shoulders and started walking the short distance to the bar.

There was definitely an art to walking while packing. I wanted to look confident, cocky, and completely natural, so I surreptitiously watched my reflection in the store windows as I walked down the street. Changing my gait several times, I settled into a strut that had just a bit of swagger and, as always, determined purpose.

A few people stared as I strode past them. Realizing I no longer needed to care about other peoples opinions about how I looked, who I associated with, or what establishments I frequented, I met their stunned faces with a polite, "Good evening," and a blazing smile. *Damn, that feels really great!* With an added bounce in my step, I turned the corner and went up the steps to the bar's entrance.

The bouncer, in tight black jeans and a white tank, sat on a stool by the door. "Nice art." I said referring to the war bands tattooed around her biceps.

"Thanks, I haven't seen you around here before. New in town?" She asked as her dark eyes roamed up and down my body taking it all in.

"I'm visiting. How's the crowd tonight?" I asked as I paid the cover charge.

"I thought so, I would have remembered you." She smirked and added, "It's still a little early, but you'll find plenty here who will appreciate what you have to offer."

"Thanks." I smiled at her open, positive appraisal.

Much like other bars I'd been to, this one was dimly lit and the layer of smoke that hung in the air enhanced the lighting on the small dance floor. Dance music with heavy bass pulsed and the multi colored lights created a mosaic pattern on the dancers surging together. A ring of tables surrounded the floor, and the bar, outlined with purple and pink neon lights, covered the entire left side of the space, the mirror behind it reflecting the scene.

Making my way to the bar, I was suddenly aware of eyes following my progress. It was an odd sensation, knowing you were being watched but uncertain of who was

watching you in the weak light. Ordering a rum and coke from the black leather clad bartender who sported multiple piercings, I scanned the crowd reflected in the mirror.

There were couples, and singles, a kaleidoscope of women in varying ranges between butch and femme. Sipping my drink, I watched the dynamics in the room, how the couples moved together and the singles seductively danced, seeking a pairing for a dance or for the night. As the lights on the dance floor cycled through their pattern, I noticed two poles in the far corners of the room and a woman who danced at one of them.

Dressed in a black tank and a leather skirt that stopped at mid thigh, the blonde woman moved with staggering agility and strength. Her straight blonde hair fell to the middle of her back, and her tanned limbs were beautifully muscled. Her body scintillated around the pole, at times defying gravity as she spun, landing lightly, gracefully on her four inch black stiletto heels. Eyes closed, her movements were different from the rest of the woman dancing, she was sensuous without being sexual. It was clear that she was dancing for herself, in command and compelling, not looking for a partner. She was magnificent, a lithe, golden lioness, and I was completely captivated.

The music changed then, and the sultry, sexy voice of Sade sang about a Smooth Operator. I turned to watch the vision of her beauty firsthand. Skirting the dance floor, I moved to the corner of the room as if I was in a trance. A hand closed around my arm breaking the spell for a moment. A tall, dark, very attractive butch had hold of me and brought her lips to my ear so I could hear her above the crooning Sade.

“You’re new here, so you wouldn’t know that Nicky never says yes.”

“Perhaps that’s because the right woman hasn’t asked.” I replied.

“Knock yourself out then, I just thought I’d give you a warning and save you the embarrassment. She knocked the last one on her ass.”

Smiling to take the sting out of my words I asked, “Would that have been you, per chance?” She let go of my arm, shook her head, and blended back into the shadows.

Both hands on the pole, Nicky was moving in a slow, sensual wave. Reaching around her to grip the pole, I snugged my body behind hers, matching, as best I could, the sensual wave her body made. Her body jerked, stiffened and then, when she saw my hand around the pole, she relaxed, let go of the pole and melted against my body. Her hands reached around me, pulling my hips in tighter to hers. We moved as one.

She turned in my arms then and looked into my eyes. Her beautiful brown eyes warmed to the color of honey, and she worried her bottom lip between her perfect white teeth. Her arms caressed up my sides, over my arms and snaked around my neck as she pressed her hips against mine in a slow swinging motion. I let the pole go and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her closer to me. Neither of us spoke, letting our bodies do all the talking.

I had no idea how long we danced like that, hips fused, arms around each other and our eyes locked together. She closed her eyes again and rested her head against my shoulder. Sighing deeply, she said into my ear, “You smell really good, and feel even better. Would you like to continue this dance privately?”

Looking deeply in her eyes, I saw desire and, I hoped, something more. I gently cupped her chin and tipped her head back, bringing my lips to hers. Her hands slid into my hair and pulled my head tighter. Her lips were incredibly soft and when her tongue lightly caressed my lips I opened to allow her entry. We’d stopped dancing, our lips locked together, our tongues gently exploring, tasting each other.

I broke the kiss, looked in her eyes again and said, "Let's go. I have a room just up the street." Taking her hand I led her through the crowd. The crowd parted before us. Some women stared, shocked, others looked at us approvingly, while still others, including the butch that had tried to warn me off, seemed hostile. They could not understand how I had succeeded when they had not. I wished the bouncer a good evening as we descended the stairs to the street. She gave me a megawatt smile and a thumbs up.

A light breeze cooled the balmy late July evening, not too hot or cool, the night was perfect. Nicky's smaller hand enclosed in mine, felt so good, so right, I couldn't help but to smile as we walked. I caressed her palm with my thumb, and she squeezed my hand in response. Neither of us spoke as we walked to my hotel. Stopping at the door to unlock it, I asked her to wait just a moment. I quickly lit the candles, and turned on the smooth, sultry jazz compilation CD I'd selected earlier. Then I reached for Nicky's hand to draw her into the candlelit room and closed the door behind her.

When I started to speak, Nicky gently put her fingers over my lips and said, "Shhhh. Please, don't say anything. Dance with me." Her voice was low, husky and heavy with desire. I took her incredible body in my arms and started dancing. Recognizing several different steps she made, I realized she was an expert dancer. *Thank God I had to take that ballroom dancing orientation!* I was able to anticipate some of her moves allowing me to work in a few moves of my own.

Our bodies moving in synch, I spun her out and back to me and then dipped her. Time seemed to stop as our eyes locked together, our breaths coming faster. Slowly bringing us to an upright position, her eyes begged me to make the next move. Obliging her wish, I lowered my head and kissed her. Her mouth opened under mine and our kiss turned from tender to passionate in a heartbeat. Untucking my shirt, her hands slid under the silk to caress the length of my back. By the time she brought her hands over my ribs to cup my breasts, I was wet and aching for her touch.

I whispered in her ear, "May I undress you?" She nodded, granting my request. Lifting the hem of her black silk tank, I could see the lacy black bra she wore. The leather skirt went next revealing a matching lace thong. Heart pounding in my chest, I led her to sit on the edge of the bed, knelt before her and caressed her beautiful legs before removing her stiletto heels.

She shivered as my eyes devoured her golden beauty. Then she reached for me and slowly unbuttoned my shirt. I wasn't wearing a bra, and her eyes dilated with desire when I shrugged the shirt from my shoulders and let it fall to the floor behind me. I took my boots and socks off and then stood to take off my pants.

"Let me." She husked, reaching for the zipper and slowly lowering it. She pulled my cock from its confinement and quickly took the bulbous head into her mouth. As she slid my cock deeper in her mouth, she pushed it against my already twitching clit. Gasping for air as the sensation overwhelmed me, my knees got weak. When I thought I wouldn't be able to stand any longer, she shifted, pulling me onto the bed, on my back.

I'd never seen anything as sexy as Nicky crawling up from the foot of the bed with a smoldering look in her eyes. She pulled off her thong and straddled my legs. She was wet, nearly dripping when her heat made contact with my thigh. Her eyes changed color to molten gold, and her gaze bore into mine as she unclasped her bra and let it fall. Her nipples, already a deep raspberry were erect, and I nearly lost my mind when her hands

ran through her trimmed blonde curls, up the center of her body to stroke her perfectly formed breasts. I echoed her gasp when her fingers gently squeezed and then lightly twisted the hardened peaks. Raising her body, she took my hands and placed them on her hips, and with my cock in her firm grasp, gyrated her body in a seductive dance on it.

Her voice raspy, she groaned, "This is my version...of a private...pole dance."

Never losing contact with the cock, she undulated, rubbing it with her heat, coating it with her wetness. A light sheen of sweat covered her body, and when the fuel of her excitement began to drip between my legs, my own passion reached a fevered pitch. I could wait no longer. I needed to be inside of her.

"Baby!" my voice cracked, harsh with need. "Please, let me love you!"

She shifted and when the head slid inside, her body tensed, then arched. Unable to wait any longer, I surged upward, filling her. Settling with my cock buried deep inside of her, she brought my hands to her breasts, and began a slow, primal grinding rhythm. Thrusting my hips in time with her downward motion, I raked my thumbs over her swollen nipples making her whimper with each stroke.

Needing more, I reared up to take her nipple into my mouth, sucking it, hard. Her fingers laced through my hair, holding me tight to her breast. I switched to her other breast, lightly biting and working the rock-hard nub with my tongue. Releasing her breast, I looked into her eyes then took her mouth with my own. My hands fisted in her hair, as our tongues fought for dominance.

Her tresses felt like corn silk. I ran my fingers through its softness as my hands descended to her back, and before she could protest, I rolled us over until she was on her back. She pushed at my shoulders at first, but when I started moving my hips, pressing deeper into her, and then nearly completely withdrawing, her hands pulled me closer. I began thrusting my tongue in time with the thrusts of my hips. Her legs wrapped around my waist as she opened herself further for me, and her hips lifted with each thrust letting me press deeper still.

I could feel her body tensing, getting very tight around me. Staying deep within her, I rotated my hips, stimulating her with a different motion. Her hands clenched on my back and she came, hard. Her back arched off the bed, and her cry grew from a low growl to a full voiced shout. My throatier cries blended with hers as her climax pushed me over the edge and our joined bodies shuddered as one.

When her contractions eased, she relaxed into the bed and held me closer. Our kisses turned from passionate and hungry to loving and tender. When I started to gently pull out, she squeezed me even tighter, halting my withdrawal.

Her voice sounded tight. "Please, don't leave me yet. I don't think I could bear it."

"I won't, baby. I'll stay as long as long as you'll have me."

"Do you mean it?" Her eyes opened very wide, and filled with tears.

"Yes, I mean it." The tears overflowed and ran freely down her cheeks.

I rolled us until I could cradle her against my body, caressing her back, and kissing her tears away. She cried softly for a moment, then seemed to regain control.

"I told you if you ever came back that I wouldn't be able to say no to you." Her voice shook with emotion.

"I'm not sure I believed you. I thought I'd blown it completely, and I wouldn't have blamed you if you'd said no."

"How could I have said no? I love you, I never stopped."

I gulped, trying to keep the tears from welling in my eyes. "I'm so glad Nick. I couldn't stop thinking about you. Wanting you next to me, at night, in the morning, all day long."

"What's changed?"

"I figured out what was really important in my life. I realized that my life felt empty without you. I came back to see if you still love me the way I love you. I came here to ask you if you'd marry me."

Her throaty laugh was filled with irony. "You can't marry me; you're already married to your career. What would Uncle Sam say if he knew you were a polygamist!"

I looked into her eyes and saw the hurt she tried to hide, the uncertainty in their depths. "Nick, Uncle Sam can kiss my ass. He can't hurt me or you ever again. I turned down the promotion, and the assignment. I've retired baby."

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "It's really true, I'm retired. No more assignments, no more deployments, no more calls at three in the morning...no more Uncle Sam. I want things to be different this time. I want to show you, and the world, how much I love you. I want to marry you, openly, without hiding who I am, and who you are to me."

I reached under the pillow and pulled the velvet box into view and opened it. Her eyes dilated and filled again with tears. Taking the platinum band surrounded with diamonds and sapphires from the box, I took her left hand and looked back into her eyes. "Please Nicky, marry me."

Tears spilling from her glorious eyes again, she gave me a blazing smile. "Yes Lou, I'll marry you. I love you so much. I've missed you so badly. I couldn't bring myself to be with anyone else after you, it just wouldn't have filled the void you left in my heart."

"I'm so sorry it took me so long to figure all of this out. I want us to be together, I want you baby."

"Shut up and give me that ring!"

I laughed and put the ring on her finger, liking how it looked against her tan skin. Still the sparkle of the diamonds paled in comparison to the sparkle in her eyes.

"Is it true you knocked some butch on her ass when she tried to dance with you?"

She laughed a strong, truly happy belly laugh that shook us both. Oh how I'd missed that laugh. "Yes, it's true. She was very handsome, but she wasn't you, and it pissed me off that she thought I was hers for the asking." She looked at me appraisingly. "You have more white in your hair."

It was my turn to laugh. "Yes, I'm told I can now be classified as a roan!"

We laughed together. It felt so good to laugh with her again. The hole in my soul was filled, my heart soothed, my life made whole.

"So how did you know it was me when I pressed behind you?" I asked her mystified.

"It was the cuff links. I had them made for you. There isn't another set like them anywhere. They are like you, my darling...one of a kind."

"Do you want to stay here tonight? Or would you like to go home?"

"Hmmm. Let me think about that." She gently pulled the cock from within her and regarded it for a moment. Then said, "It's a little bit short, but I think I'd like to have another private pole dance here before we go home."

I laughed again, "Anything you want baby."

"I love you. Thank you for coming home to me."

"I love you too. Would you like to dance?"