

Moroccan Booty Shakers...

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What every man should know about Moroccan booty shaking women...

Published on
Booksie

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I met two sexy Moroccan women in a pub the other night...

I couldn't understand a word they were saying and they didn't speak any English, either. But there was a good vibe between us. And so, we hung out and had a lot of fun regardless.

We ended up in a nightclub. And not long after we entered, it became blatantly apparent to me that these girls could dance.

Now, when I say they could dance, what I really mean is that these girls were professional booty shakers.

They were obviously skilled in the fine art of provocative tail feather movements.

Now Don't Get Me Wrong!

It's not like I've never seen a woman shake her ass on the dance floor before. If anything, I've probably seen more of this carry on than most.

After all, I've boogied on down in over 20 different countries across 3 of the 4 continents in the world.

So trust me when I say: I've seen some booty shaking in my day.

But these girls were different.

They could do things with their butt cheeks

that I'd never seen before!

But, for the most part, they just liked to throw it around to the beat of the music and have a lot of fun.

In one instance, I had just gotten a drink from the bar when one girl positioned herself in front of me and the other flanked me from the rear.

The two started grinding up against me from either side.

It Was Like A Booty Sandwich And

I Was The Meat In The Middle!

At one stage, my feet left the ground. The two of them must have *bucked* at the same time and I was LAUNCHED into the air and tossed counter-clockwise to the rhythm of the music like a rag doll.

Sweet Jesus, I thought to myself as the Rum and Coke I was cuddling *SPILLED* all over my arm and onto my jeans some innocent bystander could unknowingly enter our boogie zone and get leveled

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by a rogue butt-cheek that came out of NOWHERE!

But rather than doing what most guys do in the club i.e., stand at the bar with a drink in their hand, trying to look cool (they never look cool, just lonely and horny) I played these two party monsters at their own game.

I wish I could say it was a conscious decision. But the truth is, the minute that Rum hit my blood stream, it seemed to unleash a surge of FUNK in my system that took over and forced me quite literally to

Get Down On It

Man-oh-man, it was one fun night

We drank like sailors and danced into the wee hours of the morning like music was gonna be BANNED the next day.

I wish I could tell you how the night ended, but it's all a blur. I don't even know how I got home.

I just know I woke up the next day with a record-breaking hangover, a disturbing bruise between my crotch and belly button and an illegible name and phone number written on the back of a dirty napkin.

Oh well.

Whatever ;-)

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