Exposing Cindy - spring break

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my future husband makes me aware of new aspects of my sexuality...

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Volume I – Exposing Cindy: Spring Break

Chapter one: setting the context

I was raised in the Midwest, Ohio to be precise, and my move to south Louisiana, to attend college, was a culture shock of biblical proportions for me. I arrived on the LSU campus, an innocent 17 year old product of an ‘all girls Catholic school’, quite naïve and a bit overwhelmed. I had received a partial academic scholarship to attend Louisiana State, which made this my lowest cost option to get a college education. I was enrolled in electrical engineering at a time when men still dominated this field. That’s right boys and girls, I was not a typical ‘dumb blonde’, I was considered smart by most any standard.

As a very cute, 5 ft. 4 in. blonde with large green eyes and a very petite figure with pert breasts, I immediately attracted considerable attention from the male dominated engineering college.

Coming from a sheltered, all girls private academy in Ohio, I was not used to much male attention, certainly not this level of admiration. Coupled with the fact that the South Louisiana culture is more open, brazen and, to be quite honest, crude, I was a bit intimated.

I pretty much stayed to myself the first month I was there, until I met Jim, a sophomore Chemical engineer who seemed to sense my discomfort and was smart enough to avoid coming on to strong, too fast.

I will give you a peak at the end of the story up front, Jim and I eventually married, and remain married today, two decades later. But that is not terribly relevant to this particular chain of events. But this story launched our relationship on a unique path, that has made us a stronger couple and more committed to each other.

By Christmas, Jim and I were dating exclusively, having great sex, and were starting to discuss

making this relationship permanent some day. I had my 18 th birthday in November which Jim said made him feel a little less like a child molester. The story takes place over spring break, during my freshman year.

Chapter 2: the drive

During spring break, Jim suggested we take a trip to the beach at Pensacola, FL; which was a six hour drive from Baton Rouge. Having never been to Florida, the trip sounded like fun week of drinking (even though I was not of legal drinking age), beach, sun and sex.

We headed out, east on I-10 out of Baton Rouge after my last class on Friday, hitting the road about 2:30 p.m. Jim was driving his late 70's Olds Cutlass convertible with the top down. He loved this car; I told him I tolerated it. In truth, I hated it. Driving with the top down tangled my long blond hair and made me feel sweaty and grimy. But Jim loved riding with the wind blowing all directions around us, so I put up with this.

Since the weather was nice and the sun was out, I decided to get a 'jump start' on my tan, and wore my bikini under my shorts and tee shirt. With the heat of sun slightly behind us as we headed east, I 'shucked my shorts and tee shirt', reclined the seat and sunbathed between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. I was wearing a red and white striped bikini that was very flattering to my figure. While the bikini was not obscene, it hid little. I have small, pert breasts with perpetually erect nipples, which were evident under the thin fabric of the bikini top. The bottom was cut high, and gave me a bit o a 'camel toe' appearance as it hugged my vagina. Jim loved me in this bikini.

After we were on the road about 30 minutes, Jim reached over and untied the top from around my neck, and began to pull it down, exposing my tits.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked, slightly shocked.

"Let's give the girls a little sun too". Jim continued to pull my top free. The tie in the back came free easily as he pulled the top form my chest.

"Jim, people can see!"

"No they can't. Not when you are lying back the way you are. Not unless they are in a truck looking down."

"Well there are plenty of trucks on the road!" I protested, trying to grab my top back again.

“Cindy, these poor truck drivers live the most monotonous life on the road. A quick little flash of your pretty titties will be the high point of their entire trip. Give the guys a little thrill. What can it hurt?”

“Jim, I can’t do that. It’s way to embarrassing.” I said covering my breast with my folded arms.

“Just relax and try it. It will be fun. It will break the boredom of our drive. You will enjoy this, trust me.”

I had to admit that the wickedness of such an act had its appeal. And there did not seem to be any harm. It did seem kind of exciting to flash men I did not know with no risk to me. I laid back in the seat, with my arms folded over my chest for several minutes before a slowly unfolded my arms, and felt the warmth of the sun on my breasts.

It took several minutes until we were approaching a large eighteen wheeler, passing him on his left. I felt my pulse quicken as we approached the cab of the truck, realizing some poor unsuspecting truck driver was going to be subjected to my bare titties. I closed my eyes, too embarrassed to look up at the driver as we passed. I felt Jim slow down as I heard the large truck beside us, and I realized that Jim was maintaining a speed to maximize my exposure. “Jim, speed up! Don’t just stay next to him.”

“Aw, let him enjoy the view for a minute, Cindy.”

I opened my eyes and looked up right into the face of a truck driver, I estimate to have been 30 years old. He smiled broadly, gave me a ‘thumbs up’, made a licking motion with his tongue and then gave his horn a long blast in tribute to my bare breasts. I was so embarrassed, but excited too. I admit it was exhilarating. After 90 seconds or so, Jim pulled ahead of the truck, and the driver let loose yet another long blast of the horn.

A few moments later, the same truck came barreling up along side us, matching our speed; the driver clearly wanting another viewing.

Word must have been broadcast pretty quickly on the truck driver’s CB radios, because for the next 45 minutes there was a convoy of trucks playing lead frog to get next to us and see my bare titties. I was scared that I had created this commotion, but the fact that a line of men in trucks were clamoring to look at me was exciting, and flattering. I admit, I enjoyed this.

In the middle of the convoy of eighteen wheelers, a pickup truck with a raised suspension drove along side us, and a young man was getting his share of the “Cindy eye candy” show. He drove along side us for three or four miles. Jim and his driver seemed to have some secret communication going on that I still do not understand. I was getting quite nervous. “Jim, let’s pull away from this guy.”

“OK. We need gas anyway.” And Jim sped up pulled in front of the pickup truck and took the next exit.

This sudden exit took me by surprise. “Jim, what are you doing?” I asked in a panic. “I don’t have my top on.” I pointed out as though this fact was lost on him. As I scrambled to grab my tee shirt, get it turned right side out and over my head, Jim was pulling into a large filling station.

“I need to get gas.” No one can see anything.

I knew that was bull shit, as I managed to get my shirt on just before we arrived at the pumps. I was embarrassed and angry, and excited. Just when I was about to give Jim hell for this stunt, I was shocked to have the driver of the pickup truck that we had just been playing “show Cindy’s titties to” pulled up to the island immediately next to ours.

The driver, who was in his early 20’s, reminded me of Jethro from the ‘Beverly Hill Billies’. He was a big, muscular guy; not really bad looking; but had a redneck demeanor that simply was not for me.

He got out of his truck, started gassing it up and struck up a conversation with Jim, initially ignoring me completely. I did not know I was pissed or relieved at the fact that Jethro had been gawking at my tits moments earlier, did not seem to want to acknowledge that I existed.

“How ya’ll doing today?” he asked in a southern drawl.

Jim responded, “We’re doing fine.”

Jethro’s distant cousin continued the conversation, “That’s a pretty woman you got there..”

Jim response had a strange uncharacteristic drawl to it that puzzled me. “Why thank you. She is kind of cute, isn’t she?” OK, did Jim just suddenly become a red neck? And why were these two knuckle draggin’ morons talking about me like I was not even there?

Jethro kept the conversation going, “There is a rest stop up the road about 4 miles. You and the lady wanna stop and have a few beers there? My treat.”

Jim smiled broadly, shook his head politely, and said, “No thanks, can’t do it. We got to make it to Florida by sundown. But thanks for the offer.”

“OK. Sorry you two can’t join me. We could have had some fun.” Jethro’s cousin then walked over to the driver’s side of our car, leaned in and asked, “What’s your name little lady?”

I answered “Cindy.” Without really looking at him. I could feel me face burning a bright red, I was so embarrassed by this situation.

“Well, Cindy, I want to thank you for the show. You are a beautiful young girl. I won’t forget you. You really are a sexy lady.” Then looking at Jim, he said, “You are a lucky man. A lucky man indeed.”

He got in his truck and pulled out ahead of us. Jim finished gassing up the car, and we proceeded to pull back onto the intestate.

“I have never been so embarrassed in my life.” I was fuming. “That Neanderthal was a jerk.”

“What’s the big deal. He was actually a pretty nice guy, or at least he seemed like a nice guy.” Jim countered. “You made his day. He’ll be telling his buddies about you for years. He’ll probably beat off tonight thinking about your gorgeous titties. You should be flattered.”

“I am anything but flattered. I am mortified.” But in reality, I was excited, nervous, a bit scared, and yes, even a bit flattered. I just took a bit of a stroll on the wicked side of the street. It was dangerous, or so it felt; it was definitely exciting. And, although I would not admit it to Jim, now that it was over, I did kind of like the exhilaration of the experience.

Jim had the good sense not to ask me to remove my top again for the remainder of the drive to Pensacola. And within an hour, I had gotten past my ‘mad’ and was talking to him in friendly terms once again.

We got to the hotel, which was fairly ‘low budget’ but clean. Our room was directly across a busy street to the beach. The more upscale hotels and condos actually backed up to the beach themselves; but they were clearly out of our price range. We checked in and I immediately showered to rinse the dust and sweat off. There was a large bar, Slippery Dick’s, that was open on the beach 2 blocks down the way, and we decided to go there for burgers and beer for dinner. We walked to the bar so that drinking and driving would not be a concern.

At Jim’s encouragement, I wore a pair of white daisy dukes, sandals and a pale blue sleeveless shirt, sans bra. As we walked along the beach to ‘Slippery Dick’s’, Jim told me I looked fabulous. He reasoned that the truck drivers on I-10 should not be the only ones thinking about my luscious body tonight. I must admit, I enjoyed the admiring and lustful gazes I received from the guys passing us by.

The night was fun, but mostly uneventful. We ate, played pool, and we drank just enough to feel good, but not enough to feel bad the next morning. At about midnight, we left the bar and walked along the beach. We removed our sandals and shoes and walked ankle deep in the waves.

Jim took hold of me and kissed me deeply as the waves massaged our feet and calves. His hand quickly found my breast, tweaking my already erect nipple. I felt the bulge in Jim's short throbbing rhythmically against me belly. After a brief moment of necking in this very romantic situation by the waterfront, Jim broke off the kiss and said, "Let's get back to the room."

"Now that's my big guy talking, sounds like a plan." And we walked up a boardwalk to the pier headed to our hotel room for some torrid fucking. Along the way we past a topless bar, The Shingle Shack, that advertised college girls as exotic dancers. The billboard sign by the front door caught Jim's attention: 'Amateur Night, $100 first prize, Saturday, Tuesday and Thursday nights'.

"Cindy, you have got to enter this contest tomorrow." Jim said with obvious excitement.

"No way. You are out of your mind. I am not going to strip for a bunch of drunk, howling college students."

"Bunny, it would be so hot. You would win, no doubt about it. It would be fun. What what's the downside?"

"Why would you want me to do this? This is weird." I asked in obvious confusion. I really did not understand why someone who claimed to love me would want me to strip in front of a room full of strangers.

"I don't know. I guess I think you are so gorgeous, so sexy, that I get a charge showing you off a bit. I like having all these guys lust after you, and I know, and they know, you belong to me. That you are mine."

""It would be too embarrassing. I couldn't do it." Deep inside, the thought of dancing topless in front to a strange group of college guys did have a naughty, bad girl appeal to me. I could not help by think what Sr. Mary Pius from my all girls Catholic high school would say if she knew sweet little innocent Cindy was dancing in a Pensacola tittie bar! The thought of shocking the habit off Sr. Mary was almost reason enough to do this by itself. "What if there is someone I know in the bar?"

I think Jim realized that I was wrestling with this and if he was persistent enough, he'd have me on the stage. "What are the chances that someone you know will be in the same bar you are dancing in tomorrow night. We are 400 miles from school."

"I don't know." Clearly I was wavering.

We were in the parking lot of our hotel at this point of the conversation, and our attention shifted from tomorrow night's potential amateur contest to the carnal pleasures of tonight.

I was slightly drunk and quite tired; and as I suspected, those two factors combined to eliminate any hope of my having an orgasm on the first night in Pensacola. Jim and I made love, and I enjoyed the closeness and affection. Although Jim did enter and cum inside me, he was disappointed he could not get me over the hump, so to speak.

Chapter 3: the contest

We spent the next day at the beach, playing in the surf, and drinking margaritas. It was a great day. We returned to the room around 3 p.m., made love and took a nap. We awoke around 7 p.m., tired, a bit sunburned and hungry.

Jim selected my outfit for the night. He instructed me to wear my pale green shear bra and panties, a beige wrap around skirt that buttoned up the front and a ivory silk blouse that accentuated my breasts perfectly. I chose to wear some high heel FMPs (fuck me pumps). I suspected; no, actually I knew Jim was expecting me to enter into that contest tonight. And I loved him enough to do just that. Besides, Jim was right; 'what's the downside?'

I was nervous, anxious, and a bit scared. Over dinner, I broached the subject, "Jim, do you really want me to enter that contest?"

"Cindy, I think it would be such a turn on to see you dance tonight. I would be so proud of you. It gets me hot just to think about you up on the stage like that."

"If I do this, I am doing it for you. Are you sure you can handle seeing me virtually naked in front of all those guys?"

"Baby, I know I can handle it. I know I will be busting with pride, knowing you are mine."

"OK, I am not saying I will do this, but we can go by the place to check it out tonight."

The smile on Jim's face beamed, and my pulse quickened. I drank two more margaritas after dinner to garner up the liquid courage I would need to even enter the 'tittie bar'. I remember thinking that it is strange that these bars were so lax about serving underage college kids alcohol. I was 18, and the legal drinking age was 21 in Florida at the time. But I was served nonetheless. And I had a nice buzz on when we headed to the topless bar.

We got to the ‘Shingle sShack’ around 9 p.m. With the exception of the stage, the room was dimly lit and the music was too loud. There was a bar at one side, and a small stage opposite it.

Jim led me to a couch against the wall. I sat down still surveying this place, still trying to take it all in. There was a young girl on the stage as we walked in, dancing in a halter top and panties. She had a lovely body, but quite honestly, she was not that pretty in the face.

The waitress came up to take our order, Jim ordered a beer and a margarita for me.

“I’ll need some ID.” The waitress said in a ‘matter of fact’ tone.

Jim pulled out his driver’s license demonstrating that he was the requisite 21 years of age, and nonchalantly said, “my girlfriend left her ID back a the room.”

“I am sorry, but I can’t serve her alcohol if she doesn’t have ID.”

To this day, it pisses me off when people talk to Jim about me in my presence with the implication that I am not there, I don’t exist, or I am too stupid to answer for myself. “I’ll just have a coke then.” I interjected. I had been drinking all afternoon, still had a nice buzz going from the two margaritas after dinner, so this was not a major problem for me.

Next to us, a dancer was in a deep conversation with three college aged kids. She was wearing a shawl, tied at the waist, as a wrap-around ‘skirt’ of sorts and a halter top. The ‘skirt’ was open in the front as she sat there exposing her panties to the guys. I watched for a moment and saw her continue to place her hands on the guys thighs as they talked in a blatant flirtation. Part of me admired her for the way she controlled the action; she really had these three guys eating out of the palm of her hand. I looked at Jim and said, “I’ll bet they are discussing politics or the stock market, huh?”

“Probably not.” was Jim’s response.

By now the girl on the stage had removed her top and was dancing with her breasts swaying to the enjoyment of the crowd. Her breasts were large, firm and impressive; much more impressive than my sized 34, B-cup little titties. “Jim, these guys do not want to see my itty, bitty titties when they have jugs like that to gawk at.”

“Cindy, you have the cutest figure, and the perkiest breasts in here. These guys are going to go wild over you. Trust me on this one. A lot of guys like small, pert breast better than big floppy ones.”

I accepted his comment without response; listening, but not necessarily accepting what he had to

say.

Jim called one of the waitress/dancers over, “My girl friend wants to enter the contest tonight. What do we need to do?”

“She’ll need to speak to the manager.” She looked at me and said, “Come with me sweetie.” I hesitated momentarily before realizing that the decision point was here; I could either protest and refuse to do this, or I could comply with Jim’s request and bare myself in front of this roomful of strangers. I got up and followed her to an office behind the bar.

“What’s your name, sweetie?” she asked. I was guessing she was in her late 20’s or early 30’s.

“Cindy. What is yours?”

“My stage name is Erica, but my real name is Dannie.” I was curious why she felt the need to have a stage name, but chose not to ask. She opened the door to the office behind the bar and I stepped into a cluttered office with an overweight, balding man behind the desk. “Sam, this is Cindy. She wants todance tonight.” And she closed the door behind me as she left. I felt my pulse increase as the door closed leaving me alone with this less than attractive manager.

“How old are you?”

“18” I responded.

“I need to see your ID.”

“It is in my purse with my boyfriend” I responded.

“Go get it. You don’t look 18 to me.” He said with no emotion.

I quickly retrieved my purse from Jim and returned to Sam’s office, removing my driver’s license that showed I was nearly five months past my 18th birthday.

Sam glanced at my driver’s license, nodded, and said, “OK. Remove your top.”

I blushed deeply and simply said, “what?” He repeated the instructions. My reponse was equally curt, “why?”

“I need to watch you put band aids on your nipples. It’s the law.” And he fumbled in his desk drawer

before producing two small circular band aids, the kind the school nurses place over vaccinations. I was completely caught off guard and stood there motionless. Sam was growing impatient and said, “Look, you are going to get on stage in front of that rowdy bunch of drunks out there, what’s the problem with this?”

I guess he was right, but the close quarters and one-on-one situation made this feel different. I removed my blouse, unhooked my bra, and fumbled unwrapping the band aids, my hands were literally shaking.

“Calm down honey. You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.” It was the first show of compassion I'd seen from this guy. In fact, it was the first show that he was even human.

I got the band aids in place over my nipple. They did not even begin to cover my areolas, which while not huge, were certainly much larger than the one inch diameter of the band aid. “This is stupid, these don’t cover anything.”

“On the contrary, they cover my ass with the local police.” Sam chuckled. “I also need to see your panties.”

“Why?” We were going to repeat this same dance, one more time.

“To make sure they are not going to get you arrested or me shut down.”

So standing there, with my tits covered only my small little band aids, I slowly hiked up me skirt to expose my panties to this stranger. Standing there, like a bad little girl was scary, humiliating, and exciting all at the same time. For some strange reason, I became aware of my pulse in my clitoris as I played this game of ‘I’ll show you mine’ with Sam.

“You can’t dance in those.”

“I can’t? Why not?” I was fearful that after all this I would not be able to fulfill Jim’s request tonight, and I was honestly disappointed at that thought.

“They are too shear. I can see though them. And the vice cops are especially strict over spring break with you out of state college kids. Sam reached back into his desk and handed me a neatly folded g-string. “Here put this on.”

I looked at this small triangle held by three strings and could only say, “I can’t dance in my panties, but I can dance in this?”

“Yeah, silly isn’t it. But ‘showing your ass’ does not violate any obscenity laws; wearing ‘see-through panties’ does, according to the wisdom of our local judges.” I turned to leave with the g-string, thinking I would change in the rest room. Sam stopped me, “Honey, I need to see you put that on here before I can let you dance. I can’t take a chance of you deciding to go on stage with your panties.”

I felt my heart pounding in my chest. I was not going to strip here in the office and flash my pussy to this middle-aged fat man. I decided I could accomplish this task without removing my skirt, and reached up underneath and pulled my panties down. In my nervousness, I got the panties caught on my shoe and seemed to be unable to free myself momentarily. God, I was nervous.

“Calm down honey. This is all OK. You’ve never done this before, have you?” I shook my head, as I freed the panty from the buckle on my pump and donned the g-string. I was actually scared, of what I do not know; but I was scared. The string between my ass cheeks felt peculiar. I now understood why people called the thong underwear ‘butt floss’.

I put back on my blouse, without replacing my bra, my nipples aided by the band aids pressed obscenely against the material making it obvious to anyone I was not wearing a bra. I picked up my bra and panties and said, “What’s next?’

“Go back and sit with your boyfriend and one of the waitresses with get you when it is your turn to dance. You will do two sets of three songs. Most girls start out dressed and get down to their g-string by the end of the first song. Then you will dance two more songs with just your g-string for tips. College kids don’t tip well, but you should get some money. Rule number one, do not let anyone touch your breast or your pussy while you are dancing on stage; the cops will arrest you for that. After your second set of three songs, we’ll bring you and the other dancers on stage and based on applause, the MC will select a winner. Have fun and relax, you’ll do fine.”

I picked up my bra and panties and left. MaybeSam wasn’t such a jerk after all.

Jim was nervously waiting for my return, and his anxiety showed. “What happened? You were gone quite a while.”

I handed Jim my bra and panties, and said nothing. I decided to tease him a bit. The expression on his face was a mixture of shock, excitement and amazement. “what’s this?” he asked in a puzzled and shocked tone.

“I had to remove them for the interview.” I said matter of factly. “It was a very ‘in depth’ interview.” I

loved the reaction I was getting.

“Why did you have to remove your underwear?”

“I guess he wanted to determine if I had what it took to dance here tonight.”

“Did he touch you? Did he do anything to you?” Jim seemed panicked. At the same time, he was definitely excited.

“Don’t worry.” I responded. “We’ll talk about it later. You did want me to do what it took to be able to dance for you tonight, didn’t you?” I glanced at his crotch and I could see a tent forming. This was getting him aroused. He enjoyed the thought of me dropping my drawers in the back room. Interesting. I reached over and gently ran my fingers across his crotch, verifying the stiffness in his loins. “This turns you on a little bit, doesn’t it? Thinking of what I had to do for you so I could strip in front of all these men?” I did not let my fingers linger, but I wanted Jim to know that I was aware that this whole scenario aroused him.

Jim did not address my comments directly, changing the subject slightly, “So you don’t have anything on under your clothes?”

I pulled me skirt up to flash him, but I did it quickly enough that, in the dark of the bar, he could not tell what he saw. “You see what I have on when I get on stage, same as everyone else in here.” I was just starting to understand the power that I potentially had over not only Jim, but all these men.

I watched the regular dancers on stage to get an idea of protocols. They would dance, removing their tops during the first dance, and then dance topless two additional songs for a three song set. The tips would start on the second song; guys would approach the edge of the elevated stage with dollar bills, the girls would squat down and pull the waist band of their g-string or panties away from themselves, allowing the guys to place a folded dollar into their g-string. Some girls would give the guys a glimpse of their pussies as the pulled the waist band away, some would give the guys a quick kiss to thank them for the tip. But I found it very stimulating that guys would line up to give girls money for showing their tits.

After watching this for a while, I became convinced, not only could I do this, I would enjoy it. I also watched girls giving guys ‘table dances’ for one-on-one attention. The girls would strip down to their g-string and dance for guys at their table, but there was considerable touching going on. The girls would typically have the guy lean back, push his legs apart and dance between his legs, pretending to perform oral sex, touching him on his inner thighs and dragging her hair across his crotch. It was sexy to see the guys’ lustful expressions as they paid to be teased by these girls. And god, I loved the

power these ladies had over these men; yes, it aroused me just to watch this raw power.

After about 45 minutes, Erica, aka Dannie, stopped by, “sweetie, you are up the girl after this dancer. You need to get with the DJ and pick out your music.” With that she led me back to a small booth off the stage where Jeff, the DJ played the music for the dancers. Jeff was a good looking guy, about 25, and was really kind of nice. He made several suggestions, and I selected three songs for my first step; and three sounds for my second set. And I waited as my pulse raced and I tried to control the anxiety attack that was imminent as I realized I was going to be a topless dancer in a very few minutes.

I entered the stage will a unique combination of exhilaration, fear and excitement. I danced in front of a roomful of horny young men, and some older men as well. I started by removing my skirt, leaving me in a g-string, heels and a silk blouse. My ass was visible under the tail of my blouse, my pussy covered by a small triangle of material held in place by three strings.

I slowly unbuttoned my blouse, and by the end of the first song, the crowd was cheering, my nipples were firmly erect, my pussy was moist, and my blouse was off. I was on display wearing only my g-string and heels. I feel like my veins were in fire. I can’t explain it, but it was more than a sexual excitement. But sexual does not do justice to the excitement I felt at that moment. I was wicked, and powerful, and sexy, and several other emotions, all together in a combination I have never before experienced.

The next song started and I danced to the cheers and applause of the room. Boys, or men if you prefer, lined up to put dollar bills in my g-string. God, I loved this feeling of these men lusting and cheering.

One distinguished looking man with salt and pepper hair approached the stage. He was about 45 and was wearing a suit. He waited patiently for me to dance over to him and stop in front of him slightly as he put a $20 bill in my g-string by my hip. He motioned for me to turn my other side, and put another $20 in the other side. He smiled and thanked me, telling me that I was beautiful. I bent over and gave him a quick kiss, before continuing my dance routine.

I finished my third song to loud cheers and applause. I was ecstatic with the response of the crowd. I was starting to perspire a bit from dancing under the lights and the excitement of it all. My g-string was stuff with dollar bills, and two twenties for the handsome distinguished gentleman. I went back stage and a couple of the regular dancers told me that I did great. I was beaming.

I put my blouse and skirt on, and returned to the table where Jim was waiting. “Baby, you were great. Everybody loved you.”

I could not help but smile proudly. “I think they did.” I agreed. “I got $54 in tips too.” That was the two $20 bills and 14 singles. I felt great. “Did you like seeing me up there on stage? I did this for you, ya know.”

“Oh hell yes, I liked seeing you up there. Every guy in the place is jealous of me. Every one.” Jim was obviously proud as well.

“Did you see that older guy in the suit? He tipped me $40!”

“No shit! He really liked you.” Jim looked around the bar and spotted the guy. About this time, the waitress brought over a beer for Jim and a coke for me, “the gentleman at the bar bought these for you.” She motioned over to me new friend, Dave. Jim said to me, “you should go and tell him thank you, and ask him if he would join us at our table.”

“Should I? Is it OK if I do?” Jim smiles and nodded his approval.

“But show a little skin when you do.” Jim reached over and undid the top several buttons of my blouse so that it flared open displaying my tits as I walked. I thought, ‘why not?’

I approached him and his face lit up. “I wanted to thank you for the tip and drinks; it was really sweet of you.” And I bent over and kissed him, but instead of quickly pulling back, I fully engaged his lips and sat on his lap. After a few seconds, I parted my lips and allowed him tongue to enter my mouth slightly, and I sucked it in. I wanted this guy to remember this kiss all night, all week, all year. And, my god, he was a good kisser. I felt the unmistakable throbbing of his cock on y ass & legs as I sat on his lap. He might be in his 40’s, this guys equipment still works I thought to myself with a smile.

“It is me that should be thanking you.” He said, looking at me with a combination of lust and admiration. “What is your name?”

“Cindy. What’s yours?” I said a flirtatiously as I could, with a slight wiggle of my ass into his crotch as I continued to sit on his lap.

“Dave. My name is Dave. It is a pleasure to meet you Cindy.”

“Pleasure to meet you as well, Dave. I just wanted to stop by to thank you. Would you care to join my boyfriend and me at our table?”

Dave was eager to join us, and he placed his hand at the small of my back to escort me back to my

table. AS I looked at Jim, and saw him smiling broadly, I knew Jim had witnessed the tongue probing I had just received from Dave. I made brief introductions and the guys hit it off like long time friends.

Jim thanked Dave for the drinks and, in repayment, Jim told me that I should give Dave a table dance at the same time. I was both embarrassed and intrigued by the thought, “I don’t even know how to do that.” I protested.

“Sure you do. Just do what the other girls are doing.”

So I stood, removed my blouse and skirt, and danced at our table for Dave. With my hands on his shoulders, I giggled my tits in his face, I turned and wiggled my bare ass against he crotch; I felt his dick pulse against my ass. I liked his responsiveness. Then, as I witnessed other girls doing, I knelt in front of him, pushed his knees apart, letting my long blonde hair fall across his lap and feigned a blow job. Only I did not understand the absolutely no touching rules, and I was running my hands across his penis through his pants, and occasionally actually kissing his dick through the thin material of his suit. I was amazed, excited and encouraged as his penis grew erect under his pants in response to me attention. And it was a nice sized piece of equipment.

Two things became very clear: one, even though really enjoyed my attention; and two, I realized my pussy was getting moist in response to Dave’s response. I was becoming aroused by touching Dave through the material of his trousers.

As I said, being a genuine amateur at the practice of table dancing; I did not realize I have violated the house rules so blatantly, or that my conduct was so obvious. Halfway through the dance, while kneeling in front of Dave, gently massaging his now fully erect penis through his pants, the bouncer came up behind me and told me I had to leave.

There was a bit of commotion, between Jim, Dave and the bouncer. I tried to explain that I did not know the rules. But all three of us were asked, actually instructed, to leave the premises immediately. I was embarrassed, and tried to don my skirt and blouse as Jim, Dave and the bouncer discussed this matter, but I only got my blouse on, but not buttoned, as I was escorted to the parking lot, with my skirt in my hands.

Dave tried to address my obvious humiliation at being thrown out of a tittie bar. “I am so sorry that happened. They are real sticklers for the rules there. I guess they have had some problems with some of their girls and the police….” Dave tried to explain.

“I am so embarrassed. I did not realize that was not allowed….” I tried to explain.

Jim merely said, “There are a bunch of assholes…”

I put on my skirt just outside the front door of the bar to the stares of about a dozen passers by. The three of us had attracted some attention.

“I have a beach home about a mile from here. It has a beautiful deck overlooking the ocean with a hot tub. Why don’t you two come by, I will fix us a couple of drinks on the deck and we can calm down a bit?” Dave offered.

Since we had left our car at the hotel, down the street, Dave offered t drive us to his home, and drive us back to the hotel whenever we wanted. Jim accepted the offer without consulting me. I was a little miffed about not having a say in this, but a drink on the Dave’s deck seemed to be a nice way to salvage something of the evening. We got in Dave’s BMW and made the short drive to his home.

Chapter four – the beach house

Dave’s home was beautifully laid out, and tastefully decorated. On the drive we learned that he was recently divorced after a rocky marriage that lasted 17 years. Dave made a pitcher of margaritas and served Jim and me on the back deck, which had a great nighttime view of the beach and the ocean. There was a large, partially secluded, hot tub on the deck as well that was bubbling and steaming in a very inviting manner.

Although he was older than anyone I would have considered dating, I found Dave to be educated, interesting, charming and attractive. In a great many ways, he reminded me of my father, although I would never tell Dave or Jim that.

“Would you two like to relax in the hot tub?” Dave asked as innocently as he could.

“I didn’t exactly bring my suit with me.” I said coyly.

“That’s OK, Dave won’t peak. Will you Dave?” Jim joked.

“Absolutely not. I’m like a boy scout.” Dave said and he crossed his heart with feigned sincerity.

I still had on the g-string from the club, my blouse and my skirt, and those infernal band aids that Sam had insisted I put on. “Do you know they make the girls where band aids on their nipples? I had to put them on before they would let me dance. They are driving me nuts.” I complained.

Jim immediately saw yet another opportunity. “Well I bet Dave and I could take them off for you.

Couldn’t we Dave?”

“Absolutely we could.” Dave agreed.

Jim moved over towards me and began unbuttoning my blouse. “Wait a second, you two just want another look at my cute little titties. And I don’t think I trust either of you to remove these band aids without yanking my nipples off.”

By now Jim had my blouse open and was inviting Dave to join him in removing the band aids. “Dave, which one of these beauties do you want to take care of?” Jim asked playfully. I made no real attempt to dissuade either of them as I was enjoying the attention from these two men.

And with that, they each started picking at the band aids, trying to get a hold of an edge. And my already erect nipples began responding to the night air, the attention and the very fact that they were on display. I was enjoying being a very bad, very naught little girl.

“Careful now. Don’t hurt me.” I cautioned. There was no question, I was become more aroused by the situation, the attention, the fondling of my nipples and the thoughts where this might lead. They each removed their band aid about the same time, and I yelped a loud “Ouch, that hurt.”

Jim, never one to miss an opening, responded, “Dave let’s kiss them and make them better for her.” And each man took his respective nipple in his mouth and gently sucked, kissed and tongued it as I massaged both heads against my breasts. It was ecstasy. It was the first time I had ever had both nipples sucked at once; and ladies, it was wonderfully decadent.

I could feel my pussy growing moist and my clit throbbing as two handsome men nurse my tender nipples. I realized that Jim was setting me up our first threesome, and the very thought of what might happen tonight had me in aroused state already. I lved being the center of these two men’s attention.

Jim stood me up and removed my skirt, leaving me in my heels and a stolen (borrowed?) g-string. I leaned forward to kiss him deeply. Standing with my arms around my boyfriend’s neck, and I felt Dave approach me from behind, and his fingers began slowly tracing up my thighs, between my legs. I whispered in Jim’s ear, “Honey, are you sure you want me to do this? Are you OK with what is happening?”

“Baby, I am more than OK with this.” Jim responded.

“OK, honey. Last chance.” I hissed in his ear. “He is getting ready to finger your baby’s tight and wet little pussy.” These words seemed to stimulate Jim even more, and he kissed me deeply again. As

Dave knelt behind me, pulled the string of the g-string aside, and his fingers found the wet folds of my very aroused pussy.

I felt myself instinctively spread my leg slightly, as I moaned into Jim's mouth; and I arched my hips backwards to accept his fingers inside of me. "Baby, he's doing it. He's got his fingers inside of me." I whispered in Jim's ear.

Jim sat back down on his chair, guiding me to bend over, and I balanced myself on the arms of Jim's chair giving Dave unrestricted access to probe my pussy fully from behind. I pushed back to accept now two fingers deep into my vagina. Dave massaged the front wall of my pussy, finding my very sensitive g-spot. I moaned for both my men to hear. "God, that feels good."

I looked into Jim's eyes with lust and love, as I rocked back against the finger fucking I was getting from our new friend. There is something terribly erotic and sexy about being fingered by a stranger while your boyfriend watches.

I was aroused; my pussy was open and very wet. "Give me another finger, please." I begged Dave, and immediately, I was being stretched open to my limit as he began probing me with three insistent fingers. I know some women claim to enjoy 'fisting', but these three fingers were all this girl and her tight little pussy could handle. I was wide open and quite full. Dave was now kneeling behind me to give him the angle to access my 'now dilated' pussy more readily.

Jim looked at me with admiration, lust and love as he watched my face express the pleasure I was experiencing as Dave stretched and probed me from behind. I could see from the massive tent in Jim's pants that this whole scene aroused him. Would he still be OK with this, and with me tomorrow when the 'deed was done'? I was unsure, but tonight he wanted to 'share me', of that I was certain.

I continued to moan as my arousal built, as I braced myself on the arms of Jim's chair, rocking back to meet Dave's probing fingers. Jim started to unbuckle his pants, to release his penis from its confines. He was fully erect, obviously responding to Dave fingering me, and my reaction to it. But in this position, I really needed to steady myself on the arms of Jim's chair and could not stroke Jim's erection as I wanted. "Oh, he is stretching me so wide. He's got three fingers in your baby's pussy. He's going to make me cum."

He found my g-spot, and it was only a matter of moments before I had my first orgasm of the night. "Oh my God, I'm cumming. Push deeper, please, deeper." And Dave pushed as deep as he could reach and I convulsed as several large waves of pleasure over took me.

"OK, you need to stop. I am done. You have to let me come done." I whimpered, unable to stop the

waves of pleasure that were rocking me so violently. But Dave seemed drunk with power and lust did no such thing. I do not know exactly when, but I realized he only had two fingers inside me now, but they were pushing deeper than before, and he was massaging the front wall of my uterus, my g-spot, with a deep circular motion. Dave sensed that he could get me off again, and he was going for a double.

I looked at Jim, realizing that Dave was in complete control at this moment, and simply cried, “Baby, he is going to make me cum again. I can’t stop it. He’s going to get me again.”

I dropped to my knees without losing Dave’s fingers from my deep inside me, and I took Jim’s erect penis into my mouth. And, then it came over me a second time as I shuttered with a series of convulsions as waves of pleasure shook me to my core. I was experiencing my first multiple orgasm of my life.

As this second round of convulsions shock me tiny frame, I thought I might pass out. It was simply too much, too intense. I removed Jim’s penis from y mouth long enough to beg, “Please, you have to let me stop. I can’t take any more.”

I pulled forward, trying to break free from Dave’s hand; but he grabbed me with his free hand, wrapping his arm around my waist, holding me in place as he continued the assault on my pussy.

I felt a third orgasm start to build, or was it merely a continuation of the second? Regardless, another wave of pleasure rocked me violently and I felt Jim erupt into my mouth. Jim shot string upon string of semen into my mouth as I moaned in orgasmic bliss around his pulsing cock. I usually would not let Jim cum in my mouth, but I was too far gone, too carried away to pull away from his erupting penis.

I fell forward on to Jim, his penis still pulsing against my neck and cheek, freeing myself from Dave’s fingers. I continued to shutter with the aftershocks of the three powerful orgasms I had just experienced. I was totally spent, and tried to talk, but I was mostly incoherent at the moment. “Shit, that was intense.” Was all I could utter, the taste of Jim’s semen still fresh in my mouth.

I became aware of Jim’s erection throbbing against my cheek as I tried to recover. And it dawned on me, the night was far from over, Dave had not yet cum. My first multiple orgasm was just foreplay!

Dave began to undress saying, “Let’s move to the hot tub.” I looked at him as the removed his pants and underwear in one move, allowing a large, erect, circumcised penis to spring free. Without answering directly, I stood up, removed the g-spring that by now provided no modesty and was merely a nuisance. I walked over to Dave, reached up with my arms around his neck, and kissed him.

Both Jim and Dave were (are) much taller than my 5 ft. 4 inch frame, and he had to bend down considerably to kiss me. He reached under my arms and pulled me up, off the ground, lifting me like I weighed nothing. I instinctively wrapped my legs around his torso. In this position, the very head of his cock was wedged between our bodies and was pulsing against my clitoris. The pulsing was very distinct, very pleasurable, and reminded me that I was very likely going to get fucked by two men, one of whom I had only met a couple of hours before. I felt incredibly wicked, and sexy that this thought.

The fact that in many ways, both appearance and demeanor, Dave reminded me of my own father, made this experience even more surreal and exciting, and wicked. I wonder if every daughter secretly has an attraction and latent lust for their father. I knew that at this moment, my excitement was heightened by this fantasy realization.

Dave carried me over to the hot tub, with my legs still wrapped around him, and set me on the edge. I slowly lowered myself in the water, trying to catch my breath, and my thoughts. The swirling warm waters felt delicious.

The beach was mostly deserted, and the area of the deck we were on was pretty dark, so I doubted anyone could see us; however, I realized that if someone was really paying attention from the beach, they could discern what we were up to. What would they think of me if they could see me here, naked with two men? Would they think I was a trashy slut? Would they envy me? Both? The question intrigued me.

I looked over and Jim was now naked, and he and Dave were climbing into the hot tub to join me. “I have never cum more than once before. That was amazing. I did not know I could do that.” Looking at Dave, I said, “Thank you, that was wonderful.” Then glancing at Jim, I said, “Baby, thank you for making me do that. God that was intense.”

The guys sat on either side of me, as we faced the beach and breaking waves. I leaned over to kiss Jim, and I asked, “are you still OK with this?”

“I think you are the sexiest woman on the planet” was his answer, and he took my hand and placed it on his still erect penis. “Does this tell you how ‘all right’ I am with this?”

I stroked Jim a few times and started to straddle him, intending place him inside of me, but Jim stopped me. “I think you are being rude to our host. You should take care of him first.”

“Are you sure you want me to fuck him?” I was still concerned that when all was said and done here tonight, Jim and my relationship could be irreparably harmed. “You are sure you want this? That you are OK with me doing this?”

“Baby, we are doing this together. And yes, I am so proud of you, I want him to experience what I have. And I love you so much, I want you to experience every pleasure I can give you. Go give Dave the best memory of his life.” as Jim gently pushed me off his lap towards Dave.

I slowly waded toward Dave, my breasts floating on top of the swirling water. I assumed the exact same position straddling Dave that I had just left from Jim. “Thank you again for making me cum so hard. I have never hard a multiple orgasm before. What can I do for you now?”

Dave grabbed my thighs and pulled me towards him, lifting me up slightly so that his erection was pressing up against my vulva. “I bet we can think of something.” Dave responded. The water from the spa had washed away much of my natural lubrication, so his initial entry was a bit difficult. I reached down, and grabbing his erect shaft, I manipulated the head just inside my opening where I was still lubricated from his fingers probing me moments ago. And I slowly worked myself down on his wonderful penis until he was all the way inside me.

Looking at Jim, I gave him an update, “Oh, baby, he is inside me now. He is a big man and he is filling me up, just like you wanted him to.”

In this position, straddling Dave, I could feel him deep inside me. Leaning back slightly, I directed the pressure of his cock head against the front wall of my uterus, right against my g-spot. I was quickly responding to the pressure of his cock on my inner walls.

After just a few minutes, I felt my arousal building again. “Oh my, I think I am going to cum again.” I was amazed. My tempo picked up and my movements became more violent. “Oh, fuck me. I am cumming again!” As I felt my orgasm start, I felt Dave bucking up, meeting my thrusts and his loins stiffened suddenly, and he pulled me down on him. I felt his penis throbbing deep inside me.

As I felt his erection pulse inside me, I asked, loud enough for Jim to hear, “Are you cumming inside me? Are you filling me up with your seed?”

Then I looked at Jim, “I think our friend just left a huge present inside your girlfriend, honey.” And then I kissed Dave deeply, enjoying the pulsing of his dick deep in my womb and he pumped the last bits of his semen inside me.

After a few moments of post coital cuddling with Dave, Jim interrupted my bliss, standing up and displaying a hard-on that looked so firm and so rigid, it looked like it hurt. “Cindy, I have something to give you too.”

As I walked over to him, he took my hand and led me out of the spa. I quickly grabbed a towel and wrapped myself to fight the chill of the night sea air, and I laid back on a recliner, spread my legs for Jim, and said, “I think I have just the place for that. Come here and see if it still fits. You are getting sloppy seconds tonight.”

Already, I could feel Dave’s semen starting to leak out of me, and Jim’s cock slid right in, lubricated by the semen left behind by Dave. Jim took my legs and placed them over his shoulders, so he could hammer my dilated, leaking pussy unobstructed. With my ass in the air, my legs over Jim’s shoulders, and my pussy obscenely open, all of the semen was draining back into my womb. Jim’s penis was striking my front uterine wall, but after cumming four times already, I was spent. But I did want Jim’s semen to join Dave’s inside me.

“Can you feel his cum in me? Can you feel how open I am from fucking Dave?” That was all it took, Jim erupted in me, pounding me into the recliner, mixing his seed with Dave’s.

We collapsed, panting, trying to take in the surreal nature of our first threesome, and my first multiple orgasm. I had two different men’s cocks inside me, and now I had both their semen inside of me, and I felt deliciously wicked and sexy.

Dave, invited us to spend the night, and the three of us shared his king sized bed, with me in the middle between my two lovers. In the middle of the night, I was awakened by Dave, who was hard and ready to go again. I laid on my back, as Dave fucked me slowly, while I held Jim’s hand and told Jim how much I loved him. I loved the look of love and lust in Jim’s eyes as he watched me get fucked again by Dave.

After Dave came, Jim quickly replaced him again. It was clear, watching another man cum in me was an incredible turn on for Jim.

We spent much of the remainder of our time in Pensacola at Dave’s home, and for the remaining time, I had two lovers constantly making love to me in various combinations.

They both seemed to feed off each other, getting aroused by the other one fucking me; and definitely getting aroused by my many orgasms. Often, I would be taken doggy style, from behind by one, only to be offered a hard cock to suck on as I was being pounded from the back. I really liked how my orgasm, which I would announce with moans and shouts, would often trigger both men to simultaneously cum in my mouth and pussy.

I particularly enjoyed having both Jim and Dave fuck me in the morning, and leave my satisfied pussy leaking a mixture of their sperm all day long into my panties as a constant reminder of what a bad and

naughty little girl I had been.

The week ended too quickly, and we said our goodbyes to Dave, before heading back to Baton Rouge. But we were a dramatically changed couple on the return. I knew I had found my ‘soul mate’, someone who enjoyed sharing me and pleasing me any way he could. And I discovered that one woman can enjoy and satisfy two men, particularly if she is in love with one of them.

Yes, spring break set Jim and I on a unique course that would last many years, and have many adventures.