 Amanda's Confession

Dear Reader,   
  
My name is Amanda. I am a table dancer by profession and an exhibitionist by nature. They say if you can turn your hobby into your profession then you will be very happy indeed. Well…I have…and I am.   
  
Table dancing, for those of you who don’t know about it, is a form of striptease. It tends to be a little more intimate however, as you dance at the table of the client or clients. Most establishments will have private rooms also, where the more discerning customer, who can afford it, can purchase a more ‘personal’ experience.   
  
I could tell you of the lonely businessmen who come in night after night just to watch me perform. I could tell you of the young men who save their money for months on end just to experience what I have to offer once. I could tell you of the ladies who come to see me, scarves about their heads and dark sunglasses on until I take them, by the hand, into the private rooms and they open themselves up to me. These are all stories for another time however and who knows? If you, dear reader, want to hear more I may be willing to tell, but don’t forget, everything has its price.   
  
Maybe you are one of my clients. Maybe you are the ‘special one’ I would dance for for free if only you asked. Well anyway, let’s assume we have never met. Read on and you will learn a little more about me…   
  
Like most girls, I came to table dancing quite by accident. Dancing has always been in my blood. As a young girl I wanted to become a ballet dancer and although I was very, very good, puberty played a cruel trick on me and my genes let me down. I developed a much fuller, more athletic physique than was suitable for ballet. How many ballet dancers have you ever seen with a 34C chest? So, I went to university to study English and then on to teacher training college. All this time however, I kept up my dance training, but now more in the Jazz/Modern style.   
  
Anyway, while at teacher training school I met Karen. She was an extraordinarily beautiful girl in the year above me. We immediately clicked and after a few weeks chatting over a coffee or with a glass of wine she invited me around to her place for dinner.   
  
When I climbed out of my cab I was stunned to see that she lived in an unbelievably cool warehouse conversion down by the, fashionable, waterside. The apartment itself was incredible, all open plan, exposed brickwork, ultra-modern kitchen; you know the kind of thing. I assumed ‘Daddy’ had money and didn’t want to embarrass her by asking how the hell a student could afford such a place. I was living in a crappy little studio apartment above a pizza shop. I simply told her how beautiful it all was and tried to keep the ‘green eyed monster’ of envy at bay.   
  
Karen looked stunning that night. She was wearing a very short, plaid mini skirt, a tight white blouse, white stay ups that ended just above the knees leaving a generous view of naked thigh. On her feet she wore a pair of very sexy, patent leather heels. Her long blonde hair was pinned back at the temples by two simple hairgrips. She looked very much the ‘naughty schoolgirl’. Thinking this was just a girls night in I had turned up in a pair of jeans and a tight moreno wool sweater, a pair of pumps on my feet.   
She served me an incredible meal and an almost unending supply of truly delicious wines, not like the cheap bottle of Bulgarian plonk I would treat myself to once a fortnight. As I got a little tipsy I decided to probe a little into how she could afford this dream lifestyle.   
  
“So what does your boyfriend do?” I asked, checking out the rich partner avenue.   
  
“I don’t have time for boyfriends Mandy,” she replied, a cheeky grin on her face.   
  
“Yeah! I know what you mean, all this studying does seem to destroy your social life.”   
  
“Yes and there is work too of course,” she said, a glint in her eye as she met my gaze over the rim of her wine glass.   
  
“You work?”   
  
I had considered finding a job, but college was so intense it would have had to have been bar work which I knew was poorly paid, gruelingly hard and you came home exhausted and stinking of cigarette smoke each night.   
  
“How do you think I afford all this silly?” Karen teased, her arm sweeping around indicating her beautiful apartment.   
  
“Well…I had kind of wondered.” I replied a little shyly.   
  
“Actually Mandy, apart from the fact that you are a really cool chick and I just know we are gonna be great friends, I am afraid I did have a slight ulterior motive for inviting you round this evening.”   
  
My mind whirled and my face flushed, but Karen just giggled.   
  
“Don’t worry sweetie I haven’t lured you into my den to seduce you and rob you of your cab fare home. No! I want to offer you a job!”   
  
I was stunned and more than a little apprehensive about exactly what the ‘job’ might entail.   
  
“What sort of a job?” I asked, sounding like some kind of innocent schoolgirl.   
  
“I want you…to join me…at a very exclusive club I have a share in, as a dancer. A table dancer to be precise.”   
  
“A stripper?” I blurted.   
  
“In a way yes, but it’s a very special establishment. The girls are in charge. You only ever do what you want to do and you don’t ever have to go beyond topless, if you don’t want. The tips alone would pay off your student debt in a matter of a week or two and we pay a very healthy wage indeed.”   
  
“Oh I’m not sure it sounds like me Karen!” I replied, but I was aware of a thrill in the pit of my stomach and a tiny pulsing between my legs at the mere thought of it.   
  
“Look Mandy,” she said, quite sternly. “You are a very beautiful woman, you have a body to die for and you have already told me how much you miss dancing. If you’ve got it, flaunt it babe and why not make shit loads of cash while you are doing so?”   
  
I felt a smile begin to play across my lips and that pulsing begin to beat just that little bit harder. I already knew I was an exhibitionist, the things I had got up to already, in my short adult life, would make a grown man blush and reach for the Kleenex.   
  
“But it all sounds so seedy…stripping I mean,” I protested. I was playing coy because I had stripped many times before, in front of boyfriends and in front of many men who thought I was unaware of their watchful gazes.   
  
“Come with me Amanda,” she instructed, guiding me gently, her soft, manicured hand in mine, to the center of the living area. It was an enormous expanse of stripped wooden boards and exposed brickwork, magnificent floor to ceiling windows staring out at the bay. She left me there while she crossed to the far corner and pulled over a beautiful, deep blue armchair.   
  
“Sit!” she instructed and I did so. The soft caress of the hide beneath my palms was truly astonishing. This was certainly no Salivation Army reject.   
  
Karen slinked over to her stereo, her grace, cat like. She bent forwards in one fluid movement and picked up the remote control. I watched as she selected the music she desired. A compact disc slid into place behind the smoked glass screen of the state of the art Danish stereo system, with barely more than a whisper. She strode back to the center of the room, her heels gently clicking on the wooden floor. There she stood before me, legs slightly apart. She looked down at me, seductively, through hooded eyes, a fingertip pressed to her lush, red lips. My heart skipped a beat. And then…the music began.   
  
A heavy, throbbing, beat pulsed through the atmosphere of the room. It was not fast…it was slow and seductive. It came from no discernable direction. More than anything, it felt as though it were truly inside of me. I don’t want to kill the atmosphere here, but music is so special you cannot begin to do it justice with words alone. The easiest way for you to know what I was hearing is to listen to it yourself. It was a song called ‘Home’ by Depeche Mode from the album Ultra. Sit back, turn the lights low, turn the volume high and let Karen dance for you in your mind the way she did for me.   
  
Her beautiful blue eyes never left my own as she stood there motionless, letting the music take control. Slowly her hips began to sway and her finger began to play across her lower lip, pulling down against it, exposing fine, white teeth. Then…the motion taking control of her hips began to spread throughout her body, taking in her shoulders, her head and those long slender legs, right the way down to her toes. It was like a wave, washing back and forth, enveloping her body, bringing life and motion to her every muscle. Her movements were sleek and smooth, as fluid as water as she gave herself to the music and to my transfixed gaze. At times she would lean close into me and then snap away. She gave herself to me, completely and then denied me at the last moment. I could feel the heat of her body against my cheek as she came so near, holding her form so close to mine, but never actually touching. It was one of the most intimate experiences of my life, yet, apart from the occasional caress of her long blonde hair, we never actually touched. She leaned in to my ear and spoke. I could feel the moist heat of her breath and I shivered, closing my eyes.   
  
Slowly and deliberately, in time with the music, she whispered, “Remember…I am entirely yours…and no one else’s…but…you can never…never… touch.”   
In that moment I had been offered a gift more precious than any and yet it would never be mine to hold.   
  
She pulled back, staring deep within me the whole time and I shuddered as I exhaled.   
The music pumped through my body as I sat there spellbound, my hands gripping hard into the arms of the chair.   
  
Karen grabbed my knees and pulled my legs apart violently, stepping in-between them. She locked her eyes onto mine as her hips swayed from left to right. She placed her hands flat against her stomach and slid them upwards, caressing her breasts as they rose higher still. She reached her top button and popped it open, all the time swaying and staring, her moist lips ever so slightly apart. Her hands traveled lower now. Another button was released. I swallowed hard, feeling foolish yet utterly hypnotized. The next button was loosed and then the next until finally, there were no more to release. Karen threw her shoulders back and held her arms straight, allowing her shirt to slide, seductively to the ground in one, flowing movement. She leapt forwards, a hand on either side of my neck, gripping the chair. She leaned in as though she were about to kiss me and I felt my lips part in anticipation, but at the last moment she swept upwards with the music, allowing her magnificent cleavage in the white, lace bra to be held before my eyes.   
  
This was an earth shattering moment for me. Although I had always found certain girls to be attractive I had never actually been with one, but here I was, thoroughly seduced by the writhing, stunningly beautiful form that was Karen.   
  
As the music slid into the desperately mournful guitar solo she stepped back from me. Closing her eyes, her fingers reached to her temples. She unclipped each hairgrip in turn, flinging them behind her with some force. She raked her fingers through her hair, her mouth wide open in an expression of ecstatic passion, her body swaying to the incessant pulse. As her hips swayed and as she turned I caught glimpses of the white, cotton panties she was wearing below. She turned to face away from me, planting her feet shoulder width apart. She swayed to the music with a beautiful serpentine grace. I could see the taught muscles of her back as her hands slipped upwards and she unclipped the bra strap with a singular, deft movement. She let it slide down her arms and gently dropped it to the floor. She reached her arms high above her head, her hands joined at the palms and she continued to sway, as graceful as a willow in the breeze. She gently, began to bend at the waist and lowered herself, her tiny skirt rising higher and higher, exposing more and more pure, white flesh. She bent lower and lower still until her perfect, round behind was offered to me and me alone, but of course…I was not allowed to touch. Her head turned slowly and her heavily hooded eyes met mine, challenging me, daring me to experience her physically. I swallowed hard. She slowly raised herself upwards again, still staring over her shoulder. Finally, she turned away and resumed her body’s flowing movement, her beautiful blonde hair spilling across her naked shoulders.   
  
As the music began to fade she crossed her arms about her chest, one at a time and slowly turned towards me. She met my entranced gaze again and gently, the music disappearing into nothingness, she tilted her head downwards once more, as in the beginning, her finger came up to her lips, pressing against the lush, rosy flesh. The music disappeared and she blinked a slow, lustful blink of her eyes at me and stood… silent and still.   
I sat there intoxicated by Karen’s performance. I was truly speechless. My mouth was dry and I swallowed hard.   
  
Eventually an enormous grin spread across Karen’s lips as her body relaxed and she finally spoke to me, “So? Still think it’s seedy?”   
  
“Oh my god Karen,” I croaked. “Words are not enough. You were beautiful, you are beautiful.”   
  
She giggled, rightfully proud of herself.   
  
“Well,” she said, scooping up her shirt and fastening it haphazardly across her naked chest. It’s your turn next.”   
  
“Oh no Karen I couldn’t!” I protested. “I haven’t prepared and look at what I’m wearing, and besides…it will feel…strange.”   
  
“I’m not gonna take no for an answer honey. I know you can dance. I can see in your eyes that you are a sensual woman and if I’m gonna hire you I need to see what you’ve got.”   
  
I blushed and Karen stepped forwards, holding her arms out straight, indicating for me to take her hands. I did so and she guided me from the chair and to the center of the room.   
  
She stroked the back of a hand across my burning cheek and whispered,   
“I have a feeling you are gonna knock me dead.”   
  
She stepped towards the stereo and picked up the remote control before taking her position in the armchair.   
  
“I think the next track will do nicely,” she said, smiling up at me. “Ten seconds...”   
I stood stock still before her and closed my eyes. I don’t know whether it was the alcohol or the natural performer within me, or that Karen had got me so excited with her performance, but I found myself feeling that buzz, that excitement before a show. I relaxed a little and thought to myself, Ok Karen! I’ll show you what I’m capable of.   
I kicked off my pumps and stood, bare foot on the oak boards. The seductive, electric pulse of ‘It’s no good’ flowed through the room as I opened my body to the music and then the base kicked in…   
  
How can I possibly tell you how I danced for Karen? I was unaware of most of it myself. What I can tell you is this…I kept my eyes tight shut and as the music pulsed through me I gave myself to it, the same way I would give myself to a Tchaikovsky ballet. All dancing, be it classical, modern or striptease is about giving yourself to the music and if that happens to give your audience what they are looking for then so be it.   
  
I began by running my fingers through my long, silky, auburn hair and raking them backwards and down my neck, throwing back my head as I did so. They swept to the front of my neck, caressing my jaw line on their journey downwards, sliding across my outthrust breasts, as they swept further, across my belly and at the last moment dividing at my lower abdomen and caressing my thighs. As the vocals came in I gave myself to the dance entirely.   
  
I know I’m a good dancer. No…I know I’m a great dancer and I proved it. For now it didn’t matter that it was Karen that I was dancing for. My eyes were tight shut. I was dancing for me and I was displaying my whole, unadulterated sensuality to whoever happened to be there.   
  
My right palm slid beneath my pullover and lifted it teasingly, displaying my tight stomach as I swayed. It moved higher dragging the sweater with it, but before I displayed my breasts, I released it…It fell, but left some flesh exposed. I hooked my thumb beneath the waistband of my jeans and popped the top button. I writhed seductively, squatting low quickly before raising myself slowly. I reveled in the strain my tight thigh muscles took as I raised, apparently in one effortless motion. When I reached a full standing position again I tensed my ass cheeks thrusting my hips before Karen and pulled my jeans apart from the waist, letting the buttons pop open with some violence. At the last moment I spun around and again gave myself to the music, swaying back and forth. I pulled my sweater up high, displaying my naked muscular back to Karen. As it bunched around my shoulder blades I tensed my muscles, holding it tight. I then brought my hands backwards, either side of my head and they, beat by beat, gathered in the loose cloth. I continued to sway with the pulse and then, in one quick, fluid movement, I whipped it over my head, in perfect time with the music. I inched it down my arms and at the last moment, threw it aside. I spun on the balls of my feet and immediately crouched. Finally, I opened my eyes and stared straight at Karen. Slowly and in perfect synchronization with the music I began to crawl towards her, hand, knee, hand, knee, like a panther stalking its prey. As my hands finally reached the armchair I used them to climb upwards, leaning in close to Karen all the time. My jaw was dropped, mouth open seductively as I climbed higher and higher closer and closer towards my prey. My biceps burned, but that didn’t matter. Well yes, it did matter, but only to remind me that physical discomfort was a necessary tool of a dancer’s art and that it should always be felt, but never seen.   
As I reached Karen’s face I dipped my head with the music and whipped her face with my long, soft hair. She cried out a little. Being the girl she is she would deny it now, but she did and I knew I’d got to her. Next, I forcefully and deliberately sat upon her lap, a lower leg on either side of each of her thighs. I continued to writhe before her when I felt her palm, nervously light upon my thigh. I slapped it hard and she drew it away as though stung.   
  
I leaned in to her, my lips a millimeter from her own and hissed, “I am yours…and only yours…but you must never…never…touch me.”   
  
I leaned backwards, pressing my ass into her lap as I began again, to toss my hair from side to side. As the music grew I leaned my head low and then snapping it backwards I allowed it to sweep upwards, whipping Karen’s jaw as it flowed, until it fell, perfectly, between my shoulders. I arched my back and still swaying in time with the music, my hands crept to my shoulders and hooking a thumb beneath each bra strap I slid them off my shoulders. I stared at Karen like an animal ready to pounce and she, in turn looked like my victim waiting for the death lunge. I squeezed my biceps inwards creating a magnificent cleavage and then leaned forwards, offering it, teasingly to Karen. At the last moment, my palms pressing hard into the arms of the chair. I pushed back and leapt to my feet before her. My arms snaked behind my back as my hips pulsed rhythmically with the music. I released the clasp and allowed the loose lacey fabric to hang in place against my chest. Finally, when I felt my bra would fall to the floor I spun, letting it drop, giving Karen the merest glimpse of my breasts before I faced away from her. My body pulsed and flowed with the music. I caressed myself, knowing I was the only one who could see, as the music began to fade. Finally, as silence descended I stood still, my head dropped towards the floor, my eyes, as I began, shut tight.   
  
The silence was palpable.   
  
“Holy shit!” I finally heard from behind me and folding my arms, shyly, across my chest I turned around to see Karen beaming up at me.   
  
“I haven’t even hired you yet and you’ve just won a pay rise,” she declared.   
  
I smiled and felt my cheeks flush. How is it that when the music is flowing you are capable of doing just about anything yet when it is no more you feel like a bashful child once again?   
  
Karen stood up from her chair and walked towards me.   
  
“So! What do you think? You wanna give it a try?” she said, her eyes wide.   
  
I nodded staring at the floor. I felt Karn’s thumb and index finger gently take my chin and lift my eyes to hers.   
  
“You are amazing Mandy and you’ll love it. You’ll see,” she whispered and then kissed her soft warm lips against my burning cheek and leaned in and we hugged.   
  
That evening we stayed up until the first pale light of dawn began to color the horizon across the bay. We talked with excitement about the job and all it entailed. Fuelled by yet more alcohol, Karen told me of some of her more bawdy experiences, the men she had seduced, the women who had seduced her, the wicked teases she had performed when the mood had taken her. All the time I had this nervous thrill of excitement in my stomach and that tiny little heartbeat between my legs.   
  
Finally, as dawn approached and exhaustion took over, we agreed it was time to sleep. Karen insisted on me staying over and rather than spend time making up the spare bed, the pair of us stripped down and slipped between the brushed cotton sheets of her extraordinarily large bed.   
  
What did we get up to in that big old bed of hers in the early hours of that morning? Well! That’s a story for another day. Needless to say Karen and I became great friends. At times we were like sisters, at others we were lovers, but, above all, our friendship has remained strong to this very day.   
  
You said you were interested in my life as an exhibitionist and that is what I am going to tell you about. I know I have gone on a bit longer than you might have liked, but this is all important background. I know you want me to hurry up and get to the ‘juicy bits’ and I can promise you they are coming. The problem is what experience to begin with…   
Oh I know! Why not carry on chronologically and I'll tell you of my trip to the lingerie boutique...

Amanda's Confession - The Boutique

A week had passed since my audition at Karen’s place. She had taken me to her club ‘Hedonism Inc.’ and shown me around. I had met all of the other dancers and each of them in turn had danced for me. It was something of a tradition apparently, but showed me exactly what was expected. All of the girls were stunning beyond belief and one or two of them left me in a somewhat heightened state by the end of their performance. I was to work a little with Karen and a couple of the other girls perfecting my routine, but first Karen told me I would need some ‘suitable’ clothes for the occasion. She had arranged for us to meet at a very exclusive lingerie boutique that following day at 2 O’clock.

Around 11:30 the next morning I took a call from Karen saying she couldn’t make it and that I should go along by myself. The lady who owned the shop was expecting me, and that I should pick out at least six different combinations. Hedonism Inc. had an account there and that I shouldn’t waste my time looking at the price tags.

That afternoon I strolled from the bus stop to the address I had taken from Karen. I must confess I was aware of butterflies in my stomach as I walked along the street, thinking about exactly what I was letting myself in for.

I think that’s the thing with exhibitionists. People assume we must be confident to be able to display ourselves to strangers, but in a way it is quite the contrary. I suppose if I had been a confident person I would have been able to walk straight up to someone I found attractive and seduce them with words. Instead, I have relied on little teases from afar and then I have taken my pleasure alone at home or with a boyfriend who couldn’t comprehend what had hit him and certainly not what I was thinking about.

Walking down the street I realized what an exclusive part of town I was in. It was one of those areas where the cost of renting a shop was far greater than any profit the boutiques could possibly make. It was where the wives, partners and lovers of the wealthy lived out their expensive hobbies, but with more than a little style.

I finally reached the address on my scrap of paper. I could see that it was a very cute little salon in the provincial French style. I reached for the door handle and pushed. The door stood fast. My eyes were then drawn to the, mildly pretentious, ‘fermé’ sign behind the windowpane. I swore under my breath. Shielding my eyes with a hand from the reflection, I peered inside to see if anyone was there…No one.

I spotted a small, brass mounted bell which I could hear ringing within the store as I pressed it. Finally, after about thirty seconds of incessant ringing and just before I was about to give up, my eyes were drawn to movement inside. I straightened up as a young man approached the door.

“We’re closed!” he shouted, gesticulating to the sign behind the door.

“But I have an appointment,” I called in reply.

“What?”

“An appointment…I am expected.”

He clearly couldn’t hear me properly and I stood back as he began to draw the bolts aside. Twisting the key in its lock, he finally pulled the door open, a tiny bell ringing as he drew it inwards.

“I’m sorry Miss we are closed this afternoon,” The boy explained, his voice somewhat calmer.

“But I was told to come here for 2’Oclock,” I replied, desperately trying to keep the exasperation from my voice.

“Really?” he asked. “You’re not one of the Hedonism girls are you?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Or yes, I will be anyway. Karen said she’d booked an appointment for me.”

“Jesus! I’m so sorry Miss. I don’t actually work in the shop. It’s my mum’s, but she ran off to console my Aunt this morning – probably been dumped by yet another husband or something - Come on in…Christ I’m so sorry! She should’ve called you!”

I stepped into the shop and took in the Aladdin’s cave of treasures. It was a fairly small boutique really. The floor was white-painted wood. There were pine shelf units and drawers lining every wall all painted in that distressed look, sky blue. “Look!” he said. “I’m just here doing some work on the computer. Why don’t you look around, try whatever you want to and if you decide to take something away we’ll jot it down and my mum can sort it out with your boss. Ok Miss?” He smiled at me.

“That’s very kind of you…?”

“Josh…er sorry.”

“That’s very kind of you Josh and for God’s sake stop calling me Miss, you make me feel ancient. I’m Mandy.”

Josh smiled shyly, his cheeks reddening just a touch.

“Can I…er take your coat?” he asked.

I smiled as I popped the buttons on my cute little PVC raincoat. I saw Josh bashfully, steal a look at my chest pressing tightly against my lamb’s wool turtleneck as I handed him the coat.

Josh was a handsome young man. Eighteen, nineteen or maybe twenty, I would have guessed. He wasn’t classically handsome. Not at all the athletic, square-jawed sort of handsome anyway. I suppose pretty or even beautiful might have been a better way to describe him. He had that look that is the vogue with male models these days. He was slim without being particularly muscular. He had the kind of smooth pale skin that many women would kill for. His lips were full and soft and almost feminine. His features were quite sharp I suppose. But most striking of all were his piercing blue/gray eyes that shone out beneath his unkempt longish brown hair. I guess you could say he had a kind of grungy look about him, but it looked very precisely and very expensively achieved and didn’t, at all, look just dirty or scruffy.

He took my coat and hung it over the shoulders of an antique tailor’s dummy in the corner.

“I’ll just um…get back to work then,” he said. “Give me a shout if you need anything. I’m just through here.” He indicated a door to the side of the counter.

“Thank you Josh, you are very sweet,” I replied, slightly shocked by my blatantly flirtatious manor.

“Er…ok,” he said, hiding behind his mop of hair and shuffling out of the room.

I spun 360 degrees and took in my surroundings. I was like a kid with the key to the candy store. Lingerie has always been a passion of mine, but I could rarely afford it and I am afraid I have been cursed with excellent taste. This stuff was the real thing however, none of your Anne Summers rubbish here. It was French silks and Italian lace, items of exquisite beauty and subtlety, of outrageous daring and pure seduction. I couldn’t wait to begin, as my eyes feasted on the row upon row of quite spectacular lingerie.

As I flicked through rail after rail I realized I was in danger of wanting absolutely everything so, I made myself relax, took a deep breath and decided to select one or two sets at a time. I have always had a thing for lace and although I look great in a thong, I simply love to wear tiny boy shorts style panties. I find, even with a great ass like mine, covering up that little bit more can almost prove to be more seductive. So, I selected two complete sets. The first was a pair of black, lacey panties and matching bra of the most exquisite quality and the second a white silk thong, again with matching brassiere.

Karen had warned me that push-up bras were fine, but padded bras were best avoided for dancing in, but conceded, looking at my chest, that that wouldn’t really be an issue for me anyway. I stepped through to the changing room which was deceptively large once inside. It was very plain indeed, but for a pretty, modern looking, brown leather armchair. It was low seated with wide arms – Too much detail? – Not really – You will see why soon enough. There were two enormous, gilt framed, mirrors, rising from floor to ceiling on either wall of the room and a few strategically placed pegs for the hanging of clothes.

As I drew the curtain to, I could see Josh, sitting at his desk, typing figures into the computer. I felt a little thrill shoot through my body.

I kicked off my shoes. I’d worn a pair of pretty high, black, heels in anticipation of wanting to see the complete picture as I tried on this wonderful underwear. I unzipped my tight woolen skirt and let it drop to the floor before reaching to my neck and slipping off my sweater. Ever meticulous, I folded my discarded clothes and placed them neatly on the chair. I’d worn some nice cotton underwear today, but looking at my reflection in one of the huge mirrors I could see how it was nothing compared to the lingerie I was about to try on.

I have no idea why, but for as long as I can remember, I have found myself getting turned on by stripping off in unfamiliar surroundings and as I reached behind my back to unclip my bra I could feel my nipples tighten. It certainly heightened things knowing that the beautiful Josh was sat just a matter of a few feet beyond the flimsy curtain. I slipped the bra from my shoulders and standing up straight, in front of the mirror, I admired my reflection. I love my tits…they are, to my mind, the perfect size and they are as full and firm as when I was 17. The nipples are still the full, pouting pink of a teenager’s. I couldn’t help myself from lifting my fingertips to my nipples and feeling them swell to my touch. Looking up I let my hands slide lower and beneath the elastic of my panties. I drew them downwards exposing my soft little pussy. I had always, even when I was without a boyfriend, been obsessive about shaving my pussy. But, on Karen’s recommendation, I had taken my first bikini wax, two days ago. The soft folds of skin were completely hair free and all that remained was a short-cropped rectangle above my slit. I allowed myself to stroke the baby soft flesh, but not my slit as I knew what would happen if I began to tease myself so soon.

Of course, ordinarily and quite rightly, it would be unacceptable to try on panties in a boutique such as this. However, as Karen had explained to me, providing I pick out the correct size, I should try on anything that took my fancy. Hedonism Inc would buy any panties that had been worn, even if the girl chose not to use them in her show and besides, lingerie was tax deductible in this game. The girls felt it was vital to try on all garments with the correct underwear so as to get the full picture.

Before I got myself too excited I slipped off my panties and put them, together with my bra, with my other clothes.

First, I tried on the black lace shorts and oh my God! It was as though they had been made just for me. They covered me like a second skin and showed off every contour to perfection. Using the two mirrors I examined my rear view and fell in love. The panties climbed just high enough up my ass, exposing a generous amount of cheek. Naughtily, I bent to touch my toes and to admire the view that people would be paying good money to see soon enough.

Next, I slipped on the bra, adjusting the straps where necessary. This bra was not a push-up, which was my preference. My tits are big enough and firm enough not to need one and I like the way they look when they are slightly independent of each other. If I want a cleavage, particularly in a dancing scenario, all I have to do is squeeze my arms together, which is exactly what I did now. Quite perfect!

Ok! Now here’s where I began to get a little naughty. If you’d asked me at that moment I would have said that I honestly just wanted to check if there was a matching suspender belt, but now, like you, I would raise an eyebrow at what I got up to next.

I slid the curtain open noisily so that Josh would look over and, precisely on cue he did so. Taking in the sight of me in those lacy boy shorts and bra alone is head immediately snapped back to his computer screen his cheeks beet red.

“Josh?” I questioned in that singsong way.

He coughed and then replied, “Yes?”

“Do you know if there is a suspender belt to go with this?” I asked, all coy.

“I could check on the computer,” he croaked.

“No don’t do that. I’ll tell you the name of this set and you can check on that rail over there.”

He had to look up as I pointed and I made sure he got a good look at my lithe form.

“I’d check myself, but what if someone saw me through the window?” I asked, little miss prim and proper.

“Um…ok,” he replied, eyes once again fixed on the ground.

As Josh crossed the floor to the rail I indicated he said, “I could pull the blinds down if you like. That way you can come and go as you please, no matter how undressed…I mean whatever you are wearing.”

“Oh you are sweet Josh.” I said

I heard the poor boy crashing about drawing the blinds before going back to the rail.

“Found it,” he cried.

Josh walked slowly to where I stood in the changing room doorway, eyes staring at the ground the whole time. He handed the suspender belt to me without looking up. Naughtily, I caressed the back of his hand as I took it from him.

“Thanks Josh! You wouldn’t be a sweetie and find me some stockings would you?”

I told him what I was after and he shuffled off to get me some, searching through the drawers at the back of the counter. As I waited I fastened the belt about my waist.

As Josh passed me the stockings he mumbled that he had better get back to work and strode back to his desk. Was that a little limp in his stride? I grinned to myself.

I retired back inside the changing room and removed the stockings from their packaging. Raising one leg at a time onto the arm of the chair, I slowly drew the stockings up each silky soft leg. I fastened them to the suspenders and slipping on my shoes I admired my reflection in the mirror.

As I looked up my heart skipped a beat. I don’t think I have ever worn anything sexier in my life. I could feel a stirring between my legs and was anxious to explore it with my fingers, but I forced myself not to. All good things come to those who wait, I told myself and deciding that I had already found one complete set of lingerie, I set about removing it so that I could move on to trying the next.

You have absolutely no idea how hard it was for me to not allow my hands to test the soft folds of flesh between my thighs as I slipped off one garment after another. I stared at myself in the mirror when I was wearing nothing more than my high heels and the sheer, black stockings and ached to slide a finger between my hot, moist lips, but I knew, I was here for business and told myself there would be plenty of time for pleasure sooner or later.

Next, I tried on the white ensemble and again, knew I had found something special straight away. The cool silk pressing against my newly waxed pussy was pure heaven. Again I drew back the curtain and went out onto the shop floor in search of the necessary accessories. As I stepped out I noticed Josh was no longer at his desk and was surprised by the sudden feeling of disappointment I felt. Almost immediately however, I heard a noise coming from the far end of the darkened storeroom and wondered if he had perhaps slipped away to find a better vantage point. Well, as I am sure you can imagine, I had ways and means of putting that to the test and smiling to myself, I realized the show was really just beginning.

Once I had located the appropriate suspender belt and white stockings I stepped back into the changing room. This time however, I did not draw the curtain.

Standing right in front of the doorway I fastened the belt around my slim little waist and then slowly and as seductively as I could manage, I pulled on the stockings one by one. When I had fastened them in place I stood there facing the mirror, hands on hips and took in my reflection.

This was my idea of heaven – being told I could select, pretty much any items of the most beautiful lingerie I had ever come across and what’s more, being able to display myself wearing it to a very attractive young man.

I turned my back to the door, giving Josh the perfect view of my rear and bent forwards, just a little. Once again, I turned to face out of the doorway and turned my head to admire my reflection. My hands reached up to my breasts and I caressed them lightly, admiring the beautiful white silk and feeling my tight little nipples beneath.

“Josh?” I called out and desperately tried to stifle my grin as I heard a box being knocked over clumsily.

“Er… yes… just coming,” he cried.

I bet you are, I thought.

He staggered out of the room looking more than a little disheveled, but at least this time his eyes locked onto mine.

“How can I help?” he asked, an embarrassed smile on his lips.

Knowing fine well I was taking this set whatever, I asked him,

“I’m not sure about this stuff what do you think? Come closer so you can see me properly.”

He stepped towards me, desperately trying to hide the erection within his pants. Part of me wanted to burst out laughing another part wanted to unzip his jeans and remove is stiff cock and to take it in my mouth there and then. However, that is not how a true exhibitionist does things and I was only getting warmed up.

“So?” I questioned almost aggressively.

“You look…you look absolutely fucking amazing,” he said, his eyes scanning me up and down.

“Ah! Thank you Josh. I guess I’d better take it then, for you if no one else.” I briefly stroked his burning cheek with the side of a thumb.

“Now! Run along back to your little storeroom while I try on a few more garments and remember…no peeking.” I instructed, giggling and tapping him lightly on the behind as he turned away.

I stepped out into the shop and selected several more combinations to try on, all singularly beautiful, all capable of making a grown man and many women weep. Slinking back to the changing room I drew the curtain closed…but not all of the way.

This is a skill I have developed over many years. I know exactly how hard to pull a curtain, in one go, so that a large enough gap is left to see through, but not enough to be obvious that it was intentional. Just ask my old neighbors. I know exactly how to push a door shut so that it doesn’t quite catch and bounces open a little, by which point I have already turned my back and am removing my bra. I know exactly how far to lean over to expose cleavage without looking like I am purposely revealing myself. I know exactly how to drop a towel when changing at the beach and make it look as though it were an accident. Christ! I even know how far ahead of a sexy guy I need to be on the escalator so that he can see up beneath my mini skirt and realise I am wearing no panties just as I disappear around a corner at the top. I am a tease and an exhibitionist and am quite proud of it.

When I was sure I had given Josh enough time to return to his viewing point I turned away from him, just behind the gap and unclipped the bra. I slid it off my arms and tossed it into a pile with the other items I had already selected. I allowed myself a little treat and teased my nipples with my fingertips and felt them swell into tight little buds. My hands slid downwards and one by one I unclipped the fasteners from the stockings. I rolled one, then the other down my long, sleek legs very slowly, bending at the hip as I did so, imagining Josh stroking himself while he watched. I removed the suspender belt and stood there, facing away from him, in nothing, but a tiny little thong. I was about to slip that off too when I thought I should give the poor boy a treat too and turned around offering him a glimpse of my naked breasts. My fingers slid beneath the waistband of the panties and I made as though I was about to slip them off when I stepped forward and out of his view. I removed them quickly and tossed them past the gap, reveling in the game, feeling Josh’s frustration as I denied him the view he, no doubt craved.

This is another skill of the master exhibitionist. Anyone can get naked in front of a stranger, but knowing how to pace the situation is what it is all about. Christ! it’s like making love! There is a time for throwing yourself into it fully, but there is a time for denial, for holding back, for teasing and I really know how to tease.

Once I’d slipped off the thong and was standing in private again, thoroughly naked, I stood there trembling. I had my eyes tight shut and was biting onto my bottom lip. I was desperate to slide my fingers inside my soaking wet slit. My clitoris was begging to be teased mercilessly, but I knew that I mustn’t do it. The frustration was almost too much to bear, but was too delicious not too. I knew the climax would come, maybe not here in this shop, but it would come and there would be many more to follow too. Perhaps, I considered, I might lie in the bath, teasing my poor, frustrated, little clit with hot jets of water and think back to this moment.

I tried on numerous lingerie ensembles, every single one quite beautiful. Twice more I dragged the poor flustered Josh from his hiding place. Once when I wanted him to observe my ass cheeks poking out from a pair of tight, ivory, silk French knickers, my nipples poking out of the matching camisole and once more when I wanted him to see my naked breasts and exposed pussy beneath a sheer, black g-string and the matching brassiere.

Every time I undressed I would give Josh a little more. The view of my breasts from the side perhaps, taught nipples pointing upwards. Or I would slip off the panties facing at an angle to him so that he could not quite view the delights between my legs. As time went on however, I started giving him flashes of pussy, first legs together facing towards him and only for a second and then legs slightly parted. I had even bent forwards, pretending to pick up a discarded stocking, giving him every man’s wet dream, the full view of my clean-shaven slit from behind.

I must stress that all this time I was getting myself hotter and hotter too. I knew the time was approaching when I could finally let my fingers slide deep inside and let my juices flow across them. When I could take two fingers and circle my poor, swollen clit around and around until the shocks would fire throughout my body, until my muscles would contract and my breath would catch, until my ass hole would tighten and my orgasm would take me over completely and fully. But! I was not quite ready yet…

I was standing in the shop wearing the sheer combination and had just sent Josh back to the storeroom. I was finally coming to the conclusion that nine different sets of lingerie was probably quite enough for now and was about to go back to the changing room and bring my show to its conclusion when I saw it…

It was the most wonderful, black, satin corset I had ever laid my eyes upon. I had always desired a corset of my own, but could never find enough of a reason to buy one for myself and I’m a girl who can give herself good reasons for doing just about anything she desires. No matter how many hints I dropped to past boyfriends, they were always too stupid or too lazy to pick up on them. Now however, I just had to try it on.

It was wonderfully soft and smooth to the touch. The top line was cut in a perfectly straight, horizontal line, but the under wiring thrust your breasts upwards into two perfect round globes.

Grabbing a pair of fishnet stay ups and a suitable black thong, I almost ran back to the changing room. I stripped off quickly, neither knowing nor caring whether Josh was watching. One by one I pulled on the fishnets. I grabbed the corset and holding my arms high in the air I slipped it over my head and shoulders. It fastened with a lace at the back, something I was not sure I could tighten all on my own.

“Josh? Will you come here please?” I shouted, before I realized I had not yet put the panties on. “Yes Mandy? What would you like?” he asked.

“You!” I teased, tearing open the curtain.

I swear Josh’s jaw visibly dropped when he saw me standing there in my current attire.

“Wow!” he breathed his eyes wide open.

“Would you be a sweetheart and fasten me up Josh?” I pleaded. “God alone knows how I can use this in my act, but I simply must try.”

“You have to have it Mandy!” Josh exclaimed. “You look so…so beautiful.”

My heart melted a little then. Despite only being a year or two older than Josh I had thought of him as a boy, but here he was proving himself to be just about as gallant a gentleman as I had ever had the pleasure to meet. I leaned in and kissed him lightly against the cheek. He blushed and so did I as our gaze held.

Finally I broke the tension by spinning around and saying, with a glint in my eye.

“Ok! Tie me in big boy.”

“How the hell could I strip out of this thing?” I asked, rhetorically as I felt Josh working his way down my spine tightening each loop, drawing the corset together on either side.

“You’d be surprised what some of the girls can get out of,” he replied.

“So Joshua?” I teased. “Where have you been going on your evenings off?”

“I…um…it’s just…lots of the girls come here and they ask me to come and see them sometimes and they are…um…very nice and” he stammered.

“It’s ok Josh I’m just teasing,” I said softly. “I would be honored if you would come and watch me dance sometime, free of charge of course.”

Josh said nothing, but I could hear his rapid breathing behind me.

As he neared the bottom of the corset, the backs of his fingers, accidentally, I am certain, brushed against my ass cheek. His hand leapt away as though receiving a shock, but I have to admit, for that one, brief moment I felt a shiver run up my spine.

“Ok! Here we go,” Josh declared, pulling each lace tight. I felt the corset shape itself perfectly to my every curve as he tied a bow in the lose ends. I adjusted my breasts so that they sat full and precisely even, before turning around to face Josh.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“Stunning. Simply stunning,” he replied.

I beamed like a schoolgirl being asked on her first date. I turned towards the mirror and I have to say he was right. I don’t think I have ever looked better. Then…it came to me…the perfect way to thank this young man for his help and to see if I really could justify the hundreds that the corset, no doubt, cost.

“Josh?” I began. “Will you do me a favor?”

“Anything Mandy,” he replied smiling.

“Can I dance for you? It would be a great way to see if I can remove this thing seductively.”

I watched as Josh noticeably swallowed.

“Er…yeah sure. That would be er…nice.” He replied.

Again, I quickly kissed him on the cheek and picking up the clothes on the leather armchair, I placed them, carefully in the far corner. I pushed the chair to the far end so it backed up against the mirror.

“Alright! We’re gonna need some music Josh,” I said.

“There’s a stereo beneath the counter.” he replied.

I strode passed him and clicking the CD player and amp on I started rifling through the compact discs. Without exception it was all classical. Now, I love classical music, but it is not the easiest music to strip to, although I did once give a private performance, to an ex-boyfriend, of the ‘Dance of the Seven Veils,’ from Strauss’ opera ‘Salome.’

“Is this all the music there is Josh?” I asked.

“Well my mum’s not really into Slipknot I am afraid. Hang on a sec; I think one of the delivery guys left something behind a while ago.

With that Josh slipped out to the office and began rifling through the drawers.

“Aha!” he cried. “Here it is.”

He came out and passed it over.

“Monsters of Rock,” I read aloud, flipping the cover and smirking.

Now, I’m really not a rock chick, but some tracks are absolutely perfect for stripping to.

“Eureka!” I shouted, “This will do very nicely indeed.”

I slid the disc into the player. Gave the volume control a generous twist to the right and pressed play.

As the first clicks of the drums filled the room, I placed my palm firmly against Josh’s chest and pushed him backwards with quite some force. I stepped after him, one foot crossing in front of the other, strutting as the guitar joined. I pushed him around and with one, final and forceful shove he fell back into the armchair, eyes staring up, mouth gaping wide as ‘Back in black by AC/DC truly kicked in.

For those of you who do not know this track, although it is by a ‘metal’ band, it has a special kind of funky groove to it and is perfect for strutting your thing to. It is all about the dancer showing off her confidence and her domination over the audience and this is exactly what I did now.

After pushing Josh to the chair I turned on my heels and striding away from giving him an eye full of my form from behind. As I reached the far end of the room I turned again and spread my legs wide. If you have long hair, dancing to tracks by heavy metal bands is pretty easy. I reached up, first one arm and then the other and loosed the bow that held my hair in its ponytail. Then, eyes shut; I rolled my head, at the last moment flicking it and causing my long, shiny hair to be freed completely, falling across my face. Then…head dipped, mouth parted seductively, eyes open and staring straight into Josh’s; I walked confidently towards him.

When I reached him I splayed my legs either side of him and leaning in quickly, placing a hand either side of his shoulders, I whipped his face once, twice, three times, four times with my hair, in perfect time with the music. I stood straight, once more looking down at him and began flicking my hair from side to side, letting my hands caress my body as I did so.

When stripping, it is very important to develop that incredibly seductive facial expression. All women know it, but not all of us use it. It’s the expression that says, “I want you and I’m going to have you.” Your eyes are hooded, your soft lips are parted, a glimpse of tongue on teeth. Your expressions work in slow motion, your eyes blink, your lips pout and your tongue licks your teeth sensually. I was using every trick in the book and not needing to act. I was wound as tight as a drum and besides; I wanted Josh as much as I have ever wanted anyone. The music and the oh so sexy clothing was causing me to throb in my most intimate of areas and as for dancing? Dancing to me is the ultimate in foreplay.

When I dance, when I strip, I tend to work on inspiration alone. I don’t really consider my next move and just let it happen which…for someone like me, can be dangerous.

As I stood there in front of this beautiful young man, pouting, running my fingers through my hair, swaying to the pulse, I let the music take charge of my body. As it reached the first guitar solo I walked forwards until my knees met the arms of the chair and leaning in, a hand on either side, I began to crawl up the chair’s wide arms, one limb at a time, again, like a predatory cat. When my lips were a mere centimeter from Josh’s I breathed out deeply, letting him feel the heat of my breath against his lips. I slid one cheek alongside his, the downy hairs making the lightest of contact with his smooth, boy-like skin. With the music, I quickly repeated the maneuver on the opposite side. Then, I drew myself up onto my knees, reaching my arms up high, clasping my hands together and throwing back my head. I clenched my ass cheeks, thrusting my pussy forwards; aware of how close it was to Josh’s soft mouth, covered only by the tiniest strip of satin. I weaved left to right, hypnotizing my victim with the flow of my body. I let my arms slowly slip downwards, my hands caressing my breasts as they moved ever lower. When they reached my sides I lowered myself down a little on my thighs and then, taking each of Josh’s hands in my own I thrust them, firmly, one on either of my ass cheeks. I held them there as I gyrated; letting him feel my tense muscles beneath the soft, warm flesh, before feigning an expression of absolute shock and slapping him, quite hard, across the cheek. His hands leapt away, a look of genuine surprise on his face as I leaned very close into him and whispered,

“You can look…but you cannot touch.”

“But…” he began to protest.

I placed my index finger hard against his lips, “Shhhh!” I whispered, before crawling backwards, crouching low off the chair, my lips following the contour of his body, so very closely, pausing momentarily over his crotch.

Once again on my feet I turned away from Josh and, setting my legs apart, I danced for him, squatting low down and then rising slowly, feeling my thigh muscles burn. I bent forwards offering Josh the view of my naked behind, hardly covered at all by the tiny thong and this…this is where I got really naughty.

I knew that if I opened my legs wider Josh would get the perfect view of my soft pussy lips and only my slit, would be covered by the satin. One at a time I opened my legs before bending even lower and touching my palms to the floor.

I slowly raised myself up to a standing position and peered over my shoulder to see the stunned expression on Josh’s face, his fingers gripping into the armchair, hard.

I was contemplating how to remove the fabulous corset seductively, when it struck me…I shouldn’t.

Stripping, like true exhibitionism is as much knowing what not to remove, as it is what to remove. I knew our regular dances at Hedonism Inc involved exposing your breasts only. I also knew that a girl could earn extra money showing a little more in one of the private rooms. I reasoned that this was a private room, of sorts and how wonderful it would feel to have my breasts covered inside the corset, my fishnets still on and…well…you can guess the rest.

Taking a pace forwards, still flowing to the rhythm of AC/DC, I allowed my hands to slip either side of the thong’s waistband. I teased a little, sliding my hands up and down, pushing my peachy little butt towards Josh before, slowly, I slid them about halfway down my thighs.

This was just about as hot as I had ever felt removing my clothes. You cannot describe the feeling of your pussy exposed and vulnerable, where it really shouldn’t be, with words alone. I could feel my labia, swollen and burning to be caressed, my clitoris, tight and throbbing, desperate for attention.

I spun around to face Josh, releasing my hands from the panties, holding them in place with my open thighs. I looked down at him and slid my index finger between my teeth biting onto it, a faux expression of innocence on my face.

As I took in Josh’s expression, his eyes wide, pupils dilated, staring at my naked little pussy before him, I drew my knees together and sliding into a crouch I pulled down the thong and stepped out of it. Once again I moved towards him, one leg in front of the other, thighs close together, my finger still teasing my moist mouth. All he would be able to see would be the little strip of hair indicating my hidden treasures. As my legs met his I reached forwards and pressed a palm against either side of his head, thrusting it backwards, forcing him to look into my eyes instead of between my legs. I pouted my lips as though I were going to kiss him and watched as his, reflexively mirrored mine. As my legs, once again, straddled the armchair I held his head, firmly, in place. My legs were open wide and I felt my wet pussy lips part. I climbed higher and held myself upright, my throbbing little pussy, half a breath from Josh’s soft lips, but I wouldn’t let him look. I held his gaze with my eyes as my fingers raked tightly into his hair. I wanted him to smell me, to feel the intense heat he had created within me, but above all…I wanted him to be denied me. I began to gyrate my crotch in a circular motion before him as I shut my eyes tight, biting onto my lower lip. I wanted nothing more than to thrust his mouth between my legs, to have him eat me there and then, but that was not how I played things. The tease was as much for me as it was for my victim.

Slowly, I crawled lower onto the arms of the chair. I released his head, but his eyes remained fixedly on mine. I found myself smiling a gentle, loving smile at him. His lips twitched a smile momentarily, acknowledging mine, before I again, naturally, adopted my expression of pure passion.

Squatting down a little my left hand reached for Josh’s right and I held it softly for a moment, feeling it shake. I gently closed all but two of his fingers and then guided them between my legs. Even before any contact was made I saw Josh shut his eyes and gasp. I held them there, honestly unaware of whether I would touch them to me or not, but…I did.

I pressed them into the base of my slit and slowly drew them upwards, feeling my lips part as they slid higher. I too shut my eyes and threw back my head thrilling beneath the boy’s touch. As his fingers traveled to the top of my slit I pressed them deep beneath the hood of my clit and moaned from the contact before letting go of his hand. His fingers stayed in place and opening my eyes, I slapped him, hard across the cheek. Tears pricked his now open eyes and his cheek burned crimson.

“I told you before Josh…you can look, but you cannot touch.” I chastised.

The poor boy looked genuinely hurt as his hand fell back to his lap. I so wanted to kiss him softly and tell him it would all be ok, but he had been a very naughty boy.

Gently, my right hand now reached for his left and again I molded his finger as before. As I raised his hand upwards he resisted me for a fraction of a second before submitting to my will. This time, I slid his fingers up and down my soaking wet pussy, before; at the appropriate moment I thrust them deep inside of myself, crying out as I did so. My muscles held them tight against my inner wall as little electric shocks fired from my clit. I let go of his hand and, momentarily gave myself to the sensation of being penetrated before I slapped him even harder on the other cheek, gasping once more as his fingers, reflexively slipped out of me.

This time he cried out, in pain or pleasure I could not tell you.

“Look, but no touch,” I whispered.

I gently stroked his cheek before taking his left hand again. Once more his arm, nervously resisted momentarily before he relaxed. I guided his fingers to my mouth and slipped them between my lips. I sucked onto them greedily, tasting my musky juices on his fingers. I slid his fingers in and out, my tongue running along the length, my eyes narrowed as they stared into his. I wanted Josh to know how good it would feel for me to take his dick deep within my mouth and to let it slide in and out.

When I removed his fingers and released his hand I saw the poor boy flinch anticipating my strike, but none came. Instead, I leaned into him, taking each burning cheek in my palms and kissed him softly on the lips.

I was aware that the music had moved into the second guitar solo where, I knew, the song would ultimately fade away.

I swapped my legs over to each opposite arm so that I was facing away from Josh now and crawled forwards. As my hands reached the edge of the chair I dropped them to the floor leaving myself as exposed from behind as ever I had been. Slowly crawling forwards. I secretly begged for Josh to dare to slide his fingers inside me from behind, for his thumb to press hard into my clit and to rub it round and around. For his index finger to have the audacity to stroke between my ass cheeks and to tease the sweat against my little puckered hole. If he had stood up and removed his swollen cock, sliding it deep inside of me I would have been powerless to resist, but he didn’t and I loved him because of it.

I crawled down from the chair and across the floor as the music faded to silence.

After a moments pause I picked up my clothes and walked from the changing room.

I quickly slipped off the stockings and managed to wriggle out of the corset without too much difficulty before pulling on my skirt and sweater. It somehow felt wrong to put on my cotton underwear after the delights of the afternoon’s dressing up and so, I slipped it into the pocket of my raincoat. Besides, the sensation of my pussy burning naked beneath my short skirt on the bus ride home would only heighten the mind blowing orgasm I was anticipating.

I pulled on my raincoat, fastening it tight before re-entering the changing room.

Without looking at Josh, still seated, I placed the stockings, panties and corset with the rest of the lingerie I had tried on and said,

“Tell your mum I’ll take it all and ask her to send it on to Hedonism please.”

I finally cocked my head towards Josh and saw the hurt and frustration in his eyes. I smiled, genuinely caring for him and stepped across. I stroked his red raw cheeks with the back of my hand and leaned in to kiss him. I had planned it to be a little peck, but his lips were so beautifully soft and so very hot that I ended up kissing him deeply, briefly sliding my tongue inside, before pulling away and still stroking his face, I said,

“Thank you so much Josh. You don’t know what a big help you have been to me this afternoon. Everything you wish we had done together I wish too, but you know, sometimes it is better to wait. I have a feeling that we will experience each other fully at some point in the very near future. Come to the club and I’ll give you the performance you truly deserve. Ok?”

He nodded his head mutely and kissing him on the forehead I slipped from the room, unlocked the front door and left.

Did I ever pay back Josh for his patience? I’m not sure I should tell you. Don’t forget! Everything…carries its price.

Love Amanda

xxx

Amanda's Confession - The Massage

It all happened one beautiful, sunny afternoon. Summer was well and truly on its way and the world somehow seemed a better place for it. It had been a lovely warm day and a gentle breeze teased its way along the avenue, carrying with it the scent of newly mown grass and the first blooms of honeysuckle. I had just finished off a particularly grueling workout at the gym and was heading for home.

I was certainly burning off more than a few calories dancing at the club, but as I am sure you can imagine, it was really important for me to keep my entire body in great shape and what seemed to work for me were regular yoga classes alongside a few hours of weight training in the gym, besides…since joining Hedonism Inc. I was able to realise a life long dream and become a member of an incredibly swish health club. You know…the kind of place that makes you feel as though you are someone really special the moment you walk through the doors. Being a member had other compensations too, as there were more than a few particularly cute boys and girls to keep you coming back for more. More about those little adventures some other time however.

The story I am about to tell you still makes me blush to this very day, but I do love it and my mind often takes me back there when I am soaking in a hot bubble bath, or lying beneath a soft cotton sheet, unable to sleep because of a certain little tingly sensation in my body.

I had sweated my way through a nice, long workout and had eaten a light lunch at the health club and now was heading home with the view to catching up on some of the schoolwork I was falling behind with. At this stage, I was still studying, but life as a Hedonism girl was really beginning to run away with me and it would not be long before I put my studies on hold for a while.

As I strolled along the street, peering into the shop windows and desperately trying to convince myself that I really did need yet another pair of sexy, strappy high heels, I became aware of how tight my shoulder muscles felt. This was nothing unusual as a dancer, as any of the girls will tell you. However, I had hoped to have stretched away the strain at my yoga class earlier that morning, but if anything things had taken a turn for the worse. Despite the heat of the day, I resolved to slip into a hot bath when I got home – and perhaps think of that cute brunette in those oh-so-tight, little shorts – when I spotted the sign. I must have passed it a thousand times, but had never noticed it properly before, who knows…perhaps it was fate calling this day.

“Catald Therapeutic Massage Centre,” it read in big, bold lettering. Jessica, one of the girls at work, had told me about this place. She was a regular visitor. Apparently it was staffed by blind masseurs, all fully trained and quite excellent at their jobs. She swore she had experienced the best massages of her life with them and that afterwards she felt as though she were walking on air.

As I stood there, rubbing at the tight cords of my shoulder muscles, the idea of having a good, firm pair of hands kneading warm massage oil into my knotted back muscles – and who knows…perhaps a little elsewhere too – became rather appealing.

I stepped through the door, hearing it chime a welcoming ‘ping’ from a little, brass bell, and climbed my way up the stairs to the reception area.

An attractive, older lady, in her sixties, I would have guessed, looked up at me from behind her desk and smiled a welcoming smile at me.

“Good afternoon dear,” she greeted. “How may I help you?”

“Hello there. My name’s Mandy…I was really hoping I might be lucky enough to grab a quick treatment this afternoon, if there was anything going that is?” I asked hopefully, deciding schoolwork could wait.

“Well let’s have a look and see shall we,” she smiled. “Ooh! I don’t suppose you could do forty minutes time could you? Michael has had a last minute cancellation.”

“Wow that would be wonderful.” I declared beaming, booking myself in and promising to be back shortly.

I popped into one of those little Italian coffee shops and grabbed a quick espresso. Me being me, I couldn’t help let my mind wander as I sat there sipping the sharp, black coffee at a pavement table. Michael eh? I thought. I wonder if he’s handsome. I felt that all too familiar tingling, you know where and chastised myself. I was there for the sake of my back and besides…the poor boy was blind. He probably didn’t need seducing by some horny chick on a mission, no matter how cute she was or how much she would blow his mind from the experiences they might share.

The minutes ticked by and I felt my poor little pussy pulsing away as I eyed the cute girls and boys passing along the pavement before me and soon enough it was time to get back to the clinic.

I didn’t bother to tip the, oh-so-charming yet oh-so-sleazy, waiter for my coffee. I just flashed him a devastating ‘horny little Mandy’ smile that he could have much more fun thinking about later than any pleasure he could glean from ten percent gratuity.

When I got back to the massage centre the lovely lady smiled up at me…

“Just go on through to the treatment room Amanda and strip down. Pop this towel around you and Michael will be with you shortly,” she said, handing me a fluffy white towel.

I thanked her and stepped towards the appropriate room, turning the door handle and stepping through.

“He is very good you know,” she said from behind me and I turned to see what I could have sworn was a naughty little glint in her eye. I liked this lady and I simply grinned back at her and walked further into the room, shutting the door behind me.

He’s very good is he? I pondered to myself, again aware of my tight, little pussy throbbing its displeasure at being ignored.

I stood in front of a nice, full-length mirror and began to remove my clothes. Nothing glamorous today I am afraid. I was wearing a pair of jogging bottoms and a tight cotton camisole. My hair was up in a ponytail and still a little damp from my post workout shower. I was wearing no makeup, but had that glow you get after a good exercise session – not as pretty as that other post workout glow we all know about, but looking good nonetheless.

I plonked down my bag and stared at my reflection as I began to undress. First, I slipped off my Birkenstocks, quickly followed by my jogging pants. I did my usual trick of teasing myself, getting all hot and bothered in unfamiliar surroundings. I slipped down the simple, black, lycra thong I was wearing and stood there, admiring my new bikini wax – I had opted for a ‘Brazilian’ this time – and actually allowed myself to part my thighs and test the wetness with my fingertips. I thought about ‘Michael’ surprising me and catching me teasing my cunt in his mirror and slipped two fingers deep inside of myself. It was bliss…it was ecstasy to play with my hot little pussy right there, right then, so close to being caught and I tossed my head as my naughty fingers slipped in and out. I brought myself back down to earth with a shuddering exhalation and laughed at my foolishness, imagining being caught by a blind man indeed! Not knowing what to do with them, I quickly licked my sticky fingers clean, tasting my fresh juices and giggling at my cheek.

Just then there was a knock at the door and I reflexively pulled the towel around my waist. It was a pretty small towel, all things considered, but as I still had my top on – and the fact that my masseur couldn’t see a fucking thing of course – I shouted, “Come on in.”

The door opened and in he stepped. I understood immediately why the receptionist had a little thing for him. He was pretty damn handsome, I must say. About 28 I would have guessed. He had short blondish hair; you know the sort, the ‘surfer dude’ look, sun bleached and somewhat disheveled. He had a good, strong jaw line, which was flecked with golden, blonde stubble – the naughty boy hadn’t shaved today, but looked all the better for it. His face was tanned a natural, healthy brown. His mouth was wide and his lips were quite full, but rather chapped from what I would guess to be too long spent outdoors. As he stepped towards me he smiled, displaying two rows of beautifully white teeth. Most noticeable of all however were his dark glasses. I always imagined blind people wearing those big, heavy, plastic affairs, but Michael was wearing very cool, wayfarer style shades, which were very much back in fashion. Why the hell not? I chastised myself. He has as much right to be fashion conscious as the rest of us.

Michael was a very handsome man and I seriously started to plan my seduction. A plan that would fly out of the window some 45 minutes later.

He extended a hand and I took it, cheekily aware that my fingers were still a little moist from my fun. He had a wonderful handshake and I knew I was gonna have a great time, it was strong, the skin a little dry, but soft with it and his palms exuded a kind of warm power.

I felt a bit weird stood there with nothing but a towel wrapped around my waist and my black, cotton camisole, but you know me, I couldn’t help getting a little more turned on by my near nakedness. I was actually contemplating how to make the towel ‘accidentally’ fall away when, once more, I had to remind myself that Michael was blind and would not be able to appreciate my little show.

He introduced himself – he had a very subtle, but rather sexy Australian accent – and asked how he could help me. I explained that my shoulders were tight, but that I could really do with a full rub down, fluttering my eyelashes pointlessly. He told me that would be no problem and suggested I lay on his treatment couch when I was quite ready.

Now this is naughty, but classic me. As I stood there facing this handsome young man, I slowly began to draw my camisole upwards, exposing my golden brown tummy, nice and smooth, but with that tiny swell I love. I pulled it higher, staring at him and revealing the lower curve of my breasts and then little by little, my soft pink nipples all pouting and ready to be teased. I finally whipped my top above my head and tossed it towards my other clothes. My pussy ached to be teased as I exposed my upper body. I was even naughty enough to take my nipples between thumb and forefingers and pull at them, feeling them grow yet tighter in my grip, biting against my soft lips as I stared straight at the handsome masseur. If only he knew what I was doing, I thought. He might grab me and bend me over his treatment couch lift up my towel and fuck me the way a naughty girl deserves to be fucked. But…of course he didn’t know what I was doing and it was really no good at all, me playing games. I was here for a massage and was quite sure I could get his number afterwards with very little effort at all. I would give Michael a special dance, but the rules would have to change of course…he would be allowed to touch me anywhere and everywhere, just so he could read my body you understand.

I quickly lay myself down on his massage table, slotting my face into the cradle and relaxing my body as best I could. The bench purred into action as Michael raised it to a suitable height.

“Alright Amanda…let’s see what your body needs shall we?” he suggested and my poor, swollen clit pulsed, letting me know exactly what it needed.

I moaned a tiny moan as his warm, dry fingertips lighted across my shoulders. They slipped expertly across my body applying pressure at certain points, slipping along tight muscles and between ribs. I was pleasantly shocked when his fingertips pressed against my bottom and slipped lower still across the back of my thighs and all the way down to my feet.

“Ok Amanda! I think I’ve got you read. You are either a seriously dangerous kung fu expert or a dancer, but wait…don’t tell me,” he said, quickly stepping to the head of the table and taking my hands in his, stoking them so wonderfully along each finger. “Just as I thought,” he continued. “If you are a kung fu killer you only use your feet so I am gonna take a wild guess and say you dance for a living.”

He was so sweet, boy-like in a way and I couldn’t wait to open my legs wide for him and guide is big, stiff cock inside of my hot, wet cunt.

“How did you know?” I asked.

“You get used to treating dancers in this game. I can tell by how tight certain muscles are, how developed are others, and how umm…well contoured a dancer’s physique is.”

“Yes, but do you know what kind of a dancer I am?” I asked, mildly shocked at how flirtatious I had become so soon.

“Ah well…now that’s a little more difficult,” he replied.

Touch between my legs, I willed. Feel how smooth my waxed pussy lips are, how expertly trimmed my little bush is. Smell behind my ear and you will smell sex. I strip myself naked for money. Sometimes I allow myself to be taken… sometimes I give myself willingly. Test me and you will know exactly what I do and what I can do, just for you.

“Whatever your style is I am sure you are very good at it. Your body is beautifully developed, but I am glad you came to see me before you pulled a muscle. I’ll get you nice and relaxed and you will feel like a new woman in no time.”

I liked the idea of feeling like a new woman, but I really wanted to feel a new man…this new man to be precise and I wanted to feel him in so many very naughty ways.

I lay there and listened as he poured massage oil between his palms, rubbing them together creating a delicious, slippery wet, squelching sound. The oil smelled wonderful and I swear I relaxed a little from the aroma alone. I could sense grapefruit and sandalwood, but there was more, something indefinable, but wonderfully calming. To this day, whatever that aroma was, whenever I sense the merest hint of it, my mind will be transported back to Michael and I will smile.

As he pressed the heels of his palms against my upper back and slid his hands upwards across my shoulders I moaned involuntarily. I had been quite unaware of how tight my body had become and this man’s touch was something rather special. He instinctively knew where every knot, every tight spot was and he worked them with the precision of a master craftsman. I cried out time and time again as Michael’s fingers worked their magic. At times the sensation was almost painful and would cause my head to swim, at others he would press down against me with such pressure that the breath would be forced from my lungs, but it always felt so damn good. I didn’t care about what I must sound like, I purred and I gasped, I moaned and I cried out as I felt years of tension worked from my body. Time disappeared as he treated my back and shoulders, my neck and my arms. His hands worked their way down to mine, where his fingers interlocked with my own and smeared them in the sweet scented oils. I felt wonderful. I had entirely forgotten how I had naughtily turned myself on and was in a state of blissful relaxation, but then…Michael moved lower.

He moved on to my calf muscles and pressed his thumbs deeply into them.

“Mmm.” I purred, as the tension I was unaware of suffering was teased from my body.

He began to sweep his hands higher, long, upward strokes pressing deep into the muscle. God he felt good!

In time he moved higher still, beyond my knees and kneading his strong fingers hard against the taught muscles at the rear of my thighs – if you squatted and raised yourself in stiletto heels as many times as I did in an evening, you would have super tense thigh muscles too.

His touch felt so very, very good. Time and time again he oiled his palms with the wonderfully aromatic blend, smearing it across my naked flesh. His fingers were warm and remarkably soft, but so very strong. He worked deep into my thigh muscles, at times almost painfully so, but my body, ultimately felt completely relaxed.

His fingers ceaselessly moved higher and higher and although his massaging felt quite wonderful, I couldn’t help feeling a delicious thrill, as I knew how close his fingers were to that area that was crying out to be touched.

With each long, soothing stroke of his fingers, I felt Michael reach closer and closer to the curve of my ass. The massage was truly wonderful, but naughty Amanda was returning and I teased my lip between my teeth as I imagined his fingers reaching that little higher still, slipping between my legs and massaging my hot, swollen mound. I couldn’t help myself, I parted my legs just a little and then it happened…

Michael’s fingertips pressed against the lower edge of my ass and I let out an involuntary gasp. He moved his fingers away quickly, as though burned, but again, slowly and tentatively his sweeping palms touched against me. This time, however, he spoke…

“Umm. If you don’t mind Amanda…I suspect your gluteal muscles are at least as tense as the rest of your body. I could work on them a little if you would like?”

My tight little cunt pulsed at the idea of having this handsome young man play with my ass.

“I think that’s a good idea Michael. Thank you,” I replied, barely able to contain the excitement from my voice.

With one, swift movement I felt the towel covering my behind lifted away where it was gathered, unceremoniously, about my waist. My backside was entirely exposed now and would have been quite the view if the poor boy could have seen me.

“A little more oil I think,” he declared as I heard him reach for the bottle.

I gasped as I felt the trickle of cool massage oil pour between my ass cheeks.

“Oh I am so sorry Amanda!” he declared. “Sometimes I have terribly bad aim.”

It was hard to believe, but the poor boy was blind after all and the sensation of the slippery liquid sliding between my cheeks, teasing its way over my little hole and caressing between my aching pussy lips was quite wonderful. I released a raw, passionate moan from the back of my throat, but it was far too quiet for Michael to appreciate the pleasure he had accidentally given me.

I cried out softly as his oily palms pressed against my ass cheeks and began to move, coating my soft flesh thoroughly. He began to knead a little deeper and again, instinctively knew where to find the tension. His slippery hands worked deeper and deeper, in opposing circles. I felt my cheeks parted and closed with every sweep of his hands. I knew that my naked pussy would be entirely exposed to him as his hands moved away from each other and my clitoris pulsed. I moaned as I felt my lips part so gently as his thumbs swept upwards against the swell off my behind.

This was quite outrageous. If Michael had not been blind it would really have been too much, but the massage was so wonderful and the sensation of my wet slit being teased open and shut was such a sweet frustration. I longed for his fingers to slip deeper inside, to part me completely and to glide in and out of my wet hole. I had planned to seduce Michael, but he had beaten me to it without even realizing that he had done so.

I groaned aloud as I imagined him spanking me for my impure thoughts, my oily ass slapping loud against his fingertips as he rained down strike after strike. My bum would burn hot with my punishment and given the thoughts in my mind I truly deserved to be disciplined. Each hot, searing slap would send delicious, burning pain deep within my pussy, a pain that would only be soothed if he were to finger me afterwards, if he were to lean down and part my cheeks with his thumbs and kiss my sopping wet slit better.

I was moaning quite loudly now, he surely must have been able to hear. It was as much the fantasy I had created for myself as it were the expert ministrations of his hands that were causing me to cry out. Of course the poor boy was just doing his job, but I knew if I didn’t find release soon I would simply explode. Unfortunately, me being me…I couldn’t help but seek out that release for myself.

Finally and with considerable sadness on my part, Michael’s palms came to a rest against my upper thighs. I willed him to have the impertinence to play with my pussy. All it would take was one of his indescribably dexterous fingers to tease my wet slit, to apply a little pressure to my tight little clit, but he did not. I was so sad that it was over, but just then…

“If you would like to slip over onto your back now Amanda, I will do a little work on the front of your legs.”

How wonderful, I thought and once again, a wicked idea entered my mind.

The towel given to preserve my modesty was gathered uselessly around my waist. I twisted around and lay down on my back. I slipped it over my body, but just a little higher than I really should have. It was covering my breasts and just below my belly button, but my poor little cunt was all naked and exposed before Michael. Of course he didn’t know what he was missing, but as I looked up at his handsome face, his useless eyes hidden behind his dark glasses, I parted my thighs a little and felt tiny, hot pulses fire from between my legs throughout my body. My pretty little pussy was his for the taking if only he knew it.

Michael began to work at my feet one at a time, his oily fingers slipping between my toes. He pressed hard into the arches, causing me to cry out and circled softly against the soles. As he finished with one foot and moved to the other I allowed my legs to part that little further still. If only he could have seen what he was missing. My pussy was soft and pouting. It must have been most men’s dream to be presented with a sopping, little cunt like mine. But poor Michael would never know what he could have reached out and taken with absolutely no resistance whatsoever.

He laid the second leg down again and I made sure my thighs were nicely parted as he began to work on my calf muscles. He pressed into me in upward strokes and it felt wonderful, but for all the tension that was being eased from my body where Michael had touched, there was a terrible frustration building in me elsewhere. I was biting against my lower lip, my brow furrowed as my pussy begged to be teased and, I am sorry, but I really couldn’t help myself.

He moved his attentions to my other leg and repeated the wonderful treatment of my tight calf muscles. I watched him intently as I slowly slipped my hand across my tummy, circling my belly button just once with my index finger, but he did not flinch, why on earth would he? Two fingers slid lower and began to gently caress the sticky hot flesh of my outer lips. It felt so damn good and I shut my eyes allowing my head to fall further backwards. I momentarily wondered what the fuck I thought I was doing, but the sensation of teasing my desperately frustrated cunt while the blind masseur touched me so close by, gave me the answer. I let my fingers part my lips, the soft, pliant flesh yielding to the gentle pressure of my fingertips and the sticky heat of my slit coating my fingers so sweetly as they slid between.

“Does that feel nice?” he asked and my eyes flashed open. “I can feel how tense you are and your little moans sound like you are enjoying yourself.

“Oh yes Michael! You have no idea,” and he truly didn’t.

I was completely unaware that I had been moaning, but I simply smiled, staring straight towards him and began to rub my fingers up and down my slit a little quicker. When I was thoroughly sticky wet with my juices, I allowed my fingers to rise higher still and to seek out my poorly neglected clit. I circled round and around against the little fold of skin, teasing the swollen bud beneath. I looked straight at Michael the whole time and it almost seemed as though he were staring straight back at me. I loved to masturbate in front of other people, but there was something so special about playing with myself so close to a handsome man who would never know it. Not until I whispered it to him anyway.

I could feel my body wound tighter and tighter as I rubbed my clit harder and harder. The shocks were firing more deeply now and I found myself stifling desperate cries quite regularly. I pulled at the towel, exposing my breasts and put it to my mouth, biting hard against it. Again, I was powerless to resist as my free hand sought out a tight nipple and began to twist against it. I was breathing desperately through my nostrils, my cries thankfully quieted, but as I felt Michaels’s hot, oiled palms slide above my knee, drawing ever upwards towards my cunt, I threw my head back and moaned deeply.

Time and time again he swept his palms upwards. He was so close; if only he had dared he could have taken me. I would let him finger my cunt until I begged to experience his cock, but still he did not.

I was entirely naked before him now, my thighs parted wide, my breasts exposed, the soft, pink flesh of my areola pouting and my nipples swollen full and tight. I had one hand teasing my clit and the other playing with my nipples, twisting and pinching urgently. Michael had moved to the other leg now and repeated his strokes, sweeping slippery palms so close to my cunt, but by no means close enough. I sensed the massage would be over soon and the idea of having to leave tenser than when I arrived was too much to bear and I brought both hands down between my thighs.

Expertly, I took two fingers and used them to spread my lips. My pussy, as those I have danced a special dance for will tell you, is a pretty little thing. It is nice and tight and quite small, so by parting my lips just a little my clit is released so easily. It can be rather sensitive at times so when it is exposed, I tease it with nothing more than a whisper of a caress before letting it hide away and rubbing it hard over its little hood again. I released my lips and slipped two fingers along my slit to seek out my entrance. I stared up at Michael as his palms slipped ever higher and just as he was so close to touching where I wanted him to touch, I plunged my fingers deep inside, rubbing urgently with the other hand.

I arched my back as a monumental shock ripped through my body. I began to fuck myself so very quickly with my fingers. They were hot and slippery with my juices as I frigged my cunt right below Michael’s gaze. Surely he must have sensed the tension in my body as I played the way bad little Mandy likes to play. Surely he must have heard the muffled cries from beneath the towel as I teased my pussy relentlessly. Apparently he did not, as he simply continued his sweeping caress of my thighs.

I became aware of the slippery wet sound as my fingers fucked my pussy faster and faster. I no longer cared. Hell! I wanted Michael to know and besides…I was so close to my climax that nothing in the world could stop me now.

I alternated flicking my clit from side to side to round and around, all the time letting my fingers slide tight along my inner wall, back and forth. My hand was beginning to ache but it was of no consequence.

My body tightened hard and I drew short, desperate breaths through my nose. I cried out into the towel as I felt my pussy tense hard around my fingers. I was cumming. My clit fired lightening like shocks up my spine, causing my head to swim as wave after wave of ice-cold and red-hot pleasure washed over me. I shivered with the thrill of the orgasm enveloping my entire body. I was lost and I sobbed with the beauty and frustration of the experience. As I began to slow, I looked up at Michael through slitted eyes and grinned, my fingers working my pussy once more, but somewhat slower now. Finally with complete satisfaction, I released my clitoris, exhaling a deep, relaxing moan as I slid my soaking wet fingers out of my cunt and lapped at them with long, ice-lolly licking strokes of my tongue.

It should have been Michael tasting me, but as his hands worked there way up my thigh one final time, I resolved that I would take him sooner rather than later anyway.

I wanted to see what magic those expert fingers could conjure elsewhere on my body and in return, I would make sure that Michael would receive something a little special from me.

“That’s you finished then Amanda,” he said and I released a huge sigh. How right he was. My pussy was pink and swollen from my game, but I certainly felt more relaxed than I had done in a long time. “I’ll leave you to get dressed. When you’re done, if you just pop out and settle up with Clare. I’ll come and say goodbye in a moment when I am through cleaning up.”

With that Michael disappeared out of a door into what I can only assume was a bathroom of some description.

I slid myself from the table, my body buzzing with the kind of relaxed comfort I hadn’t felt in God knows how long.

I stared at my naked body in the mirror, all pink and glistening from the massage oil. My eyes were hooded lazily and I had a grin on my face I could not shift, whether it was from the massage or my cheeky tease I couldn’t tell you, but I suspect each played their own part.

I quickly slipped on my clothes, grabbed my bag and headed out to the reception.

Clare looked up and smiled at me.

“Was that nice dear?” she questioned.

“Oh my yes,” I purred in return.

“Well I did tell you he was good didn’t I?”

He was good all right and I was so terribly bad. I giggled to myself at how he may never know just what a bad girl I truly was.

I settled up, trying to work out what line to use so that I could get Michaels number when he returned.

“Mmm yes he is good,” I agreed. “I suppose he has learned to be more tactile than most because of his lack of sight.”

Clare chuckled kindly.

“Oh no dear,” she replied. “You’ve got it quite wrong! Michael isn’t blind. The blind clinic is on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Today is Thursday. I can see where you made the mistake though with him wearing those silly sunglasses. Between you and me Dear, I think he had a bit of a heavy night last night.”

Just then the treatment room door clicked open and out stepped Michael. He looked towards me as he lifted away his shades, displaying two of the most perfect, bright-blue eyes I have ever seen. He grinned his devastating grin at me and handed me his business card.

“Any time you need a little help umm…releasing that tension of yours, I would be glad to assist. Just give me a call.”

I felt my cheeks burn red hot. I had never felt so embarrassed in all my life and I croaked a “thank you very much,” before turning on my heels and scurrying from the clinic.

Once out in the street I burst out laughing at how naughty little Amanda had been beaten at her own game, but being the sore loser I am I threw his card in the dustbin. The cheeky boy was only gonna get one free show from me!

As I headed for home, still laughing from time to time and feeling on top of the world, I resolved to have that cute brunette at the gym in my shower by the end of the week. Right where I wanted her.

Love and kisses to you all

Mandy

xxx