**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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Cassadee's Coming of Age part 1  
  
Friday  
  
Cassadee Ellison yawned and stretched, basking in the light shining through her bedroom window. It was a beautiful morning. She wiped the sleep from her eyes and listened as the birds chirped in the trees. It was Friday. One more day of school before the weekend.  
  
Suddenly her eyes bugged out and her heart skipped a beat as she realized what today was, and what she would be doing tonight. She closed her eyes and breathed slowly, trying to calm her racing heartbeat. Today marked a turning point in her life. Cassadee was no longer a child, and tonight she would prove that. She needed to calm down and savor every moment of this special day—exactly one month after her 18th birthday.  
  
A shiver ran through her body and she bit her lower lip as she thought about her Coming of Age party tonight. She had been thinking about it for the past month and now it was finally here. She would do things tonight that she had never done. Things she thought she would never do.  
  
Tossing the sheets off her body, she ran her hands over her white midriff-length tank top and felt the swollen, puffy nipples of her B-cup breasts. She squeezed them gently, the sensation sending an electric current straight to her sex. Her fingertips traced a path down her flat runner's stomach, and she shivered again as goosebumps rose on her skin. She reached the top of her pink and white cotton bikini briefs and her fingers slid underneath of their own volition. Her landing strip of closely cropped blond pubic hair was like an arrow pointing directly toward her daily masturbation destination. Her practiced finger easily found her clit and discovered the wetness waiting for her between her lower lips. She drew her fingertips down the length of her slippery vulva from her clit to the opening below, dipping her finger ever so slightly inside.  
  
Cassadee could smell her excitement waft into the air as she pulled her hand from beneath her panties and brought her fingers to her nose. She breathed deeply, inhaling her feminine musk, and tasted her fluids, licking her finger clean. Impatiently, she thrust her hand back under the elastic band of her panties and plunged two fingers deep inside herself. She moaned quietly and her hips rose off the bed, trying to drive those fingers as far inside her pussy as possible. Sliding them out, she immediately began to stimulate her clit, running them up one side, over the clitoral hood, and down the other side in a circular motion. After every few circles around her clit she would slide her fingertips back down through her crevice, lubricating them for more action.  
  
As her arousal increased, her breathing became labored and her face and chest were flushed. The warmth in her pelvis grew until it expanded throughout her body. Her legs stiffened and her toes began to curl as she stopped the circling motion around her clit and began strumming directly across it as fast as she could. She held her breath and her stomach muscles tightened as her vision blurred and her entire world was reduced to a pinpoint of light in her brain.  
  
Her vaginal muscles began to clench and release with spasms as her fingers continued to rub her clit until it could take no more. The orgasm was sudden and explosive. Her hips bucked and she covered her mouth and moaned into her hand. Sparkles filled her vision as a wave of euphoria washed through her entire body. As she rode out the last of her orgasm, she felt the pressure drain from her head and she thought she might pass out. Recovering her breath, she shivered, feeling the pinpricks throughout her body as the blood flow returned to normal.  
  
That was the single most intense orgasm she could ever remember having. Better even than the one she had a month ago, when she turned eighteen. After she learned about all of...this.  
  
On her 18th birthday, her mother had pulled her aside and given her 'the talk'.  
  
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One Month Ago  
  
"Our town is special, Cass," her mother, Kathleen, had said warmly. "Well, our whole county, really. We have many traditions here that you probably don't know anything about. We have secrets here that everyone has kept religiously for years and years, going back at least as far as my great-grandparents."  
  
Cassadee was immediately intrigued. "What kind of secrets?"  
  
"Well," her mother continued, "we take great pride in protecting and raising our girls around here. And our men play a huge part in that."  
  
"OK..." she responded. Her curiosity was killing her.  
  
"When one of our daughters turns eighteen, we explain a special tradition that we keep—a ceremony, if you will. It happens one month after a girl's 18th birthday."  
  
"What happens?"  
  
"A girl has one week after her 18th birthday, to decide if she wants to participate in this tradition. It is called a 'Coming of Age' celebration. If she decides that she does want to participate, then at the end of that week she will select an advocate. Many times, a girl chooses her mother. I chose my mother. It should be someone you can trust implicitly to have your best interests in mind, at any rate."  
  
"An advocate for what?" she asked. Cassadee was not yet understanding what this was about. Her mother continued.  
  
"The advocate will recruit up to five men who will agree to act as mentors throughout your life. They will teach you, protect you, give you advice, and help you with anything you might need," her mother explained.  
  
"Oh. So, they are like five uncles who you can rely on to be there whenever you need something?" she asked with a smile.  
  
Her mother chuckled. "Not exactly, sweetheart."  
  
"OK. I guess I don't really understand..."  
  
Her mother's face became serious. "What I'm about to tell you is a matter of absolute secrecy. Our traditions here must be guarded and protected. Before I go any further, I need you to promise me that what I tell you will not be repeated to anyone. Everyone older than you already knows these things, and anyone who is younger than you should not know anything about this until the time is right. Do you understand and agree to guard these secrets?"  
  
Cassadee's heart skipped a beat. What could her mother be hiding that was such a secret? "Y-yes. I promise."  
  
"All right. Men are especially important to us here, as I said. They enhance our lives in many ways. But the five men that become your mentors will be closer to you than anyone, except your husband. They will share all their knowledge and wisdom with you. They will protect you, not only physically, if necessary, but also from life's troubles. A girl should always seek the advice of her mentors before making big decisions in life. It is always good to get a second opinion. Or five." She smiled reassuringly.  
  
Cassadee tried to smile back, but she could not help wondering if her mother was holding something back. "Go on," she replied.  
  
"Well," her mother said seriously, "in return for their mentorship, a girl repays them with her love. Her body."  
  
"Her body?"  
  
"Yes," Kathleen affirmed. "Sexually."  
  
Cassadee's mouth dropped and her eyes bugged out of her head. "What??? Are you telling me that I would have to have sex with five men who aren't my husband? For the rest of my life?"  
  
"Relax, Cass. It's not what you are thinking it is. You and these five men will grow close over time. You will feel nearly as intimate with them as you will with your husband. Besides, this isn't a forced tradition. Each girl has a choice to make. She can participate or not. I would say that about 80 percent of the women in this area decide to participate. There are a number of families around here that don't. But if you ask me, they don't understand what they are missing."  
  
Cassadee's mind was reeling. Her mother had just flipped her world upside down. "Wait...do you have five mentors?" she asked, not really sure if she wanted an answer.  
  
"Yes, I do," her mother replied. "But that is a secret that is not meant to be shared. Your relationship with your mentors should only be known to you, your spouse, your mentors, your mentors' spouses, and your advocate. So, I won't tell you who my mentors are. Just as you won't tell your daughter, or anyone else, who your mentors are, should you choose to participate."  
  
"Does dad know about this? That there are five other guys in town that you have sex with?" Cassadee said with no small amount of indignation, finally realizing the full implications of this.  
  
"Of course he does," Kathleen assured her. "And he mentors three other women himself. Each man can mentor no more than three women. A lot is asked from them, so to mentor three women, as well as keep a happy wife, is more than enough. He and I have lived this way all our lives. We have no secrets from each other."  
  
Cassadee was blown away. Her mother slept with five men who weren't her dad. And her dad slept with three other women besides her mom. Suddenly she pictured all her parents' close friends who came over to the house and stayed until late at night. And every time her mom or dad was gone for an evening "with friends". What a mindfuck. She thought she might be sick.  
  
"I don't know if I can be a part of this. This is crazy! And to think that just about our whole town participates in this! Everybody must be sleeping with everybody else!"  
  
"It's not like that, Cass. This isn't just about sex. And it's not cheating. Cheating is secretive and done behind someone's back. Nobody here condones that. That's not to say that we aren't very open with our sexuality. If two consenting adults are up front about their attraction and want to sleep together, it's fine, as long as their spouses are in agreement."  
  
"Ugh! Too much information, mom!" Cassadee was seriously grossed out. "What about diseases?" she asked, feeling even more nauseous over these revelations.  
  
"Everyone here gets a monthly checkup, and we are tested for everything. That's why we take cheating seriously. If no one cheats on anyone else, especially outside of our community, then this is like a closed circuit. There would be no way for us to contract sexually transmitted diseases."  
  
"I'm going to have to get back to you on this," Cassadee said with disgust. She couldn't see herself ever agreeing to this so-called 'tradition'.  
  
"Well, you only have a week to decide," her mother replied. "I understand it's a lot to take in. It takes some people longer to wrap their head around the idea than others. But I need you to think seriously about it over the next week. In exactly one week I will ask you to give me an answer. If you decide that you want to be a part of this tradition, then you will give me the name of the person who you want to be your advocate. In the meantime, you can ask me anything. If I can clarify any of this for you, I will."  
  
Cassadee had spent the next week talking to her mother on and off about the Coming of Age tradition. Each day, she began to develop a fuller and clearer understanding of what was entailed. A couple hours before she was due to give her mom her answer, she decided that she was on board.  
  
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Cassadee pulled her hand out of her panties as the memory faded. Tonight was her Coming of Age party. It just so happened that her 18th birthday had fallen on a Friday, and four weeks later, it was Friday again. It was the end of the week, so it was sure to be a huge event. Not that she was conceited about it, but she did run with a popular crowd. It was likely that a large number of important townspeople, along with friends and family, would be there to watch everything she...  
  
Well...she couldn't think about that now. She was already nervous enough. It was past time to get out of bed and get ready for school, so she stepped out into the hallway in her panties and little tank top. They had always been fairly relaxed in their house when it came to being seen in their underwear. They didn't walk around naked, or anything. But it was common for her to sit on the couch in the evenings watching television with her family in just a t-shirt and panties.  
  
Along the way she passed her brother, who was walking from the bathroom to his bedroom in his boxer briefs. He scratched his balls and ignored her. Greg was less than two years older than her, so as she had turned eighteen a month ago, he was still nineteen for another couple months or so. They had always been very close until about the last six months. Greg had been in his Freshman year at college and wasn't home a lot. Cassadee had thought that maybe his attitude change had something to do with that, but after his semester had ended a couple weeks ago and he had come back home, he was still distant. Whatever it was, he needed to get over himself. She was going away to college in the fall herself, but she wasn't going to put up with his bullshit all summer.  
  
She took a piping hot shower and stepped out onto the rug to dry herself, catching her reflection in the mirror. Her platinum blond hair was plastered to her head and dripping. Her ice blue eyes and delicate Nordic features gave her face an elfin look. Her skin was pale and the nipples and puffy areolae on her small breasts were such a light pink that they were barely distinguishable from the rest of her skin, except when she was hot, like now, in which case they turned a bright rose color. Her stomach and legs were toned from years of track and cheerleading, yet her butt wasn't flat. It stuck out like a little bubble. And her hips were just wide enough to avoid having a boyish figure. She had received her fair share of attention from the boys.  
  
Cassadee quickly dried off, wrapped herself in her towel, and walked back to her bedroom. She hung the towel on a hook and did her hair and makeup. Then she selected a matching bra and thong set and wore a nice button-down blouse with a blue pleated miniskirt. Satisfied that she was properly cute for today, she went downstairs to grab a quick breakfast. Her parents and older brother were already seated.  
  
Her parents congratulated her on today being her Coming of Age and told her they were looking forward to the party tonight. Her brother Greg barely acknowledged her, as was normal these days. There were celebratory cupcakes on a platter in the middle of the table, along with bacon, eggs and toast. She thanked them and sat to eat, a huge smile on her face.  
  
After breakfast she hopped into her 8-year-old Mazda and drove herself to school. As she drove, she took notice of every man she saw. Mr. Johnson, their mail carrier, smiled and waved as she passed. She nervously returned the greeting. Mr. Daniels, the man who owned the Starlight Diner, was sweeping the asphalt in front of the restaurant. As she got closer to school, she saw businessmen, shopkeepers, bus drivers, etc. Any of these men could be one of her five mentors, with whom she would be having sex tonight. She swallowed nervously. Holy crap. Could she go through with this? She had been thinking about this day for a whole month and thought she had come to terms with it, but suddenly it was all very real.  
  
She pulled into a parking spot at the school and walked toward the building. "Cass!" her best friend yelled from a few cars down. Tina Gleason ran up and hugged her. "Happy CoA! I can't believe your party is tonight! It's going to be so awesome! Are you nervous?"  
  
Cassadee exhaled dramatically. "Uh, yeah. You could say that."  
  
"It will be fine. Mine was two months ago. I love my mentors. I even had a blast being an exhibitionist for the night," Tina said with a wink.  
  
Cassadee knew Tina was talking about her own Coming of Age party at Defloration, the strip club in town. Defloration was where everyone wanted to have their party. Plus, it was the only strip club within an hour's drive. Cassadee had not attended Tina's CoA party because she hadn't known anything about this until a month ago, but even if she had, she had been underage at the time. There were strict rules that forbade anyone under eighteen from attending a Coming of Age celebration.  
  
The whole county where they lived was very body positive. Strippers were not shamed, and people did not look down their noses at them. As most of them were former hometown high school students, they were almost considered to be local celebrities. It was even rumored that public nudity was legal anywhere in the county, though it rarely happened. People were just a little conservative in small-town Pennsylvania. But in this county, they were very proud, and protective, of their traditions. Cassadee knew that Tina had spent a few nights in the last two months stripping just for the fun of it, though she, herself, didn't think she would be able to do that. Getting through tonight was going to be a big enough challenge.  
  
"I just have to focus on today. One hour at a time. I'm already a bundle of nerves. If I think too much about it, I might have a nervous breakdown."  
  
"Don't worry," Tina said. "You'll get through this. You have some very good friends, including me, who will be with you tonight. We love you."  
  
"Love you," Cassadee replied. They walked into school together and went to their lockers, hanging up purses and gathering books for their first class.  
  
"Hey there!" Joey Harper walked up and leaned on the locker next to Cassadee's. "Happy Coming of Age! I'm sorry I'm going to miss it." Joey was Cassadee's other best friend. They had grown up together on the same street and she had known him since they were toddlers. He was thin, a little shy, and didn't turn eighteen for another five days.  
  
"Me too. I so wish you were going to be there. Sort of. Maybe I don't. Awkward!" They both laughed nervously.  
  
"I got you a gift," Joey said, "but it didn't arrive yet. I suck."  
  
"You didn't have to get me anything," she said, smiling at him.  
  
"It's not much. But I hope you like it. If it gets here in the next few days, I'll probably stop by your house."  
  
"OK. I'm looking forward to it!" Cassadee hugged him warmly.  
  
She watched him walk away. Joey wasn't exactly her type, but he was such a sweetheart. As far as she was concerned, they would always be best friends. As she and Tina stepped away from the lockers, someone came up behind them and said, "Hey, girls."  
  
Cassadee and Tina both jumped and turned to see Ben Davidson. Ben was the quarterback of their football team. He was a really good-looking boy, and he seemed to like Cassadee a lot. He had taken her to prom a couple weeks ago and Cassadee thought she might like him too. Up till now she hadn't really dated, focusing solely on her studies and extracurricular activities. But school was almost over, and she couldn't deny the attraction she felt toward him.  
  
"Hi, Ben!" she said, her face beaming.  
  
"What's up, Cass? I heard you're having a Coming of Age party tonight."  
  
"Yeah," she said, her cheeks coloring. "It's tonight at Defloration."

"Am I invited?" he asked flirtatiously.  
  
Cassadee's face turned beet-red and she looked at her feet. "Yeah. You can come if you want to. It's open to the public."  
  
"Sweet. I wouldn't miss it." He reached out and squeezed her hand and she glanced into his eyes. He winked at her and smiled, then continued down the hallway to his class.  
  
Tina rolled her eyes and made kissing sounds. Cassadee playfully shoved her away and they went their separate ways. Her first class was AP Literature. She walked into the classroom and took her seat in the front row. The best thing about this class was Mr. MacLochlan, or "Mr. McLovely" as he was known to most of the girls in the school. He was younger—probably around thirty years old—with dark hair and blue eyes. And he had a physique that was rumored to be akin to Michelangelo's David. Someone who knew someone else had seen him washing his car in his driveway once, shirtless and glistening. Just the thought had Cassadee squeezing her legs together to try and stop the familiar tingling in her sex.  
  
Mr. McLovely walked into the room and every girl's attention was immediately drawn to him. The boys were completely oblivious and daydreaming about the end of school, which was only two weeks away.  
  
Cassadee watched as he masterfully took control of the class, simply with his presence. And his voice... It was deep and resonant. She pressed her knees together a little more tightly. She couldn't even imagine what it would be like to have him as one of her mentors. The thought of Mr. McLovely seeing her naked and fucking her was even more embarrassing than the thought of someone old or ugly. He was too perfect.  
  
Cassadee, at least in her own mind, was not perfect. She didn't have big tits or an hourglass figure. She had tiny stretch marks on her sides and ass cheeks from a growth spurt during puberty. They weren't that visible, but she could see them, and she hated them. Also, she was only 5' 2", and that put her on the shorter side of most of the girls. Her feet were small, her hands were small. Sometimes she felt like a freak. Regardless, Mr. McLovely was way out of her league.  
  
After the class dismissal bell had sounded, and students crowded the door in a mad rush, Mr. MacLochlan said, "Cass, can I keep you for a second?" She nodded, and when they were alone, he said, "So, tonight is your big party, huh?"  
  
Cassadee swallowed nervously and confirmed that it was. His blue eyes were making her stomach feel like there were butterflies inside.  
  
"Are you nervous?" he asked.  
  
She nodded in the affirmative. "Yes. Very. But I'm excited too. This is like the start of a new chapter in life. A month ago, I had my 18th birthday and today is my Coming of Age. Next will be college. I'm looking forward to it."  
  
"That's a great attitude to have. I'm proud of you." His lips turned up into that roguish smile of his and Cassadee felt her heartbeat in her clit. "Where are you going to college?"  
  
"I've been accepted to Clearwater University," she answered.  
  
"Ah, Florida. Nice weather. Great school. It's a very progressive university. They are big on body positivity. I think you will like it there."  
  
She nodded and smiled back, squeezing her thighs together under her skirt.  
  
"Well, you'd better get to class. I'll see you tonight."  
  
"Bye!" she responded and headed through the door. She was already in the hallway when the realization of what he had said hit her. She stopped dead in her tracks, other students stumbling and having to sidestep around her. Mr. McLovely was coming to her party. He would see her naked. And... Oh my gosh!!! She couldn't think about that part right now. She did her best to put the thought out of her head and made her way to her next class.  
  
At lunch time she sat with Tina and Joey and the rest of her crew. It was mostly cheerleaders and popular guys, except for Joey. But she had made it clear long ago that he was to be included among her other friends. She wouldn't hear of anyone treating him badly. And no one did.  
  
In the middle of the lunch hour, Jeff Stewart, who was sitting across from her, and to whom she had lost her virginity six months ago even though they weren't dating, stood up and yelled, "Can I get everyone's attention please!" The cafeteria went almost silent. "As many of you know, today is Cassadee's Coming of Age!" A cheer of congratulations went up. Cassadee's cheeks turned red as she nervously glanced around the room. "I want a show of hands. Who is going to her Coming of Age party tonight?"  
  
About half of the hands in the room went up and Cassadee buried her face in her hands in profound embarrassment. These were all people who would see her completely nude before the day was over. She felt nauseous.  
  
"She's a little nervous," he continued. "So, if you see her in the hallway today, give her a word of encouragement. Let her know she's our girl!" Another shout went up and people whistled and clapped. Cassadee looked around the room again. She really was lucky to have this many people on her side. It was just a little nerve-wracking under the circumstances.  
  
"Why did you do that?" she whispered as he sat down.  
  
"I just wanted you to know that everyone is in your corner. You don't need to be nervous. This is something that most girls around here choose to do. And you're one of the last before graduation. So, you've got a lot of friends who want to come out and celebrate with you. Enjoy it."  
  
"Thanks," Cassadee said sheepishly. "You've been a great friend." Jeff was dating Sara Deming, who was seated right next to him and smiling at her, along with everyone else. Jeff, and Sara too, had been very good to her. Cassadee had been worried about coming into tonight as a virgin. She didn't want to have to deal with losing her virginity on the same night as her Coming of Age party and the ceremony with her new mentors. Less than a month ago, after the talk with her mom, she freaked out and unloaded on her friend, Sara. Sara gallantly volunteered Jeff as someone who would happily get the deed done, if Cassadee wanted to take care of it. After a serious talk with both of them, and their mutual assurances to her and to each other that this was a temporary arrangement between friends, Jeff, with Sara's blessing, had taken her virginity. Also with Sara's blessing, he had had sex with her about twice a week for the last three weeks, so that she would be somewhat accustomed to the feeling by the time her party came around. He was great in bed—having given her numerous orgasms—and a very attentive partner. Cassadee couldn't help but feel a little jealous of Sara, knowing that her time with Jeff was over. But it was all part of their deal and there were no hard feelings had by any of them.  
  
After lunch, Cassadee went to the restroom. When she lifted her skirt and pulled down her thong, she noticed the sticky mess in her panties. She had spent the first half of the day thinking about tonight and her body had obviously responded. She cleaned herself and her panties the best she could, the physical contact with her vulva renewing those sexual thoughts. Realizing that there was no one else in the restroom, she dipped her finger inside herself and smeared the fluid up and over her clit. As she slowly massaged her little bean, she thought about the past three weeks.  
  
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Three Weeks Ago  
  
A week after her 18th birthday, Cassadee's mother came into her bedroom, sat on the edge of her bed, and asked her if she had decided to participate in the Coming of Age tradition.  
  
"I think so," she said tentatively, having decided only a couple hours earlier.  
  
"You need to be sure, Cass. You need to know without a doubt that you want this to be a part of your life. If you choose this, then in three weeks, after your Coming of Age party, you will have a ceremony with your mentors. You will be blindfolded, you won't be able to hear anything, and your hands and feet will be restrained, so that you can't touch anyone. This is so that you can be bonded to your mentors without the prejudices that come along with how they look or who they are."  
  
Cassadee swallowed nervously and nodded her head. This had all been explained by her mother over the past week in numerous discussions.  
  
"After you are properly restrained, each of your five mentors will have sex with you until they ejaculate inside of you. You may or may not have your own orgasm. But it's not about that. It's about forming a sexual life bond with these five men which will benefit you far beyond what happens in the bedroom."  
  
Cassadee nodded again. "I understand."  
  
"You won't know that night who your mentors are. They will have two weeks to reveal themselves to you in a way that feels right to them. Once they do, you should make it a point to get to know them and to set aside a time, as soon as possible, to be intimate with them again. Within three weeks of your ceremony you should not only know who all five of your mentors are, but you should have already had sexual relations with them outside of the ceremony."  
  
The whole idea was still shocking to her. She wouldn't know who any of these guys were until they revealed themselves to her. And then, it didn't matter who they were or what they looked like, or even how old they were—she would be having sex with them again.  
  
Her mom continued. "And after that, for the rest of your life, unless you are out of this county, you should make it a point to get with each of your mentors at least once a month. It can be more often, if it suits you, but you shouldn't let it go for long periods of time. And you should make an even bigger effort to talk with them and find out how they can help guide you in life."  
  
"What about when I go to college?" Cassadee asked sincerely.  
  
"Well, if you go to one of the colleges around here, it won't be an issue. But if you go out of state, then obviously your sexual relationship with your mentors will be on hiatus. But you have a phone, and you should still talk with them regularly and ask them for advice whenever you need it."  
  
"OK," she said distantly, thinking about the future and trying to imagine balancing life with all of the sex she would be having.  
  
"Now," her mother stated seriously, "I need to ask you one more time, and you need to answer with absolute certainty. Knowing everything I have told you about our traditions, the Coming of Age party, the ceremony with your mentors, and everything that will be expected of you for the rest of your life, is this lifestyle something you want to be a part of? Are you in or are you out?"  
  
Cassadee took a long breath in through her nose and let it out slowly through her lips. This was probably the biggest decision she would ever make in her life. She had spent the last week thinking about it nonstop, weighing the pros and cons, imagining herself as part of this life and how it would affect everything else—marriage, career, having children—and even though she had been repulsed by the idea seven days ago, she was now certain. This was a long-standing tradition. She couldn't not be a part of it.  
  
"I'm in," she said with resolve.  
  
"Wonderful, Cass. I'm so proud of you." Her mother was beaming. "Now, who would you like to select as your advocate?"  
  
"You, of course, mom. There's no one else who knows me better than you do. And I trust you to make the best decisions for me. I love you."  
  
Kathleen teared up. "I would be honored to be your advocate. I love you too." Her mother leaned over and hugged her tightly.  
  
"Wait," said Cassadee, breaking the hug. "How are you going to arrange all of this in three weeks?"  
  
Kathleen smiled and caressed her daughter's face. "Sweetheart, I've been working on this for the last six months. Your mentors are all chosen, and we have a reservation for your party at Defloration three weeks from tonight. I'll take you to meet Tom on Tuesday. He's the owner of the club. It's all been handled...just in case. If you had decided not to participate, then I would have cancelled everything, which is much easier than arranging it last minute."  
  
"What if I had picked someone else as my advocate?" Cassadee asked.  
  
"Then I would have passed the arrangements on to your advocate. They would have understood. This is how it's done. Besides, I was almost certain you would decide to participate. And I was more than certain you would choose me, because of how close we are." Kathleen smiled again.  
  
Cassadee was blown away. Her mentors were chosen. There were five men somewhere in town who knew they would be having sex with her in three weeks. She swallowed nervously and stared blankly out her window.  
  
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Cassadee sat in the stall working her clit furiously, close to release. Suddenly, the restroom door opened, and someone entered the stall directly next to her. She froze in place, realizing that her panties had slid off her legs and were pooled on the floor. And the air smelled like female arousal.  
  
Terrified, yet burning with need, she quietly resumed a slow rubbing and flicking motion. Her legs were trembling furiously, and she was trying her hardest not to make any noise. She heard the other girl's pee hit the water and thought maybe she could use the noise as a cover to finish. Cassadee picked up her pace, sliding her finger quickly through her lips and torturing her clit. She hoped the other girl couldn't hear the wet pussy noises that she was making. As the orgasm hit, she shook and rattled the toilet seat. She clamped her hand over her mouth and held her breath, but the tiniest of squeaks managed to escape. Silent and still, she sat there for a moment trying to recover her breath.  
  
Deciding that she needed to get out of there before the girl in the next stall was done, she grabbed her thong off the floor and pulled it back up her legs and over her ass, smoothing her skirt afterwards. Just as she exited the stall and intended to run out of the restroom, the door next to her opened. It was Jennifer Ramirez, who was a fellow cheerleader, and a pretty good friend.  
  
"Hey girl, Happy Coming of Age! How's your day going?" Jennifer walked to the sink and started washing her hands. Not wanting her friend to think she was a pig, Cassadee joined her at the sink.  
  
"I'm good," she said in a clipped tone. Her face was about as red as it could get, from orgasm and embarrassment.  
  
Jennifer noticed Cassadee's state of dishevelment and a smile crept to her face. "Rubbing one out before your party tonight?" she asked with a wink.  
  
Cassadee's eyes bugged out and she stammered, "N-no!! Why would you think that?"  
  
"It's all good, Cass. I'm not oblivious. I saw your panties on the floor and your feet shaking. Your face is all red and you look like you just got caught...well...masturbating. Girl, I must have masturbated five times on my CoA day, before I even got to my party. Don't worry about it. This time tomorrow, you are going to have a completely different mindset about it."  
  
Cassadee's face turned an even deeper shade of crimson and a bead of sweat ran down her temple. "Oh, haha, yeah," was all she could say in her abject humiliation.  
  
"Love ya, girl. See you tonight," Jennifer said as she turned to leave.  
  
"Love ya. See you later," Cassadee responded. After her friend left, she stood at the sink trying to calm her nerves. Before her in the mirror stood a beautiful little blond girl with ivory skin and a red face. She couldn't help but chuckle. Why was she so embarrassed? After what she was going to do in front of half of her classmates tonight, what could possibly be left to be embarrassed about?  
  
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After the final bell rang and Cassadee walked out to her car, the nerves hit full force. This was real, and it was only a few hours away. She was shaking so badly she was barely able to drive herself home. As she walked into her house, her mom was there. "Hey, honey? How was your day?"  
  
Cassadee's emotions got the best of her and she burst into tears and ran up to her room, flopping down on her bed and burying her face in a pillow.  
  
Kathleen entered quietly and sat down on the edge of her bed. She put her hand on Cassadee's back and massaged it softly. "It's OK, baby. I know you are nervous. And probably already embarrassed. It's a lot to process in one month. But you are going to be fine. You are a cheerleader, so you are used to performing in front of huge crowds. Granted, you weren't naked, but confidence comes from deciding to be confident. It doesn't matter what you are or aren't wearing. I did every single thing you will be doing tonight, and I went through every emotion you are feeling right now."  
  
She looked at her mom through teary eyes. "What if people don't think I'm pretty enough? Or sexy enough? What if everyone gets up and leaves? I could never show my face around here again!"  
  
Her mom smiled and said, "That's not going to happen, sweetie. You are loved by everyone. From what I've seen, you are a very popular girl, not only at school, but all over town. I can't tell you how many times I've been complimented on what a sweet, caring, polite and thoughtful girl you are. You have made your father and me extremely proud. Be proud of yourself. Be proud of who you are. Be confident in your appearance. You are going to wow this town tonight, my beautiful daughter. I'm sure of it."  
  
Cassadee wiped her face. "You think so?"  
  
"I know so," her mom responded. "Dad and I will be there with you every minute, except at your mentor ceremony. That's private. But we wouldn't miss this night for the world."  
  
"And Greg?"  
  
"I'm not sure. We talked to him about it. He feels a little uncomfortable. But we encouraged him to give you his support and he said he would think about it."  
  
Cassadee didn't know if she were thankful for her dad's and brother's support tonight or embarrassed that they would see her nude. Aside from her underwear, they hadn't seen her nude since she was a little girl. And it wouldn't only be them. Her friends from school would be there. Her neighbors who had watched her grow up. Her teachers. Cousins. Maybe even the mayor or other important officials. Cassadee knew a great number of people in this town. And many of them would probably be there.  
  
Her mother had been through this and had turned out perfectly normal. Heck, most of her friends had been through it too. What could she do except face tonight like she was expected to? Like she had signed up for? Cassadee decided she too would be fine. And she would face it with confidence. No matter what happened.  
  
After her mom left the room, Cassadee ran everything through her head from start to finish. The talk on her 18th birthday. Days of questions and answers, discovering what this day was all about. Telling her mother three weeks ago that she wanted to go through with the ceremony. The planning. Going to the strip club...  
  
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Two and a Half Weeks Ago  
  
Cassadee and her mom drove into the parking lot of Defloration, the biggest and most popular strip club in their part of Pennsylvania. She had been allowed to take the day off school due to planning her Coming of Age, which was a justifiable reason, and considered an excused absence. Their appointment with the manager was at 11am and they were ten minutes early. The club didn't open for business until noon. They sat in the car and chatted for another few minutes until a man inside the club unlocked the door and waved at them. They got out of the car and met him in front of the club.  
  
"Hello, Kathleen. How are you, beautiful?" the man said as he pulled Cassadee's mom in for a warm hug.  
  
"I'm just fine, Tom. Thanks for taking the time."  
  
"Of course! Cassadee, how are you?" He gave her a hug as well and held her by the shoulders as he looked her up and down. "I can't believe you are already eighteen. Where has the time gone?"

Cassadee had known Tom Browning for as long as she could remember. He had owned this club for probably thirty years or more, and his father had owned it many years before that. Tom was an old family friend.  
  
She smiled nervously and he led them into the club. The lights were warm and bright, yet cozy and inviting. It wasn't what she expected. She had always imagined strip clubs being dark with spotlights and disco balls. "Is it this bright during work hours?" she asked.  
  
"Not quite this bright," he replied. "We turn the lights down a little, but we're not some seedy, dingy sex club in a bad part of town. This is a highly respected establishment," he said with no small amount of pride. "No one is hiding when they come here. As you know, this county is very forward thinking. The girls who dance here use their real names and are shown the utmost respect, by me and my patrons. Anyone who isn't respectful is banned from the premises."  
  
Cassadee looked around. It was much bigger than she imagined too. There was a massive stage that came out from the left side wall and ended in a large circular area with a pole in the middle. Additionally, there were two smaller stages, one to each side of the main stage. Counting the seats below the stages, the tables, and leather couches against the walls, there was probably seating for 300 people. Her jaw practically hit the floor as she imagined performing in front of a full house.  
  
"Don't let the size intimidate you, my dear. Everyone here, as I said, is very respectful. On the night of your Coming of Age, you will be the star of the show. Everyone will be here to support you, not to heckle you or make you uncomfortable. We don't allow that behavior anyway."  
  
Cassadee swallowed nervously and glanced at her mother, who smiled and squeezed her arm reassuringly.  
  
"Let me take you backstage," he said. Tom led them through a door to the right of the main stage that opened into a hallway. To the right was the security area and his office. To the left was a door that read 'Dressing Room'. They stepped into the dressing room. She saw the individual vanities where the dancers applied their makeup. To the far right there was a restroom, and a massive walk-in closet with hundreds of outfits.  
  
"Do the girls wear these clothes or do they bring their own?" she asked.  
  
"Some of the girls like to bring their own stuff. Others, especially those who aren't here as regularly, like to choose from our grand selection of outfits. Everything is washed and sanitized every morning after the previous night's usage. So, you shouldn't have to worry about buying anything unless you want to keep it, or unless you want something that is not here, but I can't imagine there's much that we don't already have." He winked and smiled. "This is where you will get dressed and apply your makeup, and you will walk up that small set of stairs there and through that curtain, which leads directly onto the main stage."  
  
Cassadee's mouth went dry at the thought. She walked up to the steps. "May I?" she asked.  
  
"Of course," Tom said with a smile. He had given this tour to hundreds of girls over the years and knew that most of them wanted to see what it was like to walk through the curtain and onto the stage.  
  
Cassadee did just that. She walked up the stairs, pushed the curtain aside, and stepped into the lights. The view was incredible but intimidating as hell. This is where she would be in about eighteen days. She would step onto this stage and dance. And take all her clothes off. In front of everyone she knew. A shiver ran through her body and she walked back into the dressing room.  
  
"OK, let me show you the private rooms." He led them back out to the main floor and across the room to a curtain of beads. They pushed through the curtain and into a hallway with about eight doors on each side. Each one was numbered. He opened the first.  
  
"They are all pretty much identical to this one," he said. It contained a large leather couch and real potted plants in the corners. The lighting was more muted than in the main area. "This is where the private dances happen. Since this is for your party, if you decide to give private dances, all the money you make will be yours to keep. Many girls end up making quite a bundle on the night of their Coming of Age party. Some end up making enough to pay for their Freshman year of college."  
  
Cassadee's eyes grew big and she stared at her mother. She hadn't thought about private dances. One more thing to obsess over before her birthday.  
  
He took them back out to a table and offered them drinks. Cassadee asked for a Coke and her mom requested a lemonade. After he brought the drinks from the bar, he sat down with them.  
  
"OK, let me run down how the night will go. You will take the stage at 9pm and dance to a set of three songs of your choice. We can help you pick appropriate songs if you're unsure of what to choose. Normally, we have dancers on all three stages simultaneously. But you will be dancing alone. All eyes will be on you." He recognized the fear in her eyes. "That's a good thing. It's your party and everyone will be here to see you."  
  
Cassadee nodded and her face flushed as she once again pictured taking her clothes off all by herself in a room filled with three hundred people—family, friends, and strangers.  
  
"Your three songs should take about ten to fifteen minutes, depending on the songs you choose. So, you don't have to get naked during the first song. You can take your time undressing and dancing. Or you can get everything off right away and dance nude for the whole set. It's really up to you."  
  
Cassadee thought her face must have been the deepest shade of scarlet, sitting here talking with an old family friend about dancing in the nude.  
  
"During your performance people will be tossing money on stage. All the tips you receive are yours. We won't be taking any cut. When you are finished with your three songs, go ahead and exit through the curtain into the dressing room. The other girls that come out to take your place will pick up your money and set it aside in the dressing room before they dance. I don't want you to have to worry about it. I just want you to think about your performances and enjoy the night. Now, after your set is over, you can relax backstage while the other girls are dancing, or you can come out and walk around and greet people. You can work the floor in any outfit you choose, or you can be totally nude. Just so you know, the girls who walk around and greet their friends and family are the ones who end up making a lot of extra money from private dances."  
  
Cassadee began to breathe heavily as she imagined walking around the main area, possibly nude, and taking people back to the private rooms for lap dances.  
  
"At 10pm," he continued, "you will take the stage again. Three different songs. Some people may have arrived late, and some may have to leave, so not everyone will be here for the whole night. So, don't be surprised if it looks like fewer people for your second performance. After your set you can either relax or work the floor again. Your choice. Then, your last performance will be at 11pm. You will have another three-song set. Now, this next part is totally up to you. But our top ten highest-earning Coming of Age parties all included this next element."  
  
After he paused, she nervously licked her lips. "What happens after my third set?" she asked breathlessly.  
  
"Well, some girls, directly after their third set, have done a masturbation show. If you decide you want to do it, we will put a chair right at center stage in front of the pole and you can masturbate in front of all your friends and family. Girls who have done it have said that it really feels like a 'debutante' sort of moment. They consider it to be the moment they became a woman, right there in front of everyone."  
  
Cassadee thought she might pass out. She wiped a hand across her forehead and looked over at her mom. "Did you do that?" she asked.  
  
Kathleen glanced at Tom and then back to her daughter. "I did. It was quite a packed house, wasn't it, Tom?"  
  
He smiled in remembrance. "It was one of the best Coming of Age parties we've ever hosted. Your mom holds the number three spot in highest earnings."  
  
Cassadee stared at her mom through big eyes. She was beginning to see her in a new light—not just as a mom, but as a woman who was once a girl and endured the same anxiety that was running through her right now.  
  
"You don't have to decide right now," Tom assured her. You can go to our website and fill out a checklist, customizing the experience so it fits you and what you want to do. Now, as for the ceremony after, I can't really tell you much of anything about that. It's highly secretive. I will be there with you the whole time, though. I'm sure your mother has told you the basics. You will bond sexually with up to five mentors. Outside of that, you will just have to trust in the process."  
  
"How are you doing with all of this?" her mother asked sympathetically.  
  
"It's overwhelming," she answered honestly.  
  
"It's all about being in the right head-space," her mother said. "Once you come to terms with it, and I'm confident you will, you'll be fine. You will still be nervous, but it will be manageable. I did it when I was your age. And most every woman you know around here has done it as well, including a great many of your friends at school."  
  
Cassadee closed her eyes and breathed deeply while her mother and Tom finalized the financial arrangements. Finally, she nodded to herself, coming to a decision in her mind. "Thank you, Mr. Browning. I appreciate your time and I'm looking forward to the party."  
  
"Me too, Cass! It was an honor to host your mother's party and it will be an honor to host yours as well."  
  
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A soft knocking woke Cassadee with a start. She had fallen asleep on her bed. Her mom entered and said, "It's getting late, sweetie. You should get ready and we can grab something to eat before we head to the club."  
  
She glanced at the clock and saw that it was 7pm. Her heart leaped into her throat. How could she eat? She held her stomach and groaned, afraid she might throw up.  
  
Understanding what she was feeling, Kathleen said, "I'll make you some toast. That will sit easily in your belly. Why don't you hop in the shower and start getting ready, OK?"  
  
Cassadee took her time, leaning her hands against the shower wall and letting the hot water run over her head. She thought she might hyperventilate. She couldn't go through with this. How in her right mind had she ever thought she would have the nerve to take off all her clothes in front of people? She had never even worn swimsuits that were all that skimpy.  
  
She needed to calm down. But how? She didn't want to take any kind of muscle relaxer. She would be so tired and groggy that she wouldn't be able to perform. Usually, what she would do when she was feeling nervous about something was... Did she have time?  
  
Cassadee grabbed the removeable shower head attachment and sprayed her chest and stomach, then pointed it at her groin. The familiar tingle was there. Switching the attachment to a concentrated pulse, she pointed it at her clit. Fuck, it was strong! She moved it back and forth across her lady parts. That was better.  
  
She squatted down, spreading her legs and put the shower nozzle right up close to her. She moved it with a practiced dexterity. It didn't take long for the powerful jet of water to bring her close to an orgasm.  
  
"Hey, honey, I've got your toast when you are ready," her mom said, having entered the bathroom unannounced.  
  
Cassadee squealed and stood up quickly, the shower nozzle slipping from her hands and banging against the tiled wall. The shower door was opaque, so details couldn't be seen through it, but she was sure it had been apparent that she was masturbating.  
  
"Oh, sweetie, it's OK. Don't stop because of me. I just wanted to let you know about the toast. I'll leave you alone so you can finish. Trust me. Enjoy your orgasm. It's good to get the anxiety out," she said as she left the bathroom and shut the door.  
  
"Ugh!" Cassadee groaned to herself. Not only was this night going to be embarrassing enough, but her mom had just caught her masturbating and encouraged her to keep going. She listened closely and couldn't hear any sounds other than the shower water.  
  
Embarrassed, but needing to come, she squatted down and continued pleasuring herself. She had never been caught masturbating before. How mortifying! But, as she ran the shower jet back and forth over her clit, she realized that it turned her on knowing that someone else knew what she was doing. That somehow made it naughtier. Suddenly, she realized that she was going to be masturbating in front of a crowd tonight, including her mom. That thought, plus the intense shower stimulation, brought her to the point of no return.  
  
Cassadee moaned loudly as the orgasm hit her like a tsunami. The sharp muscle contractions in her womb took her off her feet and she rocked backwards onto her butt. She held the shower nozzle in place until she couldn't physically stand it anymore. Letting it go, she allowed it to dangle loosely and spray the wall, as she lay back in the tub rubbing her fingers over her numb vulva. She normally would have been much quieter, but...fuck it. She figured it didn't matter how loud she had been. Her mother knew what she was doing anyway.  
  
Well. That was one way to let off some steam and destress.  
  
She stood up, shampooed and conditioned her hair, washed her body, and shaved her armpits, legs, and pussy. She kept the blond landing strip. Cassadee stepped out into the steamy bathroom, dried off, then wrapped her hair up in the towel. Wrapping herself in another towel, she walked out into the cool hallway and went to her room.  
  
Once in her room, Cassadee dried off again, then dressed in a sweatshirt and a pair of black stretchy leggings. She put her wet hair in a ponytail and slipped into some flats. She grabbed her bag, which she had prepared ahead of time with a few extra changes of clothes, and headed out the door with her mom, who handed her a paper plate with toast on it.  
  
"It got cold, so I made you some new toast," Kathleen said with a smile.  
  
"Thanks, mom," she replied, stuffing the toast in her mouth.  
  
"Did coming make you feel better?" her mom asked. "It sounded like a good orgasm."  
  
"Mom!" Cassadee glared at Kathleen. Had she been standing outside the bathroom door and listening?  
  
"It's OK, Cass. It's not like we don't masturbate too. Did you think you were the only one in this house who indulged in self-pleasure?"  
  
"Mom!!!" she shouted, utterly humiliated and hoping her mom would change the subject.  
  
"Well, maybe after tonight you will have a change of attitude." Kathleen continued to smile as she drove.  
  
Cassadee finished the toast and swallowed, her mouth dry. "I'm sorry I raised my voice. It's just that...I'm not used to having conversations about masturbation with my mom."  
  
"It's fine, sweetie. I'm hoping after tonight you will find yourself to be much more relaxed about the subject of sexuality."  
  
Cassadee couldn't see that happening in any possible future she could imagine.  
  
"Dad and Greg will show up shortly before nine. We have a reserved table, so they don't have to worry about not getting seating."  
  
Cassadee spent the rest of the ride thinking about tonight. She had gone over all of this in her head a thousand times. She had prepared as much as she knew how. She had planned out her outfits, her songs, and even the choreography. And she had even gotten together with some of the girls at the club a week ago and they had given her pointers on how to use the pole. She wouldn't be doing any acrobatic tricks on it, but it would be there for her spin around on and give her hands something to do when she wasn't taking off clothing.  
  
Having taken years of dance lessons, Cassadee knew she was a good dancer. She was pretty and athletic. She was popular. People were going to be there to see her because they loved her, not because they wanted to jeer or make fun of her. And this was her night to shine. She just had to keep reminding herself of that. Confidence was deciding to be confident.  
  
They pulled up to the club and, judging from the cars in the lot, it was already quite busy. Cassadee grabbed her bag and she and her mother walked through the door. The club was probably at half capacity. The music was loud and there were dancers on all three stages. The dancers were at various stages of undress. The one farthest away in the back toward the bar was topless. The girl at center stage was taking her time and was still in a bra and G-string. While the dancer on stage closest to the entrance was fully nude and lying on her back at the edge of the stage. She had her legs spread apart as far as possible and her pussy was practically in a guy's face as he was leaning in and having a nice, long look.  
  
Cassadee's eyes bugged out. She had never been in a strip club during work hours or seen nude dancers, seeing as she had just turned eighteen a month ago. She nervously shot her mom a look.  
  
Kathleen leaned in so she could be heard and said, "One step at a time, sweetheart. Why don't you head in the back and start getting ready?" She squeezed Cassadee's arm in a gesture of support. "We will be right over there." She pointed to a number of seats that wrapped around the end of the center stage.  
  
Cassadee took a deep breath and blew it out slowly. She smiled and nodded at her mom, then wound her way through the tables and into the door that was to the right of the center stage. The music immediately became muffled, and she walked down the hall and into the dancers' dressing room.  
  
"There she is!" shouted her friend Jessica Gavin, who had graduated last year and was a full-time dancer at the club. Jessica gave Cassadee a big hug and led her to what would be her dressing table for the night. "You can set your bag under there. I'll get started on your hair and makeup."  
  
"Thank you so much, Jess," she said with relief. It was good to see a friendly face. Jessica had been the head cheerleader last year until graduation, at which point the honor was passed on to Cassadee. She was super-hot with a curvy figure and a model's face. Cassadee wouldn't be surprised if she were the most popular dancer in the club.  
  
Jessica was dressed in light blue lingerie that was mostly opaque in the dressing room lights. The dark nipples of her D-cup breasts were somewhat visible, as was her prominent vulva. Her ass was round and full, and her thong disappeared between her cheeks. Cassadee couldn't help but stare at her friend's figure as Jessica was curling her hair. "You're so beautiful," Cassadee said wistfully.  
  
Jessica looked her friend in the eyes. "Cass, you are the epitome of innocent sexuality. You know that, right?" Cassadee shrugged her shoulders. "You are what guys would kill for. I've got tits and ass, and the guys like that too, but what you have is far rarer. Enjoy it. I can't even fathom the fact that you've never had a boyfriend. It baffles me."  
  
It's not that Cassadee hadn't wanted a boyfriend, or couldn't get one, for that matter. There were plenty of guys who had asked. She was just too busy. Between cheerleading and track and her Honors and A.P. coursework, she just didn't have that much time. And she had so many friends with which to spend her time that they took up all of the available time she had. A boyfriend was just one of those luxuries that had somehow slipped through the cracks. "Just not that lucky, I guess," she shrugged, thoughts of Ben Davidson suddenly running through her head.  
  
After Jessica curled her hair, she applied Cassadee's makeup. It was very understated. It enhanced her virginal look, rather than transforming her into a porn star. "OK, girl, it's time to lose these clothes," Jessica said with a smile.

Cassadee had taken her clothes off in front of other girls before in the showers and the dressing rooms at school. But this was a little different. The male bouncers walked through here occasionally. And Mr. Browning, the owner, could obviously go wherever he wanted in the club. Well, she figured, this was the night where she would be taking all those inhibitions that she had built up over the last eighteen years and chucking them in the trash. It was now or never.  
  
She stood up and kicked off her flats. Then she pulled her sweatshirt over her head, careful not to mess up her hair. As she pulled her leggings down and stepped out of them, a shiver ran through her whole body. She hadn't bothered to wear a bra or panties because she didn't want the lines in her skin, and she knew she would be getting changed anyway. She was now nude in a strip club—a place she never thought she'd be in, let alone without clothing.  
  
Jessica glanced at Cassadee's small B-cup boobs with their puffy pink areolae, then looked at her shaved pussy. She turned her around and admired her cute little butt. "Holy shit, girl. The guys are going to lose their fucking minds over you."  
  
Cassadee turned a deep shade of scarlet and cast her eyes downward. Her belly was flat and tight, and her legs were toned from years of running track. Her butt was small but stuck out like a round little bubble. And her vulva was perfectly smooth except for a closely cropped light-blond landing strip.  
  
"I'm so jealous, Cass. For fucks sake. You are perfection," Jessica said as she grabbed Cassadee's hand.  
  
"I'm not as curvy as you are," she responded shyly.  
  
"No, you're not. And guys eat that shit right up."  
  
Cassadee smiled at Jessica in appreciation. Jessica led her back to the wardrobe room where Cassadee's pre-selected outfits were hanging. She grabbed the first one and handed it to Cassadee. It was a schoolgirl uniform. Cassadee took it off the hanger and separated the articles of clothing, laying them out on a table. First, she stepped into a little red thong. Then she put on the matching bra which lifted her small breasts while barely covering the tops of her areolae. She slipped into the white shirt and buttoned it up, then wrapped the plaid skirt around her hips and fastened it. She pulled on stockings that went just over her knees and slipped into a pair of low black heels. Finally, she had Jessica help her fasten a plaid bow to her hair. "How do I look?" she asked.  
  
Jessica unbuttoned the top two buttons of Cassadee's shirt, letting the sides hang open, exposing some cleavage, and replied, "You know exactly how you look, you little bitch." She smiled and winked at Cassadee, who bit her lower lip and smiled in return.  
  
She glanced at herself in the mirror. Damn. With the outfit, hair and makeup she thought she looked about as sexy as she ever had in her life. The top of the red bra was visible where the white shirt was unbuttoned and the skirt barely covered her ass, showing the slightest curve of butt at the bottom.  
  
"Wow," she said through a mixture of awe and anxiety.  
  
"Oh, look at the time!" exclaimed Jessica. "You are on in twenty minutes!"  
  
Cassadee's throat suddenly closed. She poured a cup of water out of a cooler and gulped it down as Jessica pulled her over to a monitor that showed the main stage. Cynthia Woodbridge was the dancer who was currently on stage. There was one more dancer after Cynthia and then it would be Cassadee's moment to shine. Her breathing became labored and her head felt dizzy, so she pulled a chair over and sat while she watched Cynthia's show.  
  
Cynthia was already naked except for her tiny panties. She danced on the pole for a minute and then got down on her knees with her ass facing the audience. She inched her panties down, playing it for as much suspense as she could. Finally, she pulled them onto her thighs and crouched down with her cheek on the floor, sticking her ass out even farther. Her pussy and puckered asshole were clearly visible on the monitor.  
  
Cassadee was suddenly freaking out. She closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down. Logically, she had known that she would be fully nude tonight. But it was different, seeing someone who actually was nude onstage in front of a crowd. She put it out of her mind and practiced the calming techniques she used before her dance recitals. Breathe in through the nose, out through the mouth. Keep your muscles loose.  
  
Tom Browning entered the dressing room and walked straight over to her. There were six girls in the room besides herself, three of them in various stages of undress. It didn't appear to faze Tom, or the girls, at all. "Cassadee! You look beautiful! Stand up," he requested. She stood and he looked her over, then made a twirling motion with his finger. She spun around slowly and came back around to face him. "My gosh. You are extraordinary. Are you ready?"  
  
"I think I'm as ready as I can be, Mr. Browning," she replied with the best smile she could manage.  
  
"Please, call me Tom from here on out. And you will be fine. This is your night. There are tons of girls who have been in your place and most of them didn't have your looks or your dance skills. Everyone is here tonight to see you. It looks like Tessa just went out, so after her third song I will announce you. Your music will begin, and you will walk through the curtain. Then the stage will be yours. OK?"  
  
Cassadee nodded in nervous anticipation. Tom gave her a hug and kissed her on the cheek and said, "We are all so proud of you, sweetie." Then he walked back into the hallway. She sat back down and watched the monitors. It seemed like time moved in slow motion, yet somehow, the third song was just about over. She stood up and shook out her arms. In a few seconds, she would be dancing in front of just about everyone she knew. In a few minutes, she would be taking her clothes off.  
  
The third song ended, and the crowd cheered. Cassadee peeked through the curtain as Tessa gathered her money, then she quickly moved out of the way, making room for the other dancer to come through. She heard Tom's deep voice announcing her debut. She closed her eyes for a moment and steeled her nerves. This was it. As he finished his introduction, Cassadee heard her name and stepped through the curtain into her adult life.