**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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Cassadee's Coming of Age part 2

Friday night  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming out to Defloration."  
  
Tom Browning lived for this part. He loved debuting a brand new eighteen-year-old girl in her first public nude appearance.  
  
He had been the owner of Defloration, the area's best and only strip club, for over thirty years. And his father had owned it for years before that. He had hosted so many of these parties that he had lost count. It was rare for him to get overly excited about one at his age. But this one was special. Cassadee Ellison was the daughter of Kathleen and Roger Ellison, who were good friends of his. Tom had actually hosted Kathleen's Coming of Age party after she turned eighteen. It had been one of the best in his long career. And this was sure to rival, if not surpass it.  
  
"It's a great honor to be hosting this Coming of Age party tonight. I know you have all been waiting patiently for our guest of honor, so I won't make you wait any longer. You know her as this year's high school head cheerleader, an all-star track athlete, a trained dancer, and one of the sweetest, most beloved girls in town, Miss Cassadee Ellison!"  
  
'...Baby One More Time' by Britney Spears began to play over the sound system and Cassadee pulled the curtain aside and stepped on stage. The roar that greeted her was deafening and almost stopped her in her tracks. As she continued tentatively to the middle of the stage she took in the crowd. Everywhere she looked there were people she knew. Classmates, people from town, and her family right in front of the stage.  
  
She smiled at her mom and dad and they gave her smiles in return. That was what she needed. They were her rock. As nervous as she was to take her clothes off in front of her parents, let alone all of these other people, having them here is what encouraged her to go on.  
  
Her dad gave her a thumbs up and nodded. She smiled again and grabbed the pole. She was going to rock this shit.  
  
Cassadee let her dance training take over and she got in the zone. She engaged the crowd, smiling at people and waving here and there at someone she knew. Her choreography had been all planned out ahead of time and she nailed it. As the end of the song approached, she took a deep breath and told herself to go ahead and give these people what they wanted. She popped the buttons on her shirt, holding it closed until she heard her cue. On the last beat of the song she whipped it open, exposing her little red pushup bra. Her chest heaved as she posed in that position while the crowd cheered and whistled. The energy was electric. She felt like she was high. Taking in the applause, she smiled and glanced once more at her parents who were clapping and whistling. It was then she realized that her brother wasn't sitting beside them.  
  
What was his problem? She knew he had been more distant lately, but for the life of her, she couldn't figure out why. Especially since he had come home from college a couple weeks ago. He had been sullen and surly, barely interacting with her. It was frustrating because they had always had a close relationship.  
  
It wasn't like Cassadee was dying for her brother to see her naked, but if he had come, it would have at least shown that he cared about her and wanted to support her. At this point, she didn't know in what direction their relationship was heading. She had always enjoyed having a close family, and hoped that would continue in the future, but the ball was in his court. If he didn't care, she couldn't force him to care. But she couldn't think about that right now. She had to concentrate on getting through tonight. Maybe she would have a talk with him tomorrow.  
  
The next song started right away. It was 'True Colors' by Cyndi Lauper. This was a slow song, so she matched her walk to the tempo of the song. She glided over toward the door to the dressing room and slipped out of her low heels. From there she danced slowly, doing turns around the pole in her bare feet. She leaned her shoulders back and her shirt slipped off one arm and then the other, falling to the floor amid whistles of appreciation. She gracefully moved it out of the way with her foot and continued to dance in her bra and skirt. Cassadee reached back and unfastened the bra with a flick of her fingers during an emotional part of the song and went to her knees with her arms crossed, holding the bra against her chest. She closed her eyes and swayed to the music, taking the moment to collect her thoughts. This was happening. She was about to expose her breasts, which had never been seen by anybody outside of home, a locker room, or a doctor's office. This would be her first step into public nudity and there was no going back.  
  
Slowly, her arms dropped in time to the music. The bra slipped off and fell to the stage in front of her to a roar of appreciation. With her eyes still closed, she ran her trembling hands across her stomach and up to her small breasts, giving them a light squeeze. She ended the move with her arms extended high above her head, her fingers interlocked. She arched her back, sticking her puffy little pink nipples out for everyone to see. Opening her eyes and swaying some more, she once again took in the crowd. Jeff Stewart and his girlfriend Sara Deming were off to her right side, close to the stage. She smiled at them and Sara yelled her name, pumping her fist in the air. This was turning out to be way different than she thought it would be. Her nerves were still there, but they weren't debilitating. On the contrary, she was actually getting turned on.  
  
Cassadee went to a standing position. She needed to get the skirt off before the end of the song. After doing a couple more turns around the pole, she unfastened her plaid skirt. With her back to the audience, she used the last lingering notes of the song to allow the skirt to slowly and gently slide down, exposing her ass. The crowd again went nuts and it was louder than she thought possible. She smiled to herself as the next song began.  
  
Changing her attitude to match the new song, which was 'You Can Leave Your Hat On' by Joe Cocker, she strode confidently over to the side of the stage in just her little red thong. The crowd was raucous and loving every second of this. Stu Delavan, one of the local farmers and a family friend, was standing against the left side of the stage smiling and whistling. Cassadee grabbed the brim of his John Deere cap and pulled his face into her breasts. He did a little back and forth 'motorboat' movement against her chest. The whiskers of his beard brushed against her nipples and she gasped at the tingle that went straight to her sex. She pushed him back, stole his cap and put it on her head, then walked across the stage.  
  
She felt like someone had taken over her body. Who was this girl who had just thrust her boobs in one of her parents' friend's faces? Her adrenaline was off the charts and she could feel a wetness in her panties. How embarrassing. But, at this point, there was nothing she could do but finish her set.  
  
Cassadee danced around and flirted with those closest to the stage. It was that time. She had to lose the thong. She felt light-headed and hoped she wouldn't faint and make a fool of herself. Walking back over to Stu, she placed the cap back on his head and leaned down and whispered in his ear, "pull my panties down slowly." He looked at her through big brown eyes and nodded. She stood back up and turned her back to him, shaking her little white bubble butt. He reached up and gingerly grabbed the sides of her thong. Slowly, he peeled them about halfway down her ass and stopped. She jiggled her ass again, glancing back and nodding at him. He pulled them the rest of the way down over her cheeks. As he drew the thong down her thighs, the gusset of her panties, which had clung to her wet pussy, popped out and he let the panties fall to the floor. The crowd made the loudest noise Cassadee had ever heard. She turned around and gave Stu his reward. Standing there with her panties around her ankles and her wet, puffy labia glistening in the lights, she winked at him and kicked the panties into his lap. "You can keep them," she mouthed over the raucous din. Stu smiled and wadded them up, stuffing them in the pocket of his plaid button-down shirt. The song was almost over so she worked the pole some more and walked around the edge of the stage, letting everyone see her in her glorious nakedness.  
  
As the song ended, Cassadee struck a pose to a full house of cheers and applause. Everyone began to shower the stage with money. There was so much that it shocked her, and she had to walk over it on her way back to the dressing room door. She sashayed and made sure her butt cheeks wiggled as she exited. Whipping through the curtain, she entered the dressing room to about nine half-dressed dancers standing around the monitor with their jaws hanging down. They screamed and jumped up and down when she came in, giving her topless hugs and congratulating her. Cassadee's smile reached from ear to ear as she made her way to a chair and plopped down, trying to catch her breath.  
  
"I fucking knew you would knock this out of the park, girl!" Jessica Gavin, a high school friend, last year's head cheerleader, and a full-time stripper, shouted. "Now go clean up and work the floor!"  
  
Cassadee went into the restroom in the back. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror. Her pale skin was flushed pink with a sheen of sweat. Her chest was heaving from exertion and adrenaline, and her pussy was wet and sticky. Ugh! She sat on the toilet and peed, then opened a pack of disposable wipes and cleaned up her pussy. Standing up, she flushed the toilet, grabbed a towel, and patted her skin dry. Tossing the towel into a bin, she walked out of the restroom and over to her dressing table. After spraying some body spray over herself, including between her legs, she pulled on a pair of white booty shorts and a glittery gold bra.  
  
Now was the time when she was supposed to walk around and greet people, some of whom might ask her for a private dance. Her nerves came back in full force. Dancing was one thing but touching people and grinding on them sexually was something else. And these were people she knew! How could she face them at the grocery store after tonight, knowing that she had not only shown them everything, but crawled around naked on their laps! This was insane. But it was all part of her night. She knew what she was getting into when she signed up for this. She relaxed for a couple more minutes and then worked up the nerve to leave the dressing room.  
  
Cassadee exited through the door to the side of the stage and walked onto the main floor. Everyone's attention was on Chelsea Thorne, who was currently on the stage dancing topless. But as she walked through the tables their attention was diverted to her. Suddenly there were people grabbing her hand and offering their congratulations. Her face reddened as she thanked them for coming out. Finally, she was able to make her way over to her parents. She sat down in the empty seat that would have been Greg's, if he had shown up, and her parents both leaned over and hugged her, telling her how proud they were. She teared up a little, soaking in the comfort of her family.  
  
Sam Jameson, one of her fellow track teammates, tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Are you doing private dances, Cass?"  
  
Cassadee looked like a deer in the headlights. "Umm...yeah, I guess," she stammered. She glanced back at her dad, who nodded and said, "Go ahead. We'll talk to you later."  
  
She grabbed Sam by the hand and led him through the beaded curtain and into the first private room on the right. He sat on the leather couch as she shut the door. "Uh, so...I guess I'm supposed to ask for like...a hundred bucks?" She felt a little bad asking a high school student for that kind of money.  
  
Sam didn't even flinch, though, as he pulled out his wallet and counted out five $20 bills, handing them to her with a smile. Cassadee had always gotten the feeling that Sam had a crush on her. He wasn't unattractive, but she just didn't get that spark from him.  
  
"Oh, OK. Thank you." She was trembling as she set the cash on a little table. This was so weird.  
  
"It's OK, Cass. I can tell you're nervous. It's not like I'm going to attack you or anything. I've just always found you really beautiful. And I know there's nothing between us. I guess I was just looking forward to this moment to let you know how I felt. You don't have to worry about me thinking this is something it's not, though. I'm a realist. Just think of me as a friend who finds you incredibly sexy."  
  
He gave her a crooked smile that made her feel more at ease and she smiled back. "OK. I guess I should, umm, take these off." Cassadee modestly turned her back to Sam and unclasped her bra, pulling it off and setting it on the table. Then she pulled her booty shorts down and laid them next to the bra. Taking a deep breath, she faced Sam as a new song began to play out in the main area.  
  
The look on Sam's face was pure teenage lust. He swallowed and fidgeted in his seat. Cassadee walked over and sat in his lap, grinding her ass into him in time with the music. Sam groaned. She wasn't sure if it was from her weight on him, or from something else. She turned around and straddled him, pulling his face into her chest and ran a puffy pink nipple over the tip of his nose, across his lips, and onto his chin. When she repeated the motion with her other nipple, Sam parted his lips, and she felt the tip of his tongue lightly flick her nipple. She gasped and pushed him back in his seat.  
  
Standing up, she danced sexily in front of him for a bit. Then she stepped up on the edge of the couch with her right leg, turning her knee out and giving him a good look at her pussy. She crawled onto his lap as if he were about to spank her. Seeing that he couldn't take his eyes off her ass, she wiggled it to tease him a little. "You can touch me if you want," she said nervously. His eyes flicked toward her face and then back to her butt as he gingerly placed his hands on her ass cheek. He squeezed it and then did the same with the other cheek.  
  
Cassadee sat up and straddled him, rubbing her nipples on his face once again. This time she hesitated when her nipple reached his lips. He glanced up at her, but she didn't pull away, so he parted his lips and gently pulled her nipple into his mouth with his tongue. She closed her eyes and moaned as he suckled on her breast and the tingles in her vulva went crazy. She allowed him to do the same to the other nipple. Both were now a deep pink color and engorged from her excitement.  
  
She stepped onto the couch with her feet on either side of him and stood. Her pussy was level with his face. She held his head and swiveled her hips, allowing her sex to come dangerously close to his face. Each time her pussy passed in front of his nose, he breathed in. This was intoxicating. She had never known the feeling of pure power over another person, but she had this boy in her thrall. She moved herself closer still, stopping with her clit directly in front of his mouth. On cue, his tongue snaked out and slid between her lips, flicking over her little bud.  
  
Cassadee came back to her senses and quickly pulled away. She hopped down off the couch just as the song ended and stared at him. Her face was a deep crimson. "I guess that's the end," she said breathlessly as she hastily pulled her clothes back on.  
  
"Yeah," he sighed, wishing he had more money. "Thank you, Cass. You're amazing."  
  
She smiled and took his hand and pulled him off the couch. She thanked him with a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. They walked out into the main room and she said, "I guess I'll see you at school."  
  
He nodded and walked toward the exit door. Cassadee hadn't even made it back to her parents when Lester Camden, a town police officer, asked if she would take him to a private room. She nervously agreed and pulled him back into the room she had just left.  
  
Lester was a very large, muscular black man whose hand engulfed her own. After he sat on the couch, she fidgeted in front of him and said, "Hi, Officer Camden."  
  
He chuckled at her shyness. "Relax, Cassadee. I'm not going to arrest you. This is all perfectly legal. And call me Lester. How much are you asking for a dance?"  
  
"Umm, you're only my second one, but I was told to ask for a hundred."  
  
Lester opened his wallet and pulled out two crisp $100 bills, laying them on the end table, saying nothing.  
  
Cassadee didn't know if he was wanting a dance that lasted for two songs in a row or if he was expecting something else, but she was too nervous to ask so she quickly discarded her clothing and began dancing in front of him. Tentatively, she climbed on his lap and turned this way and that, wiggling and writhing. His cologne was strong, but nice, and his smile was warm. As she was wriggling in his lap, she thought he might be getting aroused, so she nonchalantly brushed her hand across his lap as she was switching positions. There was no doubt. He was definitely aroused. Cassadee was impressed...and a little frightened.  
  
Just as the second song was beginning, she faced him and squatted on his lap, sitting back and opening herself up. She reached her hands around the back of his large neck for leverage and began to slowly grind on his crotch. His smile disappeared and he grabbed both of her ass cheeks and pulled her hard into the massive bulge in his pants. She was worried that she might be losing control of this situation.  
  
With each thrust of his pelvis, his bulge was pressed into her throbbing clit. She must be getting her wetness on his pants, Cassadee thought in horror. She tried to put a little distance between her vagina and his lap, but he wouldn't let her. The rhythmic thrusting was sending her over the edge. She was definitely losing control of the situation...and maybe herself.  
  
She closed her eyes and ground into him even harder, biting her lip and whimpering, knowing full well what was coming. At the last second her eyes opened wide and they stared at each other as she came with a loud cry. The explosion in her pelvis was accompanied by a release of fluid between her legs. The cry turned into a low moan as she bucked and spasmed in his lap. It felt like her whole body turned to rubber and she collapsed against his chest, trying to recover her breath.  
  
What the fuck did I do? she thought to herself. As she regained her senses, she realized that she had just squirted in the town cop's lap. She climbed off him, standing unsteadily, and was mortified to see a large wet spot on the front of his jeans where his huge bulge was still prominently outlined. Thankfully, they were black jeans, but it was still a mess. "I'm so sorry, Officer Camden!" she said, mortified.  
  
He could see that she was about to cry so he shushed her and pulled her into a hug. "It's perfectly OK. It's probably my fault anyway. You can't really see it that much, but I'm going to wear it just like this all night long. As far as I'm concerned, it's a badge of honor."

Cassadee was still embarrassed. Not only was the second song over, but she had made a mess of his pants and he hadn't even come! Ugh. I must really suck at this, she thought.  
  
She was wet and sticky in places, but she pulled her clothes on anyway. It couldn't be helped. Lester gave her another hug and a kiss on the cheek and walked out to the main floor with her.  
  
Cassadee grabbed the arm of Tessa Stevens, who was taking a man into the private rooms, and asked, "Where is Tom?"  
  
Tessa pointed toward the door to the right of the main stage that led to the dressing room and the office area. Cassadee went through the door and peeked into the office. Tom was seated at his desk doing paperwork of some kind.  
  
"Tom," she said meekly, trying to get his attention.  
  
He turned around and smiled. "Cass! How is it going? How are your nerves?"  
  
"I'm OK," she answered.  
  
"Have you given any private dances?"  
  
"Yes, a couple. That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about. Do you think maybe we could put a small stack of towels in Private Room 2?" She couldn't meet his eyes out of embarrassment.  
  
It took only a second for him to realize why she wanted them. "Oh, absolutely. I'm so sorry. I should have thought of that. I'll have someone deliver them in the next couple of minutes."  
  
"Thank you," Cassadee said and quickly darted across the hall into the dressing room. She grabbed a towel and went in the restroom. She spent the next five minutes cleaning up, using disposable wipes and drying herself off. Then she went back into the dressing room and changed into a pale blue lacy bra and matching bikini panties. She was glad she had heeded Jessica's advice and brought extra changes of clothes. Turning in the full-length mirror, she liked how the panties showed most of her ass cheeks. She bounced a couple times and watched them jiggle, which made her smile.  
  
Cassadee figured she would have time for one more private dance before she needed to come back and get ready for her second set. Leaving the dressing room, she began to strut around with confidence, waving at people she knew and winking at those she didn't. She wasn't out there thirty seconds when a guy in the back caught her attention and waved for her to come over to him. She sauntered over and realized it was Mr. Chen, her chemistry teacher. It was such an out-of-body experience walking toward him in her bra and panties.  
  
"Hi, Cass. This is my wife Cindi." Cassadee smiled and shook her hand. Cindi was Asian, just like her husband, and she was beautiful. She had long, straight black hair, almond-shaped eyes and a cute, upturned nose. "We were wondering," Mr. Chen said with a sly grin, "if you would like to take us both back to a private room."  
  
Cassadee swallowed the lump in her throat. Not only would she have to give her teacher a private dance, but his wife would be there to see it. All kinds of taboos were being broken in her brain tonight. But, she understood, this is what everyone was here for. I am the guest of honor, but it isn't all about me. People want to interact with me and feel accepted by me, just as I want to feel accepted by them. What the hell, she thought to herself.  
  
"Absolutely!" she said with enthusiasm. "Follow me!" She led them through the curtained door to the private area and turned to go in the same private room she had been using, just as Jessica was exiting. Jessica smiled and winked at her. When they walked into the room, Cassadee noticed the small pile of folded towels that were sitting on the bottom shelf of the little table. She led them to the couch and they sat down together, leaving a little bit of room between them. "What can I do for you, Mr. Chen?"  
  
"Well," he began, "I would like you to give my wife a private dance and I would like to watch."  
  
Cassadee glanced at Cindi Chen, who smiled warmly. This wasn't at all what she was expecting. She had never even thought about girls in that way and now she was going to have to give one a lap dance. How did this work exactly? She knew that it wasn't difficult to get a guy excited by simply gyrating in his lap. But was it that way for girls too? Being a girl herself, she decided she would have to change up her approach and handle this in the way that she would want it done to her.  
  
"OK, well, private dances are a hundred dollars..." she said meekly. She still wasn't comfortable asking for money, but it was one of the benefits of doing this. The money would help to pay for her college.  
  
"Oh, of course!" Mr. Chen reached into his pocket, counted out the money, and handed it to her. She thanked him and set it on the table.  
  
Cassadee unclasped her bra and let it fall away, noticing not only Mr. Chen's eyes hungrily devouring her small breasts, but Cindi's as well. This was actually kind of hot, she was surprised to admit to herself as she dropped her lacy panties and kicked off her shoes. She climbed onto Cindi's lap and pressed her breasts into hers as she kissed the side of the Asian woman's neck. Cindi responded by stretching her neck and purring. Cassadee kissed her way down to her collarbone before turning around and sitting in the woman's lap. She leaned back, gyrating her hips into Cindi's pelvis and resting against her chest. Cindi kissed Cassadee's neck, using a bit of tongue, and covered Cassadee's tits with her hands. Cassadee moaned as Cindi squeezed her nipples. She turned her face toward Cindi, only to be kissed unexpectedly. Going with the flow, Cassadee returned the kiss and their tongues snaked around, exploring each other's mouths.  
  
Breaking the kiss, Cassadee turned toward Mr. Chen. He was obviously turned on, rubbing himself through his pants. Cassadee almost laughed, simply because of the odd circumstances in which she found herself. She never thought she would see a teacher rubbing his cock sitting next to her on a couch. Thankfully, she held her composure and turned around to face his wife.  
  
Cassadee leaned up and rubbed her tits in Cindi's face. Cindi responded by sucking her nipple into her mouth and biting it gently. Cassadee growled in response to the shock that went through her body. She allowed Mrs. Chen to do the same to the other nipple. Fuck, this was hot. She could tell her body was responding and the last thing she wanted was to make a mess on Cindi's lap the way she did on Officer Camden's.  
  
Sliding off her lap, she sat next to Cindi and began to unbutton the woman's silk shirt. She looked to her for a sign of resistance, but none was given. After she popped the last button, she easily unclasped the woman's front-connecting bra. It fell to the sides exposing her small tits. She had light brown areolae and long, erect nipples. Cassadee again looked for hesitation but was met with only a look of wanton lust, so she leaned in and sucked a long nipple into her mouth, massaging it with her tongue. Cindi Chen moaned and pulled Cassadee's head into her chest. Cassadee reached down tentatively and touched Cindi between the legs. Her pants were thin and Cassadee thought she could feel the shape of the woman's sex. She rubbed around until she found the spot that made Cindi shudder. Concentrating on that spot, Cassadee began sucking on the other nipple. Within a minute Cindi Chen was crying out and quaking in the throes of ecstasy. Cassadee mentally checked 'first lesbian experience' off her sexual bucket list.  
  
As the song was ending and her teacher's wife was coming down from her orgasm, Cassadee kissed her fully on the mouth, their tongues battling for supremacy. They disengaged and Cassadee glanced over to look at Mr. Chen. His face was red and glistening with a sheen of sweat.  
  
"That was beautiful," he whispered, and kissed his wife as Cassadee stood. "How was that for you, my love?" he asked Cindi.  
  
"Mmm, she's a keeper, Jimmy," she said with sleepy, post-orgasmic eyes as she hooked her bra together and buttoned up her blouse. "You are invited for dinner at the first opportunity it can be arranged," she said to Cassadee, who blushed and thanked her.  
  
They left and Cassadee quickly used one of the towels to clean herself up, wiping away the fluid that had escaped down her leg. She had never realized she could get so turned on that she would leak like a broken faucet. Never before had she ever imagined that she could be intimate with a woman, but it was actually a huge turn-on. Cindi's skin and lips were so smooth. It was totally different from kissing a guy. And sucking on her nipples was erotic beyond all imagining.  
  
Cassadee dabbed herself dry once again and quickly dressed in her bra and panties. She exited the room and made her way across the main floor. She was stopped several times by men asking for a private dance, but she apologized and told them they would have to ask her again after her next set, which was soon. As she walked into the dressing room, she was stunned to realize how quickly all of this had been normalized in her brain. She was about to take her clothes off again in front of the whole place. And after that she would be giving more private dances. She had anticipated this night with a mixture of excitement, anxiety, and even dread. But excitement was quickly winning the war in her head—and in her heart.  
  
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"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you once again, for joining us tonight at Defloration. We definitely appreciate your coming out to support this beautiful young lady tonight for her Coming of Age. She's one of the sweetest girls you will ever meet, and she has done an incredible job already tonight, being brave and shedding her inhibitions, not to mention her clothes! So, with no further ado, I am proud to introduce, in her second set of the night, Miss Cassadee Ellison!"  
  
The roar of the crowd intensified as Cassadee strutted out to the beginnings of 'Here I Go Again' by Whitesnake. She showcased her dance training and made use of the entire stage.  
  
Cassadee was dressed seriously in women's business attire. She wore a navy jacket with a matching skirt, stockings, and black heels. Her hair was in a bun and she wore dark rimmed glasses. Jessica had touched up her makeup, turning her into the sexiest businesswoman in all of Pennsylvania.  
  
She had much more clothing to take off this time, so it wasn't long before she ditched the jacket, exposing a white button-up blouse which was tucked into her skirt. She twirled around the pole a couple times and sat down on the edge of the stage in front of her friends Jeff and Sara. After taking her shoe off, she wiggled her stocking-covered toes in his lap. She and Sara smiled at each other as she took off the other shoe, setting them both on the edge of the stage next to her. Then she pulled up the hem of her skirt, indicating with a wink that Jeff should pull down her thigh-high stockings. He glanced at his girlfriend, who nodded her approval, and began to peel the stocking off Cassadee's left leg. His fingers grazed her skin all the way from her creamy thigh to her cute little toes. He then peeled the other stocking, until Cassadee's legs and feet were completely bare. She placed her big toe on his lips, and he kissed it as she massaged his groin with the other foot, flirting with him, but masking it as part of her act. Sara smiled wryly. She wasn't stupid, Cassadee knew. She probably knew exactly what Cassadee was doing, but she didn't seem like she minded. After all, Sara had let her boyfriend take Cassadee's virginity. Cassadee blew a kiss at them and stood back up.  
  
Once again taking the stage, Cassadee changed her tempo to match the next song. Bryan Adams' 'Heaven' played melodically as she turned luxuriously around the pole. Her eyes closed, and she got lost in the music. Realizing she had to pick up the pace, she began to unbutton her shirt. The crowd noise surged again, anticipating her toplessness. They never really got quiet, they just got momentarily louder as she discarded an item of clothing. Letting her shirt fall off, she revealed to the crowd a lavender bra so opaque that it was basically see-through under the bright house lights. This again elicited a tremendous response from the crowd.  
  
Now in just her bra and skirt, she showed off some more of her dance training, stunning the audience into a semblance of calm with her graceful moves. Slowly, she let her hair down and discarded her glasses. Having built up the appropriate amount of anticipation, she released the button holding the skirt on her hips and let it fall to the floor. The audience loudly approved of her matching lavender thong, which was equally as opaque as the bra. She had nothing to do now except get naked. She was once again riding a high from attention and adrenaline. The feeling in her chest was incredible. She never would have thought that taking her clothes off in front of a crowd was something that she would do, let alone crave.  
  
Her third song began, and she hit it hard. It was 'Crazy Bitch' by Buckcherry. The music was raunchy and so were her moves. She stripped her thong over her hips and legs, kicking it out of the way, and spun around the pole, spreading her legs for the whole place to see. The eruption of noise was deafening. She hadn't even taken her bra off, and her pussy was out for public consumption.  
  
Holy fuck, what a rush! She was trembling inside, but she was buzzed on adrenaline. She had been nervous thinking about her parents watching all of this, but they were here for a reason. This wasn't dirty or wrong. It was their tradition and they fully embraced it.  
  
Whipping her bra off, Cassadee knelt and shook her small tits in a few faces she didn't know. She made her way around the circular end of the stage, even stopping in front of her parents and putting on a little show. Her mom laughed while her dad's eyes bounced between her face, her little breasts, and her glistening pussy. His face reddened. Then hers did as well.  
  
She sauntered over to David and Sally Gleason, who were seated just to the left of her parents. David was one of her dad's good friends and the father of her best friend, Tina, who was seated behind her parents with a group of their friends. This little area of the club contained some of the closest people in Cassadee's life. She couldn't even think about what she was about to do, but she had planned it in advance, and at this point she was on autopilot. She squatted down with her knees together and looked in David's eyes. David glanced at Cassadee's mom briefly, who nodded, and he met her stare with a smile. "Hi, Mr. Gleason," she whispered in his ear. "Can I give you a special present?"  
  
David glanced at his wife, whose expression could only be described as neutral, and said, "Of course you can, Cassadee." He was intoxicated by her perfume—or maybe her pheromones.  
  
Cassadee gently sat down on the edge of the stage and slowly parted her knees. David's eyes were immediately drawn to the little piece of heaven between her legs. He watched as she slowly rolled onto her backside and spread her legs as far apart as they could go, which was almost parallel with the stage. Her sex opened like a blossoming flower. Her lower lips were wet and white fluid was visible in her opening. She reached between her legs and pulled her labia apart, giving him an unobstructed look into depths of her teenage pussy. David's eyes were filled with something she had never seen. Pure, animal lust. She knew without a doubt, that if given the opportunity, he would fuck her raw. It shocked her. But it also set her on fire. She wanted to come in a bad way.  
  
While she was brazenly displaying her sex to her dad's friend, she glanced over at David's wife and her parents. All of them were staring at her pussy. Her dad's face was flushed. Then he looked her in the eyes and smiled and whispered, "You're amazing." This made Cassadee smile and she saw her mom was beaming with pride. "I'm proud of you," her mom said. Cassadee looked around and saw that everyone on this edge of the stage was staring right between her legs, including Tina and all of their friends. She looked back at David who had, at some point, leaned in closer. She could feel his breath on her pussy. She reached out, pushed his forehead back, and wagged her finger in a 'naughty boy' manner. Sally Gleason playfully punched him on the shoulder. This made everyone laugh and Cassadee got up and worked the stage some more, giving everyone else brief looks at her vulva and her tiny pink rosebud.  
  
The song ended and she stood there soaking up the applause. She smiled and twirled around, then sauntered back to the dressing room door amid a shower of bills being thrown on the stage. As she went through the door to the dressing room, the dancers once again cheered and applauded for her. Jessica, who was nude, gave her a long hug, pressing her large, naked breasts into Cassadee's chest. A couple of the dancers left to gather the money from the stage.  
  
Cassadee cleaned up in the bathroom and dressed in a yellow micro-thong made by a company called Wicked Weasel. The top was made up of two tiny triangles that just covered her puffy nipples and the bottoms consisted of a piece of fabric barely large enough to contain her vulva. As a matter of fact, the very top of her cleft and her entire landing strip was left peeking over the top of the fabric. The rest of the outfit was simply strings, including the part that ran through her ass crack. She turned to look at herself in the mirror and was shocked at how small it was. Her entire ass was out. Let's face it, a string in her crack was in no way considered coverage. She never would have bought something this small, but Jessica had convinced her that she might want one. She smiled at the thought of going out on the floor like this. A thrill ran up her spine as she got a thumbs up from her friend.  
  
Steeling herself, she opened the door and stepped out into the main room. She was immediately met with stares and whistles, even though there were dancers on all three stages. Her smile went from ear to ear.  
  
Ben Davidson, who had taken her to prom, and whom she might have dated if she thought she had time, grabbed her hand as she walked by. She spun to a stop and he pulled her into his lap. She laughed and hugged him. The other boys at the table smiled and stared at her tits as they congratulated her on a job well done.  
  
"Hey," he said, staring in her eyes.  
  
"Hey," she said in return. "You come here often?"  
  
"Every once in a while," he continued, flirting back. "But I haven't seen you here."  
  
"I'm new," Cassadee said with a shy smile.  
  
"Ah, I see. Lucky me."  
  
"Seriously," she said. "I'm glad you made it. I wasn't sure if you were serious earlier at school."  
  
"I told you I would be here. I wouldn't have missed it," he said, his smile warming Cassadee's insides.  
  
His arms around her were warm and strong. He was the quarterback and he had led their football team to the state championships, taking them farther than they had been in fifteen years, even if they had lost. But the season had ended for the year and his high school football career was over. He was heading off to college in the fall on a football scholarship, so Cassadee was glad he would be able to continue playing the game he loved.  
  
Ben ran his warm hand over her soft thighs and whispered in her ear. "Take me in the back."  
  
Cassadee's eyes shone brightly as she grabbed his hand and led him across the floor, through the beaded curtain, and into the private room on the right. She took him to the couch, and he sat down. Immediately, he reached for his wallet, but Cassadee stopped him and shook her head. She straddled him on the couch and kissed him deeply.  
  
Ben reached around and cupped her ass cheeks in his hands as they made out. Cassadee broke from the kiss, grabbed the hem of his shirt, and peeled it over his head. She untied her tiny bikini top and dropped it beside them on the couch. Then she pressed her breasts into his muscular chest and continued kissing him. His hands ran up and down her bare back, landing once again on her butt. He pulled her into his groin and they both gasped simultaneously.

Cassadee began to grind her pussy into Ben's jeans. She could tell he was hard. She wanted to fuck him so badly and wondered why she hadn't bothered after prom a week ago. It wasn't like he would have rejected her. She was pretty sure he had wanted to. But she had just lost her virginity less than a couple weeks before that, and it was all so new.  
  
Breaking off their kiss, Cassadee stood up and released the ties on her hips, letting the micro-thong fall to the floor. She undid Ben's fly and in one movement, pulled his jeans and boxer briefs down over his knees. His hard cock sprang up and slapped against his six-pack.  
  
Cassadee straddled Ben's lap again, pinning his dick between her pussy and his stomach. As she stuck her tongue down his throat, she slid herself up and down the underside of his shaft. She was already so wet that the hard length of his penis was immediately covered in her lubrication. As she slid forward, up toward the tip and then back down, it rubbed against her clit and she moaned into his mouth.  
  
On one of the upstrokes, she rose a little too high, and as she came back down the swollen head of his dick slid just inside her vaginal entrance. Cassadee's eyes grew big as she froze, and a shiver ran through her entire body. If she did this, he would be only the second person she had ever had sex with. She was going to be shattering that count before the night was over anyway. Ben's blue eyes looked at her with longing, waiting for her to make the next move. Coming to a decision in her mind that had already been made by her body, she lowered herself slowly and began to take the entire length of him inside her. Ben moaned and leaned his head back against the leather couch. Cassadee squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip as she seated her inexperienced vagina fully on and around his stiff rod.  
  
Ben's lips found a puffy pink nipple, and he licked and sucked on it as Cassadee rose and fell in long, slow strokes. He had dreamed of this moment, wanting, on numerous occasions, to ask Cassadee to be his girlfriend. They had been out on a number of group dates, and even had a couple by themselves. But she was a straight-A student who was heavily involved in extracurricular activities, and she had always said that she was too busy to date. Up until now, he had never really been sure if she liked him that much. He had thought that maybe she was just trying to let him off easily because she wasn't interested. But now Ben had all the reassurance he needed, and he wanted this moment to last forever.  
  
Cassadee couldn't quite believe she was fucking Ben Davidson, the high school quarterback, in the back of a strip club. She hadn't brought him in here with the intention of doing this. But once he tried to pay her, she knew she couldn't take the money. She realized she liked him too much for that—it would make her feel cheap. This probably wasn't the appropriate time or place, but she wanted this moment to be about their feelings for each other. And besides, she had been working herself up all night. What better outlet for all of that sexual energy than with someone she had real feelings for?  
  
She picked up her pace, her dripping pussy squelching against his abdomen with every stroke. She could feel the entire length of him invading her sex every time she lowered herself onto his dick. It was heaven. Why had she waited so long to explore her sexuality? She always told herself she was too busy, but was it something else? Was she scared of this side of herself? Because at this moment in time, she wanted nothing more than to fuck Ben Davidson for the rest of her natural born life.  
  
Cassadee was trembling, trying to hold off the orgasm she knew was moments away. Ben must have been doing the same because he was sweating and shaking as well. They stared into each other's eyes and Cassadee kissed him one last time, their mouths open and their tongues exploring. She was riding the very crest of a wave that was about to throw her headfirst into the bottom of the sea.  
  
Finally, she could hold out no longer, and her vaginal muscles exploded into seizures. Cassadee collapsed onto the length of his dick as her pussy grabbed and throttled his manhood inside of her. She moaned into his mouth, with their chests pressed together, as the orgasm wracked her entire body. For the second time that night, a reservoir of fluid released from deep within, soaking Ben's lap.  
  
As Cassadee's orgasm was ending, Ben pulled her ass tightly against himself, thrusting as deeply into her as he could get. He threw back his head and groaned as his balls released and he unloaded himself inside of her tight pussy, filling her womb with his semen.  
  
Cassadee, having never broken the kiss, sucked on his tongue as he came. After he finished, and melted into the couch, their lips parted. She stayed on top of him, his dick still hard inside her, not wanting it to end. Cassadee kissed his face with gentle pecks as Ben wrapped his arms around her back and pulled her against him again.  
  
"I want to see you again soon," he whispered to her.  
  
"You will. I promise."  
  
Cassadee snapped back to reality and realized that she needed to move. This was going to be messy. Thank goodness she had asked for the towels. She raised herself off of him slowly as a mixture of their cum fell out of her and onto his groin. Slightly embarrassed, she walked over and grabbed a towel and wiped herself up. Then she came back to Ben, and with an unused portion of the towel, began to gently clean him off. His eyes never left hers.  
  
Finally, with both of them as clean as they could get, they dressed and left the room. Back in the main area, Ben pulled her in for another kiss and the world disappeared around them for a few moments. Then, to Cassadee's dismay, the kiss was broken, and he headed back to his table, but his eyes told her that this wasn't the end.  
  
Cassadee glanced over to her mom, who had seen the exchange and smiled knowingly at her daughter as Cassadee blushed. She walked quickly through the side door and into the dressing room. She shut herself into the restroom and saw her face in the mirror. She had never known what it meant when people said someone looked 'freshly fucked'. But now she saw it. Her face was flushed, and it glowed. It was so obvious that Cassadee was embarrassed to leave the room. But she took off her Wicked Weasel, climbed in the shower, and rinsed off, careful not to mess up her hair. She dried off, put her bikini back on, and went back to the dressing room to reapply her lipstick. Jessica stared at her with a puzzled expression, but Cassadee ignored her.  
  
Over the next thirty minutes she gave four lap dances. Three were for guys she knew from school who had graduated in previous years, and one was for a total stranger. The dances were rather routine, and she hadn't even needed any more of the towels in the private room.  
  
As Cassadee was working the floor, saying hello and thanking people for coming out, she noticed Mr. MacLochlan, or "Mr. McLovely", as her A.P. Literature teacher was known around school, and his wife enter the building. Her heart suddenly leaped into her throat. No! She couldn't be seen like this by him! She began to panic and started to head for the dressing room door. As she was passing by her parents' seats her mom grabbed her wrist, halting her retreat.  
  
"Where are you going in such a hurry," Kathleen asked. "And why do you look like you just saw a ghost?"  
  
"Mom, please let me go. Mr. MacLochlan just came in. I've had a crush on him for as long as I've known him, but I can't let him see me like this. He's too perfect. I'm too intimidated right now!"  
  
"Calm down. Think logically. Even if you run to the back right now, you still have to come out for your third set. And he will see you then. All of you. At least right now you are wearing a bikini. I mean, I think it's a bikini. I've seen more material in a potholder." She smiled at Cassadee, trying to lighten up the mood.  
  
"Oh, mom," she said in anguish. "I feel like I'm going to throw up."  
  
"Trust me, Cass, it will be fine. Here they come." Kathleen waved at Connor MacLochlan and his wife Danielle. Cassadee was frozen in place. She tried to look nonchalant, but feared she just looked nauseous.  
  
Connor approached them smiling. As his eyes took in Cassadee, his smile faltered for only a second. Cassadee thought that his eyes may have gotten a little bigger as well. "Kathleen, Roger, how are you?" he asked. He bent down and kissed Cassadee's mom on the cheek and shook her dad's hand. Danielle greeted them as well. Then Connor looked Cassadee up and down. "Wow, Cass. You look absolutely stunning. Happy Coming of Age."  
  
Cassadee was pulled into a hug by Mr. McLovely and suddenly her barely covered breasts were pressed against his chest. His aftershave was like a cloud of pheromone-soaked sex gas. Cassadee legitimately felt wetness release from somewhere inside. She was mortified at the thought that it might show through, but she didn't dare look down there. Wistfully, she lamented the fact that she would never find a guy like Connor MacLochlan. He was perfection. Sadly, his hug ended, and his wife Danielle hugged her as well, telling her that she had heard many good things about her and was pleased to meet her.  
  
It didn't help Cassadee's situation that Danielle MacLochlan looked like a supermodel straight from the pages of the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue. Her face and body were unmatched outside of L.A. or Miami. Cassadee felt badly because part of her hated Danielle without even knowing her. But Cassadee smiled, and the couple took the seats just to the left of her parents that had previously been occupied by David and Sally Gleason.  
  
"Well, I should get back to greeting people," Cassadee said. They said their goodbyes, and Cassadee began to walk away. Out of the corner of her eye she glanced back and saw Mr. McLovely's eyes glued to her ass. Cassadee entered the dressing room and immediately took a seat at the makeup table. Her head was spinning. How would she have the confidence to go back out and do her third set?  
  
"You're back here a little early," Jessica teased. "This wouldn't have anything to do with Mr. McLovely, who I just saw walk in, would it?"  
  
"Oh, Jess. You have no idea. I've crushed on him for three years. How can I go back out there now?"  
  
"The same way you went out there to begin with. Honey, a couple hours ago, you had never been naked in front of a crowd. Now you have been. A couple hours ago you had never given a lap dance. Now you have. And soon you will go back out there, rock your third set, and bring this house to its knees. It doesn't matter who's out there, Cass. Go out and use the confidence that has been building inside you all night long. Make this a night that will never be forgotten in this dinky little town."  
  
Cassadee's eyes were ready to spill over as she listened to her friend's words of wisdom. She hugged Jessica and thanked her. Her final set was in twenty minutes, so she decided not to bother going back out, and Jessica fixed her hair and makeup again. Cassadee dressed in her final outfit and began pumping herself up for her final set.  
  
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"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for visiting with us here at Defloration. Tonight, as I'm sure you are well aware, is Cassadee's Coming of Age party! If you've been here all night, you know it's been a party to remember! If you've just arrived, then you've made it just in time. This is Cassadee's final set and I'm pretty sure it will have been well worth the wait. For her third set of the night, let's welcome Miss Cassadee Ellison!"  
  
Cassadee had decided to change it up this time and do her slow song first. She stepped onto the stage to the melodic notes of 'Hello' by Adele. She swung around the pole and relied on her lyrical ballet lessons, mesmerizing the audience with her grace and beauty.  
  
She was dressed in a light pink lacy camisole with matching panties and heels. This was her last set, and she wasn't going to spend half of it taking her clothes off...nerves be damned. If a show was what people were here to see, then she was going to give them a show they would talk about for years.  
  
By the time the song was more than half over, she had already discarded her top and kicked off her shoes. Only panties stood in her way now. With the final notes of the song, Cassadee's pink thong hit the floor. The now familiar roar from the crowd washed over her. Once again, she was completely nude in front of a good portion of the townsfolk—including Connor MacLochlan.  
  
She put that thought out of her mind and hit the floor with the energy of a cheerleader as 'Cherry Pie' by Warrant screamed out of the speakers. She tumbled and backflipped and landed in a split, much to the appreciation of the audience. She cartwheeled across the stage and then arched her back into a bridge with her hands on the stage behind her and spread her knees, sticking her pussy out for all to see. The crowd loved it.  
  
Cassadee was tweaking like an exhibitionism junkie, yet again. She performed some more of her athletic moves and then began to crawl around the edge of the stage, showing herself to people. She knelt in front of some of them, showing her asshole and pussy from behind. For others, she sat down and leaned back, spreading her legs. There was now a continuous roar from the crowd.  
  
As 'Fuck You Like an Animal' by Nine Inch Nails came on, she began to roll around, not only showing her intimate parts to people, but also squeezing her nipples and using her fingers to spread her pussy lips wide open. During the chorus she would gyrate her hips, pretending to masturbate. It was rude and graphic, but she knew, ultimately, that this was what the people wanted to see from her last set. This was all part of coming of age. It was not only a debutante-like "coming out" to society, but it was a baring of the soul and body, leaving nothing hidden about who you were.  
  
As the final notes of the song played, she pretended to come, bucking and shaking until she lay on the stage immobile. Confetti cannons on each side of the stage exploded and covered her in little streamers and bits of paper. The crowd went absolutely nuts and soon money was intermixed with confetti all over the stage. As she stood, she looked around. There were not only $1 bills, but everything up to and including twenties and a fifty here and there. She posed for the audience and couldn't help laughing. She was so unbelievably happy in this moment that she didn't want it to end.  
  
Just as Cassadee was about to turn around and leave the stage, Tom Browning was there behind her, grabbing her wrist and lifting it in the air like a prize fighter who had just won the heavyweight title. Another round of applause went on for at least a minute and a half.  
  
Finally, as the crowd began to quiet down, Tom held a microphone up and said, "Wow! That was possibly the best show we have ever had here! We here at Defloration want to thank you all for coming out. But we especially want to thank Cassidee Ellison for her amazing performances tonight. But she isn't quite done yet!"  
  
Cassadee's smile faded as her heart skipped a beat. She had forgotten about this part. Suddenly her confidence vanished, and she was once again a frightened little girl. Subconsciously, she positioned her arms to cover her nudity.  
  
"Cassadee has agreed to give us a special show tonight. One that will far surpass everything that has come before. She has decided that she wants to truly open herself to you—heart, mind and body. Cassadee will be ending her performances tonight by sharing with all of us the most intimate, most private thing a young girl can do by herself. She pretended to do it during the last song, but Cassadee is now prepared to go all the way." A dancer brought out a chair and set it at center stage with the pole directly behind it.  
  
"Cassadee," said Tom, turning toward her. "Are you ready to give us this most precious and beautiful gift, by allowing us to watch you masturbate, talking us through your technique and sharing with us that ultimate ecstatic moment of female orgasm?"  
  
Holy shit holy shit holy shit! What could she do? How could she refuse? She had signed up for this in a moment of impulse. It had been in the back of her mind all along, but she had put off thinking about it until this moment. She couldn't back out. She would look like a total fool and she would never be able to face her friends or neighbors again. Her mind raced, trying to think of any possible way to escape this. But there was no escape. She was here right now, in the spotlight. She had to give Tom an answer. Cassadee swallowed the lump in her throat and spoke into the microphone.