**Clubbing and Tubbing**

by trace\_ekiesÂ©

There was one more month 'til graduation, after which Kara would become an

associate attorney with Grayson and Locke in Dallas. They employed nearly five

hundred attorneys world-wide, about two hundred of which were partners. At

present there was only one female partner. With Kara's credentials she was all

but assured of becoming the second female partner in one of the nation's most

prestigious law firms.

George, Kara's boyfriend during most of law school, was going to clerk for a

judge in San Francisco. With half a continent between them, their romance, which

was more lust than love, was destined to fail. A week ago they had agreed to

split now, rather than wait for the inevitable 'Dear John' letters that would

certainly follow their physical separation.

First year law was the toughest experience that Kara had faced. The second year

was not much better. But because she had done so well in the first two, the

third was a virtual cakewalk. Kara met George in one of her classes during the

first year. During the remainder of that year and the next, their relationship

was mostly as study partners. It was not until the third year that they began to

really have fun.

Tonight, for the first time since her prelaw days, Kara was going out alone,

actually with her friend Julie, but she didn't have a date and wasn't expecting

to see anyone she knew. Choosing what to wear would be part of the new

challenge. For the last two and half years George had often made suggestions as

to how she should dress.

With George's encouragement, Kara had learned that she liked showing off, and

not just for George either. She became enormously aroused when she showed men, occasionally women too, more than they expected to see. So far her greatest

thrill had been when she and George made love while George's friend Harold

watched.

Kara was about to move to Dallas and work for a conservative law firm. She had

only a few weeks left as a student in the liberal college town she had lived in

for the last six years. Tonight she intended to take advantage of the fact that

other than her friend Julie she would probably never see any of these people

again.

Kara showered and shaved her legs and pussy, then admired her naked form in the

mirror. Her body still had the trim youthful look of the gymnast she had been in

high school. In the past, Kara recalled, it had been George's hands that touched

her naked body. If she dressed tonight as she had for George, she would have

hands touching her that she had never felt before. The thought of strange hands

on her breasts and between her legs was deliciously sinful. Kara went to her

closet to find the low-cut jeans George had liked.

She found what she was looking for and took them off the hanger. They looked to

be ordinary jeans. They were made of moderately faded denim, had slightly flared

legs, a zip up front and a snap at the waistband. Kara sat on a nearby chair and

without putting on panties or hose struggled to pull the jeans over her sculpted

calves and thighs. With the jeans snuggly embracing her legs she took a deep

breath, then forced the air out of her lungs. With her waist now as small as she

could make it, she tugged the jeans over her hips, raised the zipper and pressed

the snap closed. Then she then inhaled deeply. The snap miraculously held.

What made these jeans special was now evident. Not only were they exceptionally

tight but the waistband was so low it barely concealed the small amount of pubic

hair remaining just above her clitoris. In the back, even though they hugged the

curve of her butt, the belt area didn't even come close to reaching her waist.

It exposed the first inch or so of the crack in her ass.

Kara looked in the mirror. She turned to the side and looked over her shoulder.

The back of the jeans was high enough to keep them from falling off but low

enough to show the top of her butt. She turned to the front. Of course she was

still topless and her c-cup breasts were standing out proudly from her

thirty-four inch rib cage. Almost any top would leave a deliciously bare

abdomen. She guessed there was at least five inches from her belly button to the

top of the jeans. She licked her lips and thought, that'll attract attention.

Kara rummaged through her drawers to find a top that would go with the jeans.

She considered tee's, tanks, camisoles and other styles but nothing seemed quite

right. Then she picked up a top that was so revealing she had only worn it once.

With the miniskirts she usually wore, it was too extreme. The jeans on the other

hand, while in some ways more revealing, did cover her legs. With the jeans and

this top her bare midriff would be a show stopper.

The top Kara chose was brief. It had a one inch band of stretch denim that went

across the tops of her breasts and fastened in the back. The band was tight

enough that it didn't need straps to support it. Hanging from the denim was four

to five inches of white lace hankie type material. That was it.

Kara held the skimpy top in front of her. She draped it over her breasts and

hooked it in the back. With her finger-tips she flounced the lacy material until

it hung freely on her breasts. She looked at herself in the mirror and liked

what she saw. There was at least ten inches of bare midriff showing. The low

waistband of her jeans accentuated the flatness of her stomach. The protrusion

of her breasts caused a small gap between her rib cage and the bottom edges of

the top.

She appraised herself as if she were a guy sitting next to her in a dimly lit

bar. It was obvious that her top was at least partially transparent and she was

probably braless. When she looked carefully she could see her nipples, her

areolas and even her breasts. On the other hand, with just a quick look, the

kind she would get from most people, it wasn't evident how exposed she was.

If a guy looked closely, and this was the part Kara liked best, he was likely to

keep right on looking. Her nipples hardened slightly and a small dampness

developed between her legs as she imagined all the guys who would be staring at

her tits and dreaming about removing her jeans.

It was time to pick up Julie. She quickly brushed her shoulder length brown

hair, then went into the closet to pick out shoes. Kara was not wearing hose and

her feet were bare. She picked out a pair of red strappy heels. She slipped them

on and buckled the straps. With the heels Kara was about five nine. All that

bare skin on such a tall woman looked so sexy.

Even though it was after eight, with daylight saving it was still light. Kara

attended a southern university and it was already warm enough to go without a

jacket, even at night. Julie was waiting and came right out when Kara stopped in

front of her apartment. She was wearing a white tank top and khaki miniskirt. As

she ran to the car, Kara thought Julie looked pretty hot.

Julie slid in, slammed the door, then turned to Kara to say hi. But when she saw

Kara she went speechless. After several seconds of silence Kara said, "Well?

..."

"You're not really going dressed like that are you?"

"Sure, why not? I'm not interested in handing out my phone number and then

waiting for the call that never comes."

"With that outfit," Julie said, "you'll be giving out more than just your phone

number."

"I know mother, but it's what I want so what difference does it make?"

Julie understood the tone of voice and what it meant to be addressed as

'mother'. She backed off. "Well I'm sure you've considered what you're doing. I

know you'll be careful so I guess it really doesn't make any difference. Lets

go; I've got to see this."

Kara pulled away from the curb. "So you won't be too embarrassed to be seen with

me then?"

"Oh no, quite the contrary, I expect you'll attract a lot of men. Of course I'll

probably have to get away from you to be noticed."

Kara looked at Julie and saw bare legs nearly to her crotch and a thin tank top

that obviously didn't have a bra under it. She remarked, "You're not going to be

hurting for attention."

They drove the rest of the short distance in silence, found a parking place and

went in. It was much darker inside than out. And the air-conditioning caused the

club to be almost cold. The nipples on both girls reacted to the change in

temperature, but for Kara, the cool breeze on the underside of her breasts was a

reminder of how little she was wearing. Her nipples jutted out sharply, causing

the thin material of her top to stand out even further from her body, in turn

allowing even more cold air to envelope her breasts.

As their eyes adjusted to the darkness they spotted a small high-top near the

dance floor. No sooner had they gotten sat down than several guys came and asked

them to dance. Although Kara and Julie thought a couple of them were reasonably

good-looking, neither of the girls was ready to dance yet and eventually the

guys left. Kara had been bent over the table and no one had noticed her low cut

pants or transparent top.

A waitress came and took their order. While they waited, three guys, all nice

looking, came past their table, looked them over and sat down nearby. It was

early and the club wasn't busy yet. The waitress returned quickly with their

drinks.

No sooner had they received their drinks than a guy came to the table and asked

Julie to dance. It was someone she had dated a few times in the past and she

went with him readily to the dance floor. Kara looked around, hoping to get

rescued, especially by one of the three guys at the next table, but it was not

to be and she sat there alone. Julie and her friend eventually returned. Peter,

Julie's friend, sat down with them. They talked and sipped their drinks a few

minutes until Peter asked Julie to dance again.

Kara was determined that this time she was not going to sit alone. Out of the

corner of her eye she could tell that the three at the next table were looking

in her direction. They were on her right side and nothing was between her and

them. Kara noticed they had a good profile view of her. She intended to take

advantage of it.

Kara looked down at her chest. Then she took hold of the denim band on her top,

and acting as if it had slipped down, pulled it up. As it moved up, the small

amount of material covering her breasts moved with it. The lace caught on her

nipples, then jumped free. It had the same effect as someone teasing her

nipples. They grew and got harder, causing the flimsy fabric to hang even

further from Kara's body. Most significantly however, she had pulled the band so

far up that the lace was now just at the bottom of her breasts.

A sideways glance confirmed that the three were watching intently. Kara raised

her arms and put her hands behind her head, pretending to gather her hair into a

bun. Her back was arched, her tits jutted out firmly and the top rode up until

the undersides of her breasts were exposed.

Kara was bare from the low-cut waistband of her jeans all the way to the bottoms

of her breasts. She turned sensuously a little to each side, keeping her hands

behind her head as long as it looked reasonable. It worked. Kara watched the

guys flip coins to see which would ask her to dance. Kara didn't care, any one

would do.

She looked up as one of them walked the few steps from their table to hers. "I'm

Brad," he said. Then just stood there.

Kara became flustered. She expected him to ask her to dance but he just stood

there. The silence was deafening and Kara eventually said, "And I'm Kara. Did

you want to dance?"

"I'd like that very much," he said, then stood there until she got out of her

chair and preceded him to the dance floor.

As they got to the dance floor, the deejay started a slow song. Brad tried to be

polite and hold Kara in a traditional slow dance position. Kara foiled him by

putting her arms around his neck. Brad loved the look and feel of Kara's bare

skin but was reluctant to touch it. He held Kara several different ways but no

matter what he did his hands came to rest on bare flesh.

Kara put her mouth to Brad's ear. "Put your hands where you want. I don't bite

and I like to be touched."

"Umhh, ... Thanks. I mean, you really look hot. I just didn't want you getting

pissed off at me." Brad put his hands on Kara's back, just below the lace of her

top.

"I'll let you know if you do something I think you shouldn't." Brad was dancing

with his waist back a little from Kara's so she wouldn't feel his raging

hard-on. Kara added, "And you don't have to dance so far back. If I was offended

by the feel of a man I wouldn't be dancing."

"I wish all girls were like you," Brad said. His hands were now under the top

and moved cautiously toward the front. "Some girls will do anything to get a

man's attention but they don't want to be touched."

"They don't know what they're missing." Brad's finger-tips brushed Kara's

breasts and lightly grazed her nipples. Her body tingled. It was as if a jolt of

electricity passed through her. She didn't realize until now how much she missed

George's constant touching.

Kara had just met Brad but already wanted his hands all over her body, except

not on the dance floor. She said, "I love what you're doing but there are other

people here. Maybe you better keep your hands on the outside of my clothes." She

put her mouth to Brad's ear and added, "... at least for now."

"Sorry," Brad said. "Too tempting. I just had to feel them." Brad's hands came

out from under Kara's top and instead roamed across the bare flesh of her

stomach, her abdomen and her back. Kara melted under his touch. When Brad's

finger slipped down the crack of her ass she delayed a considerable time before

asking him to remove it.

After a couple of slow numbers the deejay went back to faster music. Brad broke

away and started into a fast dance but Kara said, "I need something to drink,

can we go back to the table?"

Brad obviously didn't want to but he replied, "If that's what you want; can we

dance later?"

Kara had noticed that in many ways Brad was lacking in confidence. She guessed

that he expected her to find someone else to dance with. She winked at him and

said, "We'll dance again but right now I need a drink." She headed toward the

table with Brad following.

On the dance floor Kara had seen Julie with Peter. Julie had whispered to her,

"I won't need a ride. Peter's taking me." Kara knew that Julie would not be at

the table when she returned. Nevertheless, she feigned surprise and said to

Brad, "My friend still hasn't returned. Would it be okay if I join you and your

friends?"

"Oh yeah. They'll be glad to have you sit with us." Brad's enthusiasm picked up.

"Sure. Get your purse; I'll take your drink." Kara grabbed her purse and

followed Brad to the nearby table. It too was a high-top on the edge of the

dance floor. Brad pulled out a stool and helped Kara up; he sat next to her.

Brad introduced her to his friends, Mike and Ed. Kara thought they all seemed so

young but she had seen the waitress card them so they must be at least

twenty-one. Kara was only twenty-four so at most they were three years younger.

George had been older. Maybe she had gotten used to him and his friends. Anyway,

these guys were nice and good-looking too.

No one spoke. Kara saw that Mike and Ed were staring at her chest. Brad of

course knew but she figured Mike and Ed had just realized how little she was

wearing. Kara looked at them and said, "Yes, my top is sort of transparent and

no, I'm not wearing a bra. Those really are my tits you're looking at." Kara

locked her hands behind her head and said, "Do you like?"

"Uh... uh... of course," Mike said. "I mean, like we all wanted to dance with

you."

"So it could have been any one of you then?"

"Yeah," said Ed, "but Brad won."

"And I was the prize. I suppose I should be flattered," Kara said. "After I have

some of my drink, we can all dance ..." Kara paused. "... that is if you don't

mind sharing." In a sort of chorus, the guys agreed they'd like to do that.

Kara felt Brad's hand on her abdomen. As he reached under her waistband, she put

her hand over his and moved it away from her jeans, toward her belly button.

Then she unsnapped her jeans and put Brad's hand back where it had been. As she

picked up her drink she gave him a conspiratorial smile.

Brad felt what Kara had done and understood the invitation she had extended. His

fingers lightly grazed her flesh where the jeans had been snapped. Then he

grasped the zipper and lowered it. Brad's fingers tiptoed through the remaining

portion of Kara's pubic hair. She nearly died when she felt his hand so close to

her cunt.

Kara turned to Brad and whispered, "Having fun?"

"Oh yeah," he whispered back, "and you?"

"Uh huh, lovin' it," Kara said softly. "Only problem is, that's as far as you

go. The pants are too tight for you to get your hand in."

"We could go someplace where you could take them off."

"Sorry, I'm not ready for that yet. But don't stop, please." Kara sighed as Brad

caressed what was left of her bush and struggled unsuccessfully to reach her

clit, a fraction of an inch lower.

To everyone at the table Brad said, "I've got tunes, booze and a hot tub.

Whaddaya say?"

Mike and Ed quickly agreed but Kara wasn't so sure. She said, "You have a

house?"

"Well, I live with my brother and his wife but they're gone for a few days so I

guess it's mine."

Kara considered. She really did want to go but she had decided she wasn't going

to fuck Brad, at least not tonight. Mike and Ed provided a little safety in that

regard. No one seemed inclined toward gang rape. If she took her own car she

would probably be okay.

"I'll take my car. Can someone ride with me to show the way?"

"I'll ride with you," said Brad. "We all rode with Mike so we have only one car."

"Okay, lets do it," Ed said. Kara stealthily zipped up her jeans. She couldn't

get the snap closed with one hand though and left it undone. The four of them

downed their drinks and headed for the door. In the car, Kara realized she

hadn't covered all of her bases.

"Brad, you know I love your hands but I've got to drive and you're going to have

to stay on your side of the car. Okay?"

Brad acted as if the air had been let out of his balloon. With a hang dog look

he said, "Alright, I understand."

Brad and Kara drove uneventfully across town to his house. Mike and Ed followed.

Kara parked on the street so as not to get blocked in. Inside, Brad tried to

kiss Kara while fixing a drink. As much as she wanted to be kissed, she wasn't

about to let anything get started. She held him off.

It was a glorious night and they went out to the back deck where the hot tub

was. Brad took the cover off and felt the water. "I thought it would need

adjustment but it feels okay to me. Anyone else want to test it before we get

in?"

"I'm going to need something to wear," Kara said to a chorus of groans. "Well

I'm not getting in the tub naked with three guys. Do you have a tee shirt I can

wear?"

"My tee shirts are all in the laundry but I should have a clean undershirt."

"What's the difference, tee shirt, undershirt, I don't care, just find it and

point me toward a bathroom."

"Follow me," Brad said as he walked back into the house. He pointed to a

bathroom. "Use that. I'll bring you the shirt."

Kara went into the bathroom and removed her clothes. While she undressed she

thought, Maybe I was too harsh. I've been teasing all night. They want to see

the rest of me. And Brad, I've let him do everything but fuck me. They've all

been perfect gentlemen. If they don't act up I could take the shirt off. It'd be

as much fun for me as it would for them. I mean, being naked with three guys in

a hot tub ...

Brad knocked on the door. Kara cracked it and he handed her the shirt. As she

closed the door he said, "Join us when you're ready."

"I won't be long," Kara said through the door. She was already naked. She pulled

the undershirt over her head. It was long, almost reaching her knees. She could

position the straps to cover her nipples but her breasts would still be

uncovered. The straps were too long and the shirt itself started below her

breasts.

Kara looked around the bathroom for safety pins. In a closet she found some. She

took the top off and using safety pins, pinned the straps such that they were

about three inches shorter. She put the shirt back on.

When Kara looked in the mirror now it looked right. Even if the arm holes were

still too big, her breasts were mostly covered. And even though she hadn't

intended it, the bottom of the shirt was higher now, mid-thigh, same length as

her short dresses.

The undershirt's material however, was so thin that when it got wet it was going

to be totally see-through. Kara mused, I wanted to show off tonight; I guess I

get my chance.

Kara opened the door and made her way to the back deck. When she got to it her

new friends were already in the tub. She saw clothes piled on the deck and

guessed they were naked. Que serra.

There were friendly whistles and cat calls as she approached the tub. Kara

grabbed her drink from the table and stepped into the water. The three made room

for her to sit down. As she had expected, when the undershirt got wet it was

seriously transparent. But Kara thought, it's dark out here, I'm under water,

who cares? Then she remembered that the three guys were probably not wearing

anything and in spite of being in hot water, her nipples hardened.

For twenty to thirty minutes the four of them sat in the tub, sucking on their

drinks and chatting about anything and everything. Kara thought that if these

guys were going to do her any harm, they would have already done so. At one time

or another each had gotten out the tub to refresh his drink. They were naked but

none of them had any more than a semi-erection. She was among friends.

Kara needed to refresh her drink. She stood and everyone looked at her. The

undershirt was plastered to her body. It was as if she wore nothing at all. Her

nipples protruded a good half inch. They were centered on half dollar sized

areolas which in turn were centered on firm c-cup size breasts. All of it was

clearly visible. Kara drank in the admiring pairs of eyes. She decided it was

time to get naked. She gripped the hem of her undershirt and pulled it over her

head.

Kara stepped out of the tub to freshen her drink. Mike said, "Holy shit, she's

gorgeous."

Kara blushed as Ed said, "Imagine what it would be like to have one of her tits

in your mouth."

Brad had had his hands on most of her body but he didn't say a word. He imagined

instead how wonderful it would be to have Kara's velvety cunt caressing his

cock. Kara fixed herself a drink, then returned to the tub. She basked in the

stream of adulation that flowed from Mike and Ed.

Ed described the glories of licking Kara's nipples. Then he talked about how

sweet it would be to have her legs wrapped around his neck while his tongue

ventured between her lips. Kara could have taken offense to his remarks but she

didn't. She accepted them instead as compliments. She even considered briefly

how good it might feel.

As Kara sat down she said, "You can look and you can talk about me but keep your

hands, and anything else, to yourself."

Again there was a chorus of groans but Kara knew they would behave, or at least

she thought they would. Mike sat on one side of her, Ed the other. Brad was

across from her.

Kara felt Mike's hand on her knee. She considered saying something but decided

against it. She thought, Mike isn't doing any harm and it feels nice anyway.

Then she felt Ed's hand on the other knee. Kara rationalized that since she

hadn't done anything to stop Mike, she couldn't very well say anything to Ed.

With a guy on either side of her, each rubbing a knee, she started to tingle.

Kara had guessed that Ed was somewhat bolder than the other two, so it didn't

come as much of a surprise when she felt his hand on her breast. Despite the

pleasurable feeling, Kara needed to put a stop to things.

She turned to Ed but when she opened her mouth to speak, Mike slid his hand up

her thigh, right next to her pussy. Jesus, Kara thought, here we go. She gave in

to the inevitable and pressed her pussy against Mike's hand. She mumbled, "Oh

shit."

Mike caressed Kara's engorged labia with his finger tips, inserting one, then

two fingers between her lips. Kara reacted by humping his hand. Ed watched as

her hips gyrated beneath the water.

Ed took his hand from Kara's knee, placed it on her stomach and moved downward

to her little patch of pubic hair. His fingers explored carefully until he found

her clitoris. Kara let out a breathless sigh as he circled her tiny pleasure

button with his fingers.

With each thrust of Mike's fingers Kara's hips rose higher. Across the tub, Brad

who had expected to bed Kara before the night was over, watched mesmerized as

she delighted in the actions of his friends. Not to be left out he reached to

the bottom of the tub and picked up Kara's feet. He lifted them, along with her

legs, out of the water and onto his shoulders.

With her legs on Brad's shoulders, Kara lifted her body until her torso appeared

to float on the surface of the water. The tub was small and Brad's head was

between her knees. He looked at Kara's pussy and watched as his friends drove

her into a sexual frenzy.

Kara's head was on the back of the tub. Ed put his face over hers and kissed

her. Mike bent over Kara's chest and took one of her breasts into his mouth.

Brad turned his head from side to side and kissed the insides of her thighs as

he inched closer to her pussy.

Kara's resistance withered as hands and lips roamed over her naked body. Still,

she was resolute about one thing - she might have a mind blowing orgasm her

friends would witness but she wasn't going to fuck anybody.

Mike had taken over Kara's tits. With his hand he caressed a breast and pinched

its nipple. His mouth covered the other breast, gently biting a nipple that

resembled an eraser on a wooden pencil. Kara surrendered her tits to his

ministrations.

Kara intertwined her tongue with Ed's as he sensuously stroked her clitoris. His

fingers danced around her nub sending waves of pleasure deep inside her.

Brad licked the insides of her thighs. Mike's fingers were still in her cunt but

he seemed more interested in her breasts and Kara greedily wanted Brad's tongue

in her pussy.

As if he had been reading her mind, Brad removed Mike's hand from between Kara's legs. Mike was so absorbed with her breasts that he barely noticed. Kara held her breath as Brad's tongue slithered up and down her puffy lips. The tip of his

tongue parted her lips. He pressed his mouth against her pussy and sunk his

tongue in as deeply as he could.

The air rushed out of Kara's lungs; she squeezed her legs around Brad's head;

she thrust a breast into Mike's mouth; she pressed her lips against Ed's and

devoured his tongue. Kara's secretions flowed from the walls of her vagina and

into Brad's mouth. He savored the taste and swallowed it greedily.

Kara fucked Brad's face and crushed his head between her legs. The tip of her

clitoris peeked from under its hood and Ed lightly brushed his fingertips

against it.

Kara's nerve endings tingled as she built toward a climax. Her partners sensed

the impending explosion and increased their vigor. She clenched her teeth,

striving to keep her voice low. "Oh Jesus..., yes..., oh my God..., more...,

more..., oh please..., yes..., yess..., yesss..., oh yessss."

Kara bucked and jerked uncontrollably. She pushed their mouths and hands away.

Her knees went weak as she slithered back into the water. Kara had never before

experienced such an intensity of emotion and she hadn't even been fucked.

As Kara continued to wind down, the four of them lounged in the tub and sucked

on their drinks. She felt exceedingly amorous toward her lovers. They had given

her the most intense orgasm she had ever experienced.

Kara raised up and sat herself sideways on Mike's lap. She turned her face

toward him, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

"Thanks for making me feel so special," she said to him.

She got up from Mike's lap and stepped across the tub to Ed. Kara spread his

legs and stood between them, her exposed pussy about even with his chin. She put

her hands on either side of Ed's face and pressed his lips to her clitoris.

"Next time," Kara said, "I want you to suck on it."

Kara turned and crouched in front of Brad, her head barely above the water. She

reached into his lap with both hands and encircled his cock. "And you dear boy,

have the most magnificent hands and tongue." She put her mouth to his ear and

whispered, "Next time I see you this cock is mine." She gave him a peck on the

cheek and climbed out of the tub.

Kara picked up the wet undershirt and walked toward the patio door. She felt

three pairs of eyes boring into her backside as she entered the house. Kara

waved and closed the door behind her. As she put her clothes on Kara reflected

on her plans to leave for Dallas. She thought it unfortunate that she would

probably never see any of these friends again.