**Compromising Positions**

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**Compromising Positions Ch. 01**

Jenne worked as an account executive at a small advertising firm for a couple of years and while she still enjoyed her job, it left a lot to be desired excitement-wise. At twenty-six, she was still single and lived alone. Her job paid her well enough to have a small, but nice house with a pool and a private yard, not too far from her office.

With summer approaching, she decided to find a more "adventurous" bathing suit than her usual conservative one-piece outfits. She went online, and within a short while discovered an outlet for some outrageously skimpy bikinis. "Why not" she thought to herself, "I'll only be wearing it in my own yard." With a slight shiver, she carefully looked through her choices and settled on a scandalous bikini - a tiny scrap of a thong, and a barely-there top.

A week later, the package was waiting on her porch when she returned home from work. She quickly went in, and headed upstairs to try it on. She removed her suit jacket, and unzipped her skirt. Off came the shoes, pantyhose and blouse. After removing her bra and panties, she turned her attention to her racy new purchase.

Opening the package, she briefly worried that it was too small. "Is it really that little fabric?" she wondered. She stepped into the thong and pulled it up her long legs. Immediately, there was a problem - her full bush of dark brown pubic hair poked distressingly around her tiny new bikini bottom. On the other hand, the seam running through the center of the suit made a lovely sensation as it clung nicely against her mound. The seam caused a noticeable camel toe to form, as it ran the length of her slit.

Dismissing the pubic hair problem for the moment, she quickly tied on the bikini top. She went to the full length mirror and checked out her new purchase. Jenne was a slender 5'4", with long legs. Her breasts were somewhat small, but she had to admit that her new suit showed them off at their dazzling best. Doing a quick pirouette, she decided she liked how the tiny yellow bikini showed off her nicely toned body. She also noticed that the suit's material was thinner than she anticipated, as she could clearly see her dark nipples through the top.

With a quick shiver of excitement at doing something so daring, even in the privacy of her own yard, she reluctantly removed the suit and threw on her exercise clothes and prepared to go to the gym.

In light of her new-found sense of daring, she decided to make a few changes to her normal routine. Instead of the long sweatpants and baggy t-shirt she normally wore, she decided instead to put on the black spandex shorts she bought for biking, and just the sports bra, no t-shirt. In her bag, she placed a thin sun dress, a bra and panties and a pair of sandals.

A sweaty hour and a half later, with the pleasant glow of a good workout, she headed to the locker room. She'd received much more attention than her normal unobtrusive outfit ever gained her. Several good looking men, and not a few women had conspicuously checked her out during her workout. She opened her locker and took out her towel. Usually, when heading for the shower, she was careful to cover up. Tonight, she removed her sweaty gym clothes and set them on the bench, removed her street clothes from the bag and put the dirty clothes and sneakers in.

As she was turning to head to the shower, the locker room door opened, and an attractive woman walked in. Glancing at Jenne, she smiled quickly and went to undress. Jenne, with a jolt from the unexpected attention, nervously smiled back, picked up her towel and headed to the shower.

She hung the towel on it's hook, grabbed her soap and shampoo and started washing up. Shortly after, the young woman walked in, removed her towel and moved to a shower head a couple of spots down from Jenne.

Jenne couldn't help but glance at the new arrival, as she was newly attuned to her own body, and curious about the truly attractive redhead lathering up a few feet away. The first thing she noticed is that one of the girl's nipples had a fairly large ring through it. The next thing she spotted was that the young woman appeared to be completely clean shaven. Considering her daring purchase at home, this immediately set some thoughts working.

At that point, she noticed that the woman was looking directly at her, with a slightly amused look. Blushing crimson, she realized she'd been brazenly staring at this stranger, and had just been caught red-handed.

"Uh, do you have an shampoo to spare?" Jenne stuttered, realizing it was a pretty absurd request with a full bottle sitting in front of her.

"Sure, what's wrong with yours?" the woman wryly, but not unkindly replied.

"I'm sorry, I just didn't know what to say after being so rude."

"Don't worry about it, you're not the first to spot it" she said with a laugh.

Jenne smiled nervously and turned back to getting clean. A minute later, steeling herself up, she asked, "I don't mean to pry, but did it hurt?"

"A little - a sharp pain, then a few days to heal. Not too bad though."

"Well, thanks for being so understanding, enjoy your night."

Jenne finished her shower, and headed to the locker room, interesting thoughts swirling through her head. Without putting much thought to it, she deliberately took her time drying off. Rather than getting dressed first, she stood at the mirror and dried her hair, hoping her new acquaintance would come out soon. As she stood in the mirror brushing her dark curly hair, she saw the young redhead walk from the shower area, her towel wrapped around her head like a turban. The made eye contact in the mirror, and a quick smile passed between them.

Jenne headed back to her locker and looked at her street clothes. With another shiver of excitement, she quickly stuffed the bra and panties into her gym bag, and with a discreet glance to see if the other woman noticed, she slowly lowered the short sundress over her head. Since she was still slightly damp from the shower, the dress clung nicely to her slender curves. She slipped on her sandals, picked up her bag and with a slight tremble to her walk, headed to the exit.

"I'm Angela" her new acquaintance called after her.

Jenne turned stopped and turned around quickly.

"I'm Jenne."

"Very nice to meet you Jenne, see you soon" came the reply.

"You too" said Jenne as she beat a hasty retreat. Had Angela noticed? She couldn't tell.

As soon as she entered the gym, she was immediately conscious of how little she was wearing. Her skin felt super-sensitive, as if she could feel every nerve ending. The thin fabric of her dress was gently caressing her as it flowed back and forth across her body. Her stomach felt fluttery and she was CERTAIN that every person in the room knew her secret. She felt thrills running up her spine as she yelled in her head, "LOOK AT ME!"

She made her way to the door and quickly opened it. What she didn't know was that while warm, the evening had become distinctly breezy. As she opened the door, a mischievous gust of wind blew at the perfect angle to lift her dress above her waist. As she quickly fought it down, she heard a couple of admiring whistles from behind her. Holding her skirt down, she headed for her car as fast as her remaining dignity allowed.

She got in the car and pulled out of the parking lot. In her haste, she found her skirt had ridden up in the back, and her bare ass was on the leather seat. It felt good, strange, daring. While a small part of her was appalled at what had just occurred, a much more insistent part of her mind was waking up, and decided that it truly enjoyed the thrill that came with exposing herself, no matter how unintentionally, to a crowd of strangers.

She didn't know quite what had gotten into her, but for sure, her boring, conservative life was just not cutting it. After a lifetime of conforming, of making the "good girl" choices, she was ready to step out and live a little.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 02**

When she got home, she made herself a quick dinner. As she sat eating, she thought about the events at the gym. The exhilaration she felt at her relatively minor exhibition was addicting, and she wanted more.

She thought about Angela, although she'd never really had any thought about another woman, realized she was attracted to her, which she was pretty certain was mutual. The nipple ring sent interesting thoughts through her head, as did the brazenly shaved mound. Angela looked completely comfortable in her own skin, and it was clear she enjoyed being looked at. She hoped that she would see her intriguing redhead at the gym soon.

With a newfound purpose, she headed to her closet, looking for sexier clothes, both for work and "play." A short while later, she was profoundly disappointed. Her wardrobe was conservative to the point that there just wasn't much to work with. Luckily, she was well paid, and the internet beckoned. Credit card in hand, she proceeded to spend some of that hard earned money on some new clothes. Over the next week or so, she could expect a variety of fun items to show up.

Jenne decided to make a game of it, and decided she would enjoy playing dress-up as her new clothes arrived. Of course, she wasn't that patient, so she decided that she would have to make a shopping trip soon.

With a new course set, Jenne headed to bed, still nervous with pent up energy. She removed her sundress, hanging it over a chair, and reached for the long night-shirt she normally wore to bed. After a moment's consideration, she abandoned it, and headed to bed nude.

As she lay there with her eyes closed, she imagined Angela caressing her breast, her fingers lightly brushing her sensitive nipples. She wondered again at what sensations the nipple ring might produce. Immediately, she felt a warm glow, and with one of her hands gently cupping her breast, she reached down and started exploring the delicate folds of her sex. She began pinching her nipple hard as she could, thinking again of Angela's warm mouth sucking on her breast, while her other hand began firmly rubbing her clitoris.

Faster and faster, remembering a roomful of horny men seeing her bare ass framed in the doorway, until finally the tension was released, and she shuddered to a satisfying climax.

6:00 AM the next morning, the harsh sound of the alarm clock woke her up. As she got out of bed, she thought again of how she could make her day more interesting. She looked through her paltry wardrobe and made some careful choices. To start with, she found a white blouse that she hadn't worn to work, deciding it was to thin. "Well that's what it's all about" she reminded herself. She chose her sexiest white bra, one that was more lace than anything else and set it aside. She found a dark grey skirt that was shorter and tighter than most of those in her closet. Looking around, she found a pretty sexy pair of black high heels and set them out. No pantyhose today - it was getting warmer, and honestly hated wearing them anyhow. A pair of white lace panties completed the ensemble.

Outfit picked out, she headed to the shower. She smiled as she thought of Angela staring at her and then got cleaned up. She stepped out of the shower and turned her attention to hair and makeup. Normally, she wore fairly understated makeup, and her hair pinned up. "Hell with that" she thought, and sat down to make a bolder statement. She carefully made up her face, and after a quick grin, put on red lipstick that she'd bought a long time ago, but never worn. Pouting in the mirror, with her bare breasts pointed out, she felt like a sex goddess.

Hair down, she did little to tame the natural curls, making a much bigger statement than her usual prim bun.

She headed to the bedroom, and got dressed, bra first. She clasped the hooks between her breasts, and slipped on the thin blouse. A glance in the mirror showed that it was provocative, but not obvious that she was trying to show off. A seconds delicious thought on the matter, and she slipped the panties up her legs. She pulled on the skirt, tucked in the blouse and zipped it up in the back. Checking herself in the mirror, she was startled to see the incredibly sexy young woman looking back. Was that her? It must be, but it was a revelation. She slipped on the black heels, and admired how the accentuated her legs and her figure.

She was hot, there was no denying it.

After breakfast, she headed into her office, excited to see how the "New Jenne" would play out in the office.

Jenne was at work for two hours before the profound disappointment truly set in. While her girlfriends in her office were convinced there was a new man in her life ("No, not for over a year"), there was really very little reaction to how she dressed. If finally occurred to her that while it was racy for her, it was pretty much normal for a number of women in her office to dress in a similar way. She clearly needed to work a little harder at it.

After working through her project for a while, she decided that she needed to take another small step on the journey she began yesterday, with her sexy new bikini. She grabbed her purse, and headed for the ladies room. She entered a stall, reached under her skirt and quickly removed her panties. With a shiver of excitement, she headed back to her desk to make an appointment.

The cool office air reached her sex, making her distinctly conscious of the delicious secret nobody in the office was aware of. She immediately felt better, although concentrating until lunchtime suddenly seemed more challenging than before. As she sat at her desk, she was acutely aware of how short her skirt was. It was going to take a great deal of thought to keep from flashing people in the office...

Now THERE'S a thought... Her desk was positioned in such a way that if she wasn't careful, it was fairly simple to look up her skirt. All she needed to do was engineer another "accident" and she could innocently make any number of people's day brighter.

While she was thinking of her first "victim," she looked up a local boutique. She picked up the phone and dialed.

"Maria's Boutique, Lisa speaking, how can I help you?"

"Hi I'd like to schedule a full body wax. When do you have an appointment available?"

Glancing up, she blushed a little at the mail clerk's startled expression.

"That takes a little time, let me check the schedule."

A few minutes later, Lisa scheduled her for a 5:00PM appointment with Carrie.

"Thanks, see you then."

It was suddenly much harder to concentrate on work.

At lunchtime, she begged off eating lunch with her co-workers, as she had a much more exciting idea in mind. She got in her car, and drove to a store she'd passed by many time on the way to work, without ever thinking of stopping.

She pulled into the parking lot, and walked across to the painted over glass doors of the Adult store. She hesitated, glanced around, as if to reassure herself that nobody in sight was looking at her.

The buzzer went off as she entered, and a young goth-looking woman looked up at her a moment before going back to looking at her phone. Put off by the fact that she was in such a shop to begin with, she moved slowly and looked around.

There were thousands of DVDs, of every variety she could imagine, and many more that she couldn't. She'd never seen such a huge variety of sex related material in one place in her life. She walked down the aisle, looking at covers, looking at the walls, until she saw the section she was looking for. An incredible variety of sex toys faced her. From tiny little "pocket rockets" to intimidatingly large two headed dildos.

After carefully glancing around, she made a couple of purchases - a long thin vibrator, one called "The Rabbit," an interesting pair of panties with some extra attachments on the inside, and something that looked like a little egg.

As an afterthought, she picked up a couple of intriguing looking DVDs, girded up her courage, and nervously placed her purchases on the counter in front of the clerk.

The girl barely acknowledge her as she rang up her purchases. "That's $118."

She handed her six twenty dollar bills, the clerk put everything in a shopping bag and gave Jenne her change.

As she headed out the door, the called out to her and said "Have fun!"

Her day was now approaching surreal. On the exterior, it was a normal day, as far as her co-workers were concerned. On the inside, she'd made some big mental changes, and was in the process of making her life completely different. With her purchases and her panties safely locked in her trunk, she went back to finish her workday.

She was both dreading and really looking forward to her after-work appointment. It was another opportunity to break out of her mold, and the idea was making her distinctly horny.

She got back to her desk, and deliberately sat down in a way that caused her skirt to ride up farther than normal. While doing her work, she glanced around until a nice looking guy from down the hall was heading past her desk. He was a safe audience - good looking, but slightly geeky and pretty likeable. With an inward grin, she swiveled her chair to grab something behind her while opening her legs enough to make it look like an accidental peak. It was pretty clear that he got a pretty good look, because he suddenly had trouble keeping his composure, and moved on pretty quickly.

The rush was incredible. She picked up the useless document, and made a show of glancing at it than putting it back. The thrill of "innocently" exposing herself was amazing.

For the rest of the day, she noticed that Tom found many excuses to walk near her desk. She managed to return the favor twice more during the day.

When 4:30 came around, she was almost disappointed to leave. On one hand, she had several exciting possibilities for the near future, on the other, she had a fun workday.

Things were really looking up.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 03**

Jenne got in her car and headed to her appointment. Maria's Boutique wasn't far, and had come recommended from a couple of people. It wasn't cheap, but they were supposed to be professional and nice folks.

She arrived a few minutes before her appointment and checked in with Lisa. After a short while, Carrie called her in for her appointment.

"Hi Jenne, is this your first time here?"

"Yes, and I have to admit I'm a little nervous - I've never done this before."

"Well, I can't say it's painless, but after the first couple of sessions, the hair becomes much thinner and easier to deal with. As long as you come pretty regularly, it's no big deal at all. Now, we're doing a full body wax, right?"

"Yes - I have a great new bikini, and with summer coming..."

"Okay then, you can change behind the screen and then lie down on the table."

Jenne set her bag down, and started unbuttoning her blouse. Since it was a full body wax, there was no sense in standing on modesty. She removed her blouse, and unhooked her bra. As the cool air hit her bare skin, her nipples immediately hardened. She slipped out of her shoes, and removed her skirt.

She stepped out from behind the screen, feeling a bit self-conscious, but excited at the same time. Carrie asked her to lie on her back to start.

After glancing at Jenne's hairy bush, she told her "We'll tackle that last." Picking up the container of wax, she started layering it on Jenne's arm. With calm friendly efficiency, Carrie methodically tackled the less hairy areas of Jenne's body in a short period of time.

Eventually, the pubic area was all that was left. "Okay, I'm going to need to use clippers first, so if you could please spread your legs."

Jenne spread her knees, putting her feet in the stirrups provided to make the process easier. She felt completely exposed, as her labia unfolded, and Carrie gently held her skin taut for the clippers. The buzzing sensation as the hair fell away was maddeningly exciting. Jenne was positive she was getting wet from the procedure.

After clipping away the majority of hair, Carrie began spreading the wax over Jenne's mound. With a sharp tug, she ripped the hair away. Jenne yelped involuntarily, as the painful sensation caught her by surprise. Every rip brought her closer, and without warning, she came. Panting heavily, and hoping Carrie didn't notice, she asked for a quick minute to catch her breath. Carrie smiled and said "sure." After a few moments, she continued until the area around Jenne's labia and vulva were baby smooth.

"Okay, the last part, can you please get on your stomach again."

Carrie gently separated her buttocks, and applied the wax. A couple of pulls later, and she was finished.

Jenne's knees felt like jelly. She couldn't believe she'd an orgasm as the hair was being removed. It hurt, and she felt sensitive, but she couldn't help but run her fingers along her completely smooth skin. It felt soft, and unbelievably smooth.

After a moment, Carrie smiled and suggested she might want to get dressed, as she had another appointment waiting.

With a sheepish grin, Jenne headed behind the screen. Considering how sensitive her skin felt, she put her bra in her purse. It was only a short walk to her car, and she was headed straight home.

She paid Lisa and headed out into the late afternoon sun. She was fully conscious of every inch of her skin. She drove home, anticipating the gym like never before.

On her front porch was the package she'd ordered with next-day delivery...

Going inside, she opened the package - two outfits, both for tonight. The first outfit was for the gym, the other, her outfit for later.

She put on the white exercise shorts, which fit like a second skin. Cut in a boy short style, they were hip-huggers and showed a considerable amount of cheek. The seam running up the center fit in her slit, and created a clear cameltoe. The sports bra supported perfectly, but left a lot of skin exposed. She put her hair in a pony tail, put on her sneakers and headed for the gym, her other outfit safely tucked in her bag.

As she entered the gym, she remembered her brief exposure the day before. While she was definitely noticed for her current outfit, it didn't appear that anyone was here for the free show yesterday. She saw Angela working out on one of the machines and her heart skipped a beat. Angela waved at her and smiled.

Jenne put her bag in her locker and went to do her workout. She shyly approached Angela, who smiled again and welcomed her over. "Great outfit!"

"Thanks, it's brand new."

"Well, you're sure to cause injuries with these guys straining muscles looking at you. Very sexy."

After a short discussion, they got down to their workout. Jenne found that she had a lot of attention from every direction. When she was doing squats, she go admiring looks, when she was laying on the bench with her legs apart, she got attention. Every exercise she did was sending "look at me" signals to every receptive eye in the gym.

They finally finished their workout, and headed to the locker room. Joking and laughing, Angela and Jenne had become fast friends. "Do you have plans after this?" Jenne asked.

"No, what do you have in mind?"

"I'm starving - I'd love to go grab a bite to eat somewhere."

"Sure, absolutely."

They both stripped off their gym clothes and headed for the shower.

"Hey! someone got a haircut!" Angela laughed.

Jenne blushed. "Well, I have a new bathing suit... and it looked so good on you..."

Then Jenne noticed Angela had something new to show also - she'd gotten a new labia piercing since yesterday.

"Wow. That looks amazing!

It was still swollen from the procedure, but it was yet another thing that really set Jenne's mind in interesting directions...

They headed to the shower, with Jenne asking questions about the procedure, where she had it done, how much it cost, showing a deep curiousity. Angela patiently answered them all, giving Jenne the name of a shop where she had the piercing done.

When they were done showering, Jenne pulled out her sexy new outfit. It consisted of a thin white tank top with spaghetti straps which showed of a considerable amount of midriff. In addition, she had a low rider mini skirt that left her pelvic bones showing. If she still had pubic hair, there would have been a distinct possibility of them showing over the top of the skirt. It was short enough that she would have to take considerable care, or she be completely exposed. A pair of sandals completed the outfit.

"Did you forget your panties again?"

"I decided this morning to stop wearing them. It's kinda funny - I'll tell you about it over dinner."

Angela pulled on her denim skirt and a tank top. "Well, I'm going to look positively dowdy next to you, but hell, I'll leave mine off too - it'll be fun."

That tingly sensation started again. New and exciting things were happening, and she wasn't sure what to do about it. She was definitely attracted to Angela, but still a litle scared of where this was going.

They both hopped into Jenne's car and quickly agreed on a restaurant. The food was good, the conversation relaxed. Jenne explained her revelation the day before, and her sudden wish to have a more interesting life. While she didn't explain everything, not yet sure how to deal with it, the conversation helped to reinforce their budding interest.

After their meal, Jenne drove Angela back to the gym parking lot. They sat in the car and talked for another hour, as if they'd known each other for a lot longer than a few hours. Angela reached over and ran her hand along Jenne's leg, sending jolts of electricity through her skin. "Very smooth... I had a great time tonight."

"Me too, I'm so glad I met you."

"What are you doing on Friday? Do you want to go out to a club?"

Jenne hesitated for a moment, then replied. "Sure - what time?"

They exchanged phone numbers and Angela headed home. "I'll call you in the week and confirm"

"Great. I really enjoyed tonight. I'll see you Friday"

"Me too - see you."

When she got home, she took her special purchases from the trunk. She carefully cleaned them and inserted the batteries. She headed to the bedroom, another exciting day nearly over.

She laid back on the bed, and turned on the vibrator called "The Rabbit." On a low setting, she circled her clit, stroking her hairless mound. Removing the hair made it feel like she'd turned every nerve ending on her body to the full "on" position. She inserted the vibrator into her now-wet hole stroking slowly in, until the little rabbit was vibrating on her clit. As waves of pleasure coursed through her, she started stroking the vibrator in out, faster and faster. In no time at all, she had her second orgasm of the day. She rode it until she was nearly ready to pass out, turned off the vibrator, but left it inside.

It had been a long time since she had a man, but at the moment, she was completely sated. She drifted off to a deep sleep, with naughty dreams to keep her happy.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 04**

The next day, Jenne decided to surprise Angela when next she saw her. She had an interesting idea for an afternoon excursion. Her entire day seemed to drag, as she anticipated her plan.

During lunch, she went to several stores and bought a variety of interesting outfits, including an incredibly slutty dress for her night out at the club on Friday.

Her coworker had another shock, as Jenne managed to "accidentally" give him a peek at her now hairless mound. The poor guy was in torment, but in a good way, Jenne thought.

Finally, it was time to go, and Jenne headed to the Tattoo parlor/Piercing studio that Jenne had told her about. She walked into the small shop, relieved to see it was clean, and not filled with a bunch of scary looking people.

The guy working in the shop was in his twenties, had a shaved head, and had a fair number of tattoos. Jenne was momentarily taken aback, somehow expecting that she would be seeing a woman for this.

"Can I help you?"

"Hi, yes, I was looking for a piercing."

"Sure, I can help you with that. What are you looking for?"

"I was looking for a navel piercing" she hesitantly replied.

"Sure thing, come into the back."

She mentally kicked herself. She was chickening out. Still somewhat paralyzed by the situation, she let the guy sit her down. When he asked, she bared her navel. He took a needle, and a sharp pain later, she had a navel ring.

She took a deep breath, admiring the now throbbing piercing, and came to a decision.

"That wasn't really what I was planning on. I guess I was expecting to deal with a woman. What I'm really here for is a clit hood pierce".

"Ah! You should have said so! Sorry you were uncomfortable asking that, but honestly, I've done thousands of them, it's not the first I've seen!" He laughed.

"Well, I think I still want to do it."

"Great - believe it or not - that was more painful. At least from what the girls tell me. Go ahead and take off your skirt and panties and we can get it done".

Jenne stood up and unzipped her skirt. When the guy noticed the lack of panties, he raised an eyebrow, smiled and gestured for her to sit back down. A short while and a sharp pain later it was done.

"Anything else I can do for you?"

She thought of Angela's nipple piercing, realized that this didn't hurt that badly and went for broke. She stood up, removed her blouse and bra. Completely naked in front of this stranger she simply said, "both of them."

Ten minutes later, with instructions for keeping clean, extra jewelry, and several throbbing new piercings, Jenne got dressed and headed home.

She stood in front of her mirror, turned on, despite the pain. She couldn't help but touch the new piercings - She looked like a slut, and it was great.

Realizing that she had to be careful of her new jewelry, she decided to use a different toy. One of the vibrators she bought was long and thin, with an egg-shaped head. She took out some K-Y Jelly, slathered it on. She got on her bed, on her knees, and balanced herself on one elbow.

With the other hand, she gently introduced the head of the lightly humming vibrator to her virgin asshole. She relaxed her sphincter, and applying firm steady pressure, inserted the toy. After a small amount of pleasure/pain as the egg stretched the sphincter muscle, it popped in, she pushed it in deeper, marvelling at the unfamiliar, yet pleasurable sensation. She let go of the vibrator, leaving it inserted, and picked up the small egg shaped device. She inserted it into her vagina, following the attached wire down to a small box. She turned it on, and within seconds, the twin intense pleasures had her weak-kneed.

She held on to the anal probe, and in ever faster rhythm, pushed it deeper into her rectum. It finally hit a point where the pleasure intensified, and the dual sensation of the vibrations through the wall between her two holes, caused an intense orgasm unlike any she had ever experience. It went on in waves for a minute or two, so intense she fell to her side, still wracked with pleasure like nothing else.

After her mind-shattering orgasm, she cleaned up and fell immediately asleep, another wild day behind her. Today, she'd crossed a bridge, marking herself with her new identity. More changes were sure to come along.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 05**

When Jenne woke up, her new piercings were sensitive enough that she decided to try something different. She laid out one of the new outfits she'd picked up shopping the day before: An A-line skirt, above the knee in a soft thin material, a burgundy silk blouse, and a black lace half-cup bra. She loved the way the new bra looked - a beautiful lace, which cupped her breasts, but left her over-sensitive nipples uncovered. She buttoned up the silk blouse, which while opaque, was light as a feather, and left a suggestion that she was bra-less.

She put on her skirt and a pair of high heels. To complete the look, she decided to go for a sexy schoolteacher effect - she put her hair in a loose bun and put on a nice pair of glasses, rather than her usual contact lenses.

With the longer skirt, their weren't going to be as many opportunities to "accidentally" flash her co-workers, but the subtle effects of her new outfit were going to have people wondering all day just how little she was wearing.

For some added spice, she tucked the little egg-shaped vibrator and it's remote in her purse and headed to work.

The silk blouse felt great as it caressed her sensitive breasts. She could already feel her nipple poking out, accented further by the small barbells pierced through them.

Her morning went well.

She got a surprising amount of work done and she noticed that there was a lot more traffic going by her desk lately. It was slightly amusing to see how many people found an excuse to stop and talk.

In the late morning, Angela called her, and after a short conversation, they agreed to meet around 9:00 on Friday at a local nightclub. Jenne couldn't wait, as she had a great outfit picked out. She told Angela that she wouldn't be at the gym the next couple of nights, but that she would see her on Friday.

After lunch, with most of her important work done, she decided to spice up the rest of her day. She went to the ladies room and carefully inserted the egg vibrator. As she stood up, she realized the one downside to leaving her panties at home - she needed to clamp her vaginal muscles down in order to keep her naughty little secret from falling on the floor. With a pleasant, but slightly scary feeling, she went back and sat down at her desk. After looking around for a minute, she took out her phone, and opened the remote vibrator's application. She set the remote on a low setting, a nice buzz that sent pleasant waves through her. She put her phone away, making sure she could get to it if necessary, and set about answering a couple of emails.

As she sat there with a serene smile on her face, buzzing away, she was interrupted by their office intern, a cute young college girl named Cheryl. "Hi Jenne, Scot asked me to come down and sit with you for the rest of the day. He said he wanted you to show me how to assemble the weekly reports."

Jenne had seen the email, she'd just forgotten it. Now she had a dilemma, since she couldn't just reach into her purse and turn off her little toy... She just had to ride it through. Cheryl pulled up a chair, and Jenne did her best to ignore the vibrations deep in her vagina. The thought of getting caught made her more excited - part of her wanted to run to the bathroom and remove the egg, but the idea of sitting there getting off in front of the cute young intern was bringing her close to the edge.

As she sat there speaking about the mundane work topic, she considered her young trainee. Cheryl was twenty one years old, and quite pretty. She had long straight blond hair, tied up in a pony tail, blue eyes, and an open friendly smile. She wore a simple floral pattern dress, which buttoned up the front, revealing a small, but pleasant amount of cleavage. The bottom four buttons were undone, exposing a distracting amount of tan, well-toned leg.

"You seem distracted Jenne, is everything okay?"

Jenne pushed down her thoughts, and tried to ignore the pleasure she was feeling. "Yes, sorry, I guess I'm already thinking of the weekend."

The next two hours were a torment, as she gamely tried to concentrate on the work at hand, while resisting the urge to head to the ladies room and finish off what promised to be an explosive orgasm. Finally, the end of the day rolled around, she arranged to have Cheryl sit with her again the next day. As she picked up her things to go home, she briefly contemplated removing the egg before heading off, before dismissing the idea. She walked a little shakily as she left, and had three pleasurably agonizing conversations, vaginal muscles clamped tightly as she made her way to her car.

Since she wasn't going to the gym (the piercings were just sore enough to make the tight spandex uncomfortable and besides, she wanted to surprise Angela), she decided to have a night in. Hard as it was, she held off on relieving the afternoon's incredible sexual tension.

She went to the bedroom, grabbed the toys and adult videos she picked up earlier and headed back to the living room. She popped the first disc in the player, and while the credits started, she re-inserted her new best friend, the egg vibrator, on the lowest setting. While she found the plot ridiculous, she was intrigued by the idea of having sex for money - these people were getting paid to have sex for her vicarious pleasure. The story revolved around the adventures of a group of intrepid strippers, who somehow managed to spend an awful lot of time having screwing everything they could.

With her new outlook on life, the idea sounded terribly exciting. As she watched a beautiful young woman suck off one of her "customers," Jenne took another vibrator and circled her clitoris, careful to avoid too much contact with the sensitive piercing. She wanted this to last. After all, she had a couple more DVDs to watch.

When she finished the first one, she dropped another movie in the player - this one was about the nudist lifestyle. Once again, the plot was absurdly bad, but the ideas she got from it sent her imagination racing. It wasn't long before she couldn't hold back any longer, and let herself come loudly.

She took a short break, egg inserted, but off for the moment. The last movie for the evening involved the stereotypical hooker with a heart of gold, who went from streetwalker to high class call girl. Heady stuff, more deep thoughts.

After another intense orgasm, she decided to do her yoga exercises to compensate for her evening skipping the gym. She grabbed her yoga mat, and headed to the back patio. Normally, she would have put on a leotard for it, but once again, her new piercings were still somewhat sore, and since her backyard was very private, she decided it might be more fun to exercise nude.

Jenne turned on the pool lights, and started her routine. The warm night air, with a slight breeze felt great on her skin as she did her workout. It felt completely different without the restrictions of the tight leotard, and she was confident that this was the way that yoga should be done. After a tiring regimen, she was sweaty, but felt really good. She walked over to the pool and dived in.

She swam around, thinking about the huge changes in her life in the last few days. She was having more fun than ever before, and couldn't believe the transformation in her attitude. She normally thought of herself as a fairly shy person, so her new attitude was a complete change. A week ago, she never would have gone for a late night skinny dip, never mind everything else that had happened.

Now she could barely imagine anything else.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 06**

When Jenne got to work the next day, she went to her boss and asked for the next week off. Since she was caught up on her work, he was happy to let her.

After yesterday, she decided she would take it a little easy. Her time working with Cheryl went much smoother, and the only distraction was a tiny little spark of attraction building in the back of her mind.

Jenne's blouse was opaque, but if she moved in the right way, she could expose her full breast to someone at the correct angle. She made a point of "accidentally" giving Cheryl and a couple of other people over the course of the day, quick, tantalizing peeks. Her day went by quickly.

After work, she decided to get a pedicure and manicure in preparation for her evening out at the club. As she sat in the chair, a pretty Asian girl working on her feet, she let her skirt ride up. Closing her eyes and enjoying the attentions, she casually moved her knees apart. She observed the girl through half-closed eyes as she spent as much time looking between Jenne's legs as she did shaping and painting her toenails. A little thrill went through her body and she smiled.

She decided to continue her fun, and thought a new pair of shoes were in order. She headed to the mall, ready for more.

The mall was crowded when she got there, which suited her newfound purpose fine. The shoe store was on the second level, so she slowly headed to the escalator. As she was looking in store windows, she noticed that a pair of young men were following her. As she got on the escalator, a wicked thought entered her mind. She waited until she was halfway up, noticing the young men were at the bottom, and deliberately dropped her purse. Rather than demurely picking it up, she kept her knees locked and bent from the waist to retrieve it. As she felt the dress rise in the back, she was confident that her appreciative audience were well rewarded.

She entered the shoe store, and after browsing for a few minutes, was greeted by a handsome young man. She selected several styles, gave the clerk her size, and sat down. Several minutes later, the young man returned with a stack of boxes. As he was fitting the strappy high heels on, she looked him straight in the eye and said "Be careful, the pedicure is fresh", then she smiled, and slowly brought her knees apart.

The poor young had a hard time. He could see everything - she made sure of that. He tried valiantly to not make it obvious he was staring, but his discomposure was obvious. He blushed, started sweating, and it was clear that his pants no longer fit comfortably. After tormenting him for a while, she eventually chose a couple of pairs of sexy shoes. When he stood up, it was clear that she'd had the desired effect on him - he was surreptitiously attempting to rearrange his traitorously swollen member. She paid for the shoes, leaving after thanking him for his attentive service.

Jenne got home with a couple of hours to get ready. After a quick supper, she started a hot bath. Grabbing a glass of wine, she took her time and enjoyed a relaxing soak. When the water cooled down, she got out and started preparing for her evening. She removed the temporary jewelry from her nicely healed piercings, and selected new ones for her evening out. For her nipples and belly button, she chose simple gold rings, for the hood piercing, a small, but surprisingly heavy ball, which gave her pleasant sensations whenever it bounced on her clitoris.

She pulled on her new dress - scandalously short - it was only a few inches below her ass. It was a snug fit, made of a very light, but very stretchy material. The bright yellow made was so eye-catching, she was sure to be the center of attention for the whole evening. As she checked herself in the mirror, she noticed that the material was thin enough that it was very obvious that there was nothing underneath - her piercings were clearly visible, as were her dark nipples.

She went back to the bathroom, and took care of her hair and makeup, then slipped on the new shoes. Another look in the mirror showed her the effect was complete: a wanton slutty goddess. Her long, dark curly hair was wild, the makeup was flawless - bright red pouty lips, matching her nails. She was nervous, but excited about the evening's possibilities.

She left for the club, parked a couple of blocks away, and walked to the entrance. A moment of self doubt came upon her when she couldn't spot Angela. She finally saw her in line, waving enthusiastically.

As Jenne walked up to her, she checked out her new friend's outfit. "Holy shit," she thought, "we're going to blow people away tonight..." Angela was dressed as hot as Jenne - her red curly hair was teased, framing her pretty face. She wore a halter top that looked like it was made from a silk scarf - it was secured around her neck with a gold chain, with another one loosely holding it place low on her back. It was small and loose enough that it was very simple to see the sides of her breasts. She had on a tight, stretchy mini skirt so small, it was more accurately described as a thick belt - it covered everything, but just barely.

As they met, they mutually agreed they were the hottest girls this club had ever seen. They hugged, and as Jenne felt her new nipple rings make contact with Angela, a twinge of excitement ran through her.

Shortly after, they entered the club, checked their bags, and headed to the bar. The ordered drinks, and quickly found a table near the dance floor. The club was loud, dark, and pulsed with strobes and colored lights. They'd barely sat down when a pair of young men approached them and asked to dance. They agreed, and soon after, they were on the floor.

It became obvious to their new dance partners that they were just accessories, as Jenne and Angela danced more with each other than with the the young men who'd brought them out there. Two songs later, they were alone on the floor. A slow, sexy song started, and suddenly the mood changed.

Angela put her arms around Jenne, who naturally moved hers to the bare skin of her partner's back. She started caressing her spine as they swayed in time to the music. Angela arched her back, moving her arms above her head. The sensual movement had a wonderful effect on her halter, which stretched out, exposing more of her lovely breasts to the admiring crowd.

She reached down and cupped Jenne's face with one hand, looked her in the eyes, and delicately gave her a kiss. Jenne was electrified - she'd never kissed a woman, and here she was very publicly doing so in the middle of the nightclub.

Angela's hand brushed across her breast, and she raised her eyebrows.

"Is that new?" she asked.

"Yes, I thought I'd surprise you" Jenne said with a grin.

When the song ended, the walked hand in hand from the dance floor, to a smattering of applause from several onlookers.

As they sat down to finish their drinks, a waitress came up with two new ones. "We didn't order those" Jenne said. The waitress replied they were from some admirers, in reward for their sexy show.

An hour of dancing, interspersed with several more drinks, and both Angela and Jenne were feeling good. Not drunk, but what little inhibitions they had were quickly dissipating. Angela spotted that the Go-Go cage in the center of the club was emptied. She exclaimed "Come on! Let's go in the cage". The Go-Go cage was roughly four feet higher than the rest of the dance floor... Jenne protested "But I'm not wearing panties!"

"So what? Neither am I! Come on!"

She pulled Jenne to the cage, overriding her mild objections. They went up the steps and started dancing. Angela danced close to her, running her hands down Jenne's side, as she went into a squat, giving the entire dance floor a full look at her beautifully groomed pussy. Cheers broke out as people noticed them in the cage. Steeling her courage, Jenne repeated the move Angela just completed. As more cheers broke out, she looked at the front of the crowd and nearly had a heart attack as she noticed someone she knew. With her arm around a handsome guy, there was Cheryl, her office intern, smiling, and clearly recognizing her erstwhile conservative co-worker.

Jenne was trapped. She couldn't just bail out of the cage, and it didn't honestly look like Cheryl was upset by this turn of events. "Hell with it" she thought, and continued to dance with Angela. After two songs in the cage, she leaned over to Angela and told her she needed a drink. They left the cage and went back to their table. Sure enough, a new round of fresh drinks were waiting for them, along with Cheryl and her boyfriend.

"Oh my god! I never would have thought to see you in here!" Cheryl exclaimed after introducing her boyfriend Mark.

"I guess you can never tell about people," Jenne said with a nervous smile.

"That was the hottest thing ever! I'd never be brave enough to do that". Cheryl said as she sat down.

"Me either, you never know until you try it - want to give it a go?"

"Oh man, I really don't think I could."

Another round of drinks, more dancing, and they all sat down again. Angela leaned over to Cheryl, and as quietly as she could asked a question.

"I've got an idea that would make Mark give you the best fucking of your life, are you interested?" Angela asked..

"Uh sure." Cheryl said with a smile.

"Mark, we ladies need to take a quick powder, if you know what I mean", Angela said brightly. She grabbed both Jenne and Cheryl and pulled them towards the ladies room. When they got there, Angela gave Cheryl an appraising look.

"Well, first we have to make a few adjustments to your wardrobe. Give me your underwear."

Cheryl's eyes widened, she giggled nervously. "Right here?"

"Of course!" Angela replied.

Cheryl was wearing a short-sleeved white blouse that buttoned up the front. It was short enough to show some of her pelvic bone above the hip-hugger khaki mini skirt.

She unbuttoned he blouse, removed her bra and handed it to Angela. She then reached under her short skirt, and slowly removed her panties. She stood straight, and put her blouse back on, and buttoned it up. Her firm breasts were visible through the thin fabric, and her rock hard nipples betrayed her excitement.

Angela took her underwear, walked over to the garbage can and threw them away.

"Well that's the first step, how do you feel?"

"Nervous, but kinda excited" was the reply.

"Okay, now the next step". Angela walked over to her, and unbuttoned the blouse. She playfully swung it open, flashing Jenne with a grin. She then proceed to tie the blouse in a knot, exposing a great deal of Cheryl's lovely breasts.

"Okay, now for the fun part. Let's go Go-Go!" With that, she pulled both of them back to the dance floor. Along the way, they noticed Mark sitting at the table, sipping his drink. He hadn't spotted them yet.

When the song ended, the woman in the cage left, leaving it for the three girls to climb in. Within a short while, the three of them were gyrating to the music, caressing each other and delighting the crowd on the floor. Finally, Mark noticed the commotion at the Go-Go cage, and was shocked to see the three of them giving the crowd a very naughty show. With a grin, he headed closer, until he was standing below the cage. He couldn't believe his luck as three incredibly sexy young women immediately started putting on a show, just for him.

Jenne was dancing and having an incredible time. A wicked thought popped in her head, and she reached over and untied Cheryl's top, letting her beautiful breasts bounce free. Cheryl returned the favor by pulling up Jenne's tight dress, exposing her ass and bald, pierced pussy to the cheering crowd. While they were doing this, Angela pulled in the sides of her halter top, displaying yet another set of beautiful breasts.

At this point, the bouncers noticed the huge crowd at the Go-Go cage and came over to investigate. Seeing the three ladies in various states of undress, they motioned the girls to cover up and leave the cage. The crowd started booing as they complied, taking a quick bow and blowing kisses to the audience.

When they were off the dance floor, the head bouncer turned to them and said "I'm sorry ladies, as much as I enjoyed the show, it's against club rules, and I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

They apologized, and made their way to the coat check. As they were getting their bags, Mark caught up with them. Cheryl was suddenly nervous, afraid he would be angry with her, but the huge grin on his face soon reassured her.

"Holy shit!" he kept repeating. "That was amazing!"

They walked out of the club together, the four bouncers following them to make sure they left. "We aren't banned are we?" Angela asked. "I put them up to it, so don't blame them."

"No, thanks for the show, but next time keep it pg-rated please."

The two couples stood near the club for a while talking. Jenne invited everyone over to use the pool on Saturday, promising a great cookout.

"I can't believe I did that!" Cheryl said. "You guys are a bad influence!" She grinned and lifted her skirt, exposing a neatly trimmed pussy, with a small landing strip of blond hair. "See, I can't help myself now."

As they were talking, the sky had been darkening. Within seconds, the rain started pouring down. "Oh my god!" Cheryl exclaimed, as within seconds, her white blouse became transparent. It was Jenne who stole the show though...

Her thin, yellow dress turned completely transparent. The effect was breathtaking, as the dress simply disappeared, and for all practical purposes, she was naked on the street corner. Despite an evening of exposing herself to everyone in sight, she was completely shocked, and immediately tried to cover up.

Mark laughed and said "Oh come on, don't pretend modesty now".

She realized he was right, at this point a crowd of several hundred had seen everything she had to offer.

"Well I can't just stand here like this!"

Cheryl said, "Stop gawking Mark, and come on, I have some plans for you!" With that, she grabbed his arm and the ran to their car.

Angela smiled at Jenne. Jenne smiled back. They were alone now on the street corner. "Do you want to come back to my place for a drink?" Jenne asked. "I know it's a corny line and all..."

"Sure. One car?"

"Yeah, which one is closest?"

They hurried down the street, and got to Jenne's car.

As she was opening the door, Angela reached for her and turned her around. "Are you sure about this?"

"Yes"

They got in and drove to Jenne's house. They entered, and Jenne said "let me grab some towels."

Angela didn't let her, pulling her close and giving her a deep kiss. Jenne returned it enthusiastically, while protesting "I've never..."

She felt her soaking dress lift up, and raised her hands to help Angela pull it off her. As Angela dropped her dress, Jenne reached for the clasp holding the halter top in place. Seconds later, Angela's skirt was on the floor.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 07**

Jenne took Angela's hand and led her upstairs to the bedroom. They lay down, and Angela ran her fingers lightly across Jenne's skin.

"You've been busy..." she whispered as she leaned down and took a nipple ring between her teeth. The slight pull felt wonderful on Jenne's sensitive nipple. Angela's other hand trailed down her body, tweaking her other nipple, feeling Jenne's smooth stomach, and finally finding the gold bead dangling in front of her clit.

"Oh nice..." Angela breathed, and took the bead between two fingers. She began using it to make small circles on Jenne's clit, increasing pressure as it began having the desired effect. Jenne arched her back and let a small moan escape of waves of pleasure coursed through her body.

Releasing the nipple ring, Angela began kissing down the trail left by her hand. When she reached Jenne's pussy, she moved herself around and placed herself between her eagerly spread legs. She took two fingers, and began gently probing Jenne's moistening slit. She breathed lightly on Jenne's clit, then began gently sucking and licking the swelling nub.

A few minutes later, Jenne's hips rocking, her arms reaching for the side of the bed, she explosively came. Angela looked up and grinned as her new friend smiled back contentedly. Jenne sat up, and gestured for Angela to lie down.

"Let me return the favor" she whispered.

Starting with Angela's neck, she gently licked her way down her body. She sucked on Angela's pierced nipple, running her tongue over the tiny barbell.

"Harder" Angela said, as Jenne took the barbell between her teeth and began tugging on it. She turned her attention to the other nipple, saying "it looked lonely." Using her teeth, she lightly bit down on it, and sucked at the same time.

"That's nice" Angela breathed.

Jenne reached down with her hand and began rubbing Angela's clit while sucking on the sensitive nipple. She increased the rhythm as Angela started responding to her.

Jenne moved to the end of the bed, placing herself between Angela's eagerly parted knees. With two fingers, she pulled on the ring piercing Angela's labia, while using her other hand to explore the moist folds of her pussy. After a hesitant lick, she began eagerly sucking and licking Angela's quickly swelling pussy. In no time at all, she was rewarded with a series of loud moans, and Angela came.

She crawled back up the bed, and straddled Angela's languorously stretched torso. Leaning down, Jenne gave her a deep kiss.

"That was incredible. I never imagined" she said.

"Oh! Wait!" She leaned over and opened the night stand drawer. Angela pulled herself up onto her elbows and looked into the drawer. "Toys! You think of everything!"

Jenne climbed off her and started pulling the assortment of toys from the drawer and laid them on the bed. Angela looked through them, found the anal probe, and said "is this what I think it is?".

"Yep."

"Hmmm... On your stomach Woman!" she ordered.

Jenne crawled back on the bed. She took a pillow, and placed it under her hips, laying on her stomach. Angela picked up the tube of KY jelly and squirted a generous amount on Jenne's waiting rectum. She picked up the "Rabbit", smeared it with some lube, and began probing Jenne's pussy. She slowly entered her, turning the vibrator on, and carefully placing it so the little rabbit figurine was in contact with Jenne's clit. As Jenne softly moaned beneath her, she took the probe and began slowly inserting it into her asshole. The moans became louder, as the double penetration had it's effect. Jenne had never felt so full, the sensation was intense and it didn't take her long to feel her second orgasm of the evening coming on fast. Waves of pleasure ran through her body, as Angela's probe found the perfect spot. Her hips bucking, she moaned loudly, as her vaginal and rectal muscles spasmed around their intruders. After what seemed like an eternity, she calmed down, and with both probes still inserted, she raised herself on one elbow and looked over her shoulder at Angela.

"Oh man, that was amazing." She smiled dreamily.

Angela gently removed the anal probe. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. I think the neighbors heard you!"

"That's okay, it was worth it. You're amazing, you know that? Come here." She gestured for Angela to join her.

When she was lying beside her, she took the egg vibrator and carefully inserted it in Angela's eager pussy. Jenne held up the remote and said "This is a fun one!" She quickly turned the dial on the remote, getting a sharp yelp from Angela as the vibration started. Jenne picked up another vibrator and turned her attention to Angela's clit. Soon Angela was yelling her pleasure as loud as Jenne did.

Now completely sated, "We should sleep, I'm exhausted" Jenne said. She turned off the lights, and in no time, the new lovers were asleep, wrapped in each others arms.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 08**

Late Saturday morning, Jenne woke. After a moment's disorientation, she saw Angela and the evening came rushing back. What a wild night! Hell, what a wild WEEK. On Monday, she'd been shy, quiet and conservative. By Friday she was flashing a crowded nightclub, loving every minute of it. She'd experienced another woman, found she liked it, and discovered she had an enormous urge to be a total slut.

She rolled the word around in her mind. "Slut" had such bad connotations as a teenager, it was a terrible word that labeled you an outcast. Now, at 26, she found the idea to be liberating, exciting, a way to make her time more interesting.

She got out of bed, careful not to wake her new lover up. She padded barefoot to the bathroom and took a quick shower. While it would have been fun to share it with Angela, there was plenty of time for that later, and she needed to run quickly to the store. Cheryl and Mark would be here in a couple of hours, and she needed to pick up things for the promised cookout.

She quickly pulled on a new pair of gym shorts and the thin spaghetti-strapped tank top she'd worn the other day. She rolled the top of the shorts over a couple of times, exposing her pelvic bones and pulling them tightly into her ass. She pulled the stretch tank top up far enough to expose her belly ring. Tying her hair in a ponytail, she added a baseball cap and pulled on a pair of flip flops.

Angela rolled over, but continued to sleep. Jenne took a moment to admire her lover's lithe, nude body, then headed to her car. While she drove to the store, she reflected on the evening before. It was amazing how intense the feelings had been. She honestly couldn't remember as sexually charged a night with any of the various boyfriends she'd had over the years.

While Angela was undeniably sexy, and that was a large part of it, but it also came down to her new outlook. Releasing her inhibitions had helped transport her sexuality in ways she never expected. She was nearly constantly horny now, constantly thinking of sex. She was hypersensitive to her body in new ways. The vibration of driving down the road was enough to cause a minuscule sensation of pleasure. Her skin, recently waxed was sensitive to the lightest touch. Even a slight breeze made her feel sensual and sexy all over. She found she was more attuned to other people's reactions - it's not like she'd never been looked at - she'd always been pretty - but the looks of raw lust she'd seen in the last week were rare before, if non-existent. It was like a drug, and she was becoming addicted to the appreciative attentions of other people.

She entered the mostly empty grocery store and grabbed a shopping cart. As she walked down the aisles, picking up items for the afternoon cookout, she became aware of a handsome man in his mid-twenties. He was wearing a pair of long cargo shorts, a tank top that showed off his nicely muscled torso, and a pair of sandals.

She smiled at him, and made sure to pass close by him, staring the whole time. He looked back, obviously appreciating the outline of her breasts through the thin material. She quietly said "Hi," with a smile and kept walking past him. After a few steps, she turned around and caught him staring at her tight ass. She kept walking, finishing her shopping.

She didn't have to DO anything about it, but she thoroughly enjoyed the encounter. As she thought about what she could do to him she was amused. "At least I haven't turned into a raging man-hater." She truly lusted after Angela, but she couldn't see limited herself to just women.

As she was standing in the checkout line, the man pulled in his cart behind her. They smiled back at each other, and as she retrieved her credit card from the cashier, he handed her a business card. "I would love it if you would call me sometime."

"Thanks, you just never know," she said, taking the card. She put it in her purse, smiled back at him again, and left the store.

She got home, and was quietly laughing to herself as she put away the groceries, when Angela came into the kitchen wearing Jenne's nightshirt. "What's so funny?"

"I found a hot young stud at the supermarket, and nearly jumped him in the aisles," She said with a giggle.

"You should have brought him home, we could have made his year," Angela replied.

"Oh I'm not quite ready for that. I'm glad you weren't jealous about it though."

"Honey, I couldn't hold you back if I tried. Besides, I'm having a fantastic time, why ruin it?"

Jenne walked over and embraced her. "Me too," she whispered in her ear. She reached down and cupped Angela's buttock. "How could I turn THIS down?"

Angela laughed. "I should go home and get changed. I don't even have a toothbrush with me, never mind a bathing suit!"

"There's no problem, I have spares of both." She knew Angela would love the bathing suits, as she'd gone back online, and purchased several others to go with the one that changed her life. "Come on, take a shower, then we can try a few suits on."

Angela lifted the nightshirt over her head, turned towards the stairs. She glanced over her shoulder and said "Are you coming?"

Jenne grinned and pulled off her tank top. "Not yet, let's do something about that." She dropped her shorts, and scampered after Angela's retreating ass.

As Angela brushed her teeth, Jenne turned on the shower. It was a large unit, easily able to accommodate multiple people.

"This is decadent," Angela said.

"Worth every penny."

They stepped under the large shower head, and began soaping each other's smooth skin. "We just can't stop meeting in showers, can we?" Angela joked.

"I'll meet you in a shower any time you like."

Jenne reached for a detachable shower head and started rinsing Angela's soapy body. She held the shower head on Angela's pussy, and shortly, received a moan as a reward.

"See? Worth every penny."

"Absolutely. Don't you dare stop."

Angela lifted one of her legs onto the built-in bench, leaned back against the wall, and began kneading her breasts. "Don't stop," she moaned, her breath coming in short pants.

Kneeling, Jenne continued with the shower head and with her other hand, inserted three fingers into Angela's eager pussy. Shortly, Angela came, and started giggling. "I could begin every day this way."

"Here, let me."

Angela sat down on the bench, pulled Jenne's hips toward her, and began eagerly sucking on her swollen clit. Jenne let go of the shower head, and grabbed a handful of Angela's hair in each hand, pulling her closer. She came explosively and released her friend. "Oh wow. Now we have to wash up again."

They finished their shower and stood watching each other as they dried off.

"You're almost exactly the same size as me, I'm sure these suits will fit fine."

The walked into the bedroom, and Jenne started pulling out the new suits.

"I hope you didn't pay too much. They sure didn't give you much fabric."

"Let me show you the one that started this whole thing," Jenne said, and pulled out the tiny yellow bikini. She pulled up the tight thong, and was pleasantly surprised to find the seam down the center pulled her piercing tight against her clit. She put on the top, tied it behind, struck an alluring pose and said "What do you think?"

"You look good enough to eat, I have to say."

"Thank you," she said, smiling brightly.

Angela sifted through the collection of suits, and found one in a light green.

"This will go nicely with my hair."

She pulled on the tiny thong. The strings on the side were barely visible, and from behind she looked like she was naked. In the front, the tiny scrap of material barely came above her clitoris, and a generous amount of skin was visible on either side of her pussy. The top consisted of two triangles of fabric, connected by more of the barely-there string.

"Wow. Mark is going to blow his load when he sees us."

Still wearing their suits, the went downstairs and started setting up. They pulled out several deck chairs, got the grill ready, and made sure there were towels and sunscreen around. They'd just sat down with cold beers, when the doorbell rang.

Jenne jumped up and answered the door. Mark and Cheryl greeted her, and she could tell from his wide eyes that he was very, very glad they'd accepted the invitation. Mark was wearing a pair of long swim trunks, and a tank top. She looked at him carefully, decided he was certainly tasty, and was sure they'd have a fun day. She walked over and gave him a tight hug, pressing her breasts against his taut chest. She let go and gave Cheryl an equally affectionate hug, and for added measure, she squeezed Cheryl's buttock.

"Come in! I'm so glad you came over!"

"After last night, we wouldn't have missed it," Cheryl exclaimed.

Cheryl was dressed in a short sun dress, with the strings of a bikini top showing. "Oh man, that suit is unreal!, I'm going to look positively plain next to that!"

"Oh don't worry, we can handle that" Jenne said.

They walked through the house to the back patio, and Angela stood up and greeted them.

"Beer?" she asked.

"Yes, please."

Angela turned around and walked to the outside fridge. Bending from the waist, she grabbed a couple of bottles. Both Mark and Cheryl had gotten the full effect as the tiny thong was pulled tightly into her slit.

Mark grinned and said "Thanks! For the beer, yeah, the beer"

Everyone laughed.

Jenne grabbed Cheryl's arm and pulled her along. "Come on, let's find a suit for you!"

Cheryl picked out a pink suit, made of a material that was nearly transparent.

"Go on, try it on."

Cheryl hesitated for a moment, smiled, and pulled the sundress over her head. She was right, the bikini she was wearing was positively prim in comparison, with bottoms that cover her front almost to her belly button. She reached behind and unfastened the top, then hesitating for another second, pulled down the bottoms, exposing a nicely trimmed pussy, with a patch of natural blond hair running above her slit.

She pulled on the thong, which, like Jenne's had a seam running down the middle, it pulled between her lips, leaving a delectable camel toe. Jenne came around behind her, and using the excuse of helping her tie the top, brushed her hands against the sides of Cheryl's breasts. "You look incredible" she whispered, "let's head downstairs and give Mark a heart attack."

**Compromising Positions Ch. 09**

When Cheryl and Jenne walked into the back yard, Mark was sitting on one of the loungers, paying close attention to Angela. She, on the other hand was sitting up straight on a lounger, feet on the ground, with her tiny thong pulled tightly between her lips.

"Mark, the sunglasses aren't fooling anyone, we know EXACTLY where you're looking," Jenne said with a laugh.

"No you don't, there's so much to see here, I don't know where to look!"

He noticed his girlfriend, the scandalous pink bikini hugging every curve, and he grinned. "Holy shit!" said exclaimed. "Cheryl, you look amazing!"

She smiled prettily, did a twirl, and said "You like it?"

"Oh yes..."

"Can you put some lotion on my back?" Angela asked, and three people leaped to help her. "Wow, such attentiveness! There's plenty to cover, feel free!"

The three of them began slathering on sunscreen, each covering a different part of her body. When they were done, Jenne exclaimed "My turn!"

The three girls smiled at Mark and Cheryl said, "You wouldn't want to burn, now would you?"

They approached him, and started rubbing the sunscreen on his skin.

Jenne looked down and noticed a growing bulge in Mark's shorts. "Oops!" She said, and smiled sweetly.

The girls finished, and went to lay down on the loungers.

Mark decided it was time for a swim, to "cool off", and dove into the pool. After he was in for a few minutes, he climbed out and said "Is anybody hungry?" With three affirmatives, he walked over and lit the gas grill. "With that much skin exposed, I wouldn't want anybody to get burnt" he said, getting three laughs in return.

While Mark was working on the grill, the three girls decided to jump in the water. As they surfaced, it became clear that all three suits had a wonderful effect when exposed to water - they became completely transparent. The swam around, playing in the water while Mark cooked, until he eventually called them. "The shrimp is ready - come get them while they're..." He stopped mid-sentence, as the three beautiful women emerged from the water. "Hot. Wow."

They all walked to the table, and Mark sat there, not really eating, as he admiring the quickly drying visions in front of him. "This is totally corny, but are you sure I'm not in heaven?" Three raspberries and a couple of pieces of shrimp bounced off him.

"Dork," Cheryl said, not unkindly.

When they finished eating, Angela and Jenne brought the dishes to the kitchen. While she stood at the sink washing, she could look out the window. She saw Cheryl reach over and tuck her hand inside Mark's swim trunks. "I think they're enjoying themselves," she said to Angela.

"Yep, it looks that way to me."

Angela stood with her arm around Jenne, and they both watched through the window as Cheryl stroked her boyfriend's cock. "Definitely. You know, if we're going to fuck that boy silly, it would be a shame if he wasted all his energy now."

They walked back outside, then started talking loudly. Cheryl quickly jerked her hand out of Mark's trunks and they both looked slightly guilty.

"You know, as small as these suits are, I'd hate to have tan lines. Can you help me out a second Jenne?" Angela said and turned around. Jenne untied Angela's top, and turned around so her own could be removed. They turned around, and almost in unison, peeled their tiny thongs to the ground.

Mark had his first unobstructed view of their smooth bodies. He took in the piercings and the clean shaved pussies, and let out an audible gasp.

"How about you guys? Tan lines are bad!" Jenne said.

Cheryl stood up and released her top. While she did that, Mark pulled down the pink thong. She stepped out of it, and said "Come on then Mark, off with the trunks!"

Mark hesitated. He had a raging hard on from Cheryl's attentions, and the thought of three beautiful naked girls watching him. It occurred to him that he'd never have a better chance though, so he stood up, turned around and pulled down his trunks.

"Oh! Spoilsport!" Angela exclaimed, and Mark turned around, unsuccessfully trying to hide his cock in his hands. When he moved his hands away, he received a chorus of applause, and made a small bow.

"You better hit that thing with some sunscreen, Cheryl. It would be a shame if it got burnt!"

Cheryl agreed, squirted a good amount of sunscreen in her hand and started stroking his cock.

"There, much better." She said.

"Hey, I'm sure you missed a few spots!" Mark responded.

Everyone laughed and Mark put on a forlorn look. "Soon enough..." Jenne told him.

Cheryl turned to Jenne and Angela. "I love how your pussies look! What's it like having them so smooth?"

Jenne replied, "You can always find out. Wait here."

She came back a few minutes later with a razor, shaving cream, a washcloth and a bowl filled with hot water.

"Lie down on the lounger," She ordered.

Cheryl complied a wide grin on her face.

"Spread your legs. We can take care of this quickly."

With her legs on either side of the lounger, Jenne moved closer and set the bowl down. A quick examination showed that there would be little to do beyond removing the "landing strip". She soaked the washcloth in the bowl and used it to wet down Cheryl's scant pubic hair. After lathering it up with shaving cream, she took the razor and in a short time, had completely denuded Cheryl's mound. She wiped the remaining shaving cream away, and leaned down and planted a quick kiss on Cheryl's pussy. "Perfect! Tastes nice too" she said.

Cheryl took her hand and began running it across her bare pussy. As Jenne stood next to her, Cheryl reached up and ran her fingers across Jenne's. "It's still not as smooth as yours though."

"Well, I had a wax a few days ago. If you like, I can tell you where I went. You'll like Carrie, she's very efficient."

"Great!"

Cheryl stood up, and gathered both Angela and Jenne on each arm. "What do you think Mark?"

"I love it! You three are the hottest sight I've ever had!"

They bowed in unison.

Angela gave him an appraising look. "Hmm. We still have one standout."

Mark's eyes widened, and he covered his pubic hair with his hands. "No way..." he started to say.

Cheryl's eyes narrowed and she said "If you want the slightest chance, you'll do it."

She walked over, grabbed his cock and started leading him inside. "Where's the bathroom? This is going to take a little more work. Jenne and Angela grinned at each other, moved to either side and began firmly leading Mark into the house.

They went upstairs into the bathroom. Jenne pulled out a small electric clipper and handed it to Cheryl. "Be my guest."

Cheryl knelt down, and while deftly moving Mark's rigid cock out of the way, proceeded to reduce his mat of pubic hair to stubble. "God I can't wait. I'm SO tired of picking that stuff out of my teeth!" she said to a chorus of laughter. She led him into the shower, and turned on the removable shower head, making the water hot, but not uncomfortable. She lathered him up with shaving cream, took a fresh razor, and carefully went to work. "I don't know what the big deal is, you shave the rest of your body," she admonished.

"I don't know, I guess I didn't want to look like a little boy." he said.

Glancing at his rapidly swelling member, she smiled and said "Oh, you have nothing to worry about on THAT score." She finished the top, and after trying to move his cock out of the way to work on his scrotum, she turned and asked "Can one of you give me a hand?" They both moved fast, but Angela got there first. "My PLEASURE" she said, and made a smile at Jenne.

Angela took Mark's cock in her hands, which if anything made it swell even more. He started moving his hips, and Cheryl slapped him lightly on the buttock.

"Stand still, I don't want to cut you."

Cheryl carefully worked on his balls, and asked him to turn around. After a short protest, he gave in. It was obvious that despite his objection, the experience was having a major effect on him. Soon, the job was done, and Mark was as hairless as the others.

"Oh my god, that looks good enough to eat!" Jenne said. She turned to Cheryl and said "May I?"

"Hey! Why do you get to go first?" Angela protested.

"You already helped out, and he's obviously in distress," Jenne innocently replied.

With a nod from Cheryl, Jenne led him to the bedroom, the other two following. She knelt down in front of Mark, and cupped his balls with one hand. She wet her lips, and after licking the length of his shaft a couple of times, lowered her mouth over his eager member. She opened her throat, and slowly took in his entire cock, as he moaned in appreciation. She felt him grab a handful of hair and began bobbing up and down on his cock, using her tongue and suction to great effect.

Mark opened his eyes and looked back at Cheryl and Angela. Cheryl was watching him, and soon reached up and started fondling Angela's nipple piercing. Angela smiled at him, and led Cheryl to a chair, gently urging her to sit. She knelt between Cheryl's legs, and began providing some serious attention to the newly shaven pussy in front of her.

Mark and Cheryl maintained eye contact, both in the throes of pleasure from the exciting young women kneeling before them.

Soon Jenne could feel that Mark was close to ejaculating. With a pulse of excitement, she removed his cock from her mouth, and began stroking it furiously. "Come on my face!" She ordered in an urgent voice. "Please!"

A few more strokes, and she felt the first splashes of semen as he did as she asked. Cheryl, seeing this, started bucking her hips, and within a few seconds, she loudly came.

Jenne looked up at Mark, the semen dripping across her face, and grinned.

Cheryl was leaning down and deeply kissing Angela. Obviously she also appreciated the attentions. When they broke apart, Angela stood up and walked over to Jenne. She took a finger, and daubed off a bit of semen. Licking it, she said "Nice."

His arm around Cheryl, stroking her breast, he said "Let us return the favor". Jenne and Angela looked at each other, smiled and lay next to each other on the bed, legs off the end. While Cheryl and Mark knelt down worked their pussies, Angela and Jenne began kissing. When they broke apart, Jenne reached down and began rubbing Angela's clit. Cheryl continued her attentions on Angela, inserting a couple of fingers, as she licked her asshole.

Jenne was enjoying Mark's attention, which while different than Angela's, showed he was no stranger to going down on a wet pussy. As Angela reached over and started playing with her piercing, Mark continued licking away, while fucking her with three fingers.

Soon, both girls were bucking and moaning, in the throes of major orgasms. When they settled down, they sat up, and hugged their new friends. "I'm so glad you guys came over!"

Mark grinned and said "I'm starving! Anybody ready for some more food?"

"That's all he thinks about, eating and fucking" Cheryl replied with a laugh.

They headed back downstairs, pleasantly tired, and lounged around watching Mark whip up an afternoon snack.

**Compromising Positions Ch. 10**

As they sat around eating, they began talking. Jenne told them of her recent transformation, and how amazing her week had been. She glanced at Angela with affection. "I'm so lucky that I found Angela, and I found you guys. It's really been incredible."

Cheryl got a mischievous look on her face. "So what was up with you the other day? You could hardly talk you were so distracted."

Jenne blushed and told her about the vibrator.

"Oh my god! I would never have expected that!" she said.

"The hard part was to not come right in front of you. It was so incredibly hot, the vibrator, the sexy girl next to me. I almost jumped you right there at my desk," She said with a laugh.

Cheryl turned to Angela, "Last night, I felt so sexy. You guys really know how to light up a club."

Angela replied, "You were pretty hot, the both of you. I could get you jobs doing that in a heartbeat."

"What do you mean?" Jenne asked, intrigued.

"Well, I've been working as a dancer down at the Catwalk Club for about a year now. They're always looking for hot new talent. You two are naturals."

Cheryl's eyes widened. Jenne was silent, thoughtful. It was an interesting step, one she wasn't quite sure about yet.

She smiled and said "You never know, but I think I'll keep my day job for now."

"All you have to do is ask. Hey! I have to work tonight, why don't the three of you come down and check it out?"

They agreed and kept talking. The conversation naturally turned to sex. Jenne talked about how turned on showing herself off made her. Angela said "Another thing she likes, our naughty little friend is into anal sex." Jenne blushed again.

"I've barely tried it!"

"I saw what it did to you last night, don't deny it." She laughed.

"Well..."

"Uh huh."

At this point, it was obvious that Mark had recovered from his earlier exertions, as his member began to swell. Cheryl leaned down and began gently sucking. Soon, Mark was rock hard again. Smiling at the others, Cheryl squatted down and took his member in her pussy, her back to Mark. She rode him slowly, pulling nearly all the way out, then sitting again. She began rubbing her clit, and soon came. The earlier orgasm had improved Mark's stamina, and as she hopped off his still rigid cock, she exclaimed "Next!"

Angela straddled Mark, lowering her face to his and kissed him deeply. She used one hand to guide his cock into her dripping pussy. As she fucked him, she whispered in his ear "I want you to take Jenne's ass, can you do that for me?"

"Sure, absolutely," he grunted.

"You can't come now, save it for her."

She moved faster, using her hand to furiously rub her clit, as he reached up and grabbed both breasts, hard. She came within seconds.

"We're saving the best for last," she said, looking at Jenne.

Mark stood up, and led her to the patio table. "Lean over," he said. She did it, putting her elbows on the tall table. While he somewhat roughly moved her legs apart, Cheryl and Angela took up seats facing her, and both began masturbating.

Mark moved behind her, and guided his cock into her sopping pussy. He fucked her hard for a couple of minutes, as she moaned and grabbed the edge of the table. He withdrew his cock, and began pressing against her asshole. She looked over her shoulder and gasped "Do it!"

With mounting pressure, he worked his way past her tight sphincter, and sank his cock deeply in her ass. Despite the pain - this was the biggest thing that had ever been in there, the pleasure was indescribable. He slowly withdrew until the head of his cock was still captured by her sphincter. He started entering her faster, as she moaned underneath him. Soon he was roughly pushing his way in, touching the spot that would set her off. "Come in my ass! Please come in my ass!" she repeated over and over. Soon he could no longer hold back, and within seconds of each other, they both came.

He kept his cock in for a while, still fucking her ass, until finally his member softened. He removed his cock, and Jenne stood up and turned around. "That was great, my ass is yours," she whispered. She gave him a deep kiss and hugged him fiercely.

She turned around to applause from Cheryl and Angela. "I told you she liked it!" Angela said.

The afternoon was moving along rapidly. Angela told them she had to leave for work soon. They went upstairs, and Jenne received more praise for her huge shower, as all four were able to wash up at the same time. The got dressed and made plans for later in the evening.

Cheryl and Mark agreed to drop Angela off at her car, so she could head home and get ready for work. Jenne presented the skimpy bikinis to her friends. "You earned them today!" she said.

"Thanks for the best cookout ever!" Cheryl exclaimed as they were leaving.

"Any time at all, see you at 8:30."

When everyone was gone, Jenne spent a little time cleaning up from the days activities. She set her alarm clock for 7:00, and went to take a nap. The bed already felt empty, without her friends to occupy it. She didn't expect it to stay empty for long.

Jenne woke to the alarm buzzing. She got up and took a quick shower. As she dried herself off, she contemplated her clothes for the evening. "What do you wear to a strip club?" She thought.

She settled on a denim miniskirt that rode low on her hips and a bab=ydoll style white top with spaghetti straps. It flared at the bottom, and was short enough to show off her belly ring. She put her curly hair into loose pigtails, and put on a pair of high heel mule style sandals. She did her makeup, and headed downtown.

She met Cheryl and Mark in the parking lot. Mark was wearing a t-shirt and a pair of jeans, and Cheryl had on a short sun dress with buttons up the front. She hugged them both, and they headed for the entrance.

Before the got there, Mark touched both of them on the arm and exclaimed "Panty check!"

Cheryl sighed and lifted her skirt, quickly displaying her lack of panties. "He thought of this on the way over. Humor him?"

Jenne grinned, and lifted the flared denim skirt. Her smooth mound was clearly visible before she smoothed the skirt down again. The continued to the door.

The bored-looking bouncer said "The cover is ten dollars." She reached into her purse. "For him. You ladies get in free. Don't forget the two drink minimum though." Mark paid him and they entered the dark club.

There was a heavy bass beat, playing very loudly as they entered the club. To their left was a heavily made up woman in a neon green spandex mini dress playing pool with a customer. He seemed to be enjoying every shot.

To their left was the bar, and Mark ordered them three beers. After paying the lady, they walked down the short flight of stairs to the main room. The center stage was spotlit, and a nude blond in impossibly high heels was swirling around the fireman's pole. There was a partially closed off area to their right, with several chairs and a man receiving a lap dance. To the left was the DJ booth and a smaller stage, with several men watching a stripper intently.

Jenne glanced around with nervous curiosity as they made their way to a table next to the main stage. While there were a few couples, most of the small crowd was male. Mark walking in with two attractive young women had grabbed some more than idle attention. They sat down facing the stage and watched the stripper perform.

She was tall and slender, made taller by a pair of platform shoes so high Jenne was sure the girl would break her leg if she fell. She had long blond hair, a sunburst tattoo surrounding her belly button and a smooth pussy. Cheryl leaned over and said, "See? We're fashionable."

The song changed, and the stripper, seeing new people, sidled over, keeping time to the music. Mark reached down and placed a dollar bill in front of Cheryl. The stripper squatted down, swept the bill to the center of the stage, and looked directly at Cheryl. She cupped a breast, bringing it up far enough to lick the nipple. She moved both hands down her body and using her fingers, separated her labia. She rubbed her clit for a moment, then leaned forward on her hands and knees, she brushed her face against Cheryl's cheek and whispered "Thank you." She slowly stood up and moved down the stage to another customer.

Jenne pulled out a dollar, and placed it in front of her on the stage. After a few moments, the stripper noticed and crawled along the stage to Jenne's seat. She sat down, and laid back. Bringing both legs together, she lifted them straight in the air. When they were vertical, she split her legs wide and using both hands masturbated for a moment. She then sat up, leaned forward and rubbed her breast in Jenne's face. "Thanks", she smiled and moved on.

The song faded and the DJ said "Let's put our hands together for CAAaannnddyyy", as the stripper pulled a see through negligee over her head and collected her tips. "Next on the main stage is Angel, let's hear it for Angel!"

Jenne turned around and saw her friend sidling to the stage. Angela was wearing a transparent black blouse, a black half cup lace bra, a silky short black skirt and extremely high heels. She smiled at her friends and did a pirouette, causing her skirt to swirl up with a quick peek at her shaved mound. All around the stage, people started putting down dollar bills. Jenne set down a twenty dollar bill and smiled at Angela.

Angela danced over, raised her hands above her head and turned her back to her friends. She spread her feet and slowly bent over, giving them a full view up her skirt. Coming upright, she unbuttoned the front of her blouse to her navel. She looked Jenne in the eye, unclasped the front hook on her strapless bra and pulled it from beneath her blouse. She dropped it behind her on the stage, and squatted down to put the bill in her garter. She motioned for Jenne to lean forward, and when she complied, Angela leaned in and kissed her gently on the neck.

Angela stayed on stage for another fifteen minutes, giving sensual attention to everyone. When her set was over, she put her blouse and skirt on, and left the stage. She came over to her friends, and gave everyone a kiss and a hug, then sat in Jenne's lap, putting her arms around her.

"I'm so glad you all made it! What did you think?"

"Incredible!" Mark said.

"I could have fucked you right there," Jenne whispered in her ear.

"That was so hot!" said Cheryl.

You guys have to try it! We're short-staffed tonight, I guarantee I can get you on." Angela said. "Say you'll do it."

Jenne felt butterflies in her stomach, thought for a moment, and with a deep breath agreed.

"Great! Let me go talk to Frank."

With an excited kiss, Angela stood up and left to find the owner. A few minutes later, she came back for Jenne.

"Come with me to Frank's office. He wants to look you over first."

Tingling with anticipation, and more than a little nervous, Jenne followed her friend to through the door to Frank's office.

"Frank, here she is - I told you she was perfect."

"Angel tells me you want to go on stage tonight - you sure you're up for it?" Frank said with a slight smile.

"It looks like fun, although I'm not really dressed for it."

"That's okay - if I let you on, we have costumes in the dressing room. Go ahead and undress for me." he replied.

Just like that, moment of truth, she thought. She stood up, and with a nervous smile, lifted her blouse over her head.

"Nice, now the rest." he said.

Jenne slowly unbuttoned her skirt, pulled it down and stepped out.

"Very nice - no panties eh? I guess you ARE up for it." He laughed.

Frank made a gesture to do a slow spin.

"Very nice indeed. I'm just going to need one more thing for you before we can get this started." He unbuckled his belt, and started unbuttoning his jeans. "Let's see how you do with this.", he said as he pulled out is hardening cock and sat down on the edge of his desk.

Jenne blinked and thought about it for a second. She moved forward and knelt in front of Frank. She couldn't believe she was about to do this, but the idea made her horny as hell. She smiled up at him and reached for his cock, while using her tongue to slowly lick the shaft. She took his cock in her mouth. With one hand, she gently cupped his scrotum, while using the other to slowly pump his cock into her mouth. After a couple of minutes of this, Frank tensed and shot a load of come down her throat. As the hot semen shot down her throat, she sucked harder and finally her was finished. With his cock still in her hand, she said "Well, do I get to go on stage?"

"Oh hell yes..." Frank breathed, a satisfied grin on his face. "God I love this job. There are a few things to do first. You need to fill out this form, show me some ID, and pose for a picture for the file."

When she was finished with the paperwork, Frank asked her to stand by the wall and took a couple of pictures with a digital camera. "Oh, what stage name do you want?"

"Jade."

"Okay then. Angel, take her to the dressing room and get her a costume. She'll go on in the next set. Just leave your stuff here, you can get it later."

"Okay." they both said.

Angela took her hand, and led Jenne down the corridor to the dressing room. "I am SO sorry, I didn't know he was going to do that."

"It's okay, I did decide I would be open for anything after all." Jenne replied.

"Here. Some gum, I doubt the clients want to smell Frank's semen on your breath." Angela giggled.

In the dressing room, there was another stripper sitting nude at a vanity desk. She looked up when they came in and smiled. "Tina, this is Jade, she's going to be working tonight".

"Hi Jade, I see you've already gotten started." Tina said as she looked over Jenne's body.

"Yeah well, it's never too early you know."

Angela brought her over to a rack of costumes and they began looking for something for Jenne to wear. After a few minutes, they found a sexy costume and Jenne got dressed. Angela helped her with her makeup and hair, and soon she was ready for her command performance.

A couple of weeks ago, Jenne's life had been normal, if a bit boring, now it was going places she never imagined.