**Dance Class**

by[Amyroleplayer](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2258255&page=submissions)©

Paul, as usual on Tuesday was picking up his daughter from dance class on his way home from work. He generally got there early as he got off work a bit before her class ended. No one else was in the waiting area when he got there, but this class had mostly older students who had their own cars, and he was pretty early anyway.

At first, he sat to wait, listening to the music coming from the studio. He knew they always kept the door locked—Amy had told him they like to keep practice private. But he was drawn anyway to go to the door and listen in—feeling a little guilty. As he leant against the door, it started to crack open! It seems it was not quite latched. Startled, he looked in through the crack. From this angle he could not see all that much at first, but then noticed he was looking at a mirrored wall. By focusing on the mirror, he could see most of them doing a routine. They were all naked!

They danced, seemingly oblivious to their nakedness. They varied in body type, though all were fairly fit from dancing; nine girls and three boys (he had suspected the boys were gay, from their affectations—but who knew these days), plus the teacher who looked to be in her mid-thirties. He had a hard time believing he was really seeing this, nine naked lithe young women prancing around fully nude. He watched for what seemed like an eternity, but was probably just a few minutes, when he heard the outside door opening, another parent arriving and he carefully closed the door and went to sit and wait. Paul could not help but be affected by what he saw—such nubile young bodies so graceful and erotic. He knew this was an image that would stick in him mind, giving him dreams.

Amy had only started dance about two years previously and was now going four days a week, plus some yoga classes on the weekends. That year she had started attending community college, still living at home. Before taking up dance she had been a quiet shy girl, and a bit overweight—not obese, but chunky. From dance and yoga, she had lost most of that weight, and was quite fit, though she would probably always tend to carry a few extra pounds. She was later than most of her peers developing, but once she did start—at like sixteen, she quickly made up for it. She grew to be about five foot eight, with long brown hair. And very curvy and developing into 34DD breasts, a little large on her frame.

Dance and yoga had been her savior, where she felt most alive and free. While never failing in school, academic work had always been a chore and school work always made her anxious. She was also never really that comfortable in social groups either, and while she always had some friends she could hang out with, she did not have any she felt really close to. Dance classes had become her haven, her community.

Paul worked for a tech firm doing web design, He worked two or three days from home and went into the office the other days. Peggy, his wife, had a full-time office job. Paul was also light skinned, about average height, brown hair, also wavy. He kept naturally fit, not working out per se, but was able to play tennis a couple of days a week and go hiking and backpacking occasionally, his passions. Peggy still looked good, but was not really athletic at all, carrying a few extra pounds from a couple of decades of an office job. They cared deeply about each other, but their love life lacked passion. It was routine, fulfilling their physical needs about once a week or every other week.

As he often worked for home, Paul was generally around the house more than mom, and until dance classes, Amy was not one with an active social life, so the two of them were often home together in the afternoons, developing an easy bond.

As he waited, Paul made small talk to one of the other parents, though he did not really know any of them outside of running into them in the waiting room. Soon the students came out chatting noisily to each other. Amy was wearing just her red leotard when she came out. Carrying her gym bag, Amy broke off talking to her friends to come over and greet him, even giving him a peck on the cheek. She had retained the young girl exuberance with him, always seeming genuinely glad to see him, and not afraid to give him a little kiss or a little hug. After what he saw in class, he really noticed her body, and the way the leotard hugged her frame and pressed her large bosom.

"Do you need to go change?" he asked her.

"No, it's okay dad, I can wait until I get home and shower and change there."

Paul had been considering what, if anything, to say to her, and was fairly quiet as they walked out and got in the small SUV. Amy threw bag in back and they both got in and buckled up.

However, as soon as they were driving he abruptly asked, "How come you did not tell me your dance class was in the nude?"

Amy was taken off-guard, unable at first to know how to respond, "No one was supposed to know dad! It's kind of a secret class thing," she said quietly. "How did you find out—did one of the other parents tell you?"

"The door was not fully shut when I arrived, and I looked in for a few minutes."

"It's only the Thursday class. Ms. Carter offered the nude class for the more advanced dancers. Are you mad, dad?"

"Just mad that you did not tell me, not that you were having a nude dance class. You are eighteen, you do not need my permission, I guess. So, you like being nude?"

"It really helps us be free dad, like get in touch with our bodies. Good dancers have to be really in touch and comfortable with their bodies."

"I see, and you are comfortable being nude? How long has this been going on?"

"I've only been in this class for a couple of months, dad, since fall semester started. And yes, I guess I am. I like dancing nude."

"I assume there was nothing sexual going on there, no, like, touching?"

"Of course not, dad! Really, really dad, nothing like that goes on."

"And those boys can handle that?"

"Yes, dad, I am sorry I didn't tell you, it's just she does not really want the word to get out about them, and I wasn't sure how you would react."

"I would like to talk to your teacher. Tomorrow after class I am going to ask to speak with her, if that was okay with you? I'd really feel more comfortable talking to her about how this works."

"There was nothing to know dad, really, it's just like any other dance class except we were naked. But if you want to, you can talk to her."

"Yes, I do. I also want to tell your mom. I think she should know. I know you are eighteen, but you were still living under our roof. And these boys can handle being with naked girls and touching and dancing with them?"

"Well...," she responded a bit embarrassed "they did get erections at first, but the teacher taught them to relax, so it's not an issue really now—and if they do, we know to not pay attention and they go away. And like some of the guys are gay anyway."

"Had you been with boys naked before, I mean, you haven't had a serious boyfriend, right?"

"It was a little weird at first. I mean, yeah, I hadn't seen naked guys before. But now it's like just normal dad, and it kind of is like, good; it's not like bodies are a mystery now—I mean I don't have to wonder like what a naked boy looks like. I mean I already know—but you know, now, well you know what I mean..." Amy trails off a bit embarrassed, though she knew her dad knew that she was sexually inexperienced.

At home over dinner, dad told mom about Amy's nude dance class. At first mom was shocked, but dad and Amy talked her into that it was really okay. And dad told mom he would be checking in with the teacher.

The next day after class, he asked to speak with the teacher. He entered into the studio, and joined Amy and the teacher to talk. This class was a dressed one, so anyone beign still undressed was not an issue. After an extended conversation about how it works and what she saw as the value of being nude, the teacher put him at ease. She even mentioned that Amy was one of the better dancers even though she had not been dancing nearly as long as some of the girls. She was one of the most dedicated—and maybe one of the most comfortable with the whole nude thing.

Then she looked at both of them, "Amy, actually now that I have you here with your dad, there was this idea I would like to run by you." She paused for a few moments, getting a deep breath before continuing.

"The director and I have often discussed the idea of doing a recital dance where the dancers were naked. How would you feel about doing that Amy? And would that be something you would be open to Mr. Miller, if Amy was open to it?

"I don't know, I mean being naked dancing with everyone else naked and agreeing to it was one thing——but you mean she would dance naked in front of the public?"

"Yes, the dance we have in mind has a male dancer and a female dancer in a nature courtship routine. In the past we have done it using skin-toned leotards, but it would be much more authentic to actually do it nude."

"Well, I am not sure how I feel about that—Amy—would you really consider doing something like that?

Amy chimes right in, "Oh, that would be cool—I'd do it!—Who would it be with?"

"Julian would be your partner—he is the most experienced of the male dancers. He has done this dance before, and had been hoping one year to do it nude, but we never had a girl we thought willing. Also given the theme of this dance I think it would be better if you have a bush—adds to the nature theme."

Even though it was not common for girls to go natural these days, an she had been shaving, that now, she agreed, as if it had already been decided she would be doing this dance.

After some more discussion, with Amy asserting she would love to, and Paul still uncertain, saying he would like time to talk to Amy about it and with his wife too, they headed out to go home.

The dance instructor said she would also be talking it over with the director.

Back in the car, Amy was again in just her leotard not having bothered to change into her street clothes. On the drive home Paul asked her again if she really was okay about dancing naked in an actual performance.

"Sure dad—I'd do that—I think it would be cool. Would you freak out if I did?"

"You would not mind all those people seeing you naked?"

"I'm not ashamed of my body dad—and I think I am a good dancer. And I like the idea of being special like that—I've never done anything where I'm like the most special at anything."

"So, you like being naked and being seen naked? Is that it?"

"I do like being naked, and I don't mind if people see me dad, but it's really about the dance dad!"

The image of seeing those young naked bodies had not left Paul, and especially seeing his own daughter. He suddenly blurted out,

"So, if I asked you to get naked you wouldn't have any problems with that?"

"Like right here, now?"

He did not know why he even had said that really—probably should not have—and if anything, he meant it hypothetically, but instead of telling her that, "Yes, I mean if you were going to be doing a dance in the nude in front of a live audience I think you should start getting used to it. Anyway, in the car, likely only I can really tell you are naked—I mean most people don't see into others cars, and in our SUV below your shoulders was probably not visible anyway," he justified.

Paul tried to say it calmly, his heart racing, trying to sound as if it was not a totally pervy thing for him to ask his daughter to do. He watched peripherally as Amy then started to pull her leotard down right there in the car, peeling it off her body, exposing herself fully, with nothing under it as he worked to keep his attention on the road. Paul was just amazed that Amy went and did that!

Up until now Amy had only done the nude thing in dance class, and here she was now, naked in front of her dad, and not with the excuse of a dance class, and everyone else nude too. Not only that, but in a car, where despite what her dad claimed, someone might see in. They made small talk the rest of the way home. Amy felt so daring to be doing this, and half-hoped and half-feared someone would notice.

Once home, Paul pulled into the garage so they could enter the house directly. Amy did not dress right away in entering the house, but went up to shower still nude. Paul went to the kitchen to prepare dinner until Peggy got home.

That night over dinner Paul told Peggy about Amy's plan to possibly do a dance performance in the nude. To their surprise Peggy was actually supportive. She then came out with a her own surprise.

"You know, I've heard of people that go nude at home."

"Are you suggesting we try that?" Paul responded.

"Well, why not. Amy seems comfortable being nude—and maybe it would help her to get used to it for her performance."

"Well, um, should we just start now?"

And just like that they were all three soon naked. It was of course a bit awkward at first, trying not to stare. But they made it routine, and pretty much when they entered the house, clothes came off, and Amy was taking her leotard off as soon as she got in the car now. Occasionally someone in a large SUV or truck alongside them at a light or in slow traffic would notice. Inevitably, they were surprised, but generally smiled and sometimes blew a kiss her way, wave, or made some appreciative gesture.

For the first few days there was a hesitancy for Paul to hug or be physical with Amy, but she started to initiate again their habitual hugs. He sometimes could not help getting a partial erection, but she acted as if she did not notice, even if she could tell. If fact, she found it a little flattering.

Having his wife naked, as well as seeing his daughter naked, increased Paul's libido, and it seemed Peggy's too, and they were finding they were making love more often, and with more passion. Paul could not help but occasionally find his mind wandering to his daughter during lovemaking though.

His wife had begun to hug him tightly even in front of Amy, and sometimes even touch or hold his cock, or when he puts his arms around her from behind, move his hands to her breasts. At first Paul was a little embarrassed to be physical like that in the presence of Amy, but she told them she liked how they seemed more affectionate and loving with each other. Paul even noticed that it seemed that Amy's nipples would sometimes get erect if she saw them being physical around her.

Meanwhile Amy told her parents that her teacher had gotten the go-ahead to do the nude dance. Theirs would be the last of the performance of the recital, so that those in the audience uncomfortable with nudity would have an opportunity to exit first. They would have about two months to rehearse. There would be four performances, Friday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday and Sunday matinees.

At home, Amy found that being a virgin with no real experience with boys, she was enjoying vicariously watching her parents act sexily with each other. Since she made it clear she did not mind, in fact let them know she thought it was sweet and nice, they began getting bolder. Peggy sometimes actually held or lightly stroked Paul's cock when they were together, sitting on the sofa, or kissing in the kitchen. Paul in return might massage her breasts, suckle on her, or even stroke Peggy's pussy. Paul, rather than become less likely to have an erection as one might in getting used to being nude, was having them more with the physical affection and touching.

While they both pretended there was nothing sexual about it, even Paul and Amy got a little tingle when they hugged—her nipples reacting, his cock often hard. Neither talked about it, and they tended to do that only when Peggy was not home yet.

One day after dance class when she was taking herself home, Amy and the teacher stayed late in the studio to talk. After their chat Amy entered the locker room naked to find Dave one of the other male dancers, sucking the cock of Julian. Since they dance naked, both the boys and girls shared the same locker room. Dave's back was to Amy and he did not hear her enter. Julian's and Amy's eyes locked in surprise—the two boys had thought everyone was gone already. Julian was about to pull Dave, off. He was clearly nervous being caught.

But Amy said "No, it's okay, go ahead."

Then Dave was aware they were being watched, and was about to pull out, but Amy goes on,

"Is it okay if I watch?"

The idea of having an audience actually turned them both on, and Julian waved Amy over to get a better view. She watched as Dave's mouth went up and down on the cock, getting it all the way in—and Julian's cock looked pretty big to her. He continued to fellate his friend, licking and sucking the cock for quite some time. She could see how turned on Julian was—his face a bit contorted until finally she saw him grab the back of his friend's head, and holding it spasm, his body shaking. He must be cumming Amy realized. They look a little sheepish after, but Amy thanked them.

A few days later at home, when Peggy was working cleaning the dishes (since Paul usually cooked, often with Amy's help, Peggy usually did the dishes), Paul came up behind her and held her from behind rubbing her breasts and his hard cock ended up between her legs. Peggy found herself very aroused. She stopped doing the dishes and they just enjoyed playing with each other that way. Peggy was getting wetter as she felt his cock against her thighs. Even though they were in the kitchen she really wanted it in her, and she started encouraging him and reached to really let it slide along her lips, feeling it press along them. Paul wondered, does she really want to, right here—should I? But it was clear she really did. Then, just as he was entering her, Amy walked in. They stopped as they heard her, embarrassed, his cock already in her, but so worked up

"It's okay, go ahead, if you don't mind if I watch?" Amy tells them quietly, fascinated, having enjoyed seeing the boys suck, and now her own parents, she was having a vicarious sexual awakening.

They were used to her seeing them be a little sexual, but not getting into full sex. But they were worked up now, and actually having an appreciative audience was beginning to turn them on.

Not wanting to lose his arousal nor give Peggy the opportunity to change her mind, Pual started to move in and out, slowly but fully, from behind, Peggy bent over the counter. Peggy started moaning softly. Amy had never seen anyone actually have sex, not even on porn sites as the idea of watching porn never appealed to her. Here she was now sitting just a few feet away watching her mom and dad have sex, an idea that should repulse her, yet, she was fascinated.

She watched as her dad's cock started moving rhythmically in and out of her mom. Mom started encouraging him more and more, moaning and talking, telling him little by little to speed up, go faster, harder. She encouraged dad to bring his hand to play with her clitoris. Peggy vocally telling dad what felt good, in a soft low voice. Amy started to stroke herself as well. Being watched had her mom and dad more worked up than usual and he was soon really pounding her. He gripped Peggy's breasts to grip her as he went in and out hard. Amy was flushed as she watched, working her own pussy. Soon, unable to hold on long dad told mom he was going to explode, then he was exploding in mom, Amy could see they were both cumming together, reaching a simultaneous orgasm. They stayed that way for a bit, dad moving a little in her, until he finally pulls out, whispering something in Peggy's ear. She then knelt and takes his cock in her mouth to suck it clean. But she did not stop at getting it clean -she then started to really fellate it, toying with it, licking it, sucking on it until she had it nice and hard again, smiling up at him the whole time. Once Paul was nice and hard again Peggy stood up and went back to doing the dishes. Paul got behind her again, rubbing his cock along her ass and fondling her breasts, but now in a more relaxed manner, just enjoying the sexuality without the urgent need until she was done doing the dishes.

After that they left the kitchen, Amy continued touching herself. It did not take long for Amy to stroke herself to an orgasm, sitting in the kitchen, thinking about what she had seen.

That night Peggy and Paul again made passionate love. As soon as they got in bed together, Peggy was caressing and kissing Paul. She kissed up and down his body telling him how beautiful his body was. She got to his cock and started to suck it. After licking and sucking for what seems like ages, she worked her way up his body again and kissed him.

"It was so hot to let Amy watch us. Did you notice how turned on she seemed—you know she is still a virgin? I don't think she has even kissed a boy."

"Ooh, wow, yes I did" Paul had been feeling a little guilty about having gone that far in front of Amy, but clearly it only got his wife even hotter, and she was right, Amy had been touching herself as they did it!

Peggy moved up and got herself right down on his cock again, wanting it in her. She did not know why, but being naked and seeing her husband and daughter naked had reignited her sensuality, and she felt so desired by him as well. She moved up and down on his cock slowly but with a level of urgency even in the measured pace.

She looked down at her husband, his body so fit and muscular even at his age—and he still desired her, oh, it felt so good having him in her! They moved in this measured pace for what seems like ages, with loving looks. Paul then turned them over to be on top and moved with more speed, more urgency. His cock now pounded in to her, still looking at each other, until finally Paul came once again, filling her up.

Paul collapsed on his wife, holding her. They fall asleep like that, without him even pulling out.

The next morning, having breakfast together naked—and this was another change in the family, they were now making a point of having breakfast together too it seems—Paul and Peggy looked to see if Amy seemed at all bothered by what she saw the previous evening, them having sex in the kitchen with her watching. However, she looked happy and awake, greeting them both with a smile and even giving them both a light hug.

Mom was already dressed having to go off to work, but Paul and Amy were naked, as he was working from home and Amy did not have classes until later.

"Amy, I have a client coming over later—I will be dressing, so wanted to warn you."

"Oh, I guess I'd better dress then?"

"No, I was going to say, maybe you should stay nude, another opportunity to get used to being seen by others."

"If you think so daddy."

A couple of hours later, the doorbell rang. Paul told Amy to get it and show the client back to the study. She went to the door, a bit nervous as she was fully nude, and opened it. A nicely dressed woman, in her early thirties entered, dark wavy hair, medium build. The woman looked very startled.

"You are in the right place—Tasha, correct? Paul said to bring you back to his study, I'm his daughter. I just happen to go naked a lot, I'm a dancer" Amy tells her, as if that explained it.

Tasha looks bit embarrassed at first, but recovers "Sure," she finally replied and openly looked Amy over.

Amy brought her back and Paul offered her a chair.

"Would you get us all a glass of wine?" Paul told Amy.

Amy came back with the glasses handing Paul his, and handing Tasha the drink. Tasha was practically staring at her young vagina, and bush.

"I see you do not shave, seems most girls do these days?" she asked.

"Well I did, but for one of the dance routines I have, my teacher thinks it is better for me have a bush."

"May I feel it?"

Amy was surprised by it, but Paul inserted, "Why don't you let her dear?"

Since Amy did not move away, and her dad even approved, Tasha went and ran her hand across it. "It is softer than it looks really," caressing it for a bit. "thank you for being so open."

When Tasha was done working with Paul, she asked to say goodbye to Amy.

"I hope it was okay that I asked to touch it? I was just really curious, and well, I've never been in a situation like that before"

"It was fine really, I did not mind"

"Can I give you a hug?" Tasha asked.

Amy opened her arms and Tash brought her chest firmly against Amy's. She let her hands caress down to feel Amy's soft cheeks below.

As she let go, Tasha said again, "Thank you so much, that felt really nice"

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Meanwhile, Amy had been practicing her special nude dance. The dance was a courtship dance in a nature scene. The boy and girl frolic, first him chasing her playfully, and she running away, then she chasing him as he runs away. Occasionally they meet, at first briefly, then more frequently and for longer intervals. Often, he will pick her up in twirls and jumps. The dance would end with her leaping into his arms, legs around his waist as they then fall to the floor bodies entangled.

The two of them were becoming close as they practiced the dance. As it was a courtship, they need to make the courtship convincing to the audience, and they found themselves really getting into it. While he did not get erect during the dance itself. She found he was getting an erection at the end when she finally leapt onto him, and her vulva pressed against his cock, then collapsing their legs and crotches pressed together. At first, she was flustered by it, then flattered, and then saw it as helping to build the courtship feeling. She found herself getting somewhat aroused as well letting his hard cock rest against her pussy. If their dance instructor noticed, she never commented.

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It was a packed house of over two hundred people for the opening night of the dance recital—most of it, of course, were the family and friends of the dancers. The dance studio had dancers of ages from four- and five-year-olds to those in their early twenties. The younger dancers dominated the pre-intermission half of the show so they could be done earlier, sprinkled with some of the dances by the older kids to keep it more interesting. Amy was in four different dances. The nude dance would be the final dance of the show.

Before the dances began, the director and instructor gave a few introductory remarks, then announced to the audience the surprise dance at the end, that this final dance we be done by a male a female dancer with full nudity. They let the audience know that there would be an announcement right before that dance again, and opportunity before the dance for anyone uncomfortable with that to leave.

The dances went well, and she was nervous about her final dance—it would just be her and her partner on stage, both of them fully nude.

It was finally her turn. Before they actually went on, the director again mentioned to the audience that this dance included full nudity and anyone uncomfortable with that should now leave. Many of the families with the younger children had left already anyway. Some more left at the announcement, mostly parents with children, but most of the audience stayed. The entire show was also being videotaped, and they took orders to raise funds for the studio right at the show as they did every year.

The stage was dark and the music started as they danced out onto the stage. The lights were brought up slowly as they danced. They pranced across the stage to the music, and were even brought into full contact with each other in many places with embraces, lifts, bends, and jumps.

At last it was time for the final leap into his arms. This time as she leapt on to him at the end, wrapping here legs around him, she felt him press and hold her. She could feel his cock once again engorge against her. But then he maneuvered his cock to lower her right onto it, his back to the audience now—actually entering her. She did not think anyone could tell, as he took her down to the floor, kissing her, and she felt him ejaculate into her as they lay together, and the lights and curtain went down.

She heard hear wild ovations from the crowd. They lay there a bit before attempting to get up, waiting for his cock to soften inside her before pulling it out. Once they did stand up, the curtain was raised again as they stood there for their final bows and applause. Flowers were thrown on the stage as they did so, still fully nude, the ovation lasting for several minutes. After what seems like an eternity to Amy the curtains were closed, but then they were joined by the other dancers for a final group bow—Amy and Julian front and center, naked, his cum leaking from her, and ovations began again.

Now with it over, with Amy and Julian still naked, people were coming up to them to congratulate them and ask them about how it felt as the rest of the dancers filtered away to change and gather in the lobby, go home or the older ones to go to the after party in celebration of the recital. Amy and Julian were then approached by a local TV cameraman, a photographer and reporters from both the local TV station and the local newspaper. The director, dance teacher and the two of them were interviewed particularly about the final dance and the decision to do it nude. All during the interview Amy could feel some of Julian's cum leaking out of her, and wondered if anyone noticed.

Finally, the dance teacher shooed off the reports and well-wishers and told Amy and Julian them she would be taking them to the post-recital party.

As Amy noticed they were not being led to the dressing rooms, she asked, "What about our clothes?!"

But the teacher just waved the idea off, "Oh, I think you can do without them, everyone had seen you two naked already," whisking them out to her car to drive them to the party.