**Fun Fund Raising**

by[**OneWifetoLive**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4557707&page=submissions)©

Every year this fraternity would hold this series of shows to raise money for Make a Wish. It was like a variety show with skits and songs and whatnot. And as the president of the Student Council, I'd work with them to get them anything they needed. It usually only amounted to a few props or someone to work the ticket booth.

One of the guys, Scott, was in a few theater productions with me. He was going to do this sketch where he played a used-car salesman. His girlfriend Kat was going to play the girl in the bikini and stiletto heels who holds up a sign.

With her huge pert tits and her tiny waist, she was the perfect choice for the role. And I was sure the idea of her in a bikini would be good for ticket sales.

So, the day before the shows, Scott tells me that he and Kat broke up and she's refusing to share the stage with him. He wants to know if I can find him a new girl. I asked around and nobody was into it. This show can get a little rowdy, and none of the girls were crazy about the idea.

Finally, Scott floats the idea that I should do it. I immediately say no. I'm the President of the Student Council, and it isn't dignified to be seen in a position like that.

He makes the point that this would prove how dedicated I was to the cause. He even threw in a not-so-subtle remark about how well I could fill out a bikini.

We went back and forth for a while and I eventually relented. How humiliating.

That night I went home and broke my bikinis out of winter storage. I tried on a strapless black number I was fond of and I had to admit that Scott was right, I could fill out a bikini.

My 36C tits weren't quite as showstopping as Kat's but they still looked good. And when I tried on a pair of black heels, my ass looked perfect. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

The night of the first event, a few of the frat guys were surprised to see me backstage. They were about to be even more surprised. I snuck into the women's dressing room and put on the strapless bikini. And I have to admit, I looked good.

When I walked out, I realized that I really should have brought a robe because all eyes were on me. The entire backstage area was just full of dudes...staring.

Fortunately, the sign was nearby and I was able to hold it up in front of me. Scott swung over and told me I was supposed to hold it over my head. I let him know that the way I was holding it was just fine.

When it was time for the skit, I went out on stage and held the sign. I sexily swayed back and forth, but never held it up over my head. And even though I wasn't showing much skin, the guys in the audience seemed to be really enjoying it.

But that was nothing compared to the guys off state. I looked over and all the guys were lined up, looking at my ass. I hate to admit it, but when I noticed that I bounced a little more than usual.

When the skit was over, I scooted off stage and into the dressing room. I changed and went straight home. The mix of exhilaration and embarrassment was intoxicating.

The next night, I remembered to bring a robe. As I stood wearing it, waiting to go on, several people told me that I had been the hit of the previous night's performance.

That didn't make much sense to me, but Scott was able to explain why. He said that a lot of the people thought I was nude behind the sign. I had been wearing a strapless top, so I could see why they thought that.

I told him that wouldn't be a problem because the bikini I was wearing tonight had thick straps. This revelation seemed to bum him out.

"Well, let me see." he said.

I opened up my robe and gave him a good look. He stood there thinking and finally said, "Can we tie the straps a different way?"

I hadn't thought about it, but I guess we could. It'd be less stable, but it wasn't like I was doing jumping jacks out there.

I undid the top and moved the straps behind me. I couldn't get around to tie them, so Scott did it for me.

I put my hands on my hips and said, "What do you think?"

He took his time looking me up and down and said, "Perfect."

I shed my robe and got ready for action. You could sense a different energy in the room when the robe was off.

I took the stage with my bikini in place. I smiled and swayed back and forth.

Once again, the backstage area was standing room only. I was loving it.

But, as I was rocking back and forth, I could feel my top loosen a bit. Apparently, Scott wasn't the best knot person.

At first I thought I'd be OK, but then it got real troublesome, real quick. Since it was against the top of my back, gravity was working against it. I tried to hold my breath, but I was fighting a losing battle.

What was worse was that we still had five minutes in the presentation.

Finally, I felt it come completely undone.

I hoped that I could kind of hold the top in place with the poster, but it was so flimsy it was no help.

My top slid right off and ended up around my waist. You could hear audible gasps from offstage.

I stood there, holding a poster against my naked tits, half dying of embarrassment, half totally turned on.

I'd glance off stage at these guys just drinking it all in.

When the skit finally ended, I wrapped myself in the poster and walked off stage to a deafening ovation from the guys backstage

I smirked, then snuck off into the dressing room. I was about 30 shades of red and my nipples were rock hard.

A second ovation was waiting me when I left the dressing room and made my way to my car.

So, for the final night, I decided to bring another strapless bikini so we wouldn't have any more tying incidents.

When I arrived Scott was standing there with an envelope. And weirdly, all of his frat buddies were behind him.

He said, "You've been such a good sport that we've all chipped in to put together a $4000 donation to the Make a Wish foundation in your name."

I was genuinely touched. But, as I was about to thank him he said, "Under one condition."

I gave him a sideways look.

He laughed and said, "$4000 for Make a Wish in your name if we get a repeat of last night."

I wasn't sure exactly what he was talking about so I said, "What do you mean?"

"We perform our skit out there, but your bikini top stays here."

My jaw hit the floor.

He stood there and smiled as a million scenarios ran through my head. This ticked off every box. It'd look great that I raised that much and I'd get to relive the previous night's fun without anyone thinking I wanted to relive it.

But, it was so dangerous to be out there topless. Anything could happen.

I must've been thinking about it a while, because when he asked for my answer it was like being snapped out of a dream.

Before I answered, I wanted to know exact details.

He agreed that if I went out topless, I'd stay behind the sign the entire time, they'd never tell a soul, and $4K would be in my name.

I was on fire

I thought about it, then walked to the dressing room. You could hear the guys buzzing.

I exhaled, then started to peel off my clothes. I stripped to my underwear and stood there holding the bikini.

Finally I just though, fuck it, and threw the top back in my bag

I took my bra off and threw it in there too.

Buuuuut...as I was preparing to put on my bottoms I had a dirty idea.

The guys had already seen 90% of my naked tits and were about to see them again. I was so turned on...I wanted to give them more.

It was then that I decided to leave the bottoms in the bag and just go out in my thong.

However, there was no way I was going to stand out there and wait for my cue. I told them I'd come out when it was time for the skit.

The wait was excruciating. I think I chickened out about a dozen times.

Finally, I was snapped out of it by a knock on the door.

I gathered my composure, held my sign in place and walked out the door wearing just a black thong and stilettos.

The guys were speechless as I strutted onto the stage.

I stood there, holding the sign against my naked tits, my bare ass to an entire fraternity and rocked back and forth.

The dirtiest thoughts went into my mind. What if the sign fell...what if the sign ripped...what if I just tossed the damn thing into the audience and shook my bare tits for the hundreds of guys in attendance?

Scott was having a real tough time with his lines as I swayed back and forth.

Finally the skit came to an end and I wrapped myself in the sign and walked off stage.

The ovation from the guys was insane.

I wanted to give them more, but what was I going to do? Blow all of them?

All the guys gathered around. Scott smiled as he handed me the envelope.

I thanked them all, then turned to go to the dressing room.

Then a little idea popped into my head.

I turned back to them and said, "Oh, you guys forgot your sign."

And I handed it back to them.

Bare naked tits in front of all of them.

They were speechless.

I stood there with my hands on my hips for a few second, then I retreated to the dressing room.

When I left that night I got another ovation.

I got several invites to the after party, but I thought it was best that I not go. I was already worrying about the reputation I'd just made for myself.

But, they kept their word, nobody ever said anything to me about it. And every now and then another...unique...offer to earn charity money would pop up.

But those are stories for another day.

**Fun Fund Raising Pt. 02**

A few things had changed since my performance at the final night of the charity event.

First of all, I thought about it constantly. Being practically nude on stage and the audience not knowing it. Flashing my bare tits to the guys backstage when it was all over. Almost every night I'd relive the evening and touch myself. And the more I thought about it, the more it'd get spiced up. Some nights the sign would fall and the audience would get a good peek. Some nights Scott (the person who started all of this trouble) would follow me into the bathroom and bend me over the sink and fuck me. And some nights, I'd drop to my knees in front of the whole frat and pleasure as many of their cocks as I could.

And the second thing was all of the frat guys were treating me like a queen. Always smiling, always saying "Hello." It was like I was in their little club and we all shared a secret. Every now and then one of the guys would say something to me about our fundraising effort being "Money well spent." I'd laugh and say it was all for the kids.

It was all very inside jokey, until I was alone with two of the guys at a party, nothing randy, just everyone had cleared out

One of them asked what a twenty-dollar donation would get them.

I was feeling good, and the attention was turning me on, so I flashed them my bra.

They loved it. I laughed

They went to give me the twenty, but I told them to donate it.

I didn't think much of it, until I got a call from Scott a few days later with a proposition.

"Remember that dance production we did Freshman year?" he asked.

"'Dancing Though the Ages'?" How could I forget your Waltz?" I replied.

"Oh, ha ha..." he responded. "You know I'm more of a Macarena guy."

I'll admit, I was amused.

"So, we're arranging this cultural event, sort of a cuisines of the world kinda thing. And I was wondering if you still have your belly dancing costumes."

I was pretty sure I did, so I responded, "Yeah I think I still have that stuff. But I doubt it'd fit you."

He laughed. "Seriously, we're looking for performers. If you'd like, we could even arrange a donation in your honor for Make A Wish if you'd participate."

"Oh... last time we did that things got...interesting," I said.

"Well, this will probably be less amazing than that. Just an encore of what you did during 'Dancing Through the Ages' will be perfect."

Wow...I'd considered the belly dancing to be a huge challenge. I'd done a lot of theater productions, but when you're up there acting, you're a character. The belly dancing was just me as me. I had taken the role very seriously and took a ton of lessons and did a lot of research to get ready. That, and Scott had that kind of charisma that you wanted to do whatever he asked of you.

"Alright," I said. "I'm in."

"Awesome," Scott replied. "I'll text you the details."

I sat there thinking about what he'd said. It'll be fun to bust out the old costumes, I would have to practice a bit to get back up to speed. And, it was all for a good cause.

I was so nervous the night of the event. Scott told me I had three different times to perform, and it'd be the same audience, so I'd want to bring several changes of costume. I packed them all up in my bag and headed over.

When I arrived at the hotel, I got a text from Scott telling me they had rented a room for me to change in. However, I was in for quite a surprise when I got there...

Scott...and three of his fraternity buddies...all sitting there waiting.

I was so confused.

"Hey, guys. What...uh...what's going on?" I asked.

"Welcome to the event," Scott laughed.

"This is the event?!" Cuisines of the World?!"

"Well," Scott stammered, "We have tacos...and German beer...and technically any food that's from anywhere is part of some nation's cuisine."

I stood there, annoyed...confused...giving him a death stare.

He came over and led me into the hallway.

"Seriously, Scott?" I asked.

"OK," he stared. "This is actually a pre-party for Danny's wedding."

"A bachelor party?!" I exploded.

"Here's the deal, Cindy. After the charity function, Danny's been kind of obsessed with you. Frankly, all the guys are. We thought if we could get you here, you'd be more likely to listen to our offer."

I cocked an eyebrow, "Which is?"

"You perform for us three times, just do the dances you know...we'll never speak of it again, and we'll donate $1,000 to Make a Wish."

I stood there, half fuming, half...slightly...intrigued...

"You're already here, you already have the costumes, you know you can trust us," he continued. "Just...have some fun with us."

I smirked, "And now it's only a thousand?"

He laughed, "This is a much smaller pool of guys."

"I hate you so much," I half-meant as I went back into the room. I made a beeline for the bathroom and just stood there, staring into the mirror. What had I gotten myself into this time?

Eventually, I snapped out of it and changed into my first costume. It was a beautiful red number with a long flowing skirt and probably a million sequins.

I texted Scott to start the music, when I heard it, I made my grand entrance.

And...it was actually a lot of fun. The dancing is a little sexual, but not too dirty. The costume showed off some thigh and some cleavage, but the guys were a very receptive audience, and I definitely didn't mind the way they were staring at me.

Finally, when the music came to a stop they gave me a wonderful ovation. I smiled and bowed as they continued to clap, then I made my way back to the bathroom. I was preparing to change when I heard a knock on the door. It was Scott. He stepped into the bathroom and closed the door.

"That was amazing," he said.

"Well...thank you." I responded.

"But...this is a bachelor party," he continued.

I swatted at Scott and said, "I'm a dancer, not a stripper."

"Yeah, but I think you have a little bit of exhibitionist in you."

I didn't respond.

"We made a donation last time...and you got way dirtier than you needed to," he continued.

I gave him side eye and smirked.

"So...get a little dirtier."

"A little dirtier?" I responded.

"I don't think I'm asking you to do anything you don't want to do." he said as he slipped out the door.

He was right. I was loving the attention.

So, I dug through my bag and retrieved my gold costume. As I put it on, I tried to figure out what I could do that would be more risqué...but not too risqué. The top was the top, there was really no way to make it skimpier.

Finally, I decided that I could take off the little shorts I wear under the skirt and go out in my little black thong. As I shook back and forth, they'd get little peeks, but it wouldn't be too extreme.

I got dressed, then took a minute to compose myself. Finally, I texted Scott his cue and my music played.

The guys cheered as I exited the bathroom.

I slowly danced around for a bit, then I caught Scott's eye and gave him a little wink.

With that, I swung my skirt around exposing my naughty secret.

Jaws hit the floor as they all got a glimpse of my bare ass in a tiny black thong.

I danced around...in a fashion that was much more seductive than before. Sidling up next to each guy and shaking my hips to give them a good look.

As the song came to end, I turned my back to them and slowly walked back to the bathroom. I unfastened my skirt and let it fall to the floor giving them a brief image to remember as I slinked away.

Once the door was closed, I was shaking like a leaf. I was so turned on.

When I heard a knock on the door, I let Scott in without even covering up.

"Holy shit, Cindy," was all he could get out.

"Did that work? Risqué enough?" I responded as I turned to the mirror to fix my makeup.

He came up behind me and replied, "Oh, I think you're capable of more."

"What'd you have in mind?" I asked.

"Lose the top."

"I told you," I said coyly, "I'm a dancer, not a stripper."

"Then how about this..." he said as he lowered the straps of my top. My nipples were just barely covered.

"But Scott, if I danced like this the top wouldn't stay on long."

"Would that be so bad?" he responded. "A room of guys worshiping your perfect tits."

Just mentioning that visual sent me to a whole other place. I was on fire. I had to regain control of this mess.

"Go take your seat, Scott. You've got one dance left." And with that I ushered him out of the room.

When I was finally able to gain my composure, I put on my final costume. It was white...made of a shimmery material...it was gorgeous. Perfect for a grand finale.

I stood in front of the mirror, fixing my hair, and my eyes keep being drawn to the straps of the top.

I thought about it for a second, then lowered them off of my shoulders. It seemed OK at first, but as soon as I started dancing, the top fell right off.

"They would lose their minds." I thought.

I reached behind my back and unclasped the top. It fell to the floor.

Standing in front of the mirror, wearing only a white shimmery skirt...I had to admit...I looked good.

I slowly shook my tits seductively. I reached up and squeezed them...I teased my nipples.

And then inspiration struck...

I remembered reading about a dance where the performer would wrap thin veils around her chest. She'd untie them one by one and her top would get more and more shear.

I dug into my bag and pulled out a bunch of veils. I wrapped one around my chest like a tube top with the knot in the front. You could perfectly see the outline of my hard nipples.

I tied a few more...now you could see a little, but not too much. I then put on four more. Seven in total. The plan was to slowly strip down till there were three left and then call it a night. They'd get a thrill...I'd get a thrill, then I could sneak out before things got out of hand.

Standing in front of the mirror, I gave a few test shakes. Everything stayed in place, but it was clear that this top was much racier than my previous outfits.

I sent a text out to Scott and waited.

I took a deep breath as I heard the music start. I then rushed out the door before I had a chance to chicken out.

The mood was much different when they got a look at me. It was...grittier...

I stood for a moment, then started with my dance.

I started traditional at first, my hips gyrating back and forth. Then, my hands traced up my hips, up my stomach, and up to the first knot. I grasped it, took a deep breath, then pulled it off.

The room erupted. And then there were six.

I shimmied over to the groom and sat in his lap. I put my arm around his neck and shook my tits back and forth.

Finally, I took his hand and placed it on the next knot. He didn't hesitate to pull it, and the veil clean off.

And then there were five.

I stood and worked my way over to where Scott was standing. He was sporting an ear-to-ear grin. I shimmied my shoulders back and forth giving him a good show. Then, I lead his hand to the next knot. I looked him in the eye as he pulled it off and draped the veil over his neck.

Then there were four.

The room was electric with the guys clapping to the music and encouraging me. It was a shame I only had one veil left to give them.

So, I was determined to make it a good one.

I made my way back to the groom and straddled him. It was then that I experienced something I wasn't expecting...

He was rock hard...and big.

"Oh geez..." I thought. "Is this how lap dances work?" I felt silly for never having realized this. But, I'd come to far now...and honesty...I was beyond turned on.

I put my arms around his neck and grinded into him. With each thrust my barely covered tits bounced into his face.

I lost myself for a moment. Finally, the cheering helped me come to my senses.

I managed to spin myself around so my back was against his chest. I took both of his hands and led them up my stomach, up over my tits, and finally to the last knot.

He pulled the veil off much to the elation of the guys in attendance.

And finally, there were three.

I sauntered over to the center of the room and took my bow as the music ended. The guys lost their minds.

As I turned to make my exit, I got a look at myself in the mirror. The lighting must've been different in the bathroom, because you couldn't really see anything.

I was disappointed. Isn't that crazy?

As I paused, a world of thoughts rushed through my mind. And when the next track on the CD started, two of the most dangerous words in the English language popped into my head...

"Fuck it."

I stood there for a moment, then slowly started rocking my hips back and forth. When the guys realized they were in for an encore, they roared again.

I turned around and broke into a more traditional routine, but highlighted by my hands occasionally making their way up to caress my body.

As my hand paused on the next knot, the guys' eyes grew wide.

I cocked an eyebrow, then pulled the veil clean off.

And then there were two.

I made my way around the room, shaking and shimmying for each guy. Rocking my hips and twirling my skirt so they'd get the occasional peek at my ass.

I approached the groom as he leaned forward and pressed his face between my tits.

I whispered to him, "Use your teeth."

And he did. He gripped the knot so that when I pulled away the veil stayed with him.

And then there was one.

One flimsy piece of material concealing my bare tits.

I turned my back to the guys as I danced, so I could take a look at myself and see if I still wanted to give them more.

The lone veil had provided the intended effect. You could see the perfect outline of my nipples.

And yeah, I definitely wanted to give them more.

I turned back around and then stood perfectly still so they knew I meant business. Then slowly...and deliberately...loosened the final knot.

Jaws hit the floor.

There was almost nothing holding the top on. Once I started moving, there would be no telling how long it would stay on.

So, I started dancing.

I slowly moved my hips, eventually matching the rhythm of the music, but not coming close to the frantic beating of my heart.

All eyes were on my chest, as if the four of them were trying to use the power of their minds to make it finally fall off.

And then, it did.

You could hear them all exhale in pleasure as the veil slowly fell to the floor and my bare tits were exposed.

I kept dancing. Giving them the show of a lifetime until the song stopped and I curtsied.

The appreciative audience gave me a standing ovation, I...loved...it.

As I turned to make my exit, I felt Scott take my hand.

"Cindy, one last thing before you leave," he said.

He led me by my hand to an ottoman and motioned for me to sit. Being very aware of how little I was wearing and still wanting to give the boys a show, I kneeled on it, with my back arched and my tits out.

"Tell us," he asked, "Honestly...how often do you think about the charity show."

I played it coy, "Oh...every now and then."

He responded, "Honestly?"

"OK, maybe more than that."

The guys all smiled and nodded. You could cut the tension with a knife.

"When you think about it..." he asked. "Do you ever touch yourself?"

I was shocked. I tried to play it cool, but the shade of red I turned may have given it away.

"Say it," he continued.

A "Yes" escaped my lips before I could stop it.

"Show us," he said.

I looked him in the eye, I was shocked, I was breathless, I was lost. And then, it was like I'd lost control of my hands as they reached up and squeezed my tits.

A slight moan couldn't be held back. After all of this, I needed to be touched.

I twisted my nipples and looked around at a room of guys who were stunned into silence.

I licked my lips and ran my hands up and down my chest.

Then, I locked eyes with the groom. My hands slowly traveled down between my breasts...down the line of my abdomen...and finally to the clasp on my skirt.

I unhooked it and tossed it aside. I knelt on the ottoman completely nude, save for a tiny black thong.

My right hand continued to travel down, feeling the wetness at the front of my thong.

I moaned again...and then there were those words again...

"Fuck it."

I'd come this far.

I traced my finger up and down my soaking pussy while my other hand traveled back up and squeezed bare breasts.

My cadence slowly quickened as the guys stood there staring...barely breathing. It was then I noticed something I hadn't expected...

Danny was rubbing his huge cock through his pants...

In fact, all of them were not-so-subtly shifting in their seats.

Maybe I should have been freaked out...but I wasn't. I loved that I was causing that reaction.

I stared at his crotch, with my mouth slowly open...I was mesmerized.

He noticed me staring and his pace quickened...so did mine.

Then, our eyes met...and I nodded. I didn't know what I was nodding at. Nodding in approval of what he was doing? That I wanted to see more? That I wanted to...do...more?

Whatever I had meant, he took this as his cue to slowly unbutton his pants.

And I watched.

Then slowly unzip his fly.

And I watched.

Then finally expose his giant, rock hard dick.

And I moaned.

I was so turned on seeing how hard I had made his magnificent cock.

He stroked it up and down, slowly at first. My head bobbed up and down as I sat transfixed at the sight.

I was now shaking violently. My rubbing focused directly on my clit. I was getting so close. So close...

And finally, my body shuddered as I erupted with a thunderous orgasm. I moaned so loud as I stared at Danny's huge cock.

That must've been more than he could stand, as he shook and started to shoot huge ropes of cum out of his dick. It was amazing.

We sat there, sweaty, breathing heavy, coming back to our senses. And as I looked around, I realized the effect we'd had on the room. Everyone was stunned, out of breath, staring at me.

When I was finally able to compose myself, I stood, thanked the gentlemen, and headed straight for the bathroom.

Once I was there, I caught my breath and got dressed as quickly as I could.

As I left the restroom, all four of the guys were there to greet me. They were fully dressed and very appreciative. I gave them each a hug and a kiss on the cheek and then quickly made my exit.

That night, I relived the events and got all worked up again. I thought to myself, "Good thing I didn't let things go too far." But, the more I thought about it, the more I realized this was all my doing. Scott set the table, so to say, but I was the one who determined what was served.

Who knows how far I'd push it if there's a next time...

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"'Dancing Though the Ages'?" How could I forget your Waltz?" I replied.

"Oh, ha ha..." he responded. "You know I'm more of a Macarena guy."

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I was so nervous the night of the event. Scott told me I had three different times to perform, and it'd be the same audience, so I'd want to bring several changes of costume. I packed them all up in my bag and headed over.

When I arrived at the hotel, I got a text from Scott telling me they had rented a room for me to change in. However, I was in for quite a surprise when I got there...

Scott...and three of his fraternity buddies...all sitting there waiting.

I was so confused.

"Hey, guys. What...uh...what's going on?" I asked.

"Welcome to the event," Scott laughed.

"This is the event?!" Cuisines of the World?!"

"Well," Scott stammered, "We have tacos...and German beer...and technically any food that's from anywhere is part of some nation's cuisine."

I stood there, annoyed...confused...giving him a death stare.

He came over and led me into the hallway.

"Seriously, Scott?" I asked.

"OK," he stared. "This is actually a pre-party for Danny's wedding."

"A bachelor party?!" I exploded.

"Here's the deal, Cindy. After the charity function, Danny's been kind of obsessed with you. Frankly, all the guys are. We thought if we could get you here, you'd be more likely to listen to our offer."

I cocked an eyebrow, "Which is?"

"You perform for us three times, just do the dances you know...we'll never speak of it again, and we'll donate $1,000 to Make a Wish."

I stood there, half fuming, half...slightly...intrigued...

"You're already here, you already have the costumes, you know you can trust us," he continued. "Just...have some fun with us."

I smirked, "And now it's only a thousand?"

He laughed, "This is a much smaller pool of guys."

"I hate you so much," I half-meant as I went back into the room. I made a beeline for the bathroom and just stood there, staring into the mirror. What had I gotten myself into this time?

Eventually, I snapped out of it and changed into my first costume. It was a beautiful red number with a long flowing skirt and probably a million sequins.

I texted Scott to start the music, when I heard it, I made my grand entrance.

And...it was actually a lot of fun. The dancing is a little sexual, but not too dirty. The costume showed off some thigh and some cleavage, but the guys were a very receptive audience, and I definitely didn't mind the way they were staring at me.

Finally, when the music came to a stop they gave me a wonderful ovation. I smiled and bowed as they continued to clap, then I made my way back to the bathroom. I was preparing to change when I heard a knock on the door. It was Scott. He stepped into the bathroom and closed the door.

"That was amazing," he said.

"Well...thank you." I responded.

"But...this is a bachelor party," he continued.

I swatted at Scott and said, "I'm a dancer, not a stripper."

"Yeah, but I think you have a little bit of exhibitionist in you."

I didn't respond.

"We made a donation last time...and you got way dirtier than you needed to," he continued.

I gave him side eye and smirked.

"So...get a little dirtier."

"A little dirtier?" I responded.

"I don't think I'm asking you to do anything you don't want to do." he said as he slipped out the door.

He was right. I was loving the attention.

So, I dug through my bag and retrieved my gold costume. As I put it on, I tried to figure out what I could do that would be more risqué...but not too risqué. The top was the top, there was really no way to make it skimpier.

Finally, I decided that I could take off the little shorts I wear under the skirt and go out in my little black thong. As I shook back and forth, they'd get little peeks, but it wouldn't be too extreme.

I got dressed, then took a minute to compose myself. Finally, I texted Scott his cue and my music played.

The guys cheered as I exited the bathroom.

I slowly danced around for a bit, then I caught Scott's eye and gave him a little wink.

With that, I swung my skirt around exposing my naughty secret.

Jaws hit the floor as they all got a glimpse of my bare ass in a tiny black thong.

I danced around...in a fashion that was much more seductive than before. Sidling up next to each guy and shaking my hips to give them a good look.

As the song came to end, I turned my back to them and slowly walked back to the bathroom. I unfastened my skirt and let it fall to the floor giving them a brief image to remember as I slinked away.

Once the door was closed, I was shaking like a leaf. I was so turned on.

When I heard a knock on the door, I let Scott in without even covering up.

"Holy shit, Cindy," was all he could get out.

"Did that work? Risqué enough?" I responded as I turned to the mirror to fix my makeup.

He came up behind me and replied, "Oh, I think you're capable of more."

"What'd you have in mind?" I asked.

"Lose the top."

"I told you," I said coyly, "I'm a dancer, not a stripper."

"Then how about this..." he said as he lowered the straps of my top. My nipples were just barely covered.

"But Scott, if I danced like this the top wouldn't stay on long."

"Would that be so bad?" he responded. "A room of guys worshiping your perfect tits."

Just mentioning that visual sent me to a whole other place. I was on fire. I had to regain control of this mess.

"Go take your seat, Scott. You've got one dance left." And with that I ushered him out of the room.

When I was finally able to gain my composure, I put on my final costume. It was white...made of a shimmery material...it was gorgeous. Perfect for a grand finale.

I stood in front of the mirror, fixing my hair, and my eyes keep being drawn to the straps of the top.

I thought about it for a second, then lowered them off of my shoulders. It seemed OK at first, but as soon as I started dancing, the top fell right off.

"They would lose their minds." I thought.

I reached behind my back and unclasped the top. It fell to the floor.

Standing in front of the mirror, wearing only a white shimmery skirt...I had to admit...I looked good.

I slowly shook my tits seductively. I reached up and squeezed them...I teased my nipples.

And then inspiration struck...

I remembered reading about a dance where the performer would wrap thin veils around her chest. She'd untie them one by one and her top would get more and more shear.

I dug into my bag and pulled out a bunch of veils. I wrapped one around my chest like a tube top with the knot in the front. You could perfectly see the outline of my hard nipples.

I tied a few more...now you could see a little, but not too much. I then put on four more. Seven in total. The plan was to slowly strip down till there were three left and then call it a night. They'd get a thrill...I'd get a thrill, then I could sneak out before things got out of hand.

Standing in front of the mirror, I gave a few test shakes. Everything stayed in place, but it was clear that this top was much racier than my previous outfits.

I sent a text out to Scott and waited.

I took a deep breath as I heard the music start. I then rushed out the door before I had a chance to chicken out.

The mood was much different when they got a look at me. It was...grittier...

I stood for a moment, then started with my dance.

I started traditional at first, my hips gyrating back and forth. Then, my hands traced up my hips, up my stomach, and up to the first knot. I grasped it, took a deep breath, then pulled it off.

The room erupted. And then there were six.

I shimmied over to the groom and sat in his lap. I put my arm around his neck and shook my tits back and forth.

Finally, I took his hand and placed it on the next knot. He didn't hesitate to pull it, and the veil clean off.

And then there were five.

I stood and worked my way over to where Scott was standing. He was sporting an ear-to-ear grin. I shimmied my shoulders back and forth giving him a good show. Then, I lead his hand to the next knot. I looked him in the eye as he pulled it off and draped the veil over his neck.

Then there were four.

The room was electric with the guys clapping to the music and encouraging me. It was a shame I only had one veil left to give them.

So, I was determined to make it a good one.

I made my way back to the groom and straddled him. It was then that I experienced something I wasn't expecting...

He was rock hard...and big.

"Oh geez..." I thought. "Is this how lap dances work?" I felt silly for never having realized this. But, I'd come to far now...and honesty...I was beyond turned on.

I put my arms around his neck and grinded into him. With each thrust my barely covered tits bounced into his face.

I lost myself for a moment. Finally, the cheering helped me come to my senses.

I managed to spin myself around so my back was against his chest. I took both of his hands and led them up my stomach, up over my tits, and finally to the last knot.

He pulled the veil off much to the elation of the guys in attendance.

And finally, there were three.

I sauntered over to the center of the room and took my bow as the music ended. The guys lost their minds.

As I turned to make my exit, I got a look at myself in the mirror. The lighting must've been different in the bathroom, because you couldn't really see anything.

I was disappointed. Isn't that crazy?

As I paused, a world of thoughts rushed through my mind. And when the next track on the CD started, two of the most dangerous words in the English language popped into my head...

"Fuck it."

I stood there for a moment, then slowly started rocking my hips back and forth. When the guys realized they were in for an encore, they roared again.

I turned around and broke into a more traditional routine, but highlighted by my hands occasionally making their way up to caress my body.

As my hand paused on the next knot, the guys' eyes grew wide.

I cocked an eyebrow, then pulled the veil clean off.

And then there were two.

I made my way around the room, shaking and shimmying for each guy. Rocking my hips and twirling my skirt so they'd get the occasional peek at my ass.

I approached the groom as he leaned forward and pressed his face between my tits.

I whispered to him, "Use your teeth."

And he did. He gripped the knot so that when I pulled away the veil stayed with him.

And then there was one.

One flimsy piece of material concealing my bare tits.

I turned my back to the guys as I danced, so I could take a look at myself and see if I still wanted to give them more.

The lone veil had provided the intended effect. You could see the perfect outline of my nipples.

And yeah, I definitely wanted to give them more.

I turned back around and then stood perfectly still so they knew I meant business. Then slowly...and deliberately...loosened the final knot.

Jaws hit the floor.

There was almost nothing holding the top on. Once I started moving, there would be no telling how long it would stay on.

So, I started dancing.

I slowly moved my hips, eventually matching the rhythm of the music, but not coming close to the frantic beating of my heart.

All eyes were on my chest, as if the four of them were trying to use the power of their minds to make it finally fall off.

And then, it did.

You could hear them all exhale in pleasure as the veil slowly fell to the floor and my bare tits were exposed.

I kept dancing. Giving them the show of a lifetime until the song stopped and I curtsied.

The appreciative audience gave me a standing ovation, I...loved...it.

As I turned to make my exit, I felt Scott take my hand.

"Cindy, one last thing before you leave," he said.

He led me by my hand to an ottoman and motioned for me to sit. Being very aware of how little I was wearing and still wanting to give the boys a show, I kneeled on it, with my back arched and my tits out.

"Tell us," he asked, "Honestly...how often do you think about the charity show."

I played it coy, "Oh...every now and then."

He responded, "Honestly?"

"OK, maybe more than that."

The guys all smiled and nodded. You could cut the tension with a knife.

"When you think about it..." he asked. "Do you ever touch yourself?"

I was shocked. I tried to play it cool, but the shade of red I turned may have given it away.

"Say it," he continued.

A "Yes" escaped my lips before I could stop it.

"Show us," he said.

I looked him in the eye, I was shocked, I was breathless, I was lost. And then, it was like I'd lost control of my hands as they reached up and squeezed my tits.

A slight moan couldn't be held back. After all of this, I needed to be touched.

I twisted my nipples and looked around at a room of guys who were stunned into silence.

I licked my lips and ran my hands up and down my chest.

Then, I locked eyes with the groom. My hands slowly traveled down between my breasts...down the line of my abdomen...and finally to the clasp on my skirt.

I unhooked it and tossed it aside. I knelt on the ottoman completely nude, save for a tiny black thong.

My right hand continued to travel down, feeling the wetness at the front of my thong.

I moaned again...and then there were those words again...

"Fuck it."

I'd come this far.

I traced my finger up and down my soaking pussy while my other hand traveled back up and squeezed bare breasts.

My cadence slowly quickened as the guys stood there staring...barely breathing. It was then I noticed something I hadn't expected...

Danny was rubbing his huge cock through his pants...

In fact, all of them were not-so-subtly shifting in their seats.

Maybe I should have been freaked out...but I wasn't. I loved that I was causing that reaction.

I stared at his crotch, with my mouth slowly open...I was mesmerized.

He noticed me staring and his pace quickened...so did mine.

Then, our eyes met...and I nodded. I didn't know what I was nodding at. Nodding in approval of what he was doing? That I wanted to see more? That I wanted to...do...more?

Whatever I had meant, he took this as his cue to slowly unbutton his pants.

And I watched.

Then slowly unzip his fly.

And I watched.

Then finally expose his giant, rock hard dick.

And I moaned.

I was so turned on seeing how hard I had made his magnificent cock.

He stroked it up and down, slowly at first. My head bobbed up and down as I sat transfixed at the sight.

I was now shaking violently. My rubbing focused directly on my clit. I was getting so close. So close...

And finally, my body shuddered as I erupted with a thunderous orgasm. I moaned so loud as I stared at Danny's huge cock.

That must've been more than he could stand, as he shook and started to shoot huge ropes of cum out of his dick. It was amazing.

We sat there, sweaty, breathing heavy, coming back to our senses. And as I looked around, I realized the effect we'd had on the room. Everyone was stunned, out of breath, staring at me.

When I was finally able to compose myself, I stood, thanked the gentlemen, and headed straight for the bathroom.

Once I was there, I caught my breath and got dressed as quickly as I could.

As I left the restroom, all four of the guys were there to greet me. They were fully dressed and very appreciative. I gave them each a hug and a kiss on the cheek and then quickly made my exit.

That night, I relived the events and got all worked up again. I thought to myself, "Good thing I didn't let things go too far." But, the more I thought about it, the more I realized this was all my doing. Scott set the table, so to say, but I was the one who determined what was served.

Who knows how far I'd push it if there's a next time...