**Heather's Exhibitionist Streak**

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**Heather's Exhibitionist Streak Ch. 1**

Heather was a single girl, she had all that she needed in life, money, a nice flat, a fast car, and freedom. She had seen most of her friends marry off to boring men, and they had all become boring to. She could still party without having to ask anybody, or having to explain her actions. This is probably what made her do the things that this story is about. Together, we will follow her voyage from a flirtatious woman, through to an almost overwhelming desire to exhibit herself, and finally through to her almost losing complete control of herself.  
  
The story starts with Heather sitting in her flat one summer's day, feeling bored, she decided to go out for a ride in her Nissan 200sx t-top. It had been her present to herself after a promotion, she worked in sales, and was now responsible for a twenty strong sales team. She was a confident person, she knew just where to attack to get a sale, and didn't care if she came across as being greedy, it got the job done. In fact she was far from heartless, she gave her all to what, or whoever, she was committed to. She chose to wear a short yellow summer dress for the drive and set out on the short drive to the coast, she decided that a walk along the shale beach would make her feel better and allow her to clear her thoughts.  
  
Before setting off she lifted out the panels of the roof and stowed them in the boot. Once out on the road she settled into a slow cruise, the open window letting her long brunette tresses blow around her neck. She always enjoyed the feeling, as her neck was sensitive, making her horny as it rubbed her. It wasn't long before she felt horny enough to slide her dress up, running her hand up her legs, slipping a finger over her g-string, feeling the heat from her pussy radiating through the flimsy material. She lost herself while touching herself, and was jolted back to reality by the sound of a truck horn, it was alongside her, the driver peering in as she played her fingers over her pussy, she moved her hand and sped up, leaving an obviously disappointed trucker reeling in her wake.  
  
Despite her horror at first, she found that the more she thought about being caught out, the more her pussy juiced up. Heather pulled up alongside the next truck she caught up with, slowing up as she past it, gradually drawing level, pushing her dress up her thighs, giving the driver a glimpse of her knickers, before speeding up slowly and drawing away from him. She did this to several more drivers, each time staying alongside longer, and making sure that she had their attention, before speeding up again, She was enjoying this immensely, and decided to go further.  
  
Heather stopped at a lay-by, taking off her bra, before refastening some of the buttons, leaving a couple at the top open, giving a view of her cleavage. She had a pert pair of 35B's, to go with her 24 inch waist, and 34 inch hips. She was proud of her body, and at 27 she should be, there was nothing to droop yet. Heather rejoined the road, just as the original truck past her, he hooted as she pulled out, and she waved as he passed her before she sped out and joined the flow of traffic, there wasn't much, but enough to have to look before pulling out.  
  
Heather pulled slowly alongside the truck, opening her dress, allowing the driver to see both of her erect nipples. she pulled up her skirt again, allowing him a view of her knickers again. She played with a nipple as she drove, and dipped a finger along the edge of her g-string, pulling it out just enough that he got a brief glimpse of her pubes. He pulled on his horn, she reset her clothes, tooted hers, and sped up allowing herself a smile as her heart beat faster, getting an enormous thrill from this, she didn't ever think she would. Heather repeated this to several other drivers before reaching the coast. Having walked down the beach for a couple of hours, she had some lunch and got in her car for the return journey. She decided to be extra daring, she went over to the toilet and remover her g-string, popping it in her handbag, before returning to her car.  
  
Firing her V6 into life, she headed away from the shore, taking the road to the main one that would return her home, she was in no rush though, she was gonna have some more fun first. Getting back onto the main road, she spotted a truck up ahead, speeding up she caught it in a couple of miles, just enough time to arrange her clothing.  
  
As she pulled side along the truck, she slowed to keep pace with it, there was no other cars in sight behind, good she thought, and pulled open her dress, exposing her whole body to the driver. He could see all the way from her orange shaped boobs with their hard nipples, down past her flat stomach, to her neatly trimmed, but thickly haired pussy. Heather sat alongside him for several miles, slowly caressing her nipples, then her pussy lips, before pushing her foot on the throttle, leaving the driver in her wake. Four more truckers got to see all she had during her drive home. she couldn't believe how much of a buzz she got from it and jumped in the shower, bringing herself off with her fingers as lent against the wall of the shower. She decided there and then, that she would have to do it again.  
  
Heather had the next day off, she decided to do some shopping, she was in need of some new clothes and spent a couple of hours trying on all sorts of items. She had a break for lunch, then decided to get some new lingerie, she noticed a large store in the shopping centre, it had a good lingerie section, so she went in and started to look among the various rails of clothing. She had been looking for several minutes before an assistant came over, he was about 21 or 22, tall, and clean shaven, she liked the look of him, but told him she was just looking. He told her his name was Dean, and if she needed anything to just call and he would be delighted to help. Dean trotted off back to his counter, he was not alone, there were two other guys there, about the same age, and equally as nice looking.  
  
Heather found a few items she liked the look of and called Dean over. 'Do you have this bra, and this basque with a 35b cup?' she asked, he said he'd look and be right back. He returned with both in her size, and she took those and a few more items into a changing room, Dean said he wasn't supposed to let her take as many items into the room as she had, but she had a trustful face, he was a smooth talker, she thought to herself, pulling back the curtain, he led her into the room, and before leaving reminded her that he would be just outside if she needed him.  
  
She thanked him and he pulled the curtain across as he left the room. Heather liked the choices she had made, but decided to have some fun with Dean. Calling him in, she was stood there in just a black basque and thong. She asked him if he thought it suited her, he told her it looked great, she bent and turned, and twisted, giving him a view all around her, before thanking him and telling him she'd be okay now. She really enjoyed that, again the buzz she got from flashing the truckers was returning, she decided to have a little more fun. She redressed, taking the basque and knickers over to the counter, she told Dean she'd have them, but wanted to have another look at some more first.  
  
He told her he'd look after the others and wrap them while she looked for some more. Heather called hi over to the rack she was at, asking his opinion on some of the items, would they hold 'things' in, and the like. He seemed slightly bemused by that , asking what she meant, she explained, and he smiled, saying he thought so, but couldn't promise. Heather deliberately picked one thing she knew would hold, and one she knew wouldn't. Returning to the dressing room with Dean outside, she tried on the first outfit, a teddy that although showed a little, would keep things in.  
  
She called Dean in, and told him to tell her if anything showed as she stretched over, and bent. Apart from a great cleavage shot, she knew he would say it was okay, and he did, with a broad smile on his face, he had obviously seen down her teddy as she bent over in front of him. She smiled, wait till he sees this one, it was a bustier, that she had deliberately picked a size too small,it would hold normally, but with a few quick movements, she hoped would give way to her boobs spilling out over the top. She pulled some more knickers on, in matching navy, and called Dean into the room. It wasn't as revealing as the first, and he seemed a little disappointed, until she started to jump, and bounce, and turn.  
  
Just as she twisted to her right, her boobs popped right out, as she had hoped they would, he reached forward, trying to help her put them back in, but in doing so, actually copped a feel, it wasn't his fault, Heather was deliberately moving to help his hands find her, his face was a picture, apologising profusely, she told him not too worry, and pulled his hand onto her left boob, 'There' she said, 'now you've had a proper feel', he couldn't help but give it a squeeze, and she didn't stop him.  
  
There she was in a shop, getting her boobs squeezed by a guy, and she was loving it. She guided his other hand to her knickers, and asked if she would get a good discount, he told her yes, and she let him put his hand down her knickers briefly before stopping him and getting dressed. She kissed him on the cheek as she left with her discounted goods, and left him to explain to his gobsmacked friends as she slipped out the store. She now felt even hornier than before, she'd let a younger guy fondle her in a store, and she'd loved it. She knew she needed some more shoes, and there was a good looking guy in the shoe shop down the other end, he was also more her age. But first she needed a coffee.  
  
As she sipped her coffee, she had an idea, the guy in the shoe shop had never taken much notice of her, she was about to change that. Before she headed for the shop, she stopped in the toilets, and removed her knickers. She was now dressed only in a white shirt, no bra anyway, and a short skirt. Heather entered the shoe shop and noticed the assistant with an older lady, she looked around and chose two pairs of heels, both in black, but different styles. As the lady left, he came over to her, she gave him the shoes and he offered to help her to try them on. It was just what she wanted.  
  
He sat her on a stool, she lifted her leg to try on the first heel, it fitted nicely, after a short walk she sat down and said they were fine, and asked to try the others. She had deliberately chosen the wrong size, and while he went off to find a pair in the right size, she adjusted her skirt, allowing it to open and fall slightly as she lifted her leg. Kevin, as she found out his name was, returned with the right size, and got down on his knees between her legs. As heather lifted her leg her dress slipped open, allowing Kevin to get a brief glimpse up to her pussy, he looked shocked, well you would, wouldn't you, but he got on with the job in hand, and turned to the other leg.  
  
As he lifted that leg, again the dress slipped, showing even more, as he'd lifted that leg higher, his gaze was riveted to her pussy, she let him keep her leg up for a couple of minutes, before he let it down. She got up , walked around the stool, and said she wanted to see what they looked like with stockings, he told her that they kept a stock of them at the back of the shop, and she followed him up to the raise area at the back of the shop.  
  
While Kevin sorted through the stockings, looking for hold ups, Heather settled down on a nearby stool. Kevin came over to her and handed her the stockings, she said she couldn't put them on as her nails would tear them, she had long nails, but had mastered the art, he didn't know that though. Heather asked if he would mind putting them on her legs for her. If he'd been any quicker in trying, he would have put them over her heels. With them removed, he rolled them up to her knees, smoothing them as he went, he stopped at her knees, and asked how they looked, Heather laughed at him, asking if he really expected her to get up while they were still halfway down her legs.  
  
She insisted he put them on her properly, raising her skirt, giving him an unobstructed view of her now gaping, wet pussy. He smoothed them further and further up her thighs, his hands getting closer to her hot pussy, his fingers touched it as he reached the limits of the stockings, she sighed, he looked up at her, not concentrating, and his fingers slipped through her pussy hair and down through her lips, leaving his fingers sticky with her juices. He lifted his hand to his mouth, ran his tongue along his fingers, and smiled. Heather guided his hand back to her pussy, he slipped a finger into her, and twisted it as he worked it in and out.  
  
She urged him to put another finger in, and he did, she was becoming load, so he asked her to follow him out to the stock room, she was right behind him. Kevin sat her on the end of a sofa, she opened her legs wide, as he plunged his face down into her trimmed pussy hair, licking up to her clit, then back down to plunge his tongue into her pussy. She came in no time, and bucked on his fingers as she reached her climax.  
  
She hadn't intend to do anything for him, but saw a massive bulge in his trousers, so pushing him back she pulled out his cock, and rubbed it up and down, pre-cum was oozing out of the tip, she bent and took him in her mouth, just as he exploded and coated her throat with his cum. Heather wiped her mouth and straightened her clothing. She followed him to the counter where she paid for both pairs of shoes and left the store. Heather felt great as she made her wait to her car, she still felt great as she relaxed in a hot bath later, and knew she was going to enjoy her new hobby.  
  
Heather decided to go out to a club on Saturday night, she hadn't been for ages, and wanted to go before she was deemed to be too old. She took time choosing her outfit and finally came up with a red boob tube, a black mini-skirt, black 4-inch heels, hold-up stockings, and nothing else. She couldn't wear a bra with the top, but she just didn't want to wear knickers. Heather was revelling in her new hobby, and hoped she'd get an opportunity to have some fun at the club.  
  
She arrived about 9.30 pm, its cheaper if you get there before 10 pm, not that money was an issue, but she wasn't a spend thrift. Having gotten a drink, and settled down in a seat, she noticed just how packed the club was. There were people everywhere, and she began to feel nervous, she had hoped to have some fun, but couldn't see how she'd get away with it, as there were so many people there. She needn't have worried, a young guy came over to her and asked her if she wanted to dance, she nearly said no, but thought she may as well, before she went.  
  
Gary was a good dancer, and she stared to enjoy watching him shake his thing, and when they got tired he offered to buy her a drink, she accepted, and they chatted for a while as they got their breath back. Gary was with a group of people, mainly guys, and only a couple of girls. The mood of the music changed to slow songs and she asked if he'd like to dance, he said yes, and off they went to the dance floor. This gave Heather the chance to get close to Gary, and she didn't object when he ran his hands over her ass, his hands moved over her ass and under her skirt, he gradually lifted it and realised she had no knickers on, he asked her if she'd forgotten anything, to which she replied, no, she didn't think so, and smiled at him.  
  
She continued to let his hands explore, oblivious to the fact that his friends nearby, as well as a few others, could see her naked ass. Gary's hands squeezed her ass , and then came around to the front, as he slipped his hands down between them she moved away slightly, to give him room to push his hand under her skirt, sliding his hands through her pussy hair, before slipping a finger inside her. They danced for a couple of songs like that until they both decided they needed a rest. After about ten minutes, one of the group with Gary came over to Heather and asked her if he could have a dance, she looked for Gary, but he had gone to the toilet, she didn't see why not, so went with him to the dance floor. Halfway through the song she felt his hands sliding over her ass, again she didn't object, even when he too, slid his hands under her skirt, clasping her naked ass.  
  
He squeezed her closer, she didn't seem to mind, obviously the drink he thought, he didn't know how much she was enjoying it. He had seen Gary move his hand round to her pussy, so he tried the same, very slowly, she didn't object, as he too, slid a finger into her soaking pussy, she ground on his finger until the song ended and then they returned to the table. The tempo changed again, back to the faster music, Heather thought her fun might be over now, as did the lads, but it wasn't over yet.  
  
Gary came back and called everyone 'Miserable buggers', for sitting there and not dancing, so a group of them, four guys, one girl, and Heather, went to dance, her boob tube was having trouble holding her boobs for these quicker songs, and she spent half the time pulling it back into place, while at the same time affording the guys plenty of opportunities to catch a sly grope, after about fifteen minutes, the gropes became more frequent, and blatant, Heather openly pressing back onto whichever hand was groping her. She found herself gradually surrounded by all five of the group, and she had hands groping her ass, her pussy, and pulling her boob tube down.  
  
Her skirt was around her waist, and her boob tube was halfway down her body, as hands pulled, stroked, and probed every orifice, she even felt a finger trying to get up her ass. Even the girl, Marcia, was touching her up, she returned her touches, and soon had Marcia's boobs out, pinching her nipples, and bending forward to lick her nipples, as she did so, the finger trying to get up her ass, did, and she shot back upright again, as her orgasm hit her. Her clothes were rearranged, and she was helped off the dance floor. Heather thanked them all for a great night, before heading off in search of a taxi home, she'd had enough for one night.  
  
It had been two long, monotonous weeks since Heather's night club exhibition. Her workload had doubles since a fellow sales manager had walked out, and she found herself having to take on his work before a replacement could be appointed. Every day was spent pouring over endless pages of sales figures, and every night was the same. Finally, after a new sales manager had been found, Heather found her workload returning to normal and she could finally have some fun.  
  
Driving home from the office one Thursday night, she took a route through the city, rather than her usual route around. She was looking for a good restaurant to eat at rather than cook, when she saw a sign on a building on the corner of a side street. It was a subtle neon sign, and her curious nature was stirred, it had the shape of a naked woman on it. Heather pulled over in a parking bay, locked her car, and walked back to the side street.  
  
Walking to the front of the building where the sign was located, she saw that the sign was for a table dancing club. Heather had never been in one, but was fascinated by stories she had heard about them from male colleagues during coffee breaks. As she stood by the door, looking at the pictures of girls appearing there tonight, a tall guy in a tuxedo came out of the doorway, he looked over to her and smiled. As Heather approached the door he opened it and wished her a good evening. Heather was amazed, the lobby of the club was very smartly decorated, she didn't expect a club of this kind to like it.  
  
A young woman sat behind a counter in the corner, she welcomed Heather and asked if she wanted to enter the club. Heather said she was curious, but wasn't sure. As she stood looking around, another young woman, this time dressed only in a red bikini, covered by a wrap, entered the room from a side door. Heather had seen her picture on one of the posters, she was called Crystal. Crystal came over to her, asking if she was here for a job, Heather replied no, but told her why she had entered the club.

Crystal told her al about the club, but told her if she wanted a guided tour, she would be better to come back the next Wednesday night, as Thursdays were one of their busiest nights. Heather thanked her and said she'd try and make it back then. She left the club and walked to a nearby restaurant. Having eaten, she made her way back to her car, passing by the club again. She looked up at the glowing neon sign, 'Pussy Galore's' it said, Heather laughed, great name, she chuckled to herself, as she made her way home.  
  
The next few days seemed to fly by, and before she knew it, Heather was stood outside 'Pussy Galore's' again. It was Wednesday and Heather was looking forward to meeting Crystal again. Entrance money paid, she entered the main room of the club and went up to the bar to get a drink. While she was waiting for her change, she felt a tap on the shoulder, it was Crystal. Crystal told her she didn't think she'd come, Heather said she'd been looking forward to it. Crystal took Heather over to meet three of the other dancers, and within a few minutes she had been introduced, and felt more at ease.  
  
As she sat with the other girls, she could see guys getting table dances from some of the other girls, and was amazed at the power they seemed to have, the guys were entranced by the visions in front of them, some couldn't seem to decide which part of the girls anatomy to look at, some just sitting there virtually dribbling. Heather was amazed that the guys just sat there as the girl danced just inches from them, but not one tried to touch there girl. Crystal explained it was the rules, the club operated a 'touch'n'go' policy, that meant that if a guy touched a girl then he went, with force if necessary, that's why there were the bouncers.  
  
'There is one place where they can touch the girl though', said Donna, one of the other dancers, 'In the private booths', she said smiling. The others laughed, apparently Donna liked to dance in the private booths, in fact they all did. You see the girls only got paid £10 for a table dance, but in the private area they charged £20, and for that you could do a lap dance, which guys where happy to pay more for. But the main reason that the girls liked the booths was that the club manager was real strict, about what was, and what wasn't allowed in a 'respectable establishment' , the girls laughed again at Crystal impression of her boss, obviously he was a bit of an asshole, or that's the impression Heather got, and the booths allowed the girls to be a little naughty if they liked the guy.  
  
In the booths the girls could let the guys have a feel, could feel them or even get the guys knob out and rub him off. The bouncers who looked after that area was easily pleased, and turned a blind eye for the odd private dance himself. If the manager knew he'd flip, but the girls were careful not to do anything in the main dance room to make him suspicious. Heather was curious as to why they would do the special dances, she was told that most of the girls who did this were exhibitionists, and they got horny showing off to the guys, and more importantly for some of them, the more they did, the more they could charge.  
  
Gina, one of the girls chatting to Heather, told of a guy who came in once a week, she dances for him for an hour, and he pays her £200 a time. 'And what do you have to do for that?' Heather asked curiously, I start off just letting him touch me for the first few dances, then I rub him through his trousers, let him finger me for a while, then as his hour's nearly up, I get his cock out, and rub him off.  
  
All the girls smirked, apparently they all had a special customer, or two, and it paid the bills, as well as giving them a buzz. Heather decided to tell them all about her exhibitionist adventures over the last month. They all listened intently, before saying she should try dancing . Heather laughed, saying she hadn't got the bottle. Crystal said if she could do what she'd done recently, then dancing should be easy money. As she'd said before, money wasn't an issue, but she did like the idea of the power trip, and the buzz she'd get. Donna offered to show her how they danced properly, so getting up she started to dance for Heather.  
  
The other girls gave them room, allowing room for Donna to get her legs between Heather's, dancing ever more provocatively, as she slipped her bikini gradually from her body. As Donna finally revealed her large 36d cup boobs, Heather felt herself becoming like the guys, her mouth hanging open, loving every second of the dance. Donna dropped her knickers, revealing a shaven pussy, bending over in front of Heather, and pulling her ass open, revealing the moist lips of her pussy. Donna's pussy was only inches from her face as she wriggled it around, Heather felt her own pussy becoming moist while her mouth became dry, she ran her tongue round her lips, trying to moisten them.  
  
She heard the other girls laugh, then realised what it must have looked like, they obviously thought she licked pussy, and not just moistening her lips. As the song finished, the girls told Donna what she'd done, she hooted, but Heather protested her innocence. 'If you like my dancing out here, you wanna come in one of the booths with me', laughed Donna. Heather just blushed. Although her lip-licking was in all innocence, she had felt herself getting turned on, while never ruling out having sex with a girl, she had never had the nerve to try it. Heather had a dance from all the other girls on the table, taking great care not to lick her lips mid-dance again, and finally all the girls had to leave the table to go earn their money.  
  
Donna returned from a dance in the private booths, just as Crystal was the last to leave. Donna asked if Heather would like to see round the booths, curious as ever, Heather followed Donna, not realising that Donna meant that she was going to dance for her, as apposed to just show her the booth. Heather sat down with her drink, and Donna pushed the little table out of the way, leaving the whole area in front of Heather ready for a dance. Heather protested, saying she wasn't sure, but Donna told her to relax and enjoy it, but if she really felt that uncomfortable she would stop. Heather thought about it and let Donna continue. Heather sat watching this blonde goddess standing before her, slipping out of her yellow lilac bikini, revealing all her charms to Heather's gaze.  
  
This time, instead of stopping a few inches from Heather's face with her erect nipples, Donna glanced them over her face, stopping as one lingered over Heather's open mouth, she let her tongue lick gently over the end of the nipple, before sucking it into her mouth, at the same time bringing her hands up to caress Donna's ass. Donna didn't try to back off, even pushing towards slightly towards her, letting Heather get a better grip on her ass. As Donna continued to dance, she pulled away, before going on her knees between Heather's open legs, letting her hands run up along Heather's thighs, pushing up her skirt, till Heather's g-string came into view.  
  
Donna leant forward and blew over her g- string covered pussy, before pulling herself up Heather's body, stopping at her boobs to nuzzle her through her boob tube. Heather couldn't help herself, she was so turned on, while pulling Donna closer to her boobs, she pushed her boob tube down, revealing two erect nipples to Donna's eyes. Donna wasted no time in chewing on her nipples, biting them and sucking hard, sending bolts of passion through Heather's body. As Donna sucked on her nipples, Heather reached down and pulled and squeezed on Donna's boobs, mauling them and rolling the nipples round and round. Donna dropped to the floor between Heather's outspread legs, yanked her g-string to one side and stuck her tongue up Heather's dripping wet pussy.  
  
Heather went straight into an orgasm, riding Donna's face as she continued to lick and suck on her clitty and stick her tongue as far as it would go up her contracting pussy. As the two girls kissed after the dance, Heather asked if she could taste her pussy, Donna said she would love it, so she sat in Heather's place as she opened her legs, letting Heather get her first taste of another woman's pussy.  
  
She liked it, licking faster and more incessantly as Donna reached an orgasm of her own. Heather sat chatting to the group of girls again later and told them she'd love to try dancing, but couldn't because of the danger of getting caught by someone who knew her from work. Crystal said that one night a week they all worked at a club fifty miles away, it was called 'The Hot Stuff' and the manager was much more relaxed there, they could do most of what they did in the private booths here, in the open there.  
  
The great thing was that there was an amateur night coming up the very next week, and whoever won that would be offered a job there. Heather thought this was the perfect opportunity to have a go, because it was an amateur night, it wouldn't matter if she messed up, or didn't like it, she could just stop and leave. So plans were made to meet there for the next amateur night.  
  
Heather got a call from Crystal on Saturday, telling her the amateur night had been moved forward to the following night. Heather told her she couldn't wait. Crystal laughed. and asked' So just what did you and Donna do when she danced in private for you, I asked her, she wouldn't say?', it was Heather's turn to laugh now, 'If she ain't telling, then neither am I'. Both girls laughed, agreeing to meet at the strip club the next night. As Heather walked into the strip club, she saw the other girls already at a table, she got a drink and walked over. 'I've already put your name down Heather', said Donna, 'didn't want you to forget to enter', Donna laughed, as did the others.  
  
There were four other girls entered into the amateur night strip show, two younger than Heather, and two older, it was the younger ones that Heather thought would prove the hardest to beat. The first girl to strip was introduced as Francine, she was 34, and had large d cup boobs. Her strip was nothing special and Heather ruled her out as a contender for the first prize. Girl number two was virtually a girl, only 18, and called Gina.  
  
Her striptease was much better, even letting two guys in the front row touch her small b cup boobs as she bent over in front of them. She got a much bigger round of applause than the next girl, who only got as far as taking her top off, before rushing from the stage, and disappearing out of the club, followed by her boyfriend, he'd obviously talked her into it, and now had to race after her. Next came an older woman called Pam, she was naked very quickly, and let almost all the men in the front row have a grope of her swinging d cup boobs as she rolled around on the front of the stage, only calling a halt as one guy tried to finger her hairy bush.  
  
Finally it was Heather's turn, she was glad to be last, as she knew what she had to do to win. She started off very much like Pam, getting her top and pants straight off, but kept her knickers on for the first few minutes, before calling to the crowd, asking if they wanted to see more. Of course they did, and she whipped her knickers off, showing all the crowd her neatly trimmed pussy. Heather let guys touch her as she crawled along the front of the stage, even letting the odd finger touch her pussy as she crawled further along. As her strip ended, she spread her legs in front of a table of three guys, she beckoned them forward, and while two guys each had a nipple in their mouths, the third went straight down on her pussy. All too soon for her liking, the music ended, and she was given a rapturous applause as she left the stage.  
  
Heather rejoined the girls, all giving her a kiss and telling her she was a natural, asking how she felt about her first strip in front of a crowd. She admitted she was wet, pulling her knickers to one side to show Donna, and Crystal, her sodden pussy. Before asking if all the girls got such a buzz by it. They did.  
  
Heather found that her strip had turned her on even more than her other adventures, and was keen to do it again. Her wish was fulfilled, she won the contest, and was asked to perform a strip again. Heather walked onto the stage to a thunderous applause, she went into her routine, this time putting more into it, letting her dress fall to the floor before pulling her underwear off. As she again crawled along the stage, she allowed hands to paw her all over before again turning on her back, allowing a man to get between her legs, licking and sucking on her pussy.  
  
She then moved to the girls table, pulling Donna's head towards her pussy, urging her to lick her in front of all the other girls, while Donna licked her, Crystal and Maya fastened themselves to each of her nipples. As Donna licked her, she pushed two fingers inside her pussy, pumping them in and out, forcing Heather to moan, quickly coming to an orgasm.  
  
As Heather's orgasm overtook her body a guy climbed on stage, jacking his cock over her face, covering her in his cum. Heather licked it all up and pulled Donna up to kiss her as her strip ended.

**Heather's Exhibitionist Streak Ch. 2**

Heather worked at 'The Hot Stuff' for some six weeks on a Saturday night before she decided she needed more. Although her audition had involved being licked and cum all over, the most that had happened since that night was having the occasional finger up her pussy, as the management had had a visit from the local authorities, and now wouldn't let any girls go as far as before.  
  
Heather had a call one night from Crystal, she was ill and wondered if Heather could fill in for her at a private party. It transpired that Crystal was booked, along with Maya and Donna, to perform at a stag do in a house on the edge of town. Heather jumped at the chance to fill in, and Crystal explained that it was a full stag do, but not to worry as the others would show her what to do, oh, and of course there was the fee of £1000 per girl. Heather told her she would do it for nothing if she'd asked, Crystal laughed, and it was arranged for Donna to pick her up on the evening.  
  
Donna arrived at six o'clock on the following Saturday evening, Heather got into her car and they went off to the edge off town to the house where the stag do was to take place. As the two girls pulled up to the large house, Heather started to get the buzz in her stomach that she got when she exhibited herself. Her insides felt like they were going to turn inside out, but she loved the feeling. Donna pulled her BMW up to the front door, parking behind Maya's that was already there.  
  
They were ushered in and directed to the bedroom where Maya was already getting changed. Maya kissed them both as they entered the room, and Heather and Donna got their clothes out, ready to change into their own gear. Maya was to dance first, she was wearing a long black evening gown, with three inch heels, and had her long dark hair tied back. Donna chose to wear a white mini-dress and low heels, while Heather was to wear her favourite purple evening gown, with four inch heels. When the girls were ready, Heather and Donna joined the guests downstairs and prepared them to watch Maya's first strip.  
  
As Maya entered the lounge, all the men took their seats, and Maya began her well practised routine. Working her way round all the men, teasing them, and slowly peeling off her dress, then her bra, and then finally her g-string. Untying her hair, letting it fall around her shoulders, she started the close dancing, letting a few guys have a feel, before finally sitting on the groom's lap and gyrating her ass over his cock till she felt him stiffen, then go limp. To a round of applause, she left the room. She returned, fully dressed a few minutes later, just as Donna started her dance.  
  
As I said in part one, Donna was a very well endowed Texan, with long blonde hair, a stark contrast to Maya, who was a petite Thai beauty. Donna start by walking round the room, inviting the assembled men to help her out of her dress, letting them all have a grope as they did so. Finally ending up naked, she also sat on the groom, Gary's lap. Rubbing herself on him as he sucked on her erect nipples, giving her as much pleasure as she was giving him. Donna pulled him down to the floor and sat on his face as she wanked his cock, making him come and directing it onto her boob, rubbing it in before she to left the room to change.  
  
It was now Heather's turn, and she knew she would have to at least wank Gary, if not more, she couldn't wait. Donna returned to the room and Heather started her routine. Like Donna, she let the men undress her, letting them all have a feel, even letting one finger her as she leant over another, pushing her c-cup boobs in his face to lick on. As Heather turned her attention to Gary, she stripped him and kissed him all the way from his lips, to his again hard cock, before taking it in her mouth and sucking him.  
  
Heather felt a finger running down her ass, and allowed it to enter her dripping pussy, receiving a good fingering as she brought Gary off, swallowing some of his come, and directing the rest into the air, it landing on his chest, Heather rubbed her boobs over his chest, smearing it over her and his sweat laden chest. She got a huge applause, including the other girls, who were impressed by the 'rookie's' first private dance.  
  
The second part of the show was the real reason they were being paid a grand a piece. Knowing that Gary had already come three times in the first hour and a half, they didn't think he could manage much more, and prepared themselves for the expected flurry of available man meat that would be thrust their way during their second, and final dances. Let's face it, the three girls knew they weren't being paid to just dance, and they loved it.  
  
All three girls got changed into bikini's and made their way into the lounge, each taking a group of men, and waited for the music to begin. As the stereo blared into life, they all set about putting on the best show they could for the guys. Heather was the first to get totally naked, and lay back to let hands paw all over her firm young body, fingers and hands probing her every orifice.  
  
Donna wasn't far behind, and had one cock in her mouth while wanking off two others, and having a tongue attacking her wet shaven pussy. Meanwhile Maya was already bucking on a large cock, taking it all the way into her trimmed pussy, pulling at the pants of another, pulling his cock towards her willing mouth. Heather sat on one cock, letting Gary put his up her tight anal passage, grunting as they both went to town on her body, sending her spasming towards an orgasm.  
  
Heather crying out for them to do her harder, god she was enjoying it so much and seemed to have an almost continual orgasm as one overrode the other. Donna was also getting two cocks, one in her mouth, and an enormous cock belonging to the best man, it was easily ten, or eleven inches, and as thick as her arm, sliding slowly up her pussy, before he really stared to hammer home, pushing it all the way up, before taking it almost out again, and then thrusting right back in again. Donna loved to fuck, but even she was having trouble taking this punishment.  
  
Maya, meanwhile, was also getting some double penetration, till the one in her ass, spurted its contents into her reamed ass, leaking fluid as he pulled out, spunk tricking out and covering the cock of the guy she was bouncing down on. Eventually there were just a sea of bodies all over the room, each girl taking spunk baths, as one after the other, the guys covered their insides, tits, and faces with their cream.  
  
Finally all three decided to make Gary's day, and while Donna sat on his face, Heather rode his cock, and Maya licked his cock as Heather slide her wet pussy right up and down. Gary shouted he was gonna come, and Heather clamped herself down, all the way on his cock, while Maya, raked his ball with her nails, and Donna ground herself on his face, coming as she did so. Gary let loose, and shook with the force, as the three really went to town on his ravaged body.  
  
Filling Heather's pussy, she too orgasmed, and let his cock wilt before sliding off, Donna got off his face, and licked every drop out of her pussy, letting all the guys get a good view as she then exchanged sperm kisses with Maya.  
  
The girls got a large tip for their performance, and were asked to perform at another stag do in a few weeks time. That was a fantastic party, but then that's another story...!