**Her Second Job**

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**Her Second Job Ch. 01**

After going to law school and then spending a year working for a federal judge in the South, I decided that I wanted to return to my hometown in the lower Midwest. I was fortunate to be hired as an associate by Sparks, Herman & Mann. SHM had about 120 lawyers, and slightly more staff, spread over six floors in a relatively new downtown office tower. There was also a satellite office in the state capital, a couple hours' drive to the north.  
  
As a new lawyer, I mainly did legal research and document review. In the latter function, I worked with several of the Firm's paralegals. In case you don't know, a paralegal is someone, typically with an associate or bachelor's degree, who is not a lawyer but who has some knowledge of and training in the legal system. Paralegals perform tasks under the "supervision" of licensed lawyers. In truth, the more experienced paralegals knew a hell of a lot more about how litigation and the courthouse worked than us young lawyers.  
  
I was assigned as the most junior lawyer on a team in the Firm defending a large hospital system in a huge False Claims Act case. Without going into boring detail, the False Claims Act lets anyone sue a vendor who has overcharged the federal government. The damages are a multiple of the overcharge amount, plus penalties, plus attorney's fees. The person who files the suit and the Government share any recovery. This case alleged that the hospital system had overcharged Medicare and Medicaid systematically for years. There were many millions potentially at stake.  
  
The plaintiff in our case had gotten a court order allowing her access to the hospital system's records on thousands of patients. That raised huge issues concerning the privacy of the patients, who were not parties to the case. I was responsible for ensuring that every page of every patient's chart was reviewed and that any information which might identify the patient was deleted, or "redacted," from the copies of the charts which would be produced to the plaintiff. That's how I met Denise Hines.  
  
Denise was an SHM paralegal. She was about my age, 26, and about my height, just under six feet. That was where the resemblances ended. Denise had wavy blonde hair which she wore cut just above her shoulders. She had a somewhat round face; very blue eyes; prominent cheekbones; a small, pert nose; a strong chin; and a wide, sensuous mouth. Despite the conservative clothes Denise wore to work, it was obvious that she had a very attractive, athletic, body.  
  
Denise was assigned to help me redact the records. The records were digitized and stored on two computers, not connected to the Internet, in a locked room which the Firm rented in an older building across the street from the Firm's offices. You needed a keycard to enter or exit that room, which generated a record of who went in and out and when. Denise and I were together in that room eight to ten hours a day for months.  
  
Over the first couple of weeks, I learned that Denise was bright, with a good sense of humor and a pleasant personality. She was from a city about 50 miles northwest of town and had gotten her bachelor's at the local state university. SHM had hired her straight out of college. Her goal was to work at the Firm long enough to save the money that would let her go to law school.  
  
Being together as much as we were five days per week, Denise and I were either going to annoy the crap out of each other or become friends. Fortunately, we became friends. After a couple of weeks, we were eating lunch together several times a week. I learned that Denise played tennis and liked to kayak. She learned that I had wrestled at 197 in college, although I'd gotten out of shape since given the time demands of law school and starting a career.  
  
"You don't look out of shape," Denise had said, smiling.  
  
Did that mean she was interested in me? I'd become very attracted to Denise. She was a great person, I thought, and drop-dead gorgeous. I went back and forth in my mind for over a week before, one Thursday, I mustered the courage to ask her out the following Saturday.  
  
A slightly sad look came over Denise's face. "Harry, I'd love to, but I have a second job. I work nights most Fridays and Saturdays. I'm working this weekend."  
  
Denise didn't tell me what she did as a second job. I didn't ask. If she wanted me to know, she'd tell me. I assumed that she bartended or waitressed somewhere. I doubted that she'd want people she knew at the Firm hanging around at her other job distracting her or trying to get her to comp them a drink.  
  
We'd started reviewing and redacting patient records in March. By early May, we were more than halfway through the project. We'd learned early on that the old building we were in didn't have very effective heating. An unusually warm first week of May taught us that the AC was equally bad. Denise and I discussed wearing tee shirts and shorts to work but dismissed the idea. The partner in charge of the case occasionally showed up in our work area unannounced. SHM was a very conservative firm. We both feared getting into trouble for being "unprofessionally dressed" at work. We dressed as lightly as we thought we could get away with. That confirmed my belief that Denise had a stunning body.  
  
I said SHM was in my hometown. I actually grew up about twenty miles east of the city in an area that had been rural but had since become suburban. An old high school buddy called me in mid-May wanting to meet up. Given my less than dynamic social life, I agreed.  
  
I met Brett that Saturday night at a pizzeria out in our old stomping grounds. We drank a few beers, ate pizza, and caught up. While I'd done seven years of school after high school, Brett had done two years of trade school. He was now a licensed electrician and, if his Ram pick-up was any indicator, was doing much better than I was.  
  
It was around 9:00 p.m. It had been nice to see Brett again, but I was thinking about going home. I had about a 45-minute drive back to my apartment. Thinking that I was wrapping things up, I commented that area didn't seem to have changed much in nine years.  
  
"Lots has changed," Brett replied. "For instance, you know the big plant out in New Bethel closed back in '09? Well someone opened up a bar in one of the buildings out there that has nude dancers."  
  
That was surprising. The area had always been conservative. Back in school, the teachers had reminded us weekly that we needed to go to church on Sundays and Wednesday nights. None of the few stores that had magazines had ever carried Playboy.  
  
After a moment, Brett said, "Hey, let's drive out there and see some naked pussy."  
  
I really didn't want to. New Bethel was another ten miles east, and I cringed at the thought of who would dance nude in a redneck place like that. Brett, however, was insistent. I finally agreed.  
  
Most of the factory site had been cleared. What remained was a single-story concrete block building that had a long front facing the road. The building had no windows but illuminated beer signs on either side of a solid steel door made clear this was a bar. The gravel parking lot was about 75% full, with a lot of pick-up trucks but also BMWs and Subarus. I reluctantly followed Brett to the door. Shitkicker bars out in the boonies were something I'd gladly left behind when I'd gone to college.  
  
Inside was a shock given the grim exterior. The bar had more light than I expected. The tables and chairs looked new, clean, and unabused. The floor was finished concrete, but my shoes didn't stick as I walked. A long bar with, maybe, thirty different taps on the wall behind it ran the length of the room to my left. A low stage was built against the wall to my right. A half dozen female waitresses circulated among the tables in uniforms that had obviously been copied from Hooters.  
  
The tables were all taken but Brett and I found seats at the bar. A cute redheaded barmaid got me a glass of Boddington's draft and charged me fifteen dollars. I'd just taken a sip of my beer when a voice came over the PA saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for our ten o'clock show." The announcement was understated, not hyped. Looking around, I saw, of course, predominantly men but also a reasonable number of women.  
  
Music started, thankfully not painfully loud. A slender brunette came onstage. This was not a strip bar; the girl came onstage completely nude save for a garter. The dancer was much more attractive than I'd expected. Watching her dance, I thought that the girl had some ballet training. She was also amazingly flexible and frequently extended a leg into the air over her head or above her shoulders. Those moves had the effect of exposing her fully to the audience. I assumed that was the point.  
  
The brunette danced three songs. After each song, she walked around the edge of the stage taking cash and putting the bills in her garter in time-honored stripper fashion. The brunette was followed on stage by a very well-built black girl. Her dancing was more athletic and less artistic than the first dancer but was equally effective in showing us all her body. She was worth seeing.  
  
I like nude women at least as much the average heterosexual guy. But I've never been a big fan of strip clubs. Although the dancers are the ones who are naked, I always feel it is the customers getting screwed. You overpay for 'look but don't dare touch.' I'd finished my beer and was about to leave when the third dancer came on stage.  
  
The third dancer was a stunningly beautiful blonde. She reminded me of Denise Hines. The longer I watched, the more I thought she looked like Denise. Of course, that was absurd. Denise was a paralegal at Sparks, Herman & Mann. She was classy and a college graduate. Denise wouldn't be dancing nude in a concrete-block bar out in the sticks. Besides, I'd only seen Denise clothed. How could I say that a nude dancer looked like her? I could only guess what Denise looked like naked. Still, I couldn't shake the thought that the dancer looked a hell of a lot like Denise.  
  
The blonde's dancing wasn't as balletic as the first dancer or as assertively athletic as the black girl. I guess I'd compare the blonde's dancing to college cheerleaders or a college dance team. Like the two previous dancers, the blonde made sure that the audience saw every part of her body. However, while the previous dancers had been good-looking, the blonde was gorgeous. She gave the impression that she was really having fun. Although I'd intended to leave, the blonde was like a magnet holding me there.  
  
The blonde dancer's resemblance to Denise Hines bugged me. During her third dance, I pulled a bill out of my wallet and walked over to the stage. I stood against the back wall of the room, next to the entrance from the back onto the stage. The blonde would have to pass me as she made her exit. I hoped that the bill in my hand would make me look like another guy waiting to tip her rather than a creep about to molest her. I just wanted to satisfy myself that the blonde dancer wasn't really Denise.  
  
The blonde had finished her third song at the far end of the stage. She walked slowly along the stage towards me, collecting her tips. She seemed proud and very happy to be naked in front of a room full of people.  
  
I'm not sure why, but, as the dancer came closer, I started looking down at the floor. When I sensed that she was close, I looked up and extended my hand holding the bill. My first surprise was that I'd unwittingly pulled a twenty out of my wallet. My greater surprise came from realizing that the dancer was, indeed, Denise. She recognized me and her smile seemed to broaden slightly. She took the twenty, said "Thank you Harry," and went off stage.  
  
I was confused. I had been seriously attracted to Denise but now I'd discovered that she moonlighted as a nude dancer. Did that mean she was a slut or even a hooker? On the other hand, she looked even more beautiful naked than she did clothed, and she'd seemed to be having so much fun. I walked back to the bar, told Brett that I was not feeling well, and went home.  
  
Driving home, I couldn't get the image of Denise nude onstage out of my head. The images of her bare cunt and asshole exposed to a room full of people, and her smiling face above her hard nipples, played in my mind. The sheer joy she had communicated while exposing herself made the memory intensely erotic. I realized that I'd had a hard-on since the middle of Denise's first song. At home, I undressed, lay on my bed, and jerked off to my memory of Denise Hines dancing nude onstage.  
  
I was at work early the following Monday. I was curious whether Denise would say anything about Saturday. I was plugging away at a computer in the document room when I heard the door unlock in response to Denise's keycard. I turned to look as Denise walked into the room.  
  
It was another warm day. Denise wore a short sleeve knit top and a skirt that stopped about four inches above her knees. She looked very beautiful, confident, and poised. She went to the other computer and put her purse down. After a long silence, Denise said, "Well, Harry, now you know why I can't go out with you on the weekends." We were looking each other in the eyes. Denise started to smile. "I'm glad you came out there Saturday," she said. "What did you think?"  
  
I hadn't expected that question. "The only reason I went there," I said, "was because I'd met an old high school buddy and he wanted to go. The bar was much nicer than I expected from what my friend said before we got there."  
  
"I meant what did you think about my dancing?" Denise persisted.  
  
Gulp. "Well," I started, "you dance very well."  
  
Denise sat down. "Come on Harry, we're friends," Denise said. "Quit evading the issue. What did you think about me dancing in the nude?"  
  
Cornered. Another gulp. "I thought that you look very, very beautiful with no clothes on," I replied, "and you seemed to be having a blast. How did you get into it?"  
  
"Thank you for the compliment," Denise said. She seemed genuinely pleased that I thought she looked beautiful naked.  
  
Denise took a sip from the cup of coffee she'd brought with her. "It's pretty simple how I got into it," she said. "I was having real money problems about a year ago. I was moaning to a friend from college one evening after work. Alicia, my friend, works at an architectural firm. She told me that she'd had the same trouble until she started dancing out in New Bethel. I was floored by how much she said she made every weekend."  
  
Denise took another sip of coffee. She was looking at my face, I guess trying to gauge whether I was judging her. She put the coffee down and resumed her story.  
  
"I was shocked that Alicia danced nude and that she would admit it to me. I was a little offended when Alicia suggested that I try it and that she thought I'd have fun. I emphatically said no and cut the evening short," Denise said. "When I got home, my Visa bill was in the mail. It was the first of the month and another rent payment was due. I didn't have the money."  
  
Denise paused, sipped more coffee, and resumed. "The next day, I couldn't stop thinking about what Alicia had said. I knew that Alicia isn't a slut and that we enjoyed a lot of the same things. I imagined myself on a stage, naked, in front of strangers. It was scary, but shit I shouldn't admit this, also exciting. I remembered back to high school when I swam. We wore those form-fitting suits. When you bent over on the blocks to start a race, anyone behind you saw basically everything outlined by your suit. I remembered that I'd always found that exciting."  
  
Denise stopped, as if deciding how much more she should tell me. "Anyway, to make a long story shorter," Denise resumed, "I called Alicia and she got me on as a dancer at the bar in New Bethel. I was so scared that first time. I'd gotten my clothes off and was waiting for the dancer before me to finish. When she came off, I froze. I couldn't step onstage. Alicia came up and gave me a small shove through the curtain."  
  
Denise put her coffee cup down. "You said that I seemed to be having fun Saturday night," she said. "Yeah, I was having a great time. Once I was out there it felt great not to have any clothes on. I had the thrill of doing something taboo. Seeing everyone looking at me made me feel powerful. Knowing that they were seeing my bare tits, ass, and pussy got me really horny. That first night, I came during my third song. It's still a thrill I can't completely explain. You have to experience it to know how great it feels to do it."  
  
Listening to Denise describe her first experience with nude dancing affected me. It wasn't just her words but the way she said them as she described being onstage naked. I had a hard-on and my khaki trousers weren't hiding that fact.  
  
Denise looked at my lap then looked up at me and smiled. "You know my secret," she said. "Now, I want to know one of yours. Did you jerk off thinking about me Saturday night?"  
  
At that point, I felt that I had to be honest with her. "Yes," I said.  
  
"I'm glad," Denise said.  
  
Denise got to work. About an hour later, Denise leaned back from her computer. There was a hint of a laugh in her voice as she said, "Harry, you do know that the bar out there has male dancers on Wednesday nights."  
  
"No, I didn't know that," I replied honestly. What did that matter?  
  
"Would you do it?" Denise asked.  
  
I started to say no and hell no. I caught myself. I remembered the look of joy on Denise's face when she was dancing Saturday and an hour ago when she was talking about it. Had I done anything in the last few years that I'd enjoyed that much? Would I enjoy being nude on a stage in front of people the way she did? Did I want to find out? "I don't know," was what I replied.  
  
Denise giggled. "That's a start."  
  
My relationship with Denise changed that Monday. We talked more. We sat closer together. We seemed to bump into and brush against each other more. I really liked the way Denise smiled when we looked at each other.  
  
We were wrapping up for the week on the Friday after I'd seen Denise nude dancing. "Are you coming out to New Bethel this weekend?" she asked.  
  
I was conflicted. I wanted to see Denise nude but that somehow seemed a breach of our friendship. "I don't think I can handle those drink prices too often," I replied. "Fifteen bucks for a draft beer?"  
  
Denise laughed. "I get that. Still, I'd really like it if you came out."  
  
I was thrilled that Denise had said, in substance, that she wanted me to see her nude. Still, I couldn't bring myself to go back. The following Monday, the first thing Denise said to me was "I missed you this weekend." I started to respond but Denise smiled and cut me off. "I know, it's a long drive out there. That's ok." She reached into her purse and pulled out a twenty-dollar bill. She tried to hand it to me. "Your tip was way above the norm Harry." When I didn't reach for the bill, Denise added, "Please take it back. You don't have to pay to see me naked." I took the bill and used it to buy her a couple drinks after work.  
  
I promised myself that I'd go back to New Bethel and watch Denise dance over the Memorial Day weekend. When I mentioned that to Denise the Thursday before the long weekend, she frowned. "No," she said, "I wouldn't do that. It gets really crowded on holiday weekends. Kurt, the owner, brings in some extra security. I make a ton of money, but holiday weekends are just a job, not fun. I'd rather you come out on a weekend when I'm enjoying what I do."

I had worked myself up to go back to New Bethel. I was more than a little disappointed that Denise didn't want me out there that weekend. The thought crossed my mind that it wasn't the crowd but a particular person in the crowd that was Denise's reason for asking me to stay away. I was depressed the entire holiday weekend.  
  
The Tuesday after Memorial Day, Denise and I assessed. We'd finally be done with the redacting that week. I should have been glad to be quit of that boring task. I was, to the contrary, unhappy. Finishing the task meant the end of spending every workday with Denise. It was probably better for my career to be back in the Firm mainstream instead of isolated across the street. But I couldn't count on seeing Denise anywhere near as often.  
  
As usual, Denise and I went out to lunch together. Over sandwiches, she said, "Harry, I'm off this weekend. There's a lake I like about four and a half hours from here. I thought I'd get the kayak and head down there early Saturday morning. You want to come along?"  
  
I probably sounded over eager when I said, "Absolutely!"  
  
Denise smiled. "Great," she said. "We'll have to get up early to get the kayak from the lock-up. If we're on the road by 6:00 a.m., we should be on the water by 11:00. That gives us almost ten hours of light. Bring a change of clothes. There are some restaurants and motels at the exit where I get off the interstate. We can overnight down there and come back Sunday morning." The idea of an "overnight" with Denise more than offset my disappointment over my last week of sharing workspace with her.  
  
It was very early, but already warm, when I picked Denise up that Saturday. She wore a college tee shirt and baggy shorts and carried a small bag. She looked wonderful. After a stop at a self-service storage facility to pick up her two-person kayak and strap it to the roof of my car, we were on the highway headed southeast by 6:00 a.m. as planned.  
  
We spent the three and a half hours on the freeway sharing the parts of our life stories the other person didn't already know. My admiration for Denise went up as a result of that conversation. Once she told me to get off the freeway, I followed her directions as we wound along two-lane backroads through a corner of Appalachia. After about an hour, Denise had me turn into a road by a sign identifying a national forest and a dam operated by the Corps of Engineers.  
  
We ended up in a parking lot by the dam. Behind the dam was a huge lake that looked to be a couple of miles across and that extended north beyond what I could see. "Park as close to the water as possible," Denise directed. I did. We got the kayak down, packed it with the lunch we had brought, and carried it to the water's edge. Even in the mountains, it was a hot day.  
  
We set the kayak down. Denise pulled off her tee shirt. Despite my hopes, she wore a bikini top underneath it. "You'll probably be more comfortable if you take your shirt off Harry," Denise suggested. I followed the suggestion and slathered myself with sunscreen. Denise did my back which was, well, nice.  
  
We put the kayak in the water. "You sit in front," Denise said. I got into the kayak a little unsteadily. Denise got in behind me and used her paddle to push us out into the water. We spent several minutes just off the shore as Denise explained to me how to paddle a kayak and had me practice a little. When Denise was either satisfied or gave up, we started paddling north.  
  
Being in back allowed Denise to steer. I just provided propulsion. Even on the water, the lake stretched north beyond my visual horizon. There were several powerboats out, fishing I assumed. We were the only kayak or canoe.  
  
We had been paddling for about half hour when I saw a finger of the lake branching off to my left. "Let's go into that cove," Denise said. She did what was necessary to turn us that direction. I just tried not to work against her.  
  
As we entered the cove, I saw trees right at, or in, the water. Glancing down at the water, I saw it was very shallow with roots, logs, and rocks at the bottom. That was no problem for a kayak, but I thought that the powerboats would not want to venture in. As the cove began to curve to my left, I saw a clearing on the shore. "Let's beach the kayak there," Denise said. "We can eat lunch."  
  
We paddled towards the shore. After the first time my paddle hit something on the bottom, I got out, carefully, and carefully pulled the kayak ashore. I was looking down to see what I was stepping on until I got the kayak firmly on land. Looking back, I saw that Denise had taken her top off. As she got out of the kayak, I realized that she had taken everything off. There were low hills running up from both sides of the cove, covered with leafed-out trees. Denise, naked, seemed more appropriately dressed in that setting than I was in my board shorts.  
  
Denise handed me the small cooler we'd brought containing sandwiches and drinks. Looking around, I realized that the curve of the cove put us out of sight of the main body of the lake.  
  
Once I had set the cooler down, Denise came up to face me, very close. "You're seeing me naked again Harry," she said. "What do you think?"  
  
"I think that you are even more beautiful naked out here than you were in the bar," I replied.  
  
Denise was so close we were almost touching. I wasn't complaining. She got more beautiful the closer she came.  
  
"Good answer Harry," Denise said. She smiled and reached out for the drawstring on my shorts. "This is the second time you've seen me naked," she said. "Don't you agree that it's time for some gender equality?" Denise untied my drawstring and pushed my shorts down to my ankles. The circumstances had stimulated blood flow to my dick, but I wasn't fully hard. "Step out of the shorts Harry," Denise instructed. I did. She took a step back and looked me up and down. "You look pretty good naked too," Denise said. "Nude looks much better on you than what you wear to work."  
  
Denise and I looked at each other for several moments. There was definite sexual tension. Finally, Denise reached out, took my hand, and said, "Let's take a walk." She led me up the gentle slope way from the water. My shorts were still on the ground. I assumed that Denise's clothes were in the kayak.  
  
The trees created a canopy over us that made it noticeably cooler and more comfortable than it had been on the water. I let Denise lead both because she seemed to know where she was going and because I was enjoying watching her beautiful bare ass as she walked.  
  
After walking a few minutes, we reached a grove of evergreen trees. The ground under our feet was covered with soft pine needles. Denise stopped and turned to face me. She reached out for my left hand and gently drew me close to her. We looked at each other for a moment and then began to kiss. Denise let go of my hand. I reached up and began rubbing her nipple between my thumb and forefinger. As Denise's nipple hardened, she reached a hand between my legs. She didn't initially touch my dick but began rubbing the skin just behind my balls. I moved my hand down from her breast and began running my fingers over her close-cropped pubic hair.  
  
Denise took a small step to spread her legs. I put my hand between them and began tracing her lips with my finger. Denise had gotten me hard and my dickhead was rubbing against her belly. She started running her forefinger up and down the underside of my dick. I found her clit and began rubbing that with my finger. All the while, we'd been kissing with our tongues in each other's mouths.  
  
Denise broke our kiss and pulled her head back slightly. Looking straight into my eyes, she said, "Please?" She took both of my hands and lowered herself to her knees, leading me down with her. She lay back on the pine needles and spread her legs.  
  
I had packed rubbers in hopes of what might happen during our "overnight." Those were, of course, back in the car. I quickly stifled the mental question "Is this smart?" and got on my knees and forearms above Denise. She took my bare dick in her hand and guided me into her.  
  
Of course, having sex for the first time with a woman I was attracted to as much as I was to Denise created performance anxiety. I was scared that she'd decide I was a lousy lover. Denise seemed to appreciate that concern. She was very encouraging and great at giving feedback, saying that felt good or try this. I followed her directions. I also tried to pace myself. The last thing I wanted was to be done without getting her off.  
  
At first, our lovemaking was pleasant. It felt great to be in Denise and to feel her firm body under me. The expression on her face made her more beautiful. Her voice took on a special quality as she talked me through giving her pleasure.  
  
We hit a point where pleasant became passionate. Denise wrapped her arms and legs around me, tight. I didn't know if it was possible, but it felt like she had contracted the walls of her vagina around my dick. I had to push more forcefully and, as I did, her breathing became faster and her words fewer.  
  
I was working hard, but hard work had never felt better. Suddenly, Denise's embrace got even tighter. She squeaked, "let . . . it . . . GO!" As she said "go," her body convulsed. Her face took on a look I'd never seen on anyone before. I felt myself about to shoot and did a moment later, harder than I ever had before.  
  
Denise's eyes were closed, and she was breathing hard. I stayed in her and on top of her. As her breathing slowed, she opened her eyes and smiled the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen. She leaned her head up and kissed me on the lips. "I like that you don't pull out right away," she said.  
  
"I'd stay like this forever if I could," I replied.  
  
"That's a beautiful thought," Denise responded. After a moment of silence, she added, "I think that's called 'great sex.' I've never made love in the woods before. That was fun. We need to do this again." We kissed some more before I finally pulled out, stood up, and helped Denise to her feet.  
  
We walked back to the water's edge by the kayak. We cupped our hands to scoop up water to wash each other off. The water was cooler than I expected. I got the needles off Denise's back, ass, and legs easily, but combing them out of her hair with my fingers took some time. Denise washed off my dick and, holding me in her hand, said, "I shouldn't tell you, but I've been hoping to see and feel this." I'd seen Denise before but, that first time with her, she felt better than I'd imagined.  
  
We ate our lunch, put our trash back into the cooler, and got ready to go back onto the water. I picked up my shorts. Denise said, "Leave them off. No one can tell if you're naked. I'm the only one exposed when we're paddling." I dropped my shorts into the kayak.  
  
We paddled out into the main body of the lake and then north for a couple of hours. I guessed that it was three or four in the afternoon when Denise said it was time to turn around. Several powerboats had passed us, although none too close. I've no idea whether anyone realized that Denise was topless.  
  
We had been paddling at an easy pace. Still, we stopped on a clear area of the shore to take a break before we started back towards the dam. We were standing side-by-side, naked, looking out at the lake when a speedboat went by fast. I saw one of the passengers tap the captain on the shoulder and point to us. The speedboat made a wide circle to pass us again, slowing down as it did. The boat was idling as it passed a few yards off the shore. The two young men aboard were, I assumed, too mesmerized by Denise's beauty to do anything but look. The two young women in bikinis gave us thumbs up gestures. One yelled, "Y'all got the right idea."  
  
We had the kayak back atop my car by 7:30 p.m. I was wearing shorts and my tee shirt as I drove back to towards the Interstate. Denise just wore a long tee shirt. She explained that by saying, "I'm a lot more used to people seeing my bare bits that you are."  
  
As I approached the Interstate interchange, Denise had me pull into a small, four story, hotel. As I got out of the car to check in, Denise said, "You know we only need one room, right?" That was certainly what I was hoping.  
  
After I'd checked in and parked the car, Denise went through the lobby to the elevator carrying her small bag and wearing only her tee shirt. The slight breeze created by her walking caused the hem of the shirt to go up slightly exposing the bottom of her bare ass. I found that very erotic.  
  
Once we were in our room, I pulled Denise's shirt off over her head. We kissed some more as she undid my shorts. After she'd pulled my shirt off, I led her to the bed and sat her down on the edge. I gently pressed on her chest until she lay back. Kneeling on the floor, I spread her thighs and put my head between them. I moved up so that my mouth and tongue had access to her. I began licking Denise and then started sucking her clit.  
  
Denise put a hand on my head. "No fair," she said. "Stand up." I did. She slid around until she was lying on the length of the bed instead of across it. "Ok," she said with a smile, "get back to work but get that dick up here so I can get in it my mouth." I did as she asked and our 69 got both of us off. I'd had girlfriends in college and law school give me blow jobs. None had shown the enthusiasm Denise devoted to me that evening.  
  
After dinner at a chain steakhouse across the street, we came back to the room and undressed. I finally remembered the room's window and went to close the curtains. "Leave them open," Denise said. "Maybe someone on the Interstate will see us." The hotel ground floor was below the highway, so our room was about level with it.  
  
Denise had her back to me and was reaching in her bag as I came back from the window. She turned, holding up a package of condoms. "Well," she said, "give me credit for intending to practice safe sex. Don't worry Harry, I won't get pregnant."  
  
I put my arms around Denise and said, "I'm not worried about anything."  
  
Denise led me to the bed and told me to lie down on my back. She took me in her mouth. When I was hard, she got on the bed, straddled me, and lowered herself down on to me. Having Denise on top was great because it was easier to fondle her breasts and watch her face as we made love. Credit for our third mutual orgasm of the day went entirely to her.  
  
After we both came, we kissed for a while before Denise said she was tired. I pulled back the bedclothes while she went to the bathroom. Denise was standing by the bed when I came out of the bathroom. "Get in on your back," Denise said, "I want to try something."  
  
I lay down. Denise got in bed beside me and started fondling me. Denise has never had any trouble getting me hard. "I thought you were tired," I said.  
  
"I am," Denise replied. "I want to see if I can sleep with you in me. Alicia claims that she and her boyfriend do it. I want to try."  
  
I was dubious, but I didn't say anything as Denise got on top of me and slid down my body until my dick was completely inside her cunt. She kissed my chin and fell asleep. I was surprised how comfortable it felt with Denise sleeping on top of me. My next memory is of waking up, still inside her.  
  
When Denise woke up, she said, "I'll bet you need to piss." I nodded. She rolled off me, and I stood up. As I started towards the bathroom, Denise said, "May I watch?" That seemed weird to me and my face must have shown that. Denise smiled and said, "It's a quirk of mine. If someone might be a serious boyfriend, I need to see him piss." I usually have trouble pissing if I think someone is watching but had no trouble at all with Denise sitting on the edge of the tub staring intently at my dick.  
  
After I finished, Denise took a tissue and wiped off my dickhead. It sounds strange, but in context, it was a very warm, intimate gesture. "Am I still a candidate for serious boyfriend?" I asked.  
  
"You already won that title," Denise replied. "I just want to see what more you can achieve."  
  
We decided to get on the road and make love again when we got home. We showered together and worked hard not to arouse each other, too much. As we packed up our few things, Denise looked out the window. "There's almost no one outside," she said. "How about we both just wear tee shirts?"  
  
At that point, I was willing to go along with just about anything Denise wanted, so I pulled out my one clean tee shirt and put it on with nothing else. Standing still, it just covered my ass. Denise's fresh tee shirt left a bit of her ass and the very bottom of her V showing. The effect was powerful. As we rode down the elevator, I wondered what would happen in the lobby with me almost exposed and Denise actually exposed.  
  
There was no one else in the lobby except a young woman behind the front desk. She smiled as we walked up and said, "I'm guessing you enjoyed your stay."  
  
Sitting in the car, both of our shirts rode up exposing our pubes. Denise looked at me and herself. "I like it!" she exclaimed. "Is there a route home that has tollbooths?" She laughed.  
  
"What would you have done if there had been other people in the lobby?" I asked.  
  
Denise laughed again. "It's the power of audacity Harry. No one knows how to react when they see a naked person in an unexpected place. They look, which is what I want, and then pretend you're not there."  
  
We'd been on the road home about an hour when Denise said, "Harry, you know I've really fallen for you?" That would have been great to hear, except Denise said it in the tone of voice women use to start serious discussions. I wondered what was coming next.  
  
"I had hoped for that," I replied. "I love you."  
  
"Really?" Denise asked. "You're not just saying that to be nice after we fucked all day yesterday?"  
  
"The sex was much more than nice," I said, and "I really mean it. You are an extraordinary person and a very beautiful and desirable woman."  
  
"Do you want to stay with me a while? Denise asked.  
  
"A very long while, I hope," I replied.  
  
"Ok," Denise said. "that's what I was hoping you'd say. There's something we've got to talk about."  
  
"Ok," I said hesitantly.  
  
"I don't know if I was always this way and just didn't realize it," Denise said, "but, if you haven't figured it out yet, I'm an exhibitionist. Yes, I love skinny dipping, lying on the beach naked, and hiking or kayaking naked. But what I like best is people seeing me naked. I started dancing out in New Bethel because I desperately needed money. I keep doing it because I enjoy it. But I'm probably going to get caught someday, like you caught me, and SHM will fire my ass and give me a negative reference."  
  
"I'm not sure they'd do that," I said. "I'm also not sure you'll get caught. The only reason I was at the bar was because I'm from that general area. I doubt that anyone else from SHM gets out there."  
  
"Don't be so sure," Denise said. "Kurt and his wife live in a fairly upscale area on the east side of town. I know that they both try to promote the place among their friends."  
  
"You think they have that many friends who want to drive that far to see nude dancers, even if they are as beautiful as you?" I asked.  
  
"Well, Danielle, that's Kurt's wife, is a dancer herself and she has a lot of artsy friends. Oh, I didn't tell you! The first dancer the night you were there was Danielle." Denise said. "I think she and Kurt have friends in the city who come out to see her."  
  
I let that pass without comment. If Denise was right, I supposed she might get caught.  
  
"Any way, "Denise said, "if we're going to be serious about each other, you need to think about how having me as your girlfriend will affect you when I'm outed. That's one thing."  
  
"What else?" I asked.  
  
"Well, like I said," Denise replied, "I like people seeing me naked. I'm not going to give that up. Also, if I'm in a serious relationship with a guy I'd . . .." Denise stopped for a moment.

"You'd?" I said.  
  
Denise rushed the rest. "I'd like him to share my exhibitionism, to do it with me."  
  
I drove for a few minutes silently, thinking. I wasn't too concerned for me about Denise being outed. If worst came, I could always find another job and, having gotten to know her over the last few months, I had no difficulty prioritizing Denise ahead of any job. Being on display nude myself was a bigger issue. I glanced down. Well, I'm driving along an Interstate highway with my dick and balls hanging out. No problem there. I didn't mind when the boat gawked us yesterday. I remembered the questions I'd asked myself when we first talked about Denise's dancing over a month before. She gets great joy being nude in front of other people. Who's to say I wouldn't? Even if I don't, isn't Denise worth that sacrifice?  
  
After several miles, Denise said, "I fucked up, didn't I? You're trying to think how you'll tell me to get lost."  
  
"No," I said, "I can't imagine that I'd ever want you to get lost. I was thinking of how to say that it may take some time and effort to ease me into being an exhibitionist with you, without sounding like I'm trying to evade it."  
  
"You're willing to try it?" Denise asked.  
  
"As long as you're naked with me, and if that's what it takes to keep you, of course I'm willing to," I said.  
  
Denise leaned across the center console of my old VW Passat and kissed me. "I love you," she said. She put a hand around my exposed dick. In a less serious tone, she said, "I'd really miss this if you said 'no.'"  
  
"You just love me for my dick?" I asked.  
  
In a very serious tone, Denise said, "No. Not at all. The sex was great but that's not even ten percent of why I love you."  
  
Denise let go of me and we drove a few more miles in silence. I could feel her looking at me. Finally, she said, "Harry, you said 'ease you into it.' I'd like you to come out to the bar with me next Saturday night. Not as a customer but as my boyfriend. You can stay in the back. I'd like you to meet Alicia, Danielle, the other two dancers, and Kurt. They're great people and really good friends. I'm sure you'll feel better about it once you get to know them. Kurt will comp you a few beers. You can keep your clothes on, at least until we get home."  
  
"Ok," I said.

**Her Second Job Ch. 02**

I agreed to pick Denise up at her apartment about 8:00 p.m. the Saturday after we'd gone kayaking. She told me that the first round of dancing started at 10:00 p.m. She wanted to be there just after 9:00 and it would take an hour, if traffic was ok, to get from her apartment to the bar in New Bethel.  
  
Denise explained that each of five dancers danced three numbers in each show. That took a little under an hour. The first show was at 10:00 p.m., the second started at 11:00, and the third at midnight. Everyone was done dancing around 1:00 a.m., give or take. The bar closed at 1:30, earlier than legally required.  
  
Denise said that the dancers, the owner, and some staff usually had a drink or two together after closing. "We may not be home until dawn," Denise said with a twinkle in her eye.  
  
Denise made it clear that I was not going as a customer. She said that she'd talked with the owner and the other dancers. They were all fine with me just hanging out backstage.  
  
The parking lot was already two-thirds full when we arrived about twenty after nine. Like my previous visit, the vehicles outside were a mix of muddy pick-up trucks and expensive BMWs, Lexus, and the like. Denise told me to drive around back. "It's those BWs that make me think I'll get caught by someone else from work," Denise said. "People come out from the City. It's a matter of time until someone else from SHM does."  
  
Driving around the back took longer than I'd expected. The building's dimension north to south was as long, or longer, than the east-west dimension which faced the road. There were about twenty vehicles parked in back. Denise brought out a key and unlocked a steel door with the letters "ONBFPB" on it.  
  
We walked into an empty space lit only by nightlights. Denise said, "Kurt hopes he can expand into this space or add a kitchen." She giggled. "I think his hope is to open a restaurant back here with nude servers."  
  
Denise opened another locked door. "This is 'backstage,'" she said. We were in a medium size room. There were hooks along one wall above a wall-mounted bench. There was a showerhead inside a clear glass or plexiglass enclosure in one corner. The rest of the room had comfortable chairs and a couple of tables apparently placed randomly. There were clothes hanging on several hooks. "This is where we undress," Denise explained. "If the service staff don't want to wear their uniforms in, they change here too." What struck me immediately was that there was no privacy.  
  
Denise pointed to a door on the same wall that I remembered the bar being on in the front room. "That's Kurt's office," she said. "He has a door to this room and one out to the bar. He also has the monitors for the security cameras." I didn't know about the cameras. I wondered if I could get video of Denise dancing from Kurt.  
  
The door to Kurt's office opened and a woman walked out. The first thing I noticed was that the woman was nude. I recognized her as the first dancer during my prior trip to the bar.  
  
Denise led me over to the woman. "Danielle," Denise said, "this is my boyfriend Harry Stone." To me, Denise said, "Harry, this is Danielle Zeitzler." I shook hands with Danielle. She seemed totally at ease even though she was nude, and Denise and I were clothed.  
  
"My pleasure Harry," Danielle said, "Denise has been talking about you for some time. She tells me you've seen one of my performances. I'm glad to meet you."  
  
Danielle had left the office door open. A slender man, a couple inches taller than me, walked out. He had closed cropped blond hair and what I can only describe as an "intelligent" face. He came up, putting an arm around Danielle's bare back. He extended his other hand. "Harry, I'm Kurt Zeitzler. I own this dump. It's my pleasure to have you here tonight. I hope that you'll join our family." I wondered what he meant by that last sentence.  
  
I was distracted from asking because the rear door opened forcefully. A well-built African American woman in a white sundress came in saying, "traffic is just shit tonight." She paused, looked around to see if she had everyone's attention, and added "good thing I don't take long to get ready." She whipped the dress off over her head. She was nude underneath. She hung the dress on a wall hook.  
  
As the black woman turned back around from the wall, Denise said, "Jessie, come here, I want you to meet someone."  
  
The black woman came over and gave me an appraising look. "Is this your squeeze the lawyer?" she asked. Before Denise could answer, the woman stuck a hand out to me. "Jessie Rule," she said, "pleased to meet you." I introduced myself. Jessie said, "So, you're staying back here with us tonight?" I nodded. "Well," Jessie said, "I hope you don't have a problem with bare tits, bare ass, and bare pussy because none of us get dressed between times on stage."  
  
Before I could decide whether to say anything in reply, Denise said, laughing, "I think he can handle it."  
  
Jessie smiled. To me she said, "If you're ok with Denise, you're ok with me. Denise is a great person."  
  
The conversation was interrupted by the back door opening again. A brunette with a very pretty face walked in. She was dressed professionally. "I had to help give a presentation on a new shopping center upstate today," the woman said. "I came straight here. Didn't think I was going to make it on time."  
  
The brunette sat down on the bench below the clothes hooks. She pulled off her high-heel shoes and carefully placed them under the bench. She stood, took off her dress, and hung it on a hook. Reaching behind herself, she unsnapped her bra and hung it up. She carefully rolled her panty hose below her hips and down her legs. She stepped out of them and hung them on the hook. She swiftly pushed her panties down and stepped out of them. She hung them on the hook, turned to face us, smiled, and said, "now I'm ready!"  
  
The brunette was almost as beautiful as Denise. The very pretty face was complemented by a splendid figure unblemished by any tan lines. Unlike Denise, the woman had no public hair at all, which made her lower lips very noticeable.  
  
Denise waved the naked brunette over. "Alicia," Denise said, "this is Harry."  
  
I was taken aback when Alicia gave me a quick bare hug. "Harry," she said as she stepped back, "I'm so glad to meet you. Denise has told me so much about you. I'm glad the two of you had fun kayaking last weekend."  
  
I glanced at Denise. She shrugged, smiled, and said, "Alicia's my best friend."  
  
"And the woman who talked her into coming here and showing her bare ass in public," Alicia said. "She owes me."  
  
As we were talking, anther young woman had come quietly through the back door. She was a slender blonde. She went straight to the bench, stripped off, and hung up her clothes. I can't say that she was beautiful, but she was cute and had a certain charm.  
  
Denise led me over to the young woman. "Nadine," Denise said, "this is my friend Harry Stone."  
  
Nadine's rather plain face became very lovely when she smiled. "Pleased to meet you," she said to me.  
  
Denise looked up at a clock on the wall. "Shit," she said, "I've been talking, and I need to get naked. Harry, will you help me undress?"  
  
I followed Denise over to the bench. She put a hand on my shoulder for balance as she slid off her sandals. She raised her arms and I pulled her tee shirt off. Denise wasn't wearing a bra. She turned to face me. I undid the button on the front of her shorts, pulled down the zipper, and pulled Denise's shorts down. She wasn't wearing panties either. Denise was now as naked as Danielle, Jessie, Alicia, and Nadine.  
  
I heard Kurt's voice over the PA in the front room announce the ten o'clock show. Danielle went up two steps in a corner of the room and opened a door. As she did, everyone else was silent. Danielle closed the door behind her. I heard music start in the other room.  
  
"That door leads to the stage," Denise told me. There's a small space between the door and the curtains you see from the barroom. We always keep quiet when the door is open."  
  
There wasn't much conversation in the room I was in. Denise, Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine were all stretching. In one sense it was great to be the only guy in a room with four nude women stretching unselfconsciously. The visual choice ranged from stunning (Denise) through beautiful (Alicia) to good-looking (Jessie) to charming (Nadine). On the other hand, I felt very disloyal to Denise when I glanced at Alicia, Jessie, or Nadine.  
  
Jessie had her garter on her left thigh and marched out as soon as Danielle came backstage. Danielle pulled a bunch of cash out of her garter and tossed it on a table. She looked at me and said, "I don't do this for the money."  
  
As we heard Jessie's second song start, I could tell Denise was getting worked up. She went to her shorts hanging on the wall and pulled something out of a pocket. She came back and handed me a garter. She raised her left foot and said, "Put it on please." I carefully moved the garter under her foot, up past her calf, way up her thigh. Denise smiled. "You want guys to brush my lips as they put money in there?" she asked. I thought I'd made a mistake until she said, "Kidding. I take the money from them by hand and put it in myself."  
  
Denise moved to the bottom of the two steps in the middle of Jessie's third song. I followed. As the song ended and applause started, Denise said, "Kiss me Harry." I kissed her. Just as Jessie opened the door, Denise said, "God I love doing this." She almost ran on stage. Denise was obviously aroused when she came off stage. Her nipples were very hard and there was some moisture between her legs. I know this because she hugged and kissed me as soon as she was backstage and guided my hand between her legs.  
  
It was an interesting evening being the one clothed man in a room with four or five nude women for several hours. Kurt offered me beer. I had one to avoid being rude. The conversation was surprisingly normal. I learned that Danielle had studied ballet in New York and had danced briefly with a couple of companies before she met Kurt. Kurt was another native of this area. Danielle had come with Kurt when he moved back here and now was a private dance instructor. Alicia didn't just work for architects. She was an architect, albeit the most junior one and an employee rather than a member of her firm. Jessie was an interior designer. Nadine was a student at the university in the City, working on her master's in environmental engineering.  
  
All five of the dancers obviously enjoyed what they were doing, even the quiet Nadine who danced last in the rotation. After she came off the stage the first time, Nadine sat down next to me on the other side from Denise. "I guess Denise has told you," Nadine said, "it's a blast to do this. If you'd told me a few months ago that I'd look forward to being on a stage, stark naked, in front of strangers, I'd have called you a sicko. I guess I'm the sicko."  
  
"There's nothing sick about taking pride in your natural beauty," Alicia said from across the table. "What is sick is society telling us we have to cover up all the time." Alicia paused and added, "Of course, if everyone went around naked all the time, no one would pay us to do it here."  
  
The night went much faster than I'd expected. Before I realized it, all five dancers went onstage together for the evening's finale. I looked at the clock and saw it was just after 1:00 a.m. The finale was short. The women were back in a couple of minutes. In the next room, I heard Kurt's voice announcing "Last call. Remember, we close in twenty minutes." To my surprise, none of the dancers got dressed. I wasn't complaining, just surprised.  
  
We sat and talked for, maybe, forty minutes. The servers came through the backstage room on their way out of the building. A couple servers stopped and unselfconsciously changed into street clothes before they left. The redhead who had served me the $ 15 Boddington's on my prior visit took the cash register tills into Kurt's office. After talking with Kurt for a time, she went out front. She was back a few minutes later carrying a tray with five drinks. She apparently knew what each dancer drank. The redhead looked at me, paused a moment, and said, "Boddington's, right?" I nodded, impressed that she remembered.  
  
As the redhead went back out, Alicia said, "Harry, that's Annie. She's wonderful."  
  
Annie was back in a moment with a Boddington's for me and a glass of wine for herself. She sat down at the table with me and the five nude women. "Good shows tonight ladies," Annie said.  
  
"They'd be better if you'd get up there with us," Jessie replied.  
  
Annie smiled. "I'm thinking about it. You all keep telling me how much fun it is. Of course, Kurt would have to find another trustworthy bartender."  
  
"Kurt can do that," Danielle said.  
  
"Kurt can do what?" Kurt said, walking into the room.  
  
"Find another bartender so Annie can strip off and dance," Alicia said.  
  
"I'm working on it," Kurt replied.  
  
"Don't take too long," Annie said with a smile.  
  
"So, Harry," Danielle said. "You understand that we're all pretty normal people who just like being seen with no clothes on?"  
  
"You all seem to be intelligent, interesting people to me," I replied.  
  
"Denise has told you how good it feels to be naked in front of other people?" Danielle asked.  
  
"Yes," I said, "she has."  
  
"Why don't you have that pleasure Harry?" Danielle asked. "Right now. Get undressed. You've been here hours. We're all friends now."  
  
That caught me completely off guard. Denise had said I could stay dressed until we got home. I squirmed and said, "Well, I'm not sure it would be legal."  
  
"We're closed Harry," Kurt said. "We can basically do anything we like. We're like a private home right now."  
  
Nadine said, "Please Harry? You've been looking at us naked for hours."  
  
I looked at Denise. "I didn't put them up to this," she said, "but I'd appreciate it too if you took your clothes off."  
  
I could resist the others, but not Denise. I bent forward in my chair, untied my running shoes, and slipped the shoes and my socks off. Danielle said, "Harry, please stand up so we can all see you. Away from the table please."  
  
I stood up and took a couple of steps back from the table where we'd been sitting. I unbuckled my belt and undid button at the top of my jeans. I pulled the tail of my polo shirt out of my jeans, pulled the shirt over my head, and tossed on the back of a chair. I unzipped my jeans, let them drop to my feet, and stepped out of them. I was standing in front of six people, five of whom I'd just met that night, wearing only my boxers.  
  
I stood in my boxers and looked at the others' faces. I didn't pay any attention to Kurt. Danielle had an expression as if she was watching an interesting documentary. Annie was trying to look uninterested but kept her eyes on me. Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine had looks of anticipation.  
  
I looked at Denise last. What I saw in her face was love and approval. "Harry," Denise said, "please go all the way. I've told the girls how good you look naked." Drawing support from Denise's words and her look, I pushed my boxers off my hips and down my legs. I left them at my feet, straightened up, and moved my arms to my sides.  
  
I was intensely aware of seven pairs of eyes looking at my nude body. Like Denise's description of her first night dancing, I didn't feel embarrassed. I felt empowered. It was a turn-on knowing that six very attractive women were looking at my dick and balls.  
  
I stood there for a few moments letting everyone look. Finally, Danielle said, "Harry, please turn around." I turned so that my bare ass was facing everyone and stood for a couple moments until Danielle said, "thank you."  
  
As I turned back around to face the group, Denise got out of her chair and came over to me. She gave me a tight bare hug, kissed me on the lips, and whispered in my ear, "I love you." Denise then turned so that she was standing beside me facing the five others. "Didn't I tell you he's a great guy?" Denise said to the room.  
  
Nadine got out of her chair and stepped to us. "Denise, may I?" Nadine asked. Denise smiled, said "sure," and took a step back.  
  
Nadine gave me a tight hug, pressing her naked body against mine. She kissed me quickly on the lips and said, "thank you." She turned and went back to her seat.  
  
Denise led me back to my chair. I sat and she sat next to me, holding my hand.  
  
Danielle said, "Harry, would you dance in the nude? I think there are some great things you and Denise could do onstage together."  
  
"Why me?" I asked. "Don't you already have a group of guys who dance on Wednesdays?"  
  
Kurt chuckled. "No. Who told you that?" he said.  
  
I looked at Denise. She smiled sheepishly. "I made that up to get you thinking about it," she admitted.  
  
"Harry," Danielle said, "I want you because you and Denise look great together naked. The two of you are already lovers and that would come through in your dancing. With a couple dancing, I think we could do some more artistic and interesting things. We could upgrade our clientele here and draw more people from the City." Danielle added, "That would mean more affluent customers and larger tips." That last was addressed to the other dancers.  
  
"I'm in favor of that," Jessie replied.  
  
"But Danielle," I said, "I have no dance experience and have never had any training. I'm sure I'd be a complete klutz."  
  
"Harry," Danielle said patiently, "Denise tells me you wrestled in college, so you have the athleticism you need. I can see you're in reasonable shape. I'm a dance teacher. I can teach the two of you what you need in just a few weeks." Danielle paused. "Harry," she said more softly, "think of you and Denise out on that stage. The room is full of people. The two of you are completely nude, dancing and showing yourselves to the audience. The two of you end the dance center stage in a passionate embrace."  
  
Alicia said, "That sounds fantastic."  
  
Denise squeezed my hand very tight. Then she said the magic words: "Please Harry. I'd love to do that with you."  
  
I looked at Denise. The love and desire in her face persuaded me. "Ok," I said, "I'll dance."  
  
"Danielle said, "Great! You won't regret it." She got up, went over to the bench, and pulled her I-phone out of her purse. Scrolling through it as she walked back to the table, she said, "I'm open Tuesday night." Danielle looked at Denise and me. "Why don't you come to our house around 6:30 p.m? I have a dance studio there. We can start working on your training."  
  
Denise got out of her chair and walked over to her purse. I loved to watch Denise walk naked. That was, and still is, a thing of great beauty. Denise pulled out her phone, scrolled through it, and said, "I'm free." She put her phone back in her purse and came back to sit next to me.  
  
It was on me. Was I going to commit to something that would have been unthinkable before I met Denise? I'm pretty good at keeping my calendar in my head, but I hate I-phones and don't carry one. "I'm pretty sure I'm free Tuesday night," I said. "I'll have to check my calendar when I get home to be certain."  
  
Danielle made an entry in her phone. "Great," she said, "I have you down for Tuesday at 6: 30. Please e-mail me if you can't make it. I'll e-mail our address to Denise right now."

Jessie stood up, giving us all another view of her marvelous figure. "I need to go home," she said. It was after 2:00 a.m. The rest of us stood. The other dancers pulled on some minimal clothing. Denise smiled at me and said, "Let's drive home naked." I was fine with that. I pulled my keys from my jeans pocket and Denise and I gathered up our clothes in our arms.  
  
We walked through the back of the building with Alicia, who had put her dress back on but was carrying her undergarments. When we reached the door to go out, Alicia said, "Harry, I'm very glad to have met you and I'm glad Denise found you. This is going to be fun."  
  
Denise and I went to the Zeitzler house straight from work the next Tuesday. I drove while Denise read out the Google maps directions. The Zeitzlers lived in a very upscale suburb called Shawnee Hills. While they didn't have the biggest house in the neighborhood, it was big enough and set on a large wooded lot. I guessed that the Zeitzlers had income sources in addition to the bar and Danielle's dance lessons.  
  
Danielle met us at the front door wearing a robe. She led us through a tastefully and expensively furnished sitting room towards the rear of the house. She opened a door and showed us into a large rectangular room with a high ceiling and a wood floor. One of the long walls of the room was glass. Outside I could see a patio and swimming pool. The other long wall was a large mirror with a rail running along its length at about waist height.  
  
"Kurt's back in his study," Danielle said. "He's not to be disturbed when he's back there." Danielle took off her robe. She was nude underneath. I hadn't expected that, and my face must have showed my surprise. Danielle said, "Five of my fifteen dance students take their lessons in the nude and I lead a nude yoga class two nights a month. I prefer to be nude when I teach." Ok, that made sense.  
  
"Where do you give the yoga classes?" Denise asked.  
  
"At a place called 'Shake Your Buns' in Hyde's Corner," Danielle answered. I suspected that Denise and I would soon be doing nude yoga. That sounded like fun.  
  
Danielle said, "I also believe that you practice as you perform, so, please take your clothes off." I hadn't expected that either, but our "training" had to be more fun nude than clothed. Denise and I enthusiastically stripped naked.  
  
Danielle's lessons were hard work. Denise and I left every session exhausted. That's not to say that they were unpleasant. Danielle's slightly domineering manner melted as the three of us spent more time together. Danielle also did not hesitate to touch Denise or me anywhere she thought necessary to get our bodies into the positions she wanted. That wasn't always a bad thing since all three of us were always nude, and it produced a few laughs.  
  
Denise and I had started with Danielle the third Tuesday in June and met each week in June. Oddly, we never saw Kurt when we were at their house. At Denise's insistence, I had become a regular backstage at the bar in New Bethel, so I did see Kurt every Friday and Saturday.  
  
My fourth weekend going with Denise to the bar was the July 4 weekend. Because the Fourth was Saturday, a lot of people, including us, had the Friday off. As we were driving to New Bethel, Denise said, "I just hope everyone is cooking out, boating, or out of town. I hate the holiday weekends. I hope this is a slow weekend." Thankfully, it was.  
  
We got to the bar relatively early. Denise took heart from the small number of vehicles in the front customer parking lot. When we walked into the backstage area, where I stayed every Friday and Saturday night, I was not surprised to see Danielle already there. I was surprised that Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine were all there that early.  
  
I followed Denise to the bench where she started stripping off and hanging up her clothes. Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine came up to us and formed a semi-circle around us. Alicia said, "Harry, Denise, we've been thinking. We certainly have no problem with Harry being back here every night we're dancing. He's fun to have around.  
  
"But," Jessie chimed in, "he'd be more fun if he stayed nude like us."  
  
"After all," Nadine added, "he'll soon be a nude dancer too." Nadine paused and added, "please?"  
  
Denise had gotten her clothes off. She looked at me smiling. "Harry," she said, "I think you need to get undressed too." So, I undressed and hung my clothes next to Denise's.  
  
While I wasn't a dancer, yet, going nude backstage was a major step on my induction into the club formed by Denise, Danielle, Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine. The women stayed nude between their dances but, up to that time, if one of them was sitting facing me, other than Denise, she usually crossed her legs. Once my clothes came off the legs uncrossed and were often spread apart. The women seemed to take pleasure in me seeing them and in seeing me. Jessie was not bashful about slapping my bare ass. Alicia and Nadine found reasons to brush against me several times that night. At one time or another during the night every dancer, including Danielle, gave me a hug. Denise gave me the most hugs but approved of her friends touching me too.  
  
The bar had closed for the night. I was standing nude in the backstage room talking to Alicia when the servers came in from the front room. Of course, all five women looked at me. Their informal leader, a short brunette with a large chest named April, said, "About time!"  
  
After the other staff had left and the dancers, Annie, Kurt, and I were having drinks, Danielle said, "Denise, Harry, we need to promote your appearance together."  
  
Kurt interjected, "We're calling it a 'Couples Nude Ballet.'"  
  
"We need to set a date in order to advertise it," Danielle said. "The two of you have been good students. I think you'll be ready for the stage the first Friday and Saturday in August. Is that ok?" We agreed that it was. More than a month away meant that it didn't seem real to me yet.  
  
Danielle did insist that Denise and I meet with her twice a week for the rest of during July. "Most of my other students are gone so I have more time for you," she explained. We began working hard on the specific dance Danielle wanted us to do. We were working under what Kurt had said were the Liquor Control Department's rules: no hands or mouths on genitals and, of course, no actual sex.  
  
Danielle put together something that had some ballet moves, Denise had to spin with a leg up in the air for example, but to much faster music. The dance lasted about nine minutes, which sounds like forever but goes very quickly. She had us moving all over the stage "so everyone can see you." The dance ended with Denise sitting in my hand while I had that arm locked out over my head. Denise isn't a heavy woman, but she isn't tiny either. Thankfully, I still had the strength to hold her like that. We were to hold that pose for four beats. On the fifth beat, Denise would drop out of my hand, twisting to face me, and slide down my body until her feet were on the floor. We would embrace and the dance would be over. It was easier to do than it probably sounds and a lot of fun to practice in the nude.  
  
As we drove towards New Bethel for my nude dancing debut, I realized that I was looking forward to it. As we got out of my VW behind the bar, Denise stopped and said, "Harry, this is going to be a very special night for us." We walked through the empty rear of the building part into the backstage area and undressed.  
  
Our friends were very supportive. Before the first "show," Alicia came up to me, kissed me, and said "break a leg." Jessie stopped in front of me, looked down at my dick, and said, "That's going to be tonight's featured attraction." Nadine put an arm around me and said softly, "You'll have so much fun. I was scared to death before I went out the first time, but it is so much fun and so sexy."  
  
The program was that the girls would do their usual dances for the first "show." The second 11:00 p.m. "show" would start with Danielle and Nadine dancing together. Denise and I would follow them. Alicia and Jessie would dance together to finish that hour's "show." As scheduled, it would take about a half hour, giving everyone more time to rest before the midnight "show." The midnight show always had a short finale with all five girls on stage. Tonight, I was to join them. We hadn't rehearsed anything. That would be interesting.  
  
Denise was onstage doing her first show when Annie came into the backstage room. She almost never came there while the bar was open. "It is packed tonight," Annie said. "Harry, do you want me to get you anything? A little liquid courage?"  
  
With more confidence than I felt, I said "No, thank you, I'm fine."  
  
Annie started to go back to the bar. She stopped, turned to look at me, smiled, and said, "I'm really looking forward to seeing this."  
  
The 11:00 p.m. show started tonight fifteen minutes after the first show ended. My time to go onstage nude was getting ever closer. Danielle and Nadine went out to do their dance. Denise and I stood at the base of the short steps leading to the stage door. We held hands and looked at each other. I got the odd thought that, once I stepped out there nude with Denise, we'd be committed to each other forever. I felt reassured by that thought.  
  
Danielle and Nadine came off stage. Danielle had decided that it would cheapen the "couple" dances if the dancers took their own tips. Jessie went out, nude, with a small shopping bag to collect the tips for Danielle and Nadine. Denise and I were standing between the door and the curtain while Jessie collected. Jessie came off stage. I didn't realize Alicia was behind me until I felt a hand on my ass pushing me onto the stage.  
  
Denise and I walked to center stage, stopped, and faced the audience. I took Denise's left hand in my right and raised them in the air. We held that pose for several beats so everyone could get a good first look.  
  
Denise had been very accurate in her description of the experience. I was scared and excited as I walked out. As I raised Denise's hand into the air and saw the room full of people, all looking at our naked bodies, I suddenly felt proud and powerful. I thought there was no place I'd rather be than standing there naked with Denise. Then, the music started.  
  
The audience vanished from my consciousness. I was totally focused on being where I was supposed to be when I was supposed to be there. I forgot that I was naked.  
  
There were a couple of times during the dance when Denise and I came together at center stage. Both times, we held each other's shoulders while I spun Denise around with her feet off the floor and her legs apart. The first time. Denise's backside was to the audience. The second time, her front was fully visible. While I had forgotten that I was naked, I was very aware that Denise was. I'd never seen her look more beautiful. She was smiling and there was a gleam in her eyes.  
  
We came together for the final move. I knelt with my arm extended, hand up, fingers together. Denise gently sat down in my hand. As I stood up holding Denise in the air, I could feel her moisture. Suddenly, this was very sexy. I stood facing the audience, holding Denise in the air. The four beats seemed to take forever, and I could feel the blood moving into my dick. Thankfully, Denise finally dropped out of my hand, twisted, and slowly slid the front of her body down along mine. That only encouraged my growing hard-on. Denise embraced me with both hands on my ass. That wasn't where our hands were supposed to go, but I mimicked her. The music stopped. We kissed. That was the most erotic moment I had experienced not involving intercourse.  
  
We were supposed to break the embrace, face the audience, and take a bow. I knew I was getting hard. I hoped it wasn't too noticeable. I made the bow very quickly and led Denise off stage. At the curtain, we passed Alicia going out to collect our tips. She reached down and gave my dick a quick squeeze as we passed each other.  
  
Safely in the backstage room, I was so pumped I felt like Superman. I can't believe there's any drug that makes you feel as euphoric and powerful as I felt then. Denise and I hugged again, with my hard-on poking her belly. Denise was pumped too. "We need to take care of that right now," she said.  
  
Denise was almost sprinting as she led me to an old chair in the corner of the room. She pushed me down into the chair. I was sitting there naked with my dick pointing up in the air. Denise looked at me for a moment, put a leg on either side of the chair, and lowered herself down, guiding my dick into her pussy with her hand.  
  
I had been correct onstage. Denise was very wet. She rode me hard as I took first one, then the other of her nipples in my mouth. I was also shoving my ass up to push deeper into her. We weren't making love. This was raw, animal fucking. We both needed it.  
  
I had thought that the very first time Denise and I had made love, in the woods in a national forest, was our best shared orgasm. That night backstage at the bar topped the forest by a huge margin. Denise and I both howled as we came. I'm sure they heard us in the front despite the music Alicia and Jessie were dancing to. I saw stars. Denise later told me she did too.  
  
We were totally oblivious to our surroundings as we came. Once we came, Denise collapsed on me. She smelled of her shampoo, sweat, and sex. I've never smelled anything better.  
  
It took me a moment to realize that people were clapping, very close to us. Denise heard it too and raised her head and upper body up from where they'd been covering my face. I saw Danielle and Nadine, naked, and Annie, clothed, standing a couple of feet from the chair applauding us. "I'd have loved it if you'd done that onstage," Annie said as she turned for the bar.  
  
Alicia and Jessie came off and Nadine went out to collect their tips. Denise and I were still in the chair. I was still in Denise. Danielle told Alicia and Jessie, "You just missed the best show of the night."  
  
Alicia came over and patted Denise on the back. "You go girl," Alicia said, "but, next time, wait till I'm back here before you fuck. I want to watch."  
  
Nadine was back with the tips before Denise got up off me. Some of my come was running down her thigh and my dick glistened with a mix of come and Denise's fluids. Denise said, "Shit, we're a mess. We need to clean up before I go back out."  
  
We were between shows so all six of us dancers were in the room. Danielle said, "Wait, I have a thought." She paused, then said, "Denise, I don't want you to do your solo dance in the midnight show. I can go longer so we'll fill the time. Alicia, Jessie, Nadine, you all do what you regularly do. Harry, Denise, I want you to get in the shower before the finale. Dry off some, but when you come out, I want it to look like you've just showered after sex. Well, you will have. Let's see if the audience gets it."  
  
We got into the shower when Nadine went out for her last dance. We cleaned away the evidence of having sex and made sure our hair was wet. We stepped out and toweled off enough so that we weren't dripping, but we'd obviously just stepped out of the shower. Danielle look at us. "Perfect," she said. "I want you two to come out last. Wait a couple beats after the rest of us have gone on before you come out."  
  
Denise and I were standing between the door and the curtain, holding hands, as the other women marched onstage nude for the finale. We waited two beats and walked out, still holding hands. I'm gratified to say that the audience cheered when we came out. Denise and I took a bow. Then we faced each other, hugged tightly, and kissed; onstage naked in front of over 100 people.  
  
Music started. All six of us improvised dances. As the only man onstage, I think Danielle wanted me to dance briefly with each of the women. I couldn't let go of Denise. It had been such an incredibly erotic evening we had shared together, and I loved her so much, both for herself and for bringing me to this point.  
  
As the music reached its end, Danielle gently pushed Denise and me to center stage. She whispered, "hug again." We did. Danielle circled herself, Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine around us, all four facing us. The other women pressed in tightly against us. I could feel Nadine's pubic hair against my ass. As the music ended and the audience applauded, Denise said, loud enough for all six of us onstage to hear, "Harry, I want to fuck you again, right now."

**Her Second Job Ch. 03**

Denise and I first danced nude together at the bar in New Bethel on a Friday and Saturday night as part of the bar's "Nude Couples Ballet." I already wrote about Friday night. Saturday didn't have the sheer thrill of dancing nude together for the first time, but it was still a hell of a lot of fun.  
  
During the Saturday night finale, I was a little less pumped than the previous night and paid more attention to the audience. I noticed a table of four women, probably in their late thirties or forties. They were dressed casually but expensively. Maybe Danielle was right that a couple dancing would drive up the socio-economic status of bar's clientele. Denise and I were happy to have anyone see us.  
  
Denise, Danielle, Alicia, Nadine, Jessie, and I had just come off stage after the finale. The dancing was done, but the bar would stay open for another half hour. Once the servers had left, we dancers would have a drink or two with Annie, the female bartender, and Kurt, the bar owner and Danielle's husband. The girls always stayed nude for the after-work drinks. As the new dancer, I followed their lead.  
  
While we were waiting for the staff to clean up and leave. Alicia suddenly said, "I'm disappointed."  
  
"Why?" Denise asked.  
  
"Last night," Alicia said, "the two of you finished your dance, came backstage, and immediately started fucking. I was out collecting YOUR tips and missed it. Tonight, you're not fucking."  
  
Denise turned to look at me. "Harry, do you want to make love so Alicia can watch?"  
  
"We could," I replied, trying for a blasé manner.  
  
"Why don't you," Alicia said, "as a favor for me?"  
  
Denise got up. She went to a corner of the room and picked up the cushion from a lounge chair. She came back and dropped the cushion on the floor. I got up and went to Denise. We kissed. I started playing with her nipples. Denise did something I loved, gently massaging behind my balls. As I got hard, Denise ran her finger up and down the underside of my dick and around my dickhead. I put a hand between Denise's legs and fingered her clit. A nice thing about being nude was that we were completely accessible to each other.  
  
We played with each other until Denise said, "I'm ready, but I was on top last night." She got down on the cushion, rolled on her back, and spread her legs. I knelt between her legs, leaned forward, and moved up until I was over Denise. I pushed my dick into the best place it ever went.  
  
We both knew that we were performing for Alicia, Danielle, Nadine, and Jessie. We wanted to give a good show. We'd been together long enough to know what to do for each other. We weren't in the mood to be wild animals like the night before. Denise and I silently agreed to take our time.  
  
I maintained a steady motion but, initially, kept my dick away from the spots I knew were most sensitive for Denise. I sucked her nipples and kissed her neck. Denise had both hands on my ass, kneading it. It was sex, but it was also love.  
  
Denise softly said, softly, "Let's go." I shifted my weight and pushed my dick against the spot in Denise's pussy that she truly loved. Denise took her hands off my ass and wrapped her legs around me. I started thrusting faster and harder.  
  
Denise was breathing harder. She did the thing where she contracts against my dick, forcing me to push harder. I kept one or the other of her nipples in my mouth; licking, sucking, or very gently biting. I felt myself about to come. I tried to hold back. I'd be embarrassed if I came before I got Denise off. Luckily, she squeezed me harder with her legs and arms. Just as I shot into her, Denise said, very loudly, "Oh! . . . . Wow!" They weren't the orgasms we'd had the night before, but we had them together.  
  
I stayed in Denise, not pushing any more, for a few minutes as we kissed. When I pulled out and got back up on my knees, I saw we'd had a larger audience than I'd expected. As I stood and helped Denise to her feet, I was looking at five servers in their faux Hooters tank tops and running shorts. Denise looked at the girls and smiled. The dancers expected this from us, but the servers never expected to see us having sex on the floor of the backstage room. They were speechless.  
  
I heard Alicia and Jessie starting to giggle. It was an amusing situation. Finally, one of the servers, a cute blonde, said, "that was sweet." The other four servers looked at her like she'd lost her mind. Wordlessly, they walked out the back door leaving the blonde standing there. She obviously didn't understand what she'd done wrong. She shrugged and said, "Well, I was sweet. I wish my boyfriend had the confidence to do me with my friends watching." He walked away.  
  
Alicia came up put her arms around us. "Thank you," she said, "that was good." Joking, she said, "If you ever want to do MFF, call me."  
  
"What about Scott?" Denise asked.  
  
"He's always out of town," Alicia replied.  
  
Kurt came up. "Great dance," he said. "Uh, Harry, this isn't just a one weekend thing is it? I mean, you and Denise are going to dance here every weekend, right?"  
  
Denise was standing beside me. Before I could say anything, she reached down and took my dick in her hand. "Kurt," Denise said, "now that Harry's put this out in public, I want him to leave it out. Of course, we'll keep dancing." You get one of the reasons why I love Denise so much?  
  
I wanted to keep dancing. It was something very erotic which Denise and I did together. She enjoyed showing off and it was great to share that joy with her. To be honest, I enjoyed showing off too. There was also the comradery of being nude for several hours twice a week with Alicia, Danielle, Jessie, and Nadine. They had become good friends in a way which would have been impossible if we only knew each other clothed.  
  
I was back in my regular office the following week at work. While I no longer spent all day every day with Denise, I was still feeling pretty good. I felt good about myself knowing that I was a part-time nude dancer. The fact that Denise and I now spent every night together, at her apartment or mine, may have contributed to my blissful mood.  
  
My mood took a hit just after I'd gotten back from lunch with Denise that Wednesday. My direct line rang. When I answered, a low, rather intriguing female voice said, "Mr. Stone, you probably don't remember me. We met at the SHM fiftieth anniversary dinner last fall. I'm Lena Mann, Cameron's wife."  
  
The caller was right that I didn't remember her. That wasn't the problem. Cameron Mann was SHM's managing partner. The managing partner's wife never calls a young associate. It isn't done. This was not going to be good.  
  
"Mr. Stone," Mrs. Mann said, "you should know that Cameron and I know Danielle and Kurt Zeitzler. I like them although Cameron says they're weird. Anyway, I and some friends had a girls' night out last Saturday. We went to Kurt's bar in New Bethel." She stopped speaking for a moment to let that sink in.  
  
I thought, "Oh shit!" Denise and I either had been or were about to be reported to the boss. Denise's fear of being caught had been realized and I'd been caught with her.  
  
Mrs. Mann resumed speaking. "Actually," she said, "I knew that Danielle danced out there. I admire Danielle and she had invited me out several times. When Danielle said a couple was dancing last weekend, I thought it would be nice to see. Knowing those friends, I knew they'd enjoy it too. You and Ms. Hines gave a very appealing and exciting performance. I loved your outfits. You both look great in the nude."  
  
Mrs. Mann paused again. "I didn't call to compliment you," she said. "Well, I did, but that's not the main purpose of my call. You may know that Kurt has many business interests besides that bar. Cameron has been trying to get Kurt as a client for over a year now. When Cameron heard that I'd gone to the bar, he decided that going there himself would be a good way to schmooze Kurt. I don't know if your performance was a one-time thing or if you dance there regularly, and I don't care. I admire you and Ms. Hines for doing it. I thought you should know that Cameron is planning to go to Kurt's bar in New Bethel this Saturday."  
  
"I hadn't said anything since 'hello.' I replied, "Mrs. Mann, thank you for the call. Thank you for the compliment and thank you very much for the warning."  
  
"I didn't tell Cameron that I saw you and Ms. Hines and I'm not going to," Lena Mann said. "You should also know that Cameron hates nudity. He says it's 'immoral' and 'depraved.' You know the type: Cameron gets up every morning, spends thirty seconds reading his Bible, and then an hour reading the Wall Street Journal. He doesn't even like to see me nude. I thought you should know."  
  
"Thank you again," I said.  
  
"Mr. Stone," Lena Mann said, "I don't share my husband's aversion to human nudity. There are many things he and I disagree about. I thought what you and Ms. Hines did was beautiful. I wish I'd had the courage to do something like that when I was younger."  
  
The intensity with which Lena Mann said that last part touched me somehow. Before I caught myself, I replied, "You still could."  
  
Lena Mann laughed. "Maybe I will," she said. "A lot of things are going to change soon. Goodbye Mr. Stone."  
  
I called Denise immediately. I guess I was a bit paranoid because, rather than using the Firm's internal phone system, I called Denise's personal cell phone from mine. She answered on the second ring. I told her what Lena Mann had said.  
  
"Shit," was Denise's first response. "What do we do? Danielle and Kurt are counting on us to dance and, well, I really want to."  
  
"Why don't you call Danielle," I suggested. "She's a friend. Maybe she can get Kurt to talk Mr. Mann out of coming."  
  
"Ok," Denise said.  
  
I tried to get back to work. No surprise, but I couldn't concentrate. My cell phone rang about an hour later. I recognized Kurt's voice when I answered.  
  
"Harry," Kurt said, "Danielle told me what Lena Mann told you. Lena's great but Cameron's an asshole. He's been trying to get his nose up my butt for over a year. I talked to him. He insisted that he has to come to the bar to 'get a better understanding of my businesses to see how he can help me thrive.' What bullshit! I couldn't talk him out of it. The easy thing would be for you and Denise to take the weekend off, but I need you two. Last weekend was our best since I opened the bar. I told Cameron that he might see people from his shop moonlighting for me. I didn't say who. I got him to promise that SHM wouldn't fire anyone he sees at the bar. Cameron would suck my dick if he thought I'd send him business in return. I'm sure you and Denise are safe. Cameron won't risk pissing me off."  
  
I called Denise to repeat what Kurt had said. "Danielle called me back," Denise said. "She thinks we're ok and she basically begged me for us to dance this weekend. We'll be alright, unless you think we shouldn't."  
  
Denise's tone told me how disappointed she would be if we didn't dance. I'd be disappointed too. I was persuaded by Kurt's confidence. "Sure," I said, "we'll be fine."  
  
That Friday night at the bar was fine. I really looked forward to seeing Alicia, Danielle, Jessie, and Nadine. Part of that was that they were all physically attractive women. When I first met Nadine, I'd thought she was rather plain, shy, and nerdy. Oddly for someone who danced in the nude, Nadine was shy. As I'd gotten to know her, I'd learned that she was an intelligent, passionate person. I'd also come to appreciate that Nadine was a beautiful woman, in her own way.  
  
Thanks to Denise, Alicia, Danielle, Jessie, and Nadine had been friendly to me from the first time I came to the bar with Denise and spent the evening fully clothed in the backstage room. The women seemed not to mind being nude around me while I stayed dressed. Our relationship had deepened when I agreed to their request that I go nude backstage when they were. Once I danced nude with Denise onstage, I was one of them.  
  
Other than things mean or insulting, there was nothing the six of us wouldn't say to each other or talk about. I knew Alicia's frustration with her boyfriend, Scott, being out of town so often. I knew what Jessie's husband, Luther, did to get her off. I knew Nadine wasn't seeing anyone but had a close relationship with her vibrator. Beyond sex, we knew each other's politics, finances, ambitions, likes, and dislikes.  
  
Among the six of us, no part of anyone's body was off limits. The women touched each other's tits, asses, and pussies. Once I had danced, I was encouraged to do the same and my bare ass, dick, and balls were freely available to them. Of course, by a huge margin, the touching Denise and I did was of each other.  
  
That Friday, Denise and I had gotten to the bar earlier than usual. We decided we had time to shower before we danced. The shower was in a corner of the room visible to everyone. We were in the shower when Alicia came in. She stripped off and joined us. It was tight, but Alicia was welcome. The dancers were simply a great group to be a part of.  
  
Dancing Friday night was also fun. Denise and I were still doing the routine we'd done the weekend before. We were confident in it now and could focus more on the experience of being nude onstage in front of an audience, and on the pleasure we both took from that. The audience that night was almost evenly women and men. There were more polo shirts and khakis in the audience than tee shirts and stained jeans. The tips were huge, and Kurt told us over drinks after closing that it had been the bar's biggest one-night take since it had opened.  
  
Denise and I drove home early that Saturday morning naked and in great spirits. We went to Denise's apartment. While it was farther from the bar, it was nicer than mine. We weren't at all tired when we got there. Denise pulled out her copy of the Kama Sutra. We tried several positions we'd never tried before. Neither of us came, but we had a lot of fun and laughs.  
  
Saturday night at the bar started great. As usual, the six of us sat around naked before the 10:00 p.m. show. Denise gave everyone a detailed and very funny account of our attempts at exotic new sexual positions. All six of us were laughing. Danielle said, teasingly, "I'm surprised you didn't hurt yourselves."  
  
Nadine added, "Wouldn't it be a hoot if you got stuck in one of those positions and had to call 911?"  
  
Alicia replied, "I've seen some pretty hot guys who are EMTs. That could work out very ok."  
  
The dark cloud started to descend when Denise came off stage from her solo dance in the ten o'clock show. Usually she was very excited after showing every bit of her bare body to a roomful of strangers. This time she looked worried. "Mr. Mann is here," she told me. "He's sitting with three men I don't know at a table right by the stage. They were smiling and laughing when I went out. The next time I looked at them, the other guys seemed to be enjoying me, but Mann looked really pissed."  
  
There was nothing we could do now. Mann had already seen Denise. If we refused to go on together, it would screw Danielle and Kurt without helping us. Denise and I went onstage during the 11 o'clock show together, bare ass naked. We did our dance, but it was far from our best performance. I kept looking at Cameron Mann. He was looking at us. His face looked like a volcano about to explode. By the midnight show, Mann's friends had left but he was still there. He looked even more pissed off, if that was possible.  
  
After the bar closed, Kurt and Danielle took Denise and me into Kurt's office. With the door closed, Kurt said, "That asshole Cameron Mann demanded to see me after the midnight show. He said I'd lied and told him it was only secretaries from SHM working here. I reminded him that I hadn't said who was working here or what their position was at SHM. I also reminded him that he had promised me that no one would be fired because of what they did here on their own time. I told him rather forcefully that he wouldn't get any work from me, and that I'd tell every other client of his I know, if he breaks that promise. He was pissed off, but I think you're ok." Danielle didn't say anything, but she gave each of Denise and me a hug.  
  
Denise and I usually stayed at the bar after closing, having drinks in the nude with our friends. We usually drove home naked. That night, we dressed, apologized to everyone else, and left right after we left Kurt's office.  
  
Mann's secretary called me at 9:00 a.m. the next Monday with a curt message: "Mr. Mann wants to see you now." When I reached the anteroom to Mann's corner office, Denise was standing there. She looked very beautiful and very scared. The secretary led us into Mann's office then left, closing the door behind her. Mann was sitting at his desk. There were two chairs in front of the desk. He didn't invite us to sit down. He just stared at us for, maybe, three minutes.  
  
"You disgust me," were Mann's first words. "Showing off your, your, uh, private parts in public and taking money for it," he elaborated, "is just sick." He got louder. "Your treachery is beyond belief. If it ever got out that one of our associates or paralegals danced in a bar STARK NAKED, no partner could ever show his face in public again! We'd be ruined! You are not the kind of people I will tolerate here. I don't even want to see you on the street."  
  
Mann seemed to calm slightly. "I promised Kurt Zeitzler that you wouldn't be fired. I did not promise that you wouldn't voluntarily resign. I want resignations from both of you on my desk in an hour. Then get your personal things and get the hell out of these offices."  
  
I was getting pissed off myself. "You can't force us to 'voluntarily' resign," I said. Mann gave me a look of pure hate. "You piece of shit...," he started. He caught himself. "You're right," he conceded, "I can't force you to resign, right now. I can make you so miserable that you'll resign within a year. The men on the Executive Committee are upstanding, churchgoing men. If I tell them what I saw the two of you doing Saturday, they'll fire you on the spot. Right now, you can leave with two weeks' pay and neutral references. We'll verify that you worked here and say nothing good or bad. If you make us force you out, you'll get references so bad you'll never have another job besides nude dancer. You're both employees at will. It's your choice. I hope you make better choices now than when you decided to dance naked for those perverts Zeitzler and his wife."  
  
I looked at Denise. She was losing it. There was nothing to say. Mann had us, no matter what he'd promised Kurt. Denise would have left that meeting destroyed if Mann had stopped there.  
  
Mann didn't stop. "Stone," he went on, "I know you're fucking her. That's ok. That's really what she's here for. I don't give a shit whether she's a good worker or not. Why do you think we hire women who look like her? We want them to hook up with the male attorneys. A man who isn't getting laid doesn't work well. But why let her show her bare tits and ass in public? Why did you show yourself naked in public? I thought you had potential. Now I realize you're trash. You're both trash. Get out and have those letters to me in an hour!"  
  
As we left Mann's office, his secretary gave us a sympathetic look. A lot of good that was. I led Denise to the elevators. We went down to the first floor and out of the building. Outside, it was a hot late August day.

Denise turned to face me. "That fucking asshole!" she said. She said it loud enough that people walking by turned to look at her. Denise was pissed. I was glad about that. I thought that pissed was a healthier emotion for her than crushed. I started to walk towards the square, then remembered that Mann's office overlooked the square. I led Denise to a small park a couple of blocks away.  
  
Denise had calmed, a little, when we sat down. "If I was hired to fuck the male attorneys," she said, "he's damned straight he's getting my resignation. I never had a relationship with anyone at SHM before you." Denise looked at me. She was starting to tear again. "Shit, Harry, I'm sorry. I talked you into dancing at the bar. Fuck. I cost you your career."  
  
I put my arms around Denise. "You didn't talk me into anything," I said. "You told me how you enjoyed dancing nude and I wanted to share that joy with you."  
  
Denise gave a half smile. "You're a shitty liar Harry Stone, but thanks."  
  
"Denise," I said, "what do you enjoy more: work at SHM or dancing naked in New Bethel? You introduced me to that fun and to Alicia, Danielle, Jessie, Nadine, Annie, Kurt. Dancing nude together has strengthened our relationship. Do you think I'd trade any of that for a law job?"  
  
Denise just looked at me, but I no longer saw tears. "And," I added, "we've had some great sex that our friends got to see." That brought a smile to Denise's face.  
  
"Ok," she said, "we're both kinky and we're unemployed. What now?"  
  
We went back to SHM's offices, wrapped everything up, and left for the last time around 1:00 p.m. Several of the partners we each worked with were shocked by our sudden departures. As I was packing the personal things in my office, my secretary came in.  
  
"Is it true?" she asked.  
  
"Is what true?" I replied.  
  
"Ginger, Mann's secretary, is telling the everyone that Mann told you this morning that you either had to stop seeing Denise Hines or Denise had to quit," my secretary told me. "She says that you both quit on the spot." That story seemed better for our reputations than the truth, so I nodded. "Cameron Mann is an asshole," my secretary said as she walked out.  
  
Denise and I had driven in together that morning and we drove back to her apartment together. "I guess I'd better call Danielle and tell her what happened," Denise said. I listened to Denise tell gave Danielle what happened. Denise listened to Danielle for a while, said, "thank you very much," and ended the call.  
  
"What did Danielle say?" I asked.  
  
"She said she'll tell Kurt and he'll be really pissed," Denise answered. "She assured me that we both have our jobs at the bar. We can live off that, sort of, for a while. She also said Kurt is closing the bar this weekend. That's smart. Last Labor Day weekend, we had to call the sheriff about a fight on Friday and someone tried to get onstage while Alicia was dancing on Saturday."  
  
I went to the kitchen and brought Denise a Coke. "Last Labor Day was so ugly," she said. "Guys come there to see us naked, right? We showed ourselves naked, gave them what they came for, and they called us vile names. I was awful." I was glad Denise's mind was on something else, even if it was a more distant unpleasant memory.  
  
"Oh," Denise added, "Danielle and Kurt are having a pool party at their house Sunday. We're invited."  
  
"Do you want to go?" I asked. "I thought this might be a good weekend to take the kayak and go somewhere."  
  
"No, the lakes and rivers will all be jammed over the weekend," Denise said. "We've got the rest of the week if you want to kayak. I know a good stream in the eastern part of the state. No one will be on it mid-week. There's an outfitter who'll take us to a put in spot. We leave the car at their place and paddle back. There's a woman that worked there last summer. I'll see if she's still there and will drive us. She likes people who paddle naked. I do want to go to Danielle and Kurt's party."  
  
The woman Denise knew was still at the outfitter and was thrilled to get some mid-week business. We drove east Tuesday afternoon, stayed in a cheap motel, and were the only people at the outfitter Wednesday morning.  
  
The woman, Cassie, told us, "There's a place I can put you in on the Little Tiger. It's about an hour's drive from here but, the way it snakes around, it'll take you three or four hours to paddle back. No one else is booked today. I'm here till six. If you want, you can leave your clothes here and do the whole trip naked."  
  
That sounded great. I paid Cassie the fee for driving us to the put-in spot and tipped her twenty dollars. We loaded Denise's two-man kayak into the back of an oversized van along with food, drinks, towels, and sunscreen. Denise and I stripped off and left our clothes on the counter at the outfitter. Nude, we hopped into the back seat of the van.  
  
When we reached the put-in spot and got out of the van, Denise squeezed my arm. "You know all of our clothes are an hour away by car?" I nodded. "I've never left all my clothes behind before," Denise said, "Have you?"  
  
"No," I said, "this is a first." Denise smiled.  
  
Once we were ready to go, Cassie said, "Little Tiger is a great stream to do naked. The only place you may see someone else is one pool where folks swim sometime. If anyone's there, they won't hassle you. Have fun. I'll be waiting."  
  
The first several miles of the stream were under a canopy of trees. It was a gorgeous day and the current was strong enough that we weren't working hard. We saw frogs, turtles, and birds; but no people.  
  
We paddled about two hours to a curve in the stream. We heard voices and laughter. I thought we were coming to the pool Cassie mentioned. We rounded the curve and the stream widened out to, maybe, a hundred yards across. There was a flat bank on one side. Two guys and two girls were standing on the bank. They looked to be late teens or early twenties. The guys were bare-chested and wore wet cutoff jeans. The two girls wore bikinis. There was a large cooler siting on the ground.  
  
We intended to go on past. One of the girls said, loudly, "Cool! She's topless."  
  
The other girl yelled at us, "If you want to take a break, this is a great place for a swim."  
  
One guy yelled, "We've got beer if you want one."  
  
Denise said to me, "You want to take a break and make new friends?"  
  
"Can they handle our paddling uniforms?" I asked  
  
Denise giggled. "Let's find out." She turned the kayak towards the bank.  
  
When my paddle hit the bottom of the steam, I got out and pulled the kayak onto the bank. The four young people were looking at me. Denise got out of the kayak. One of the girls asked, "Where are your clothes?"  
  
"Back at the outfitter," Denise answered.  
  
"You mean you're paddling the river and you don't have any clothes with you?" a guy asked.  
  
"That's right," Denise said.  
  
The other girl said, "That is so cool!"  
  
The girls were Raelynn and Sandy. The guys were Chip and Ben. They told us they went to college together not far away. Sandy's parents had a house nearby for weekend getaways. The four friends were spending a few days there before going back to school.  
  
Sandy added, "We're not dating each other, just friends." Raelynn giggled at that.  
  
We had lunch and talked with the four college kids. Finally, Raelynn asked, "You two like doing things outside naked?  
  
"Better than wearing clothes," I answered.  
  
"And you don't mind us seeing you?" Raelynn followed up.  
  
"Why should we?" Denise asked. She stood up and stretched her arms. "Is there something wrong with me?"  
  
"Hell no!" Ben said. Sandy shot him a look.  
  
"You'll never know how much fun it is unless you try going nude," I said. "This is a perfect spot."  
  
No one said anything for a moment. Sandy abruptly stood up. "You two guys have been ogling Denise since she got out of the kayak," Sandy said. She took off her top and pushed down her bottoms. "Now you can look at me a while." Sandy had a nice body although she hadn't gotten much sun that summer.  
  
"You go girl!" Raelynn laughed.  
  
"Aren't you going to get naked too?" Chip asked Raelynn.  
  
"You want me too?" Raelynn asked. "Shit, why not!" Raelynn stood up and took off her bikini. She also had a nice, youthful body. Raelynn had a good tan and her tan lines immediately drew your eyes to her breasts and triangle.  
  
"Ok guys," Sandy said, "get them off . . . or are you afraid you can't compare to Harry?"  
  
With that challenge, Ben and Chip had no choice but to stand up and drop their cutoffs. Neither guy had anything to apologize for.  
  
Our friends seemed to enjoy their new freedom. Raelynn ran the length of the flat bank. "Running naked feels great!" she exclaimed. The four college kids tossed a frisbee for a while as Denise and I watched.  
  
While the stream was wide, it was only got to shoulder depth in a narrow channel in the center. After a few minutes of frisbee, Sandy went to Ben and whispered something. She took his hand and led him out to the deepest part of the stream. All we could see were two heads, very close together.  
  
Denise said to me, "Harry, let's get in the water and cool off." I followed her to the center of the stream, upstream of Sandy and Ben. Being closer to them, it was clear what Sandy and Ben were doing. Denise looked at me, smiled, and said, "I think they have a good idea." I felt Denise's hand wrap around my dick under the water. Her legs were already apart when I put my hand between them.  
  
Given the circumstances, it didn't take us long to get aroused. Denise wrapped her legs around me, put her arms around my shoulders, and I slid into her. Once I was in, Denise said, loudly, "Oh yes!"  
  
I hadn't realized that the current had pushed us closer to Sandy and Ben. They were only a few feet away. Sandy was moving up and down on Ben. She smiled at us. "You too?" she asked.  
  
"Yes indeed," Denise replied.  
  
"This is fun," Sandy said. "I never did it in the water before. You guys can get closer if you want. Doing it with someone else doing it next to you is pretty cool too." I walked us until we were almost shoulder to shoulder with Sandy and Ben. The water was surprisingly clear. Up close, I could see Sandy's legs wrapped around Ben and they could see Denise wrapped around me. Denise was smiling at me the whole time.  
  
The four of us paid attention to our own partners for a few minutes. It was a nice day to make love in a stream.  
  
Raelynn called from the bank, "You guys aren't fucking, are you?"  
  
"We sure are girl," Sandy yelled back.  
  
"It's really nice," Denise called out. "You should try it."  
  
I watched Raelynn and Chip on the bank. I saw Raelynn laugh. Then she took Chip's hand and led him into the water. As they reached the deepest water, Sandy said, "You might as well come over here with us since we're all doing the same thing." Raelynn laughed again, but she and Chip came over, walking side by side. When they got close, we could see Raelynn's hand around Chip's erect dick.  
  
Sandy laughed. "He's ready," Sandy told Raelynn. "Get that dick inside you!" To us, Sandy said, "Ben and I are fuck-buddies. This is the first time Raelynn's done Chip although she's wanted him for a while. Oh! Fuck!" Sandy started moaning.  
  
I couldn't do a lot other than hold us upright in the water. Denise did the work, riding me, and she did it well. I was getting close when I heard Sandy go "Ooooh, Yes!" Ben grunted. They had both come.  
  
Denise isn't loud during sex. That day, she yelled, "Harry! I'm coming!" That got all four of Sandy, Ben, Raelynn, and Chip looking at us. Denise kept on, "This . . . is . . . so . . . great!" I could tell from her movements that Denise wasn't acting. Denise got me off. As I finished mine, Denise announced her orgasm with "God! Yes!"  
  
"That sounded good," Sandy said.  
  
Sandy was off Ben, standing next to him in the water. Denise kissed me, let go of me, and stood next to me.  
  
Raelynn said, "Chip, it's our turn." To the rest of us, she said, "You guys might as well circle around and watch. I've wanted to fuck this guy since we got here. It's a turn-on to have witnesses."  
  
We circled around Raelynn and Chip. Standing in the water, Chip had the same issue I'd had. Raelynn didn't say any more. She was kissing Chip, hard. In the water, we could see her moving back and forth on Chip's dick. She knew what she was doing. I know it sounds perverted, but it was a beautiful thing to watch Raelynn and Chip have sex in a stream on a late summer's day.  
  
Chip obviously came first. Raelynn kept working and, not much later, took a sharp, deep breath. Her pelvis stopped moving but she held onto Chip for a couple of minutes before she kissed him and let go. "You did well, buddy," she told Chip.  
  
The six of us were standing naked in a stream on a warm Wednesday afternoon. We'd all just had orgasms in front of each other. We looked at each other and we all started laughing. When we calmed down, we all waded to the bank. Watching the three women step naked out of the water was a lovely sight.  
  
Denise walked to our kayak. She got her watch from her waterproof bag. "Harry, we'd better get going if we want to be back before Cassie leaves.  
  
Ben said, "It was good to meet you two, really good."  
  
Sandy came up to me, hugged me, and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. She stepped away and Raelynn did the same thing. Denise went to Ben and then Chip and hugged and kissed them.  
  
Denise and I got the kayak out into the stream. As we started paddling, Denise called out to our new friends, "Take care and stay naked.  
  
"We will," Sandy yelled back.  
  
Through that entire day, I never thought about Denise and me being fired that Monday.

**Her Second Job Ch. 04**

Denise and I made it back to the outfitter before Cassie left and were back at Denise's apartment by ten o'clock that night. Apart from looking at job listings and sending a very few resumes, we did very little for the rest of the week.  
  
Because Denise wanted to, we went to Danielle's and Kurt's pool party that Sunday. We arrived just after 4:00 p.m. Denise looked stunning in a black one-piece which contrasted beautifully with her blonde hair. The fact that it was cut very high on her hips was only slightly concealed by the sheer cover-up skirt she wore.  
  
Danielle met us at the door. Danielle was wearing an electric blue one-piece that could have been a swimsuit or a dance leotard, I wasn't sure which. Danielle hugged each of us and asked how we were doing. "Alicia and Scott are here along with a couple who come to my yoga classes. I invited Jessie, Nadine, and Annie but they're all busy or out of town. There will be one more guest whom I expect shortly."  
  
Danielle led us into her house and introduced us to her yoga students, Barb and Ben Wachter. I'm bad at ages, but I guessed the Wachters were only a few years older than us. Ben had an "average" build but was fit-looking. Barb had a pretty face and a noticeable figure. She wore a beige bikini top that went well with her brown hair. Her bottoms were covered by a long skirt of a light-weight material. The Wachters were very pleasant and seemed "normal." We learned that Ben had recently become a vice president at the City's large regional bank. Barb worked for the public library. Denise and I told them we were a paralegal and a lawyer. We left out that we were both unemployed.  
  
Kurt had a well-stocked bar set up in a corner of the room. Like the rest of the house I'd seen, the room was very elegant. That we were standing around in swimwear seemed a bit incongruous. Kurt came by, asked what we wanted to drink, and was quickly back with our drinks.  
  
We were making small talk with the Wachters when I heard the front door open and heard Danielle say, "I'm so glad you came."  
  
I heard a vaguely familiar low female voice say, "It's been a tough week. I can use the break."  
  
Barb and Ben stepped away to talk to Alicia and Scott. Denise and I were sipping our drinks when Danielle walked up with another woman. I put the woman in her early forties. She had wavy brown hair cut to just below her jawline. Her face looked intelligent and kind. While her nose was a little large, what you noticed were the wide mouth and the sparkling blue eyes. The woman was about Denise's height but with wider shoulders and hips. The navy-blue suit showing above her skirt covered a large, nicely shaped chest.  
  
Danielle led he woman to us. To the woman, Danielle said, "Lena, this is Denise Hines and Harry Stone. I think you've met, or at least talked to, Harry."  
  
The woman gave us a lovely smile and extended a hand to Denise. "Hi," she said, "I'm Lena Mann." That produced an involuntary reaction from both of us. "I'm very sorry about what Cameron did to you," she added. "Danielle told me last Monday. Cameron and I fought about that, among other things."  
  
"I'm sorry if our situation caused strife in your marriage," I said.  
  
Lena's face got a sad, or fatigued, look. "It was one subject of strife," she replied, "but it wasn't a cause. Maybe I can talk about it more after a drink." Lena and Danielle walked to the bar.  
  
Alicia and Scott came up to us. Denise had met Scott several times before, but I never had. He was what I thought women would consider an attractive man. Alicia asked, "Who was that you were talking to?"  
  
"Lena Mann," Denise answered. "It was her husband who fired us a week ago."  
  
"Shit," Alicia said. "Is the husband here?"  
  
"No," I answered, "Mrs. Mann came by herself. The Manns both know Danielle and Kurt, but my impression is that Mrs. Mann and her husband have very different opinions about them."  
  
Scott, wisely, changed the subject. "Harry," he said sticking out his hand, "it's good to meet you. I've heard about you. You see Alicia naked more often than I do these days."  
  
"Whose fault is that?" Alicia asked indignantly.  
  
"Mine," Scott said. "I know I'm gone too much but what I'm doing is the best way I have to make some real money."  
  
Anything else Scott intended to say was forestalled by Kurt. He had moved to the center of the room and announced, "everyone is here now. Thank you for coming. Some of us have had a rough few days (Kurt looked at Denise and me as he said that). Danielle and I thought it would be good to get together, let our hair down, and show each other support and affection. Everyone's got a drink, right? Ok, this is a pool party and it's a beautiful day. Let's go to the pool."  
  
Kurt walked out through a door that opened onto his patio. The rest of us followed. Denise, Barb, and Lena draped the skirts they'd been wearing over their suits on a chair as they walked outside.  
  
I hadn't noticed that Danielle had slipped away until I heard her voice coming from the doorway behind us. "Could I have a moment?" she asked. We all turned. Danielle was standing in the doorway nude. With a wide smile, she said, "I'd decided not to do this, but I think it will make for a better party, and I doubt any of you will object. I'm declaring this party nudity mandatory. Please take your suits off."  
  
Denise and I had no problem going nude, and I was sure Alicia wouldn't either. Since they went to a nude yoga class, I assumed Barb and Ben were ok getting naked. The people I wondered about were Lena Mann and Scott.  
  
Looking at Alicia and Scott, I saw that Scott was undressing as readily as Alicia. I quickly took my shirt and trunks off. Denise handed me her suit. I walked back inside and put them on the chair with the women's cover-up skirts. As I got back to Denise, Lena Mann came up to us. Lena carried a bit of extra weight in her thighs and hips, but she was still an attractive, even sexy, woman. Her tan lines didn't hurt.  
  
Lena looked at me and said, "Harry, when we talked what, almost two weeks ago, you said that I still had the opportunity to do something like you and Denise do in New Bethel. I hope you're right and I hope that this is my first step in that direction." She turned to Denise and said, "Miss Hines, that suit looked wonderful on you, but you are much more beautiful naked."  
  
Denise replied, "So are you."  
  
"Why, thank you," Lena said to Denise. Lena turned back to me, "Danielle tells me that she finds one of the most rewarding parts of taking her clothes off is having other people look at her while she's nude. I want to see whether I share that opinion. Please look Harry and tell me what you think."  
  
Denise had no problem with me looking at other naked women; we worked with four every weekend. Still, I felt that I needed to be careful, but I did look. After a few moments, Lena made a slow full spin. She was nowhere near as physically beautiful as Denise, but neither is anyone else. As I said, she carried a few excess pounds. Nonetheless, Lena Mann was attractive with a sexiness and magnetism that I felt but couldn't explain. When Lena faced me again, I said, "I saw that you are a very attractive woman when Danielle introduced us. Denise is right, you are much more attractive naked."  
  
Lena smiled. To Denise, she said, "He's good. Hot body too." Lena turned and walked away. I made a point of not following her with my eyes.  
  
Denise gave me a quick kiss. "Apparently," she said, "I'm not crazy. Other women think you have a hot body too."  
  
I hugged Denise. "Only one woman's opinion matters," I replied.  
  
It was a good party. We all swam for a time. Danielle and Kurt put on aprons and grilled fresh fish for us. Denise and I agreed that Danielle wearing only an apron was very sexy. I made a mental note to buy Denise an apron. Everyone drank more than they probably should have.  
  
Barb and Ben left first, around 10:30. Sometime between 11:00 and midnight, Lena came up to Denise and me. "I walked over here by myself," she said, "but it was light then. Would the two of you walk me home? It's only a block."  
  
I knew that a "block" in Shawnee Hills could be considerably farther than a normal city block. However, I had the sense that Lena had something she wanted to tell us. Denise's glance at me communicated that she had the same sense. "We'd be glad to," Denise said. "Give me a moment to put my suit back on."  
  
"Just wear your skirt," Lena said, "that's all I'm wearing."  
  
"What about Harry?" Denise asked.  
  
"He can wrap a towel around his waist," Lena said. Both Denise and I looked skeptical. Lena added, "I've lived here for over four years. On a holiday weekend, the cops are all up on the Boulevard looking for drunk drivers. It won't matter if someone else sees us. People who live in the Hills follow 'don't ask, don't tell.' Otherwise, a lot of big money would get terribly embarrassed."  
  
Denise smiled and said, "Go get a towel Harry." I did and carried it to the patio door. Lena had picked up her suit. Stepping inside, both she and Denise wrapped their skirts around their waists. In the soft light of the room, the two women nude from the waist up looked very lovely.  
  
Alicia had seen us acting like we were leaving. From the pool, she called out "You're coming back, right?"  
  
Danielle added, "Please do. We're still having a good time."  
  
"We'll be back," Denise assured them.  
  
We followed Lena out the front door and down the slight hill to the street. Lena said, "My house is to the right a little way." Lena wore sandals but Denise and I were barefoot, so we walked on the grass.  
  
We walked silently or a distance before Lena said, "Danielle called me about what Cameron had done to you just after, I think, Denise told Danielle. Danielle asked me not to say anything to Cameron until Kurt had talked to him. I guess Kurt talked to Cameron Tuesday because Cameron came home furious. He called Kurt a liar. I've known Danielle and Kurt for over three years, and they are both completely honest. Cameron said things about Danielle I can't repeat."  
  
"That must have been very unpleasant," Denise said. When Denise had met Lena earlier in the evening, I sensed that Lena was guilty by association in Denise's mind. We'd spent a lot of time talking to Lena and Denise's attitude seemed to have turned about 180 degrees. I got that. Lena was a likeable person.  
  
"It got worse," Lena said. "After Cameron had ripped Danielle and Kurt for a while, he started in on the two of you. I'm guessing you've already heard it, or the substance, directly from Cameron so I'll just say that it wasn't nice. That's when I spoke up, saying that I liked and respected Danielle and Kurt a great deal and that I had seen the two of you dance and thought you were great. That I admired your courage and self-confidence."  
  
"Thank you for that," Denise said.  
  
"Gasoline on a fire," Lena said. She stopped. "No one's gone by," Lena said. "Let's take these things off and walk nude." It was a comfortable night and Lena was right that no cars had passed. Lena and Denise took off their skirts and I took off my towel.  
  
"After I defended Danielle and Kurt and the two of you, Cameron turned on me," Lena continued. "I'm sure Cameron hadn't had anything to drink. He called me names that were just vile. Among other things, he called me a 'slut wannabe' and said that my role wasn't to think but just to take care of his dick. I pointed out how difficult that was since he can't get it up anymore, at least not around me."  
  
Lena went a few more steps. She exhaled and said, "anyway, Cameron and I have had a lot of issues. He isn't at all the man I thought I was marrying. Tuesday night was the last straw. I'd already talked with a divorce lawyer. She had time to see me again Wednesday morning. She advised me to tell Cameron to move out, which he's done. The divorce petition is being filed Tuesday morning. Deanna, my lawyer, is going to have the Sheriff serve Cameron in person at his office."  
  
"Jesus!" I said.  
  
"Yeah," Lena said. "That's my house up there," Lena added, pointing a very large, very new house that wasn't all that attractive in my opinion. Lena stopped. "I didn't drag you away from the party to cry on your shoulders. I moved here from Portland to marry Cameron. Apart from Danielle and Kurt, and Gwen, Cameron's daughter by his first wife, I haven't made any friends during our marriage. Cameron tends to drive people off unless they need something from him. I saw the two of you dance at Kurt's bar and, corny as it sounds, immediately thought of you as role models for the kind of life I really want. I hope you'll help me get a real life, a joyous life."  
  
I didn't know what to say. Denise looked in my eyes. I gave her the look that said, "You call this one, I trust your judgment."  
  
Denise took a deep breath. "Certainly Lena," she said, "we'll do anything for you we can." We walked Lena to her front door. She punched a code on a keypad that opened the door. She turned to us and said, "thank you." She kissed each of us on a cheek, taking care that her body didn't touch ours.  
  
We hadn't seen anyone else since we left Danielle and Kurt's, and it was fun walking naked along a street in a ritzy suburb. "What do you think Lena wants from us?" I asked.  
  
"I don't know, and I doubt she does either, yet," Denise said. "She's having a tough time. We need to be there for her. That's the commitment we just made to her." "Commitment" was a word and concept Denise didn't take lightly.  
  
"Am I wrong, or have you done a 180 on her over the course of the evening?" I asked.  
  
"I blamed her for what her husband did to us," Denise said. "That's irrational, and I realized it. Also, she has a seductive quality that draws you to her and makes you like her. You picked up on that."  
  
"I picked up on it," I said, "but I hadn't thought 'seductive.' There's only one woman seductive to me."  
  
Denise laughed. "I don't have to seduce you. You always want me."  
  
"True," I replied. "It's because you're so damned perfect."  
  
Denise and I stood, stark naked, hugging and kissing, on a street in Shawnee Hills, at about 12:30 on Labor Day morning.  
  
Danielle, Alicia, Scott, and Kurt were all in boisterous moods when we got back to the house. After talking with Lena, Denise and I wanted to be alone to reaffirm our commitment to each other. We made our apologies, gathered, our clothes, and headed for the door. Danielle, at least, seemed to understand. At the door, she said, "Like you two, Lena's a very good person whom I love dearly. All three of you were shit on by the same person. Knowing all three of you, I hope you take that as the common ground for starting a strong friendship. She'll make your lives richer and you'll make hers richer." Danielle turned to go back inside then turned back to us. "I've got a yoga class Tuesday night," she said. "You are coming." You didn't ignore Danielle's instructions.  
  
When Denise and I arrived at the yoga class that Tuesday, Barb and Ben were already there and undressed. As Denise and I disrobed, I asked how they had gotten involved with the class.  
  
"We weren't nudists at all," Barb said. "Ben saw an ad for the class somewhere and showed it to me, as a joke I think."  
  
"It was," Ben interjected.  
  
"I thought about it and decided it was interesting," Barb continued. "How could I say I didn't like being naked around other people if I never tried it?  
  
"We came to our first class back in the spring and we both really liked it," Ben said.  
  
"I don't think I could do what you do, dancing naked in front of a lot of clothed people who are just there to see you naked," Barb said, "but I like being naked with other naked people. People seem more open and less pretentious when they take their clothes off."  
  
"Don't let her kid you," Ben said, "Barb likes looking at naked men."  
  
"I do," Barb said, "penises are infinitely fascinating."  
  
"I agree," Denise said.  
  
We were in a large room and it was filling up. The class was close to 50-50 men and women. Danielle had walked to the front to start the class when Lena Mann came in hurriedly.  
  
"Sorry," Lena said. "I was delayed. I'll have my clothes off in just a sec." Lena stripped and put her mat down in front of me. I didn't read anything into that. It was about the only vacant space in the room.  
  
My experience with yoga didn't go much beyond buying a mat while I was in law school. Danielle knew that and was very considerate. She helped me into the proper positions for several poses. I was used to Danielle's hands on my bare skin and liked it. Denise had done quite a bit of yoga and moved gracefully from one position to another. To her amusement, there were a couple I just couldn't do even with Danielle's help.  
  
As we moved from one pose to another, I kept my eyes on my mat. I thought that would help me keep my balance, but I was also aware of Lena in front of me, very exposed.  
  
We were in a pose that had us put our hands on the floor and our butts in the air. I was staring at my mat when Denise said, "You can look up Harry. Lena won't mind."  
  
"Please do," Lena added.  
  
I looked up. About two feet in front of me was Lena's ass, cheeks spread showing her asshole. Between her thighs, her pussy was also on display. I've heard guys say that, if you've those parts of one woman's body, you've seen them all. I disagree. Those parts of Denise are uniquely beautiful and alluring. Despite the extra pounds, Lena also looked very nice.  
  
Danielle did her classes at a gym in Hyde's Corner, which wasn't very far from Shawnee Hills. As we were dressing after class, Lena invited us to her house for a "quick" dinner. Once inside her house, the three of us undressed again. Lena put on an apron (did she know how much I like a nude woman in an apron?) and quickly made a very good pasta with shrimp and herbs. After we'd cleaned up dinner, we took wine into the TV room. Lena sat in one arm- chair. Denise sat in my lap in another.  
  
We were talking when Lena shifted gears. "You know," she said, "I haven't had sex with another person for almost four years?"  
  
"Why that long?" Denise asked.  
  
"Cameron I and were married a little over five years ago," Lena said. "Initially, Cameron wanted to fuck all the time. I wasn't all that experienced, but I tried to do everything for him I could think of. I quickly learned that sex was all about Cameron. He'd shoot his load in me and get up, whether I'd come or not. Cameron's selfishness got to me. I quit trying and would just lie there while he got his jollies. Then, Cameron couldn't get it up anymore. He said that was because I was 'unresponsive.'"  
  
"Why not find a lover?" I asked.  
  
"I married Cameron," Lena said. "I vowed to be faithful to him."  
  
Denise got up, took my hand, and gently pulled me out of the chair. We stood side-by-side, in front of Lena, as Denise asked, "Would you like to touch us?"  
  
Lena moved her butt to the edge of the chair. "I've never done anything with another woman," she said.  
  
"Neither have I," Denise said kindly. "It'll be a new experience for both of us."  
  
Lena took my balls in her left hand. Denise spread her legs slightly and drew a sharp breath as Lena began running a finger over her pussy lips. "That's nice," Denise said.

Lena wrapped her hand around my dick as I got hard and began, tentatively, stroking me. Denise took another sharp breath when Lena slid a finger into her pussy. "Good," Denise said. Lena gained confidence and got more vigorous with both of us. Lena had a nice touch, although not as nice as Denise's.  
  
Denise's breathing grew faster and her nipples grew hard. Lena slid a second finger into Denise. Denise said, "Oh my!" She put an arm around my shoulders.  
  
It wasn't long before I said, "Lena, I'm about to come." I'm not sure my words registered. Lena was engrossed with Denise's squirming and squeaks as she masturbated Denise. Denise gripped my shoulder tightly and leaned against my side as she said, "Oh! Oh God!"  
  
Seeing Denise orgasm, coupled with Lena's stroking, made me shoot; on Lena's face. That got her attention. Lena smiled at me. "Thank you, Harry," she said. "No man's ever done that for me before."  
  
When Denise regained her balance, she got a towel and wiped Lena's face. Finished, Denise asked Lena, "Where's your bedroom?" Lena led us upstairs to a large room, the centerpiece of which was a huge bed with four tall posters. Denise had Lena lie on her back. Looking at me, Denise touched a finger to her lips and nodded towards Lena's exposed pussy. Denise wanted me to eat Lena.  
  
I got on the bed between Lena's legs and crawled up until I was looking down at her nicely trimmed pubic hair. I lay on my chest and started my tongue around Lena's outer lips. She tensed up at my first touch, but then relaxed. Glancing up, I saw Denise had gotten on the bed beside Lena and had one of Lena's nipples in her mouth.  
  
I worked my tongue inside Lena. I licked her clit and, very carefully, took it between my teeth. I didn't focus just on Lena's clit, but also worked my tongue as far into her as I could. This was my first time with Lena, so I didn't know what worked for her and I wasn't in position to ask. I tried to read from her body reactions what she liked best.  
  
It took a while, which I didn't mind. I like giving oral. I finally did something right. Lena screamed, clamped her thighs hard around my head, and sat partway up. When Lena relaxed, I raised up on my forearms and saw Lena and Denise kissing passionately.  
  
The three of us spent the night in that bed. We didn't do anything else, just cuddled with Lena between Denise and me. When we woke up the next morning, Denise's first words were, "Lena, do you like someone playing with your asshole?"  
  
"I don't know," Lena replied.  
  
"Let's find out," Denise said. She rolled Lena onto her left side. Lena was facing me, but I could, partially, see Denise working her hand between Lena's cheeks.  
  
After a couple of minutes, Lena said, "That feels nice." I slid over closer to Lena and raised her right thigh so it could rest on my shoulder. That gave me access to start fingering her. Lena said, "That feels very nice, Harry." I slid a finger into Lena, and then two, while Denise kept playing with her ass. I was moving my fingers around until Lena said, "There! Right there!" I worked that spot as hard as I could.  
  
Lena was squirming around, so Denise backed off. I kept going with two fingers on the spot Lena liked. Lena reacted more intensely that morning than the night before. When she came, she rammed her knee into the back of my head, hard. I was woozy for a moment, but, sure I'd gotten Lena off, I didn't mind.  
  
The three of us showered together. Nothing too intense, but Denise and I felt up just about all of Lena's body. Out of the shower, Denise told Lena that we had to be somewhere. That wasn't true and told me Denise had a reason for us to leave.  
  
We drove back to Denise's apartment without saying much. Inside, we undressed again. We always went nude at home. Denise gently shoved me into a padded chair. Standing naked in front of me, Denise said, "Harry, we need to talk."  
  
Usually, when a woman tells a man "we need to talk," it has an accusatory tone because the man has fucked up. Denise said it apologetically. She sat in my lap facing me.  
  
"Harry," Denise said, "we've been monogamous since we've been together. We know neither of us has cheated because we've been together almost all the time. I don't want anyone other than you."  
  
"You are the only person I want," I said.  
  
"I'm not sure what came over me last night," Denise said. "Lena's just so vulnerable and so, well, seductive. I'm sorry."  
  
"Did you enjoy what we did with Lena?" I asked.  
  
In a very small voice, Denise said, "Yes."  
  
"In that case," I said, "don't apologize."  
  
Denise looked at me for quite a while. I'm not sure what she was trying to read from my face. What I hope she saw was my intense love for her.  
  
"Harry," Denise said, "we can agree sex with Lena's ok?"  
  
"Yes," I said, "as long as we do it together." Denise leaned her head towards me and we kissed for a very long time.