**Her Second Job**

by[HStoner](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564334&page=submissions)©

**Her Second Job Ch. 05**

Denise and I were fired by Sparks, Herman & Mann in mid-August. We still hadn't found regular jobs by year end. We were still dancing naked in New Bethel each weekend. That earned us enough to live on, barely. Of course, it was the dancing which got us fired.  
  
To keep us and the bar's regular customers from getting bored, Danielle had choreographed a couple new dances for us. I feared we were, at least, pushing the Department of Liquor Control's limits. Both new dances had my hands on Denise's breasts several times. Danielle had conceived moves for Denise that "accidently" brushed my dick.  
  
The new dances had different endings. In one, I stood at center stage with the audience to my right. Denise was on her knees in front of me with her face about an inch from my dick. The other ending had me squatting at center stage with my hands together, palms up, in front of my chin. Denise jumped on me with one leg over each of my shoulders and her ass in my hands. Once I caught Denise, I stood and made a complete circle, ending with my front and Denise's back to the audience. It took some time, and a few bumps and bruises, before we got that one right.  
  
In the ending with Denise in front of my face, I realized that, if I raised my arms a little, I could reach her pussy with my tongue. Since my head was between her legs, I figured no one would see my face. The first time onstage, I was licking Denise's outer lips as I spun us around and held her in front of the audience.  
  
Backstage after that dance, Denise was laughing. "That naughty man!" she said, pointing at me.  
  
"What'd he do? Alicia asked.  
  
"He was licking my cunt lips as he held me up in front of the audience!" Denise said.  
  
"Did you enjoy it?" Kurt asked.  
  
"Well, yeah," Denise replied, "but he's going to get us in trouble."  
  
"No one can see his face," Kurt said. "this is one time that, if it feels good, do it." It was Kurt's liquor license.  
  
Denise retaliated, sort of. When we did the dance ending with her kneeling in front of me, she started surreptitiously blowing on my dick. She made it tough for me to get off stage before I got a hard-on.  
  
Denise had moved into my apartment. Her apartment was much nicer than mine, but mine was cheaper. We spent very little on the holiday that year. But, living with Denise, what greater gift could I get? I felt bad that I couldn't give her something nice like she deserved.  
  
I was glad, that year, that neither Denise nor I had much family. I was an only child and I'd lost both parents in a private plane crash during law school. Denise's parents had been older when they had her. Her mom had died of cancer while she was in high school and her dad had a fatal heart attack her senior year of college. Denise had a brother, David, who was about ten years older than her. He was career Army and had been deployed overseas for a long time. He called her two or three times a year and she sent him letters, mailed to an address in California.  
  
New Year's Eve fell in the middle of the week that year. Kurt didn't think it was wise to have nude dancing that night given the excessive drinking that attends the holiday. Without dancing, the bar didn't do that much business, so Kurt decided to close for New Year's Eve. Instead, he and Danielle hosted a party for everyone who worked at the bar.  
  
I had assumed that we were going to Danielle's and Kurt's party until, on December 29, Denise told me that she'd told Danielle we couldn't make it. I guess I gave her a perplexed look because Denise said, "Harry, with everything that's happened, I just want to spend the night with you. We'll end the old year together and I'll start the new one with the person who matters most to me." When the most beautiful woman alive says that to you, you just say "of course we will."  
  
We decided to do without electric lights that night, instead lighting candles around the apartment. We made an early dinner with Denise wearing only the apron I'd given her for Christmas. After dinner, we sipped wine, talked, and explored each other. I was very familiar with all of Denise's body by that point. I still found it infinitely fascinating. Denise's mind is even more beautiful than her body and I was torn between touching her and listening to her. I compromised and did both.  
  
Denise wanted us to make love at midnight. We got in bed about 11:30. We usually made love with one on top of the other. That night, we lay on our sides facing each other. Denise raised a leg, guided me in, and put her leg back down on my hip. There was something nice being together on the same level. We kissed, nibbled, and made love very slowly. Once we heard the church bell and fireworks at midnight, we got more energetic. Simultaneous orgasms were the beginning of our New Year.  
  
After we made love, Denise and I lay there, facing each other and listening to the noises from the street. Finally, Denise said, "Promise me something Harry."  
  
"I promise," I said.  
  
Denise giggled. "You don't know what I want."  
  
"For you, I'll do anything," I replied. "What did I just promise?"  
  
"You promised me, "Denise said, "that we'll spend every New Year's like this, just us, making love at midnight. You know I love people and I love showing off, but I want us to start every year reminding each other that we are the most important things in each other's lives."  
  
"That's easy," I said. "I was afraid you wanted me to do something difficult like find a job."  
  
Denise moved her face closer to mine. "Every year for the rest of our lives Harry," she said. We'd never talked about our long-term future together. In the back of my mind, I thought that all good things come to an end and that Denise would eventually leave. I knew how seriously Denise took commitments. What she'd just said made me happier than I'd ever been.  
  
I kissed Denise for a long time. When we ended the kiss, I said, "for the rest of our lives." We made love again. Denise got on top this time. Her gorgeous face became more beautiful when we made love. That night, she also looked happier than I could ever remember.  
  
I got a call during the first week of January from a woman named Vanessa Gibson. "I'm a lawyer and have my own office," she said. "I know Lena Mann. She told me what her husband did to you and Ms. Hines. I think I may have something for both of you. Will you send me your resumes?" Denise e-mailed our resumes to the address Ms. Gibson gave me. A couple of hours later, Gibson called back and asked us to meet her at her office the next day. We didn't have anything else going on.  
  
We assumed we were going for a job interview, so I wore a suit and tie. Denise wore a dark wool skirt, jacket, beige blouse, and low heels. Vanessa Gibson's office was on the third floor of a rehabbed brick building in an area just north of Downtown called "The Overlook." The Overlook had been a slum for decades before it had started gentrifying rapidly about ten years earlier. There was an art gallery on the first floor of the building.  
  
Vanessa Gibson met us in front of the elevator on the first floor and we rode up together. I later learned that she was 12 years older than Denise and me. She was about my height with curly black hair and cute but intelligent-looking face. She was slender which was emphasized by the dark purple dress she wore. It was one of those dresses that wrap around the body, secured by a belt. She wore heels but no hose. I thought I saw her nipples pushing against her dress and wondered whether she was wearing anything under the dress.  
  
We went from the elevator into a small anteroom with doors in front of us and one each to the right and left. Mounted on the wall was "Gibson Law Offices." Vanessa Gibson opened the door to our right and led us into a typical conference room.  
  
Once we were seated, Gibson said, "I know Lena Mann through my dad, Seth Gibson. He's a tax partner at SHM." I recognized the name. "He thinks you were treated pretty badly by his firm, by the way, although his understand of what happened is a lot different than what Lena told me. I know about your dancing and I'm totally ok with that."  
  
Gibson leaned back for a moment, then straightened. "To understand what I do," she said, "you need to know a bit about me. I got my bachelor's and master's in sociology. My focus was on sexual behavior. I got very interested in what I call 'non-traditional means of pleasure.'" She laughed. "I probably got too far into it. I've been tied down and had my bare ass whipped in front of a room full of people. Thank god that didn't leave any lasting marks. I'm proud of my ass. I spent six months stripping in a full nude club in Atlanta. That was a blast. What I noticed was that people sometimes had legal issues arising from their sexual activities. Most lawyers either weren't interested or were condescending and judgmental to people whose sexual conduct was 'perverted.' I've had my own firm for ten years now. The firm exists to serve people in that space where law and sexuality intersect. I represent clients diligently, compassionately, and without judgment; treating them as people rather than perverts."  
  
Gibson took a sip of water before continuing. "I represent a wide range of people. Strippers, club owners, porn producers, porn performers, escorts, and just regular folks whose quest for pleasure has created issues. We handle just about every area of law except tax: from copyright to tort to criminal. The common thread in our cases is that there is some sexual conduct involved. I have this office and one in Chicago. I prefer to spend most of my time in Chicago but the woman who handled this office left me at the end of November to get married, so I need someone here."  
  
"How do you make money?" I asked.  
  
"Good question," Ms. Gibson replied. "Club owners and pornographers often make a lot of money, and a surprising number of wealthy folks have kinks that produce legal issues. I bill them hourly and love them. I do things like revenge porn cases on contingent fee. A private foundation gives me some money to help escorts and street hookers, particularly women forced into the life. I have more than enough work like that in Chicago. This city doesn't generate as much interesting work, so I also do a standard practice, primarily plaintiff's personal injury, consumer fraud, etc. Thanks in part to Dad, I've got more of that work being referred than I can handle. I'd like someone to take it on so I can spend most of my time in Chicago. I'm offering you that job."  
  
Gibson went on to outline her terms. She'd guarantee us each $50,000/year salary and pay all expenses. If the office made a profit over its expenses, she'd share that 30% to her and 70% to us.  
  
"Why so generous?" I asked.  
  
Gibson smiled, "The thirty percent is mine for generating the work. Seventy percent is yours for doing the work." She paused before adding, "Mr. Stone, you know that we are ethically prohibited from sharing fees with non-lawyers?" I nodded. "That out of the way," she said, "I assume that anything paid to you is really going to both you and Ms. Hines."  
  
"Absolutely," I confirmed.  
  
"Are you two interested?" Gibson asked. I looked at Denise.  
  
"Very interested," Denise answered.  
  
"Great!" Gibson said. "Stand up, take your clothes off, and I'll show you the office."  
  
I'd never stripped naked in a job interview before but, given what Gibson had told us, I wasn't too surprised by her instructions. I looked at Denise. She had taken her jacket off and was stepping out of her shoes. I got my suit off quickly. Denise is most beautiful naked. But I think it is very sexy to watch her undress, especially when she's wearing "professional" clothes.  
  
When we were both nude, Denise and I stood facing Vanessa Gibson. She looked us over for a moment. Denise reached out and took my hand. Suddenly, Gibson undid her belt, shucked her dress off, and stepped out of her heels. As I'd suspected, she was nude under the dress. She turned to open a door in the wall behind her. She was right. She had a very tight, perfectly shaped ass.  
  
We followed her into a high ceiling room, narrow from side-to-side but long front-to-back. There were a couple of desks and credenzas arranged in L-shaped configurations. Computer monitors stood on both desks. File cabinets and a large copy machine stood against the far wall. A large worktable sat in front of the desks. The front wall had four large sash windows that ran almost floor to ceiling. Across the street, I could see a room with people in it. Four upholstered chairs sat in a semi-circle by the windows.  
  
"This is the working office," Gibson said. She pointed to a door at the back of the room. "There's a small apartment back there that I use when I'm in town. Full kitchen, sofa, separate bedroom, and a bathroom with a small shower. The shower can hold two if you like each other. You'd be free to use the apartment whenever you want. Just wash the sheets."  
  
Gibson walked to the chairs by the window, waved to someone across the street, and sat down. Denise and I sat in chairs facing her. Gibson said, "I usually work nude if we don't have strangers in the office. I wouldn't require you to do that, but I'd appreciate it if you did. I assume we can switch to first names since we're all naked. Denise, in addition to being paralegal, I'd expect you to manage the office. Keep the books, manage the trust account, keep Harry on schedule, make sure the office has all necessary supplies. Can you do that?"  
  
"Yes," Denise said immediately.  
  
Vanessa stood. "Ok," she said, "you want to get dressed, go home, and think about it?"  
  
I looked at Denise. She nodded her head affirmatively. I knew that didn't mean go home and think about it. "We'll take the jobs Vanessa," I said.  
  
Vanessa clapped her hands. "Great! When do you want to start?"  
  
"February 1?" I proposed.  
  
"Exactly what I was going to suggest," Vanessa replied. "I'm excited. From what I've learned about you and what I've seen today, I think we'll enjoy working with each other."  
  
"One other thing," Vanessa said. "I own this building. That's a separate business from the law practice. I've got two tenants: the art gallery on one and a photographer on two. Denise, would you be my building manager: collect rents, pay the taxes and water bill, get anything that breaks fixed? I'll pay you another $ 1,200 per month for that."  
  
"Certainly," Denise replied.  
  
The building had a gated parking lot next to it. Vanessa had given us the code so we could park there when we came for our interview. As we walked back outside, dressed, Denise took my arm. Smiling, she said, "Vanessa would appreciate it if we work nude in the office? I think we've found perfect jobs."  
  
"I'm sure the guys across the street won't mind the upgrade from Vanessa to you," I said.  
  
Denise punched me gently in the ribs. "I saw a couple of women over there," she giggled.  
  
Vanessa approved of our nude dancing but wanted to ensure that it didn't conflict with running the practice. Lena put her in touch with Danielle and Kurt. Denise and I danced that Friday. We were sitting nude backstage having a drink after the midnight show when Kurt made an announcement.  
  
"Friends," Kurt told the room, "I'm happy to report that Denise and Harry have paying, full-time jobs again." That brought a round of applause. "However, because they're taking on added responsibilities, they won't be able to dance all the time." That brought boos. "Denise and Harry will be dancing every other weekend, subject to circumstances. I'm also pleased to announce that Annie and her boyfriend Colin will dance on the alternate weekends. They will debut next Friday. To promote that, we're starting an 'Is Annie a natural redhead' promotion in the bar. Customers will write down whether they think she is or isn't. Everyone who gets it right, and is here when Annie shows us next Friday, gets a free drink."  
  
I looked at Annie, who was standing, clothed, by the door to behind the bar. She was smiling. She said, "A couple of you know. Don't tell anyone!"  
  
Denise leaned over to me and said what I was thinking: "We'll have to be here for Annie's debut."  
  
Kurt wasn't done. "One obstacle to letting Annie dance has been replacing her with a female bartender I can trust." Kurt pointed to a slender brunette who was sitting in a corner. "This is Brie, who will tend bar when Annie is dancing. I think I can trust Brie. She's Danielle's niece."  
  
Brie stood up. She was elegantly dressed, for the bar, in a skirt and tight sweater. "It is wonderful to meet you," she said in a cultured voice. "I'm looking forward to becoming a co-worker. Hopefully, I can follow in Annie's footsteps and graduate to a job on stage with a lot less on."  
  
Danielle leaned over to Denise and me. "Brie's my older sister's daughter. She's got an Ivy League degree in English literature and wants to write. She's also an experienced bar tender. Elaine and Ray, her parents, think working here will give her material to write about. Knowing Brie, I think she's looking for an opportunity to show off her bare tits and ass. She and I have things in common."  
  
Vanessa had cases waiting, so I "hit the ground running" in February. I expected crap but she had good cases. I knew Denise was competent, but she went further up in my estimation that first month. She ran the office, handled the money, kept me on schedule, and did a substantial part of the work on the cases. She did all that without ever nagging or losing her patience.  
  
Denise got a call on her cellphone in the afternoon of the first Monday in March. I don't eavesdrop her calls, but even the photographer a floor below heard her yell "Great! That's wonderful! I can't wait!" She ended the call and turned to me. "That was Dave! He's in Hawai'i. He's being rotated back to the States and gets almost three weeks' leave. He's flying here Friday."  
  
I was very happy for Denise who hadn't seen her brother for about four years. I was also worried about how her Army officer brother would react to our jobs since we worked nude most of the time in both. I thought could keep Dave out of the office by claiming we had client confidential papers lying around. Denise would have to handle the dancing.  
  
We were waiting for Dave outside security when his flight arrived Friday afternoon. Despite his civilian clothes, I thought the close-cut blond hair, very erect posture, and measured walk called him out as military. I also noticed that several women watched his progress along the concourse towards us.  
  
Denise gave Dave a very affectionate hug. When she finally let go, he turned to me. I was expecting a hard ass routine. Instead, Dave gave me a friendly smile, extended a hand, and said in a soft voice, "Harry, Denise and I don't talk often but she writes a lot. Her letters over the last several months have been all about you. It's good to meet you."  
  
I didn't think Denise had told Dave about our dancing. I also knew she hadn't asked Kurt for the night off. There was no way Denise was simply going to no-show Danielle and Kurt.  
  
In the car from the airport, Denise questioned Dave about where he'd been and what he'd been doing. "I've been a lot of places most Americans don't know we have forces in," Dave said. "I've seen things I hope most Americans never know. If I told you more than that, I'd probably get orders to kill you." The dancing didn't come up on the drive. I waited to see how Denise would handle it.

Denise addressed the dancing obliquely, and mischievously, at our apartment. "Harry," Denise said, "you remember I told you that, when I swam in high school, my pussy was visible through my suit when I was bent over on the blocks starting a race?"  
  
"I remember," I said.  
  
Smiling, Denise said, "Who do you think, when he was home, always found his way behind the blocks when I started a race?"  
  
I looked at Dave. He shrugged and said, "What's the point of having a hot little sister if you can't perv on her?" Looking at Denise, he added, "It's a good thing I got out of the house before she grew up. There might have been incest otherwise." The look on Denise's face made me wonder if she would have objected.  
  
Denise cocked one hip to the side. "Well Dave," she said, "do you want to see it tonight without the wrapper?"  
  
I'm not sure Dave understood exactly what Denise meant. He looked confused and said, "well, sure."  
  
"Great!" Denise said. "You're coming with us tonight!"  
  
We got to the bar in New Bethel just after 9:00 p.m. We usually used the back door, but that night we took Dave into the bar. Denise introduced Dave to Annie behind the bar and added, "he's my brother." Annie raised her eyebrows but didn't say anything. A few bar regulars recognized Denise. She told Dave, "Gotta work." We left him in Annie's care and hurried through the rear door into the backstage room.  
  
Denise did a solo dance in the ten o'clock show. When she came off, she was amped. She threw her arms around me and said, "I am such a pervert!"  
  
"Why?" I asked.  
  
"I just danced nude in front of my older brother. I made sure he saw everything. And I'm getting really turned on by it," Denise said.  
  
"Your older brother's here?" Jessie asked.  
  
"Yes," I said. "He's an Army guy."  
  
"Oh shit!" Jessie exclaimed.  
  
"I am so disgusted that I enjoyed showing myself to my brother!" Denise exclaimed. She didn't sound disgusted, she sounded proud of herself. Denise must have sensed a pang of jealousy on my part. "Don't worry Dear," she said. "just because it's a turn on having him see me doesn't mean I'm trading you in for him, or anyone else." She kissed me.  
  
"Smart girl," Danielle commented.  
  
Denise and I did our first dance together in the 11 o'clock show. Dancing nude with Denise was always a turn on for both of us. That's why we did it. That night, Denise was unusually passionate on stage. It was, well, very erotic. We crossed a few lines which were usually inviolable. Thankfully, the Liquor Control agents must have been elsewhere.  
  
I came off stage into the backstage room with a full hard-on. "Look what that woman did to me!" I said jokingly.  
  
Alicia and Nadine were onstage dancing. Danielle and Jessie looked at me. "Looks fine to me," Jessie said.  
  
"Me too," Danielle added.  
  
Denise grabbed my dick and turned me to face her. "That's the most fun I've had since we've been doing this together," Denise said as she wrapped her arms around me.  
  
"You want to dance again at midnight?" Danielle asked.  
  
"I'd love to," Denise answered. In the midnight show, we did the dance that ended with me holding Denise up in front of my face. I stayed onstage a little longer that night so I could give Denise a more thorough licking.  
  
As we came backstage, Denise was giggling. "You bastard!" she said. "You almost made me come in front of my own brother!"  
  
We talked Kurt into letting Dave come backstage when the bar closed. Denise, Danielle, Alicia, Jessie, Nadine, and I were all naked when Dave walked into the room. Denise and I were standing next to each other. Dave stopped and took a long look at his naked little sister. Finally, he said, "Damn Sis, you are drop-dead gorgeous."  
  
Denise, worried that Dave might blame me for her dancing in a bar with no clothes on, said, "Dave, I was doing this before Harry, and I hooked up. I talked him into it, not vice versa."  
  
The other four nude women had clustered around us. Dave looked at them and then said, "Denise, I'm cool with it. Harry, you've already died and gone to Heaven."  
  
"I hope you didn't get bored sitting out there so long," I said.  
  
"Nope," Dave replied, "I love beautiful women, especially when they're naked. That gorgeous redhead, Annie, was comping me beers. I probably drank too much, but I've had a good time."  
  
Dave seem drunk to me. I noticed that all five women, even Denise, were swishing their bare asses more noticeably with Dave in the room. Nadine seemed to have affixed herself to his elbow.  
  
Annie brought in a tray of drinks. Dave kept looking around at the five nude women, all of whom were making sure Dave could see everything. However, he asked me "Harry, it doesn't bother you showing your dick in public?"  
  
I put an arm around Denise's bare shoulders. "Not when I'm with her," I answered.  
  
"Ok, I get that," Dave said. "You two did look like you were made for each other out there."  
  
Dave came with us to the bar Saturday night too. We dropped him at the apartment afterwards. Since our apartment only had one bed, we let Dave stay there. Denise and I slept in the apartment at the office.  
  
Denise and I were off the following weekend. Friday night, we took Dave out to dinner with Lena Mann. Dave had the same effect on Lena he'd had on every other woman he'd encountered since he got off the plane. Within half an hour, it was clear that Lena was having an effect on Dave. By the end of the dinner, Denise and I were sitting quietly letting Lena and Dave talk to each other.  
  
Denise intended that we'd cook dinner for Dave that Saturday night. She called him from our office apartment that morning. When she finished the call, she came out into the office where I was working. She had a grin on her face.  
  
"We won't be fixing Dave dinner," Denise said, "at least not tonight."  
  
"Why not?" I asked.  
  
"Lena already invited him to dinner at her place," Denise said. "Just him, not us."  
  
"That means we can sleep at the apartment tonight," I said.  
  
"You think Dave will stay over with Lena?" Denise asked.  
  
"Guarantee it," I replied.  
  
Denise and I did stay at our apartment that night. In the expectation Dave would be back some time, we dressed when we got up late Sunday morning. We didn't usually wear clothes in our apartment but were dressing in deference to Dave. Lena and Dave showed up just after noon. Lena's first words to us were, "Why are you two dressed?"  
  
"What?" Dave asked.  
  
Lena replied, "Denise and Harry never wear clothes in here."  
  
Dave looked at us. "I'm sorry," he said, "you shouldn't change your habits for me."  
  
"Come on guys," Lena added, "you know I like you both better naked."  
  
I looked at Denise. She smiled. We both stripped off. I knew Denise liked Dave seeing her naked and I knew Dave liked seeing her naked. Once we were nude, Denise said, "What about you Lena? You don't wear clothes with us anymore."  
  
Lena smiled. "Damn," she said, "you're right. What am I still doing with this stuff on?" Lena quickly undressed. As I've mentioned before, Lena had twenty years on us, and about ten on Dave. She carried a few extra pounds in her thighs and hips. She was still a beautiful and alluring woman in the nude.  
  
Dave was the only clothed person in the room. Lena said, "Come on Dave, get with the program."  
  
Dave was a little uncomfortable. He said, "Well, uh. . .."  
  
Lena cut him off. "It's not like I haven't seen it and felt it already," she said. Lena looked at Dave and then at Denise. Lena said, "Don't be bashful because of Denise. You've seen her naked. She's naked right now. Don't you think she's entitled to see you? After all, you're family!"  
  
Dave squirmed. Denise teased, "Come on Dave, I want to see!"  
  
Dave looked at me. I put my hands out, palms up, and shrugged. This was between him and Denise, with input from Lena. After a few moments of looking back and forth between Lena and Denise, Dave said, "What the hell."  
  
Dave Hines had a compact build, with one exception: his dick was almost freakishly long and large. When he got his shorts off, Denise just stared at him with her mouth open. She finally gathered herself and said, "Well shit. I never knew."  
  
Dave sat on our old sofa next to Lena. Lena put a hand on his dick. Smiling at Denise, Lena said, "It feels as good as it looks, and he knows how to use it."  
  
I think Denise became concerned about how I felt about the attention being devoted to her brother's penis. She plopped her bare ass in my lap. That did make me feel better.  
  
Lena still had her hand on Dave. Smiling, Lena said, "Dave, there's nothing to be nervous about. We're all friends here, or family." Lena was having fun. After a moment, I noticed that Lena was having even more fun than I had thought. I could see that she was stroking Dave's dick.  
  
Dave said, "Lena! What are you doing?"  
  
In a falsely placating tone, Lena said, "It just looks so beautiful hard. Denise has to see that." Denise's face told me that she was fine with seeing her brother's hard-on. I knew from experience that Lena gives a very nice hand job. Dave was finding that out.  
  
I'm not into looking at other guys' dicks, but you couldn't ignore Dave's hard-on. I felt inadequate by comparison. Lena didn't stop when she got Dave hard. She kept right on, increasing her pace a little.  
  
Realizing that she intended to jack him off, Dave said "Lena!"  
  
"Just enjoy it," Lena replied.  
  
You can't resist a Lena Mann hand job, and Dave didn't. He shot an impressive amount a considerable distance, even getting a little on Denise's calf. Lena got up to get a towel to wipe up the floor. As she went into our kitchen, I worked my hand between Denise's legs and began rubbing her outer lips.  
  
"Harry!" Denise said. "What are you doing?"  
  
"Well," I said innocently, "you saw Dave get off. He should see you get off."  
  
Denise said, "Harry! No!" But he moved her thighs apart so I could get my fingers inside her. Denise and I looked in each other's faces. Her look asked if she could be naughty. My look said that I was looking forward to it. I moved my fingers to the place I knew Denise liked best and began rubbing firmly, but not too fast. Soon, Denise's nipples were erect, and she was squirming in my lap.  
  
I looked over at Dave. He was still hard and staring at Denise intently. I don't care if she is your sister, seeing the most beautiful woman alive about to get off is arousing. Denise was squirming more and breathing hard. I increased my pressure and sped up. Denise closed her eyes. She said, "Oh . . . oh . . . OOH!" and shuddered.  
  
Lena had come back into the room while I was fingering Denise. Seeing what we were doing, she forgot about cleaning up after Dave and sat down to watch. When Denise opened her eyes after her orgasm, Dave said, "It sounded good."  
  
Denise turned to look at her brother. "Oh," she said, "that's nothing compared to when Harry's dick is in me." Denise turned back to me, leaned up, and kissed me. Then, she whispered in my ear, "Thank you Dear. I love you."  
  
We refrained from taking things farther. Lena suggested we go to her house and sit in her sauna, which we did. The four of us had an early nude dinner at Lena's. Denise and I left Dave there and went home. Dave stayed at Lena's for the rest of his leave. We saw him almost daily, but I'm sure he enjoyed Lena's much more than our apartment.  
  
Lena drove Dave to the airport when he left. Denise and I went along to see him off. For the first time since I'd met him, Dave was in uniform. I don't know what the Army calls it, but it was the uniform with a coat, tie, sharply creased trousers, and highly polished black shoes. Dave also wore a green beret.  
  
When he came out to the car from Lena's house, Dave ran a finger over his captain's bars and said, "Last time I wear these."  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked.  
  
"I've been promoted to O-4. I get my oak leaves when I get to Bragg," Dave said.  
  
"What's O-4?" Denise asked.  
  
"That's the pay grade for a major," Dave replied.  
  
"Congratulations," I said.  
  
"Well, it's a bit bigger paycheck," Dave said modestly.  
  
Dave's leaving us in front of security at the airport was emotional for Denise and for Lena. I was a little surprised to see TSA treating Dave deferentially. Then I noticed the Army Ranger insignia on his shoulder. "Damn," I thought, Denise's brother isn't only a good guy, he's a hero."

**Her Second Job Ch. 06**

I need to depart a little from chronological sequence. The first weekend Denise and I did not dance under our new "hours" was the second weekend in February. We still went to the bar that Friday because we wanted to see Annie Gentry's debut as a nude dancer. Annie had persuaded her boyfriend Colin to dance with her. Because they'd not had a lot of time to prepare, Danielle had them doing the first dance she had put together for Denise and me. This was the first time I had been in the barroom during dancing since the very first time I'd visited the bar. My first visit was when I learned that Denise, my co-worker at the law firm, had a second job as a nude dancer. That discovery took my life to a much better place.  
  
I have a habit of rank ordering: best, second best, etc. I had thought that Alicia was the second most beautiful woman working at the bar. That opinion changed when I saw Annie dance in the nude. She wasn't as beautiful as Denise, but she was a very solid second. I'd known Annie for almost a year. I knew she had a pretty face and a good body. Taking off her clothes, however, transformed her. Nude on the stage, Annie projected a confidence and sexiness that I hadn't seen before.  
  
Annie's dancing was fluid, graceful, and as erotic as Liquor Control regs allowed. You couldn't take your eyes off her. Annie's boyfriend Colin was a different matter. Colin was an amateur bodybuilder and was quite well-endowed. Standing still, he was an angular, hyper-masculine image that contrasted sharply with Annie's alluring curves. However, Colin danced like it was the last thing he wanted to do. I sensed that Colin was only dancing because Annie insisted, and he wasn't happy about it.  
  
Denise and I went backstage after the midnight show to congratulate Annie and Colin. As we walked into the backstage room, Annie, looking as gleeful as if she's just won the Mega Millions lottery, put her hands on her bare hips and yelled, "What are you two doing here dressed? If you want to be back here, you have to be naked!" Denise and I were fine with that.  
  
After we'd stripped off, we went up to Annie to congratulate her on her nude debut. Annie gave each of us a hug. The nude hug from Annie was almost as nice as one from Denise especially since Annie pressed her body against mine and my dickhead rubbed in her red pubic hair. (We'd won free drinks in Kurt's promotion, correctly guessing that Annie was a natural redhead).  
  
When Annie let go, I asked, "Where's Colin?" I looked around and didn't see him.  
  
Annie's face showed some frustration. "Colin decided he doesn't like being nude in front of strangers. We promised Danielle and Kurt we'd dance tonight and tomorrow. When we came backstage after our second dance, Colin informed me that we are not dancing tomorrow night. I told him I've known Danielle and Kurt for three years and can't let them down. Colin got pissed and left."  
  
"What about you Annie?" Denise asked. "How do you feel about tonight?"  
  
Annie's face lit up again. "Denise, I loved it!" she said. "We're taught from the time we're little girls that no one should see your bare tits, bare ass, or your cunt. I showed them all off tonight and it was the best experience of my life. If Mr. Barbell hadn't stormed out, he'd have gotten the fuck of his life right here!"  
  
"Did you ride with him?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah," Annie answered. "I'll catch a ride with someone." What an asshole, I thought, going off and leaving Annie stranded. "Where do you live?" I asked. Annie named a community that wasn't too far out of our way home. I said we could drive her home and she agreed.  
  
We stayed about an hour, sharing after work drinks with Annie, Alicia, Danielle, Jessie, Nadine, Kurt, and Brie. Only Kurt wore clothes. When Annie bartended, she always joined us for after closing drinks, but she always stayed dressed. Her replacement, Brie, preferred to get naked like us. Everyone was happy about welcoming someone new into our circle of nude dancers.  
  
Annie lived in a community about a half hour drive from the bar, on the imaginary line where the suburbs ended and rural began. She had us turn into a driveway and go past a two-story frame house to what looked like a large garage. Annie said, "I'm sorry but I'm still pumped. You guys want to come in for a drink?" Denise and I weren't in any hurry.  
  
Annie let us in and said, "I've got to take my clothes off. Feel free to join me if you like." Once all three of us were nude, Annie extended her arms and said, jokingly, "Welcome to my mansion." The large doors next to the door we'd entered showed that the building had been a garage. It was now a living space with a refrigerator, range, and sink on one side of the room; a bed on the other; and various furniture in between. "The couple who lives in the house needed some extra money, "Annie said. "They thought they could fix this up and rent it out. They put a lot of effort and expense into the conversion, but no one would rent it. They're friends of mine so, when my apartment lease expired, I agreed to rent this."  
  
A minute later, Annie giggled. "I am such a wussy," she said.  
  
"How so?" Denise asked.  
  
"Bill and Mary," Annie said, "the couple in the house that I rent from? I didn't invite them to watch me dance tonight. I couldn't. I've known them both since high school."  
  
"Perfectly understandable," Denise said.  
  
"Of course," Annie said, "I didn't invite anyone from work either."  
  
"Where do you work," I asked, "besides the bar?"  
  
"I work for the University Library," Annie said. "I'm an internet researcher. If faculty or grad students have things they want found online, I do it for them. I'm pretty good at finding things. You'd be amazed what is online!"  
  
Changing the subject, Denise said, "I hope you can work things out with Colin."  
  
"Colin's history," Annie said. "It wasn't that serious anyway."  
  
"He looked interesting," Denise said.  
  
"That's what I thought at first," Annie said. "You saw that gorgeous piece of manhood hanging between his legs? He has no clue how to use it and doesn't want to learn. I know I'm shallow, but I need a boyfriend who gives me great orgasms."  
  
"That's not shallow," Denise said, "great orgasms are essential." Denise reached out and patted my dick proprietarily. You understand another reason I love her?  
  
"Speaking of orgasms," Annie said, "I'm hornier than hell." She stood, walked across the room, got something from a drawer, came back, and sat down opposite us. She spread her legs and began playing a large dildo over the outside of her lips. "I've already been naughty tonight," she said. "Do you mind if I get naughtier?"  
  
"Go ahead," I said. "It's always nice to see a woman get happy."  
  
"Well," Annie said, "this won't get me as happy as a properly used dick would, but I will get off this way." She began working the dildo inside herself, slowly at first. "I've never done this in front of anyone before," she said.  
  
"Don't talk," Denise said, "just concentrate on yourself."  
  
Annie smiled. She closed her eyes and began working the dildo faster and deeper. Her nipples got beautifully hard. She leaned her head back, but we could still see her getting flush. Her breathing accelerated and she started squirming her ass in the chair. Like Denise, Annie was a beautiful woman who became more beautiful while having sex.  
  
Watching Annie masturbate herself was arousing. Denise put a hand around my dick and began gently stroking me. I put a hand between her legs. She was already moist. I gently fingered her. We wanted to stimulate each other, but not to the point that we missed seeing Annie come.  
  
Annie didn't rush, which was good. Watching her do herself was the most erotic thing I'd seen not involving Denise. A look at Denise's face told me she was enjoying it too. Finally, Annie began working the dildo very fast and very hard. She went "ar, ar" and arched her back. She kept the dildo going until she made an "arm ah" sound.  
  
After a moment, Annie took a deep breath, opened her eyes, and looked at us. She smiled. "I've never come in front of anyone other than the guy fucking me before," she said.  
  
"Annie, that was beautiful," Denise said. Denise turned to me a gestured towards the floor. We'd reached the point that I often understood what she was thinking without her saying anything. I lay on the floor on my back. Denise got above me on her hands and knees, with her head over my dick. She lowered herself down and took me in her mouth while I began to eat her. Watching Annie and playing with each other, we were already very stimulated. It wasn't too long before Denise and I both came.  
  
Denise and I stood up. Annie came to us and looked at us both closely. "I love you two," she said earnestly. She paused, laughed, and said, "That floor is none too clean. Denise, don't you think we ought to shower Harry off?"  
  
"Of course," Denise answered.  
  
The converted garage had a surprisingly large bathroom and a shower that accommodated the three of us comfortably. Denise and Annie washed me off. Annie took particular care washing my dick and balls while Denise watched approvingly. When the women had finished with me, Denise told me, "We'll take care of each other." I stood back and watched as Denise and Annie washed each other's tits and asses. Their hands went between each other's legs and they began to kiss. It was intensely erotic watching the love of my life masturbate and be masturbated by another beautiful woman while I stood naked a few inches away.  
  
Denise and Annie got each other off with their hands. I can't really express how great it was to watch. We got out of the shower and toweled off. Then Annie hesitantly said, "Uh, if you guys don't have to be home, you could, well, stay here tonight." Denise and I accepted that invitation gladly.  
  
Annie's bed wasn't big, but we slept comfortably with Annie snuggled between Denise and me. In the morning, I made love to Denise doggie-style while she ate Annie. We finally left Annie's late that Sunday morning.  
  
In the car, Denise said, with a laugh, "I guess we need to talk again. We had this conversation once about Lena."  
  
"Lena's not available to us anymore," I said. After her divorce from Cameron became final, Lena had sold the Shawnee Hills house and moved to North Carolina to be closer to Denise's brother Dave. Despite the age difference, they seemed to be getting serious.  
  
"That raises the question," Denise said, "do we substitute Annie for Lena as the person we can both have sex with besides each other."  
  
"Do you want to?" I asked.  
  
"What do you think?" Denise asked.  
  
"I think Annie's almost as desirable as you are," I said.  
  
"So, you're ok with her?" Denise asked.  
  
"As long as everything we do with her, we do together," I answered.  
  
"Of course," Denise said.  
  
With Colin backing out, Annie had no dance partner. Danielle recruited a male dancer she knew to dance nude with Annie. That lasted one weekend. We weren't there, but Annie and Danielle both said there was no chemistry between Annie and the man. Annie danced solo on the weekends when Denise and I weren't dancing. Annie wanted to dance every weekend. While she liked bartending, the tips from dancing made her a lot more money than bartending. Danielle's niece Brie was happy to fill in for Annie behind the bar permanently.  
  
Danielle decided that Annie, Denise, and I should dance together at least once a night on the weekends when Denise and I danced. This meant the three of us had to go to Danielle's and Kurt's home to learn and practice the new dances Danielle had constructed. As I've mentioned before, Danielle believed that you practice as you perform; in our case nude. At the first session, Danielle lectured us on the need to be completely comfortable touching all parts of each other's bodies. She had us do "exercises" in which I caressed Annie's breasts, ass, and inner thighs while Annie handled my ass, dick, and balls. We'd touched each other before and were happy to do it again.  
  
"Why do I think you've done something like this before?" Danielle asked.  
  
Smiling, Annie answered, "We have."  
  
"But, I thought," Danielle said as she looked between me and Denise.  
  
Denise responded, "Harry and I love each other very much, and we are intimate friends with Annie." As Denise said that, she walked behind Annie, pressed herself into Annie's back, and cupped her hands over Annie's breasts.  
  
Danielle looked at the three of us for a moment before she smiled and said, "I see. That will make this easier." Danielle put together a couple of new dances. One was very high energy and included a lot of Denise and Annie together. That dance ended with me squatting at center stage while Denise bent over my right shoulder and Annie bent over my left. I then stood up with one woman over each shoulder and displayed their asses to the audience. Fortunately, Denise and Annie together weighed less than 300 pounds and I could still, then, squat 300 easily. The other dance, to an old rock classic, was slower and had all three of us touching a lot. That dance ended with the three of us facing each other in a tight circle with one hand on each of the other dancer's asses. Danielle expended a lot of effort to make us look "artistic." I think that effort was lost of most in our audiences. I think almost everyone came to the bar to see bare tits, asses, and pussies; and, for maybe a few people, to see a bare dick.  
  
Winter had become spring and then summer. In Denise's and my first calendar year working for Vanessa, we'd beaten Vanessa's profit projection for our office by  
  
$ 100,000, which earned an extra $ 35,000 for each of us. We were even busier in the second year and, coupled with two weekends a month dancing, things were hectic. There had not been any kayak trips, we didn't have the time.  
  
Annie called on a Saturday afternoon in June on a weekend when Denise and I were not dancing. "You guys need a break," Annie said. "My grandmother has a farm near Picton (about 15 miles east of the bar) that has a big lake. She owns part of the shore and the rest is a county park. Let's go out there tomorrow and skinny dip." Denise and I agreed immediately.  
  
We picked Annie up about ten o'clock that Sunday morning. She was amazingly chipper for someone who could not have gotten more than a little sleep. She directed us way out into the country. We finally turned off a two-lane road onto a gravel drive. As we went up a small hill, I could see a frame farmhouse to my left. "That's Grandmother's," Annie explained. The gravel drive forked. "Go right," Annie said, "that leads to the lake. Grandmother knows we're here. I'll stop in and say hi before we leave."  
  
We drove on. The drive became rough and rutted before we finally entered a field. To our left was the lake. It was roughly half a mile across and stretched out of view to the east and west. What caught my attention first was another car parked in the field. "It doesn't look like we're alone," I said.  
  
Annie giggled. "I forgot to mention, I invited my little sister Amanda and her boyfriend Greg. Just park next to them." As I pulled up next to the other car, a young woman with reddish brown hair, wearing a bikini, got out of the passenger seat of the other car. She waved and walked back to the trunk. "That's Amanda," Annie said. Denise and I wore tee shirts and shorts and hadn't brought any swimsuits. Amanda's bikini, while nice, suggested that she was planning on staying clothed.  
  
We parked, got out of Denise's car, and unloaded two large coolers from the trunk. Annie introduced us to Amanda and Greg. Amanda was four years younger than Annie and was a scaled down version of Annie: narrower hips and shoulders, smaller breasts and ass. Like Annie, Amanda was very fit and was a woman you'd notice in a crowded room. Also, like Annie, Amanda had a great smile. Greg was a year older than Amanda. He was pleasant enough, about my height but about 15-20 pounds lighter than me. He too was very fit and was what I assume was considered a 'good-looking guy.'  
  
After introductions, Greg said to me, "Annie told us you wrestled in college."  
  
"Yeah," I said, "I was a bit bigger back then."  
  
"Where did you go?" Greg asked. I told him. "That's the top wrestling conference in the country," he said.  
  
"I know," I replied, "I wrestled a lot of guys who were a lot better than me."  
  
"He's still pretty good at getting me on my back," Denise interjected, "although I'm not sure the NCAA would approve of what he does then."  
  
"Naked coed wrestling," Amanda said, "where the person on the bottom has as much fun as the one on top."  
  
"Speaking of naked," Annie said, "it's time to get naked. It's too nice a day to have clothes on." Annie whipped off her tee shirt and dropped her shorts. Denise and I quickly did likewise. Amanda and Greg hesitated for a moment. When Amanda reached behind herself and undid her top, she revealed two small, firm, lovely breasts. When her bottoms came off, it was obvious that Amanda was a very lovely young woman. Personally, I preferred the fuller figures of Denise and Annie, but Amanda was, in her way, every bit as attractive as Annie. Greg undressed too, but with Denise, Annie, and Amanda all nude, I didn't look at him.  
  
It was hot so we all got in the lake after we stripped off. We had lunch after swimming for a bit. Over lunch, we learned that Amanda worked as a physical therapist for a doctors' group and that Greg was an athletic trainer at a large suburban high school. "Twenty-two teams," he told us, "eleven boys' teams and eleven girls' teams, plus the cheerleaders; and Marie and I are the entire training staff. Marie is supposed to work only with the girls, and I'm supposed to work only with the boys, but injuries and issues don't happen that neatly. I've seen a lot more of most of the girls on our teams that I'm supposed to, and Marie has seen a lot more of the boys. The athletes are fine. They know we're understaffed and overworked, and they just want to get back on the field or the court. What worries me is if the parents knew what goes on in our training rooms every week."  
  
Amanda laughed. "The girls don't care about getting back to playing," she said. "They just like being seen by a hot guy."  
  
We also learned that Amanda, like Denise, had played tennis in high school. That gave the two women common ground. "I'm trying to teach Harry to be an adequate player," Denise said. Denise likes impossible challenges and getting my tennis game to the point where I wasn't annoying to play with was the one, she'd taken on that summer.  
  
"Greg is ok," Amanda said, "at tennis I mean. He's great at some other things."  
  
"We ought to play sometime," Denise said.  
  
After lunch, Annie led us on a nude hike. We went around the perimeter of the lake. It took over an hour and reminded me of the kayak trip with Denise when we first made love in the woods near a lake in the Appalachians. I think Denise was having the same memory. When we finished our hike back where we'd started, she took my hand. "Let's go in the water," she said.  
  
Denise and I walked out into the lake until the water was shoulder depth. We were both fingering and playing with the other. When I got hard, Denise put her arms around my neck, wrapped her legs around my middle, and slid herself onto me. We were trying not to be too obvious, so the motions of our bodies together were restrained. We took quite a while, which was ok with us. My eyes never left Denise's eyes, but I was sure that Annie, Amanda, and Greg were watching from shore. Denise tried hard to stifle her moans as she came. I hoped we were too far out for my grunts to be audible ashore.

After we both came, we walked back to the shore holding hands. Three grinning faces awaited us. "Did you have a good time?" Amanda asked slyly.  
  
"Yes," Denise answered with a smile, "the water feels wonderful."  
  
"Just the water?" Annie asked rhetorically.  
  
Amanda stood up. She reached for Greg's hand. "Let's go in the water," she said. Amanda led Greg out to almost the exact spot Denise, and I had stood in. We couldn't tell from shore exactly what they were doing until Amanda put her arms around Greg's neck, rose up a little, then lowered herself down. Amanda and Greg were more vigorous than Denise and I had been. I guess they thought that the precedent had already been set that sex in the lake was ok so why be sneaky about it?  
  
It was charming to watch Amanda and Greg fuck in the lake. We could tell Amanda had come when she threw her head back, face to the sky, and stretched her elegant neck. Two guys fishing in a small boat about 100 yards away liked the show too. I felt a qualm about Annie, who was missing part of the fun of the afternoon.  
  
Denise and I made it up to Annie when we got her back to her apartment early that evening. I ate her while Denise sucked on her nipples. Annie seemed to enjoy that.  
  
For the remainder of that summer, Denise and I became pretty good friends with Amanda and Greg, doing things with them even without Annie. Loving tennis but not having the money to belong to a club, Amanda had become gifted at finding public courts in the region where anyone could walk up and play. Amanda invited Denise and me to play with her and Greg one Saturday afternoon when we weren't dancing. The courts she took us to were in an out-of-the-way corner of a public park in a pretty affluent suburb north of town. Two courts were down in a small natural amphitheater, down a few steps and screened from most of the park by shrubbery. You had to know they were there.  
  
The four of us hit around long enough for me to realize that I was the worst player in the group. We played a set of mixed doubles, which Denise won 7-5 with little help from me. We were standing on the side of the court drinking Gatorade when I saw that look in Denise's eyes. "Let's play strip tennis," she said.  
  
"What's that?" Amanda asked.  
  
"We played it some in high school when our boyfriends were around and the coach wasn't," Denise said. "You don't keep score. Each player gets four serves and you alternate serves between each team. So, for example, I'd serve four points, then Amanda, then Harry, then Greg. If a player loses a point, hits it in the net or out, double faults or get aced, that player removes an item of clothing. If it's not clear who lost the point, you just go on to the next serve. You play until both players on one team are naked. Shoes don't count, those stay on."  
  
"That sounds like fun," Amanda replied. "You up for it Greg?"  
  
"Sure," Greg answered.  
  
We took a quick inventory and discovered that Greg and I were both wearing tee shirts, shorts, and compression shorts. Denise wore a tee shirt, sports bra, shorts, and panties. Amanda wore a top, tennis skirt, tights, and panties. Greg pointed out that each of the women had one more item of clothing than him and me.  
  
"That's fair," Amanda said. "People don't get upset about guys going bare-chested in public."  
  
We flipped and they won first serve. Amanda was the second-best player among us. She served to me. To my surprise, I returned it over the net. Greg must have been surprised too because he hit my return weakly into the net. Greg lost his shirt.  
  
Amanda hit a much harder serve to Denise. Denise's return hit deep in the center of the court and skidded out before Amanda or Greg could reach it. We couldn't say who lost that point, so Amanda served to me again. This time, Amanda aced me. I took off my shirt. Amanda tried too hard on her first serve to Denise and faulted. Denise returned the second serve and the two women exchanged ground strokes until Amanda tried to volley a shot from Denise back. The ball went out. Amanda took off her top.  
  
We stopped for fluids before Denise's serves. While we were drinking, a couple walked down to the courts carrying rackets. I'd guess they were in their early thirties, nicely dressed in proper tennis outfits. Seeing Greg and me bare-chested and Amanda in her bra, the woman asked, politely, "What are you doing?"  
  
"Strip tennis," Amanda responded brightly.  
  
"Really," the woman said, "and what is that?"  
  
Denise explained the rules to the couple, adding, "We'll stop if we're bothering you."  
  
The woman looked at the man with her. He smiled. The woman said, "No, we don't want to interrupt your game. May we watch?"  
  
"Of course, you may," Amanda answered for the four of us.  
  
Denise aced Greg with her first serve. Greg's shorts came off. Amanda returned Denise's serve to her. Denise hit that back. I poached on Amanda's return shot and, accidentally, hit the ball straight at her. She fended the ball off with her racket, but it fell out of bounds. Amanda took off her skirt.  
  
Greg returned Denise's serve to him. The ball just cleared the net on my side of the court. I stupidly dove for it, skinned a knee, and hit the ball into the net. I took my shorts off. Amanda returned Denise's served to my side of the court. I hit what I thought was a good forehand. Long. With five people watching, I peeled off my compression shorts and stood naked as Denise served to Greg. Greg returned the serve to Denise who hit a shot that must have had a lot of spin towards Amanda. Amanda's return shot hit the top of the net and fell back to her side of the court. Amanda undid her sports bra and tossed it off the court. I must say that Amanda looked great holding her racket, wearing only a small pair of panties and her shoes.  
  
Greg served first to me. Exceeding my usual average, I returned another serve. Amanda played the ball towards Denise who volleyed it back at Amanda. Amanda hit the ball over the baseline. Amanda was smiling as she pushed her panties down her legs and stepped out of them. She tossed the panties off the court. "I've never played nude before," Amanda said, "I think I'm going to like it."  
  
Denise returned Greg's serve and she and Amanda got into another exchange of groundstrokes. Amanda finally hit the ball to me, and I put it in the net. I had nothing more to take off. I did hit a surprisingly good shot to return Greg's serve. The ball hit in bounds between Amanda and Greg. They both laid off for fear of hitting each other. Our point but no one took anything off.  
  
Greg's last serve was to Denise. Denise returned the serve to Greg who put it into the net. Greg took off his compression shorts and the game was done. The four of us met at the net to shake hands. Amanda grabbed my wrist and raised our arms into the air "First two naked," she said gleefully.  
  
"I feel cheated," Denise said, "I didn't get to take anything off."  
  
"Well," Amanda said, "the rest of us are naked. Nothing's stopping you now."  
  
We'd forgotten about the couple sitting on a bench beside the court watching us until the woman said, "That looked like a lot of fun."  
  
Amanda, Greg, and I realized we were standing naked in front of two complete strangers. "I hope we're not offending you," I said.  
  
"Not at all," the man said. Looking straight at Amanda, he added, "You look great naked." Amanda did a mock curtsy.  
  
The woman tapped the man on the shoulder and whispered in his ear. The man started with a slight frown, but that morphed into a grin as the woman whispered. He nodded his head. The woman turned to us and said, "We really enjoyed watching you play. We're wondering, would you stay while we take a few minutes to warm up and watch us play a game of strip tennis? We'll just play whoever loses the point takes something off. It won't be long."  
  
"Do you mind if I take my clothes off?" Denise asked.  
  
The man gave the obvious answer: "Not at all."  
  
Watching the couple hit warm-up shots, they both appeared to be reasonably good players. The man, naturally, had an advantage in strength, but the woman appeared to be better at covering the court. They flipped and the man won first serve. He boomed a serve much harder than I thought called for in a friendly game. The woman had no chance at a return. I thought she might be annoyed, but she was smiling as she walked to the net, turned, and let her partner unzip her tennis dress.  
  
The woman put some wicked spin on her serve. The ball hit well in the receiving box but never rose more than a couple inches off the court surface. The man's attempt at a return went into the net. "Nice one Dear," the man called as he pulled off his shirt.  
  
The man's next serve was another rocket and another ace. The woman took off her tights. As she stood at the baseline to serve, she looked quite nice in only a bra and panties. She wasn't Denise or Amanda, but she was pretty.  
  
The man returned the woman's next serve and they traded strokes before the woman hit one cross-court just out of the man's reach. The man's hands went to the hook in the waistband of his shorts. His face reddened a little. The woman giggled and said, "He's old-fashioned. He still wears a jockstrap." The man finally took off his shorts and tossed them past the baseline. Wearing only his jock, he served his third ace to the woman. She didn't seem at all bothered to be removing her bra and she shouldn't have been. She had very nice breasts.  
  
Wearing only panties, the woman served to the man in his jockstrap. They again got into a long exchange of groundstrokes until the man put a perfect, soft dropshot over the net. The woman didn't even try to get the ball. She just stopped, laid her racket on the court, pushed her panties down, and stepped out of them. Naked, she walked to the net and gave her partner a quick kiss.  
  
The man and woman came off the court towards us. "This feels so good!" the woman said. "It wouldn't have been half as much fun if you hadn't been here to watch. Thank you."  
  
It was getting late, so we gathered our things. Denise quickly ran up the steps so she could see the rest of the park. Coming back down, she said "No children." Knowing that, the four of us opted not to dress but just picked up our stuff and went up the steps. At the top of the steps, I turned and looked back at the tennis court. The man had taken off his jockstrap and the couple were playing naked. They looked happy.  
  
Denise, Annie, and I talked about inviting Amanda and Greg to become more intimate friends. That was pre-empted by circumstances out of our control. Greg had wanted to move to a college athletic program and, about a month after our strip tennis match, he got a job on the athletic training staff at our flagship state university. That university was in a city about 120 miles north of our city. The group Amanda worked for had an office in that city, so she was able to move with Greg and keep her job. We'd miss seeing them regularly, but we were happy that Greg's career was advancing.  
  
Amanda and Greg leaving town was probably a good thing. Thanks to some good marketing ideas Denise had, we had more work coming into the law office that we originated. Getting that done and dancing naked two weekends a month was demanding. However, Denise and I agreed that we weren't going to give up the nude dancing. We just didn't have time for much else.  
  
As I mentioned before, neither Denise nor I had family apart from Denise's brother Dave in the Army. Dave was still stationed in North Carolina although he had moved from the school which had been his initial assignment there into some position with a "joint command." Dave had sent us his regrets about the upcoming Holidays. He was going to the Pacific Northwest with Lena to spend Christmas with her family.  
  
Annie invited Denise and me to Christmas dinner at her parents' house. We got to see Amanda and Greg again. They were starting to talk about marriage. We also got to see Annie's maternal grandmother again and to meet her paternal grandparents. Best was that we met Annie's and Amanda's parents. Wes and Carla were delightful people.  
  
Christmas dinner at the Gentry home was, of course, a clothed event. We left rather late that night. Because December 26 was also a holiday that year, Annie came back to our apartment with us. We'd just gotten inside the apartment when Denise said, "Harry, I want you to go into the kitchen, close the door, and undress. I'll tell you when you can come out." I did as I was told.  
  
Several minutes later, long enough for me to really wonder what Denise and Annie were up to, Denise opened the kitchen door and said, "You can come out now." I stepped into the main room. Denise and Annie were both naked, but Annie had a red Christmas ribbon around her neck tied into a bow. "Harry," Denise said, "Annie and I have talked about this a lot. The three of us have done a lot of things together, but you've never had intercourse with Annie. It's time for that to change so, your Christmas gift from both of us is penis in vagina sex with Annie."  
  
I was dumbfounded. This was a huge step. We'd played around a lot with Lena and, after she followed Dave to North Carolina, with Annie. But Denise and I had been "faithful" to each other in the sense of no intercourse with anyone else since we started dating over 18 months earlier. I wasn't sure where this would lead.  
  
Annie came very close to me. She looked very desirable. She raised her hand to the ribbon and said, "Don't you want to unwrap your present Harry?" I reached a hand up and undid the bow. Annie put both arms around me and pulled herself to me. She held me very tight. Her breasts were smashed against my chest and my dickhead was in her red pubic hair. We started kissing and I felt her tongue pressing against my teeth. I opened my mouth and our tongues met. Annie put both hands on my ass and pulled me even closer. Unsure or not, I was getting hard. Annie moved her hips from side to side, rubbing herself against my dick.  
  
Denise came over, took each of us by an arm, and said, "I think you'll have more fun lying down in the bedroom." Annie and I followed Denise into the bedroom. Wordlessly, Annie lay down on the bed on her back. She spread her legs. She looked so inviting and wonderful. I looked at Denise, who was smiling. "It's ok Harry," Denise said, "I'll be right here with you. Please?"  
  
I got onto the bed on my hands and knees and crawled up until I was above Annie. Her eyes were gleaming. She leaned up, kissed me, and put her arms around me. She pulled me down onto her chest. My dick was lying against her pubic hair. I moved my pelvis and slid inside of Annie. I felt pressure on the bed and looked to my right. Denise was lying on the bed on her side, watching us, with a hand between her legs. Denise leaned forward and kissed me.  
  
Having made the decision to put my dick in Annie, I was suddenly panicked that I wouldn't please her. I started off too fast and furious. "Slow down Harry," Annie said, "we've got all night." I slowed down. Like Denise, Annie was very good about telling me what felt good to her and what felt better. Simply being in Annie felt wonderful to me.  
  
With Annie's coaching, I found a spot and a pace that she really enjoyed. I stayed with that. As Annie's breathing became faster, I could also hear Denise beside me breathing faster. The thought crossed my mind that this was surreal, having intercourse with our mutual best friend while my girlfriend lay beside us masturbating. Then, my body started making thought at the level impossible.  
  
Annie is a strong woman. As she approached her orgasm, she held me very tight with her arms and legs. I heard Denise come just before I started coming in Annie. A second or two later, Annie gripped me so hard I couldn't breathe. She bucked her hips violently a couple of times, impressive since my weight was on her, and bit my shoulder. When Annie relaxed, Denise leaned towards us. Denise kissed me on the lips and then kissed Annie. Annie and I each extended an arm and pulled Denise to us, so her entire body was against ours. Annie and I both hugged Denise and the three of us kissed.  
  
You may have noticed that, throughout this memoir, I have referred to intercourse between Denise and me as making love. That is because the emotional connection between us makes the act so much more than just physical sex. What I did that Christmas night with Annie was also making love, for the same reason. We also started a tradition. Annie, Denise, and I have spent every Christmas night since then together. Annie later married a broad-minded man who became a very good friend. Since their marriage, Annie and Sean have spent every Christmas night with Denise and me together in the same bed. Side-by-side, I make love to Annie while Sean makes love to Denise. Friends like Annie and Sean are priceless.

**Her Second Job Ch. 07**

As I've said, Danielle considered our dancing "art" rather than just exhibitionism. This meant that she kept coming up with new ways for us to show our naked bodies that were "artistic" or "challenging." Early in the third calendar year I danced at the bar, Danielle decided I should dance with Jessie. She liked the contrast of a white guy dancing naked with an African American woman.  
  
The bar was in a very conservative area. I'd always been surprised that it hadn't gotten grief from people bent on enforcing their notions of "morality." Local government loved us because the bar paid real property taxes, personal property taxes, sales taxes, and a monthly "adult entertainment license fee;" and everyone who worked there paid a 1% earnings tax. I doubted that self-appointed guardians of public morals cared about taxes paid. But no one had hassled the bar.  
  
This tolerance led us to think that a white guy onstage dancing naked onstage with a naked black woman would be ok. Danielle created a dance for Jessie and me that had us spend most of the song close but not touching. As the song hit its final chord, Jessie and I embraced face-to-face. Jessie was a lovely woman with a firm body. Embracing her naked felt good. Denise and Annie were fine with it. I didn't see any problems. We only danced together once an evening in the midnight show.  
  
Jessie and I first danced on a Friday might in February. Annie, Denise, and I danced together in the 11 o'clock show. I danced twice, once with Jessie and once with Denise, in the midnight show. Everything went great. After the usual afterwork drinks, Denise, Annie, and I left in my VW to take Annie home.  
  
We'd gone about seven miles, and made two turns, when Denise said, "Harry, we're being followed. That truck behind us with the unusual lights. I saw it in the bar's lot when we left." Looking in the rearview mirror, I saw a pick-up truck behind us with an illuminated design in its grill.  
  
Annie looked behind us. "I saw that same truck at the bar." The illuminated design was unique, something like a fist holding a knife. I doubted there were two trucks like that and was sure that Denise and Annie were not mistaken.  
  
I wondered what was up. If the truck wanted to stop us, the best place was in the rural area near the bar. We were already back into the city suburbs. Drawing on spy novels I'd read in my teens; I made several meaningless turns that made basically a full circle. I wanted to see whether the truck stayed with us and to let it know we knew it was following. The truck stayed behind us and, apparently, didn't care what we knew.  
  
I didn't want to lead them to Annie's apartment or ours. When I saw a ramp to the circle freeway, I got an idea. I got on the freeway, went two exits, got off, and pulled into a discount motel. After a nervous moment pressing the buzzer on the office door while the truck pulled in and parked, an old man let the three of us in. Denise and Annie immediately took off their winter coats. They were obviously braless under their tee shirts. The old man's initially gruff attitude immediately improved.  
  
I told the old man why we'd pulled into his motel. Through the office window, we could see the truck and two men sitting inside. The old man said, "They get ten minutes. They either came in and rent a room, leave, or I'm calling my friends." Ten minutes passed. The old man stepped out of sight of the window, pulled out a cell phone and dialed. When his call was answered, he said, "Mike, this is Ralph. I think we've got druggies here again." Ralph ended his called and snickered.  
  
Sooner than I expected, two police cruisers were in the motel lot, one parked in front and one parked behind the truck. The officer from the front cruiser was talking to the truck's driver while the other officer brought a dog out of his cruiser and began circling the truck. The dog reacted on the passenger side of the truck. The canine officer said something into a radio clipped to his shirt. The other officer unholstered his gun and held it beside his leg. I couldn't hear what was said, but the officer's body language became more assertive. Two more police cruisers pulled into the lot, lights on, as the two men slowly got out of the truck.  
  
The two men from the truck were guarded by two officers while other officers searched the truck. The officers took several plastic bags out of the truck. The two from the truck were handcuffed and put into cruisers. The officer who had parked in front of the truck came into the office.  
  
"Ralph," the officer said, "we'll have a tow truck here soon. You were right again. The dog reacted to some coke which I guess those boys had for personal use. That gave us probable cause to search the truck and we found a lot of fentanyl. I doubt those boys have any legit reason to be carrying fentanyl early on a Saturday morning. Thanks Ralph, this was a good bust."  
  
The officer went back outside. Ralph said, "Ok, you can be getting on. Sure you've got things to do."  
  
"Thanks for your help," I replied. "At least let me pay you for a room for a night."  
  
"Nah," Ralph said. "You provided entertainment. That's enough."  
  
"How did you know they had drugs in the truck?" Annie asked.  
  
"I didn't," Ralph said, "but it seemed like a good guess and it got the cops here pronto like I wanted."  
  
We took Annie home. I guess we were still a bit scared or, at least, unnerved. It seemed better to stay with Annie that night than leave her alone.  
  
When we got to the bar Saturday night, Kurt showed us several signs that he'd found taped to his doors when he and Danielle had arrived. Most were too vile for me to repeat, but the gist was that whites and blacks should not be naked together. One said, "Free Kyle and Blaine, prisoners of the liberal-n\*\*\*\*r pigs." That made us more determined that Jessie and I dance together again that night.  
  
Around 11 o'clock, Brie said there were several very rough young men in the bar, drinking heavily. Kurt had contacts in the sheriff's office whom he called. The deputies loved calls to the bar because, well, because of Denise, Annie, Danielle, Alicia, Jessie, and Nadine naked. There were five deputies inside the bar by midnight and, we were told, sobriety check points on the road outside the bar's entrance.  
  
Jessie and I danced that night but the grim-faced young men standing along the bar eliminated the joy. We dispensed with the after closing time drinks and left as fast as we could. Turning onto the road from the bar, Denise, Annie, and I saw several of the rough young men sitting inside cruisers at the checkpoint.  
  
The weekend's experiences rattled us, but it wasn't until Wednesday that we understood what it meant. Danielle called that afternoon to say that she and Kurt were at the bar. Someone had set off dynamite outside the bar's front door overnight. Danielle said that the barroom was mostly destroyed. The bar was closed until further notice.  
  
The bar never reopened. Kurt had property insurance, but his company refused to pay, saying the bombing was an "act of terrorism" excluded under the policy. I represented Kurt and had to file suit. Over a year later, Kurt settled with the company for 50% of his loss. The bombers were eventually convicted. At trial, they justified the bombing as necessary to "preserve the purity of the white race." Sick!  
  
Denise and I missed being exhibitionists. Annie missed that and the money she earned at the bar. I never saw Jessie or Nadine again.  
  
We lost our dancing but got a rewarding case from another of my high school buddies, Ron Morgan. Ron had a cousin, Eve Holgrew, who studied business and cooped at the University. Eve spent a coop semester at Stoth Metals, Inc., the last steel manufacturer left in our region. Eve was an attractive young woman and caught the attention of Stoth's 33-year old owner and CEO Bennett Stoth. Eve was naïve and flattered by Ben Stoth's attention. She started having sex with Ben and eventually agreed to some "home movies" with him, just for their personal enjoyment.  
  
Eve went back to school the next semester. Her class schedule kept her from fucking Ben Stoth as often as he wanted. Stoth became threatening. Eve stopped answering his calls. Soon, one of the "home movies" was posted to a popular porn website. You couldn't see the face of the man whose dick was variously in Eve's pussy, mouth, and ass but you could see Eve's face clearly. To avoid any confusion over the star's identity, Eve's name, cell phone number, and e-mail address were posted with the video. Eve found out when she started getting abusive calls and e-mail. Someone e-mailed copies of the video to every publicly available e-mail address at the University. That led to stories in the campus and city newspapers. It was all too much for Eve Holgrew. She killed herself.  
  
Ron said Eve's parents were devastated but he thought there should be something done. He was sure Stoth was involved and told me that a guy who used to work in IT at Stoth Metals, and who had known Eve, had offered to help. The guy was scared to death of Ben Stoth and refused to do anything publicly, but said he had information we could use to go after Stoth. I thought it was worth looking into. So did Vanessa.  
  
I met with the guy who'd worked in Stoth IT at a bar. He wouldn't give me his name, so I'll call him John. John told me it was an open secret at Stoth Metals that Ben Stoth persuaded or coerced any attractive woman working there to have sex with him and Stoth video-recorded the sex. So far, that was nothing too out of the ordinary and none of the women had complained, although Stoth Metals did have high turnover of female employees.  
  
What John told me next made the case unusual. John said that it had always seemed to him that Stoth had more server capacity than it needed for its business. John was out drinking with his boss one night and asked about the extra capacity. John's boss said that those servers hosted a website where Ben Stoth posted the videos of his sex with the staff. You could subscribe to the site and watch what Ben Stoth did with his female employees. John had not seen the website and didn't know its address, but he was sure it existed.  
  
Annie was an expert at finding things on the Internet. We hired her as a consultant and asked her to find Stoth's website. After a few days, Annie found what she thought was the site. We couldn't access the main site without subscribing, which we didn't want to do. There were free "preview" videos of three different women. Annie took screenshots of those. I set up a second meeting with John to see if he could identify any of the women.  
  
John came through, identifying two women as former Stoth employees. He didn't know the third woman. Denise tracked down the two women whose names we had. I asked Annie to do an image search to see if she could identify the third woman.  
  
Annie came back to me a couple of days later. "Harry," she said, "you may have trouble believing this, but I'm pretty sure your mystery woman is a local lawyer." Annie showed me a bar directory picture of a young lawyer named Megan Crosby. She put it next to the screen shot from the porn site. It looked like the same face to me. "Megan used to be at Coughlin & Moore," Annie said, naming a prominent local environmental law firm. "She left there about a year ago for no apparent reason and is now at a consultant, Valley Environmental."  
  
I asked Annie, "Is there any way to download the entire "preview video" of Megan?"  
  
"I don't know," Annie said. "I'll try."  
  
A day later, Annie was back in the office with a flash drive. "I got it," she said. "There's something I want you to see."  
  
"I'm not sure I want to watch a porn video of another local lawyer," I said.  
  
"I don't think it's really her," Annie said. "Let me show you." She plugged the flash drive into one of our computers and started the video. "Watch the face. Her facial expressions don't match up with what her body's doing." You had to look carefully but Annie was right. There were times that the body was doing things, like being fucked hard, that would produce some facial reaction. However, Ms. Crosby's face was expressionless or bored.  
  
"Can you take a video of one person and superimpose another person's face?" I asked.  
  
"Yes," Annie replied. "It takes some AI to get it even this well synchronized, but a sophisticated technician with the right equipment could do it."  
  
I didn't think it was smart for a strange man to call Megan Crosby about this. I asked Denise to contact her, explain that we were looking into theft of private videos, and ask Ms. Crosby to look at this video. We made a copy from our copy. Denise called Crosby and met her after work, just long enough to deliver a flash drive with the 25 seconds of "preview" video.  
  
Megan Crosby called us the next morning. I answered the phone. Crosby was beyond pissed off. "Where did you get this?" she screamed. "This isn't me! Did you create this?"  
  
I calmed her down, some. She agreed to meet Denise and me that night at a quiet bar Downtown. When we identified ourselves to her in the bar, Megan's first words were "This video came from Stoth Metals."  
  
"How do you know that?" I asked.  
  
"Stoth cost me my job at Coughlin & Moore," Megan said. "They do Stoth's environmental work. I'd never worked on a Stoth matter before, but I was sent up there to review discharge records. The state EPA found nasty chemicals near one of their Middleburg plants. I get there and the in-house environmental guy immediately takes me to meet Ben Stoth. Stoth made some very inappropriate comments about how I looked. Later, I was alone in a room going over the records. Stoth came in and closed the door. He became very explicit about what he wanted to do with me. I was afraid he was going to attack me, and I screamed. Stoth got pissed but someone started banging on the outside of the door, so he opened it. I went to the office and told the partner-in-charge of Stoth work what happened. A couple days later, I was called into a meeting with him and the managing partner. They said they'd talked to Ben Stoth, that Stoth denied everything, and they had no choice but to believe their client. They said they couldn't have attorneys making "unfounded accusations" against clients. I was fired. Then, they gave me six months' severance."  
  
"Ok," I said, but how do you know Stoth made this video?"  
  
"First," Megan said, "that isn't my body and I can prove if it I have to."  
  
"How?" Denise asked.  
  
"I'm a natural blonde," Megan said. "The body in the video has dark pubic hair. That video came from Stoth because what the guy is doing to the girl is exactly what Stoth said he wanted to do to me. I'll never forget that. Also, Stoth has security cameras everywhere. That is how I wore my hair when I went to Stoth. I changed it just after I was fired. Salon therapy."  
  
Megan Crosby turned an investigation into a potentially good case. Most of what we knew about Eve Holgrew came from her own journal, which was probably inadmissible hearsay. Denise had talked to the other two women we'd identified. They said they'd had sex with Ben Stoth while working at Stoth Metals and knew Ben was making videos but denied consenting to the videos being on any website. I thought that Stoth probably had access to their signatures and could forge consents. Moreover, a jury might feel that they'd been stupid agreeing to be recorded and had "asked" for what happened.  
  
Megan was different. She hadn't done anything wrong or exercised bad judgment. She was pure victim. She was articulate and very attractive in an understated way. She was the perfect lead plaintiff. Megan agreed to strip naked for Denise and Annie. They confirmed to me that the body in the video was definitely not Megan Crosby's body. After thinking about it for, maybe, ten seconds, Megan agreed to let us represent her in a suit against Ben Stoth and Stoth Metals. We filed the case in April.  
  
That started a year of tough fighting. In short, a court order gave us access to Stoth's servers. Of course, they'd been wiped clean. Vanessa's boyfriend, Jason Monaghan, an investigator for the Illinois Attorney General, hooked us up with a topflight, extremely expensive, computer forensics specialist. The computer guy retrieved virtually the entire website from the Stoth servers; videos, logins and passwords, and payment records. Over a couple of years, Stoth had grossed about $ 300,000 from his website.  
  
The Stoth case was nasty. As more women in the videos joined the case, Stoth's lawyers accused us of soliciting clients. We expected that and had documentation that the women had asked us to represent them, not vice versa. We also had documentation that we'd given each woman the names and numbers of two other lawyers, not connected with us, whom we knew were willing to represent them. We had the solicitation charge beaten, but it was no fun being attacked.  
  
As the case reached its first anniversary, Annie was spending a lot of her time with Sean Dunn, a Ph. D candidate in economics whom she'd met at the University. Sean became very important in Annie's life and, consequently, in ours. Given our intimate relationship with Annie, Denise and I tended to be proprietary about her. We scrutinized Sean intensely and he passed with flying colors. More important, Annie was falling in love with him.  
  
Sean was very bright but not at all arrogant about that. He was funny, kind, and, unlike Annie's previous boyfriend Colin, very considerate of Annie. I don't think Sean is an exhibitionist like the rest of us, but he had no hesitancy getting naked with us and anyone else who happened to be around. Annie assured us, and we later verified by in-person observation, that Sean gave her very good orgasms. Annie said that she'd told Sean about her relationship with us early on and he treated it as perfectly natural. I came to learn over the years that Sean Dunn and I shared at least one very strongly held opinion: Denise Hines and Annie Gentry are the two most desirable women in the world.  
  
It had been more than a year since Kurt had been forced to close the bar in New Bethel. Denise, Annie, and I had not had any real outlets for our exhibitionist urges. Denise, Annie, Sean, and I went skinny dipping in the lake by Annie's grandmother's house. Amanda and Greg joined us occasionally. That was just getting naked with good friends (how else does one dress with close friends?). It wasn't really showing off.  
  
Vanessa came to our relief. She had a friend in Chicago, Karen Bloom, who aspired to design jewelry. Vanessa said Karen's designs were very good. However, Karen couldn't find anyone willing to manufacture and market her jewelry. As Vanessa put it, "Karen peddled her ass in New York, Miami, Chicago, San Francisco, and LA and didn't get shit."  
  
Karen's final effort was to do a fashion-show style exhibition of her work in her hometown. She borrowed a lot of money to have several of her pieces manufactured. Vanessa fronted money to rent a ballroom in a Downtown hotel, for catering, and for an open bar. The shtick was that the models would walk the runway wearing Karen's jewelry and nothing else. The problem was that Karen didn't have the money to hire professional models.

Vanessa asked if we would be the models. Karen wanted at least three women and one man. Denise, Annie, and I were happy to do it. Vanessa wanted to be the third woman but thought that would hurt her growing reputation as a lawyer in Chicago. Only a handful of people in Chicago knew us. We asked Alicia, who had a schedule conflict. Danielle agreed to be the third woman. Danielle always claimed that dancing nude was just part of her "artistic expression." In fact, Danielle was at least as much an exhibitionist as the rest of us.  
  
The show was on a Friday night in June. Admission to the show was invitation only. Vanessa told us 75 people RSVP'd: jewelers, department store buyers, and media. Reporters were coming from the Tribune, Sun-Times, Chicago magazine, even, I think, from the Daily Northwestern. A TV station, maybe WLS, was sending a crew. I wondered what they'd get that they could air.  
  
Karen showed us the pieces we'd be modeling. The things she'd designed for the women made, at least some, sense. The pieces I was to wear were, I thought, just dumb. More about that later. The show would start at 8:30 p.m. and run until 10:00, meaning we'd spend a lot of time on the runway. The show would be followed by an hour-long reception in the same room. Denise, Annie, Danielle, and I were supposed to mingle during the reception, naked except for bits of Karen's jewelry.  
  
The four of us stripped off and Karen put the first round of jewelry on us. The women got things like chokers, bracelets, and ankle bracelets. My first item was a ring. I had to walk the runway naked, holding my right hand up in front of my chest. My second items were bracelets that went around my biceps, suggesting ancient Rome, I guess.  
  
You expect me to say it, but it was true: walking the runway naked was a blast. People were seated on both sides and at the end of the runway. Their heads were roughly level with our feet. The light from the TV camera made it hard to see individual faces, but it felt great to know that all those people were looking up at our naked bodies.  
  
The last piece I wore was a diamond encrusted cock ring. As Karen put in on my dick, I said, "Karen, you know this is really stupid."  
  
"They aren't real diamonds," she replied.  
  
"No," I said, "I mean the concept. I couldn't wear this to have sex with anyone. I'd cut the poor woman up so badly she'd be in the hospital."  
  
"I know," Karen said with some frustration. "This is purely for shock value, to grab attention."  
  
I walked down the runway with light glinting off the stones that encircled my dick. I thought the cock ring was more stupid than shocking, but it was fun knowing that everyone in the room was looking at my dick.  
  
As I came off the runway, Denise stood ready for her last turn. She wore a gold chain which circled her neck and ran as a single strand down her belly, between her legs, between her hips, and up her back to her neck. It looked better than my description makes it sound, probably because it was on Denise. Denise said, "I like how this rubs me as I walk." With that, she walked down the runway.  
  
As I've said many times, Denise is stunningly beautiful wearing anything and much more beautiful naked. She looked especially beautiful as I watched her on the runway that night. When she turned and walked back towards me, she looked proud and confident. I could also tell from her face that Denise was having the time of her life. All the years I've known her, Denise has always enjoyed people seeing her naked. That joy was never more evident than that night in Chicago. As Denise came off the runway, we hugged. "If I could live the rest of my life without ever putting on clothes again, I'd do it," Denise said. I wasn't sure how, but I intended to make Denise's wish real.  
  
The reception was interesting. We models were supposed to mingle wearing the last pieces we'd worn on the runway. That meant I was mingling with men in suits and women in dresses while I wore only that idiotic cock ring. At least we were allowed a couple of drinks. Understandably, Denise and Annie got the most attention; from men and women. I was interviewed by a mildly attractive woman from the TV station. For most of the interview, the camera was on my face. Before she ended the interview, the interviewer insisted that the cameraman film my dick with the cock ring. That would never go on air, but I figured it would make the rounds internally at her TV station.  
  
Annie, Sean, Danielle, and Kurt were staying at another hotel where Vanessa had gotten a deal. Vanessa was fronting the money for those rooms. The four of them were going home Saturday morning. Vanessa, our employer, wanted to meet with Denise and me Saturday morning. We were staying that night and the next with Vanessa and Jason.  
  
Vanessa owned a five-story building a few blocks north of the Chicago River and a few blocks west of Lake Michigan. The building looked old. I don't know what it had been. Now, the first floor housed a popular restaurant. The second floor was empty to buffer the floors above from the kitchen smells. The third floor was Vanessa's law office. The fourth and fifth floors, connected by an internal staircase, were where Vanessa and Jason lived.  
  
Vanessa had recently added a patio to the roof of her building. It was a warm night so the four of us stripped off and went up there after we finished at the "fashion show." Vanessa's roof was overlooked by other buildings. She said they only went nude up there at night and the lighting was very low, so Vanessa didn't think her neighbors would be a problem.  
  
Denise and I were both horny as hell after the "fashion show." As we sat together on a lounge chair, talking with Vanessa and Jason, we were fondling and fingering each other. Finally, Vanessa said, with a slight chuckle, "It's ok. Do what you want to do."  
  
That was all the permission we needed. Denise and I have made love many places. On the roof of a building on Chicago's north side that night was one of the best.  
  
The next morning, the four of us went, nude of course, to Vanessa's office to talk about work, primarily the Stoth case. Jason had a full-time job with the State, but Vanessa had a contract with him to be an investigator for her office in order to preserve confidentiality when she discussed cases with him. Jason was intelligent and an experienced investigator and trial witness. He brought a lot to the discussion.  
  
When we finished business, Vanessa said, "I want to show you two something." She led us out of the office into the vestibule where clients and others stepped out of the elevator. On the wall opposite the elevator was a framed photo, roughly three feet high by two feet wide. It was a frontal picture of Vanessa, nude, from below her knees on up. It was lovely.  
  
"Who did that for you?" Denise asked.  
  
"Jeff," Vanessa answered, "the photographer in your building." Denise gave me a look that said we should make an appointment with Jeff.  
  
That afternoon, Vanessa and Jason took us, clothed of course, to a Pirates-Cubs game at Wrigley. That night, the four of us went to a small skinny dip party hosted by friends of Vanessa at their home in Kenilworth.  
  
Home after a fun trip to Chicago, Denise and I were back into the Stoth case. As we'd discussed with Vanessa, we had great evidence that Ben Stoth was a shitty person who'd used his company to shit on the women who were our clients. Where we had problems, apart from Eve Holgrew, was in proving damages. None of the women, not even Megan, had lost a job, a boyfriend, or a spouse because their videos (fake video in Megan's case) were on the Internet. Of course, it was very distressing to find out someone was selling videos of you having sex (enthusiastically and energetically in several of the videos). But the women hadn't found that out until we told them. We hoped a jury would be angry enough at Stoth to award a big number without nitpicking what harm Stoth had caused. We really hoped for a settlement.  
  
Vanessa took the initiative to create pressure. Despite the lurid facts, the media had paid little attention to our case. Vanessa called her contacts in Chicago who, in turn, called contacts in the national business press. Stoth Metals was the largest privately owned steel and metal manufacturer in the country. Ben Stoth had a seat on an ad hoc business advisory council created by the President.  
  
Finally alerted, the national business press made a big deal out of the scandal at Stoth Metals which bled over into the general media. That was when we found out that Ben wasn't sole owner of the company. Ben had cousins in Boston and Marin County who each owned twelve and a half percent. We learned that when the cousins sued Ben in federal court alleging that Ben had breached duties owed to them as minority shareholders by using Stoth Metals for his own gratification and enrichment, diminishing the value of the company and, consequently, devaluing their shares.  
  
About five weeks after the cousins sued, Ben's lawyers called us. The cousins wanted our case settled and had buyers for Ben's 75% of Stoth Metals at a price just over a quarter billion (yes, billion) dollars. The offer was for Ben to keep $ 10 million and pay the rest of the purchase price to settle our case. Our clients wisely said yes.  
  
The sale of Ben's shares in Stoth Metals closed two weeks later. The next day, Megan Crosby, Eve Holgrew's parents, the other women in our lawsuit, Vanessa, Denise, Annie, and I waited in our office in The Overlook. A lawyer from the firm representing Stoth brought an envelope. We gave her a different envelope. The envelope we gave contained releases signed by all our clients. The envelope we received contained several cashier's checks in eight figure amounts. Most of our clients hurried to their banks, richer than they'd ever imagined.  
  
Although, or because, she'd just gotten a check for $ 24 million, Megan Crosby stayed a few minutes longer to thank us. As Denise and I walked Megan to the elevator, she stopped and pointed to the wall opposite the elevator door. "I really like that picture," she said with a smile. No one else had mentioned it. We had hung a framed picture of Denise and me like the one of Vanessa in her Chicago office. In the picture, Denise and I were facing the camera each with an arm behind the other's back. The picture showed us from the tops of our heads to mid-way down our calves. We were both nude.  
  
After the clients left, Vanessa held up the largest single check from the settlement: to Gibson Law Offices for our one-third contingent fee. Vanessa had already agreed to split the fee 50-50 with Denise and me. We were going to give Annie a $ 1 million bonus for her work. Even after deducting that and taxes, Denise and I would have a lot more money than I'd expected to gross over my whole life. We'd hit the jackpot. It didn't seem real.  
  
"What do we do next?" I asked Vanessa.  
  
Vanessa said, "Jason and I have talked about that. How do you two feel about warm climates?"  
  
Several things happened following the Stoth settlement. About ten days later, Denise told me that Megan Crosby had called and, based on that call, Denise had made an appointment for the three of us with Jeff, the photographer downstairs. The appointment lasted a couple of hours and we all had fun. I saw firsthand that the body in the sex video purportedly of Megan Crosby was nowhere near as attractive as Megan's real body. The takeaway for Denise and me was another photo like the one in our elevator vestibule, except this one had Megan standing nude between us.  
  
A week after our photo session, Denise and I flew to Portland for a wedding. The former Lena Mann was marrying Denise's brother, now Lieutenant Colonel David Hines. That was a clothed wedding. Two weeks later, Denise and I were naked, as were the bride, groom, and other guests, at Vanessa's wedding to Jason. The wedding was very small and held in the backyard of her Kenilworth friends. The reception, at a hall in Niles, included many of Vanessa's former clients. You had to be there.  
  
Vanessa and Jason didn't immediately leave for a honeymoon. Instead, Denise and I flew with them to Ft. Myers, Florida. We changed airports and took a prop plane to a small barrier island in the Gulf that had a landing strip and about fifteen very nice houses, but no road access from the mainland. Vanessa wanted us to see two adjoining homes on the Gulf side beach. Vanessa had found out that, while Florida beaches on the mainland were mostly public, homeowners on the island owned the beach down to the mean low tide line. "That means, we'll have our own nude beach," Vanessa gushed. One house was up for sale and the four of us offered a premium to buy the other house too.  
  
Denise and I took title to one house and Vanessa and Jason to the other. We then deeded both properties to the four of us as joint tenants with right of survivorship. The idea was to create a single enclave over which we'd all have equal control. The last deed contained a restriction stating that none of the four of us nor any future children were permitted to wear any clothing except footwear anywhere on the property at any time unless "weather or other conditions make clothing necessary to avoid injury or extreme discomfort." It was as close to Denise's dream of living the rest of her life nude as we could get.  
  
After buying our new homes, Vanessa and Jason left to honeymoon in Europe. Denise and I went home for yet another wedding. I'm not sure what Wes Gentry really thought about walking his naked daughter Annie "down the aisle" to marry her naked groom Sean. I'm not sure what Wes or his wife Carla thought about the fact that their other daughter, Amanda, and Denise were the nude bridesmaids or that Amanda's husband Greg and I were the nude groomsmen. However, Wes and Carla took their daughter Annie's nude wedding to Sean Dunn in seeming good humor.  
  
The last wedding was, for me, the most interesting. I remember the warm breeze on my bare body as I stood in the backyard of Kurt and Danielle's house watching Dave walk Denise "down the aisle" towards me. Dave's civilian suit emphasized Denise's nudity. Standing beside me, also nude, were Sean, Greg, and Kurt. To the right of the very progressive minister who'd agreed to perform the wedding were Annie, Amanda, and Alicia. They were also nude and looked very beautiful in the mid-day sun.  
  
Denise and I had gotten a hotel room for the night after our small reception. Our apartment bed wasn't big enough for what we had planned. Denise and I had already undressed when Annie, Sean, Amanda, and Greg knocked at our door. Annie had two bottles of champagne. Our friends undressed. We opened the champagne and toasted our three marriages and our friendship. Giggling, Denise, Annie, and Amanda lay down on the bed on their backs. Annie, in the center, was rubbing shoulders with Denise and Amanda.  
  
Sean, Greg, and I stood for a moment looking at the three beautiful women. Then, we each got on the bed above our own wife and began making love. The six of us called it our "consummation of marriage and perpetual friendship." Denise and I slept on our wedding night in bed with Annie, Amanda, Sean, and Greg.  
  
It is time to finally end this memoir. The law firm, Gibson & Stone LPA, still exists. It is now managed by Megan Breaden (nee Crosby). Denise and I spend most of our time now nude on the island. It is a joy every time our daughter Gwen comes home from college to see her strip off her clothes and run into the surf naked like she did growing up. Jason fell victim to cancer, but Vanessa still lives next door and is the island's grande dame. Denise, Vanessa, Gwen (when she visits), and I still abide by the deed restriction requiring us to go nude on the jointly owned property.  
  
As I mentioned in a prior chapter, Denise, Annie, Sean, and I spend every Christmas night together making love to the other spouse. That was challenging while Annie and Sean lived near New York. Annie and Sean bought their own house on the island a few years back. Denise and Annie are still the two most desirable women alive. Proximity means that we make love to each other's spouses more often than just Christmas but only, ever, when all four of us are present.  
  
Denise, Annie, Vanessa, Sean, and I never wear clothes anywhere on the island. Gwen, Annie and Sean's son Ross, Amanda, Greg, and Amanda and Greg's daughter and son-in-law all stay nude when any of them visit. The other island residents have never complained about our nudity and, more and more, are going nude themselves.  
  
Ross is also in college. He and Gwen try to time their trips to the island to coincide. It is heartwarming to see the two young people nude on the beach holding hands or hugging.

**Her Second Job Ch. 08**