**Joanie Returns to College**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

Near the end of my winter vacation, when my Mom took me shopping in the city, there was a remarkable saleswoman who took an interest in me. I had always worn a uniform of loose fitting blue jeans and a sweatshirt in high school and my first semester in college. As I explained, my Mom spiced up my wardrobe with some low cut blouses, much sexier bras and panties, and the bras actually fit my breasts. She also got me some jewelry and French perfume to wear. But it was the saleswoman, whose name was Doris, who explained to me how I should dress.  
  
Doris told we I had a pretty face and she was thrilled with the new haircut I had got that same day under my mother's tutelage, which she said really framed my face in a flattering way. And of course I already knew from the reactions of Mike and his roommates that I had the kind of breasts men like. Unless of course all men just like breasts, any breasts on a topless woman. But what Doris explained was that I had beautiful, sexy legs, and it was time to stop hiding them under baggy pants.   
  
She had me buy these skintight black pants made of a stretch fabric, so that every detail of my body below the waist was visible. And she told me what kind of almost thong panties to wear with them, since otherwise one could plainly see the outline of my panties through the fabric of the pants. And she also had me buy micro mini skirts, and sold me the right kind of pantyhose to go under them. But then she said the shoes I wore were more important than I had ever thought, and she sold me some comfortable high heels and told me to practice walking in them every night at home for 10 to 30 minutes. I followed all of her advice, and now I could dress to kill, and walk too while so dressed.   
  
I had been back at school for a month already, lost in study. I still managed to enjoy myself via my obsession with exhibitionism, even if it was tame. I would wear the micro mini and hose with a fairly normal but form fitting blouse and my great bras that were super flattering to my breasts, and then cover up my outfit with a long coat.   
  
My classes had mostly boys in them, and the few girls in them were geeks, dressed in baggy jeans and sweatshirts. So I would enter in my coat, usually at the last minute, and when I took off the coat I was all leg it seemed, and the legs extended almost to my crotch, where the skirt began. Then I would sit during class with my long, lovely legs crossed, my skirt riding up just a bit, leaving it tantalizingly close to revealing my panties (which were fairly skimpy) under my panty hose. The boys had trouble looking at the professor since they could not take their lustful eyes off of me. I, on the other hand, paid strict attention to the lectures.   
  
I had lost my interest in sex, although clearly not in teasing men. I did not know why I had lost it at first. When I thought back to my times with Frank, it was an erotic, fun memory, but it was killed when I remembered his circulating the picture he had surreptitiously taken of my when I was tied to the bed, naked with his cum oozing out of my cunt. I agreed the picture was sexy, but circulating it around the boys from my old high school humiliated and degraded me.   
  
Similarly, when I thought about blowing Josh in front of the 30 to 40 people at the party, or spectacularly fucking with Jack in front of them towards the end of the party, the memories were highly erotic. But they too were marred by the betting pool among the boys as to who could nail me first and best at the party.  
  
Everything was completely destroyed by Adam raping me.   
  
I was obsessed with the rape, and I began reading everything I could find about rape. It turned out there was a lot to find, a lot to read. I had thought he did not really rape me, since Susie came and saved me after only 30 seconds to a minute of him penetrating me and thrusting in and out. The literature on the subject however proved me wrong. Any forcible entry into a woman's body against her will, no matter how short lived, was rape. Whether or not ejaculation occurred was irrelevant to whether or not it was rape.   
  
There was no longer any doubt: Adam had indeed raped me. I thought about the police, but too much time had gone by, and I was amazingly drunk at the time. Connie had been blindfolded and even drunker than I, and Zach who was fucking her at the time either did not notice I was being raped right next to them, or did not care.   
  
Susie, who had saved me, was Adam's sister and I could not make her testify against her own brother, even if she were willing. Josh and Stu had held me down while Adam raped me and they had even been waiting their turns! So basically there was nobody to back me up.  
  
I gave up on the police idea. But what kept me sane was the idea that somehow I had to take revenge on Adam. I had no idea how I could actually take revenge, but I was confident something would occur to me. I was a smart girl, after all.   
  
I was not in a hurry, as I remembered the old maxim, revenge is a dish best served cold. But I now had no interest in having sex; Adam and the rape had ruined me.   
  
Mike changed that.  
  
One day after class as I was walking back to my room wearing my long coat, I ran into Mike. I had dumped him last semester after that spectacular night when he had gotten me drunk and then set me up by tricking me with a transparent tee shirt to wear and I had ended up having sex with two of his three roommates, Steve and John. He had left me alone after I made it clear he was not welcome.  
  
Now he seemed very happy to see me and asked to buy me a coffee. In spite of everything I still liked Mike, and had more fun with him than anyone else. He was special too since I had given him my virginity. And also I felt I could trust him, a trait I now did not take at all lightly!   
  
So I agreed and we went to a local coffee house. I ordered the most expensive drink, a special cappuccino they offered. I didn't even want it much, but I wanted Mike to spend money on me.  
  
We sat in a dark corner and chatted for a while. He asked about what it was like for me to go back to my small town for vacation, and there was a twinkle in his eye when he asked. I told him it was fine, and I had some fun adventures and all. I was very vague.   
  
Mike told me a friend of his knew someone from my town, and they had discussed this amazing party at the home of a girl named Susie, and he asked if I knew her.   
  
I groaned inwardly as I could see where this was going. I decided to be honest (up to a point) and told him yes, Susie and I are friends, and the party was indeed amazing, in fact it turned into an orgy towards the end. I added that not all of it was good. Mike looked quizzical when I said that last thing.   
  
Mike of course knew my exhibitionism weakness, as it played right into his own perversion of wanting to show off his woman in states of partial undress. He also knew I could only be an exhibitionist if I were drunk.   
  
So of course he asked if alcohol were served, and I told him about the punch. I had the feeling he knew everything already and was playing with me. So I was direct, and said, "Be honest. How much do you know about the party?"  
  
Mike said, to my horror, "I saw the video of you and a guy doing it in front of the rest of the party." I was quiet, and then he added, "I also saw a picture of you tied up to the headboard of a bed with cum oozing out. And by the way, you looked spectacular."  
  
I took a sip of my coffee, thinking as fast as I could and trying to suppress the panic welling up inside me, and said nothing. Mike, who I realized really did care for me, sat quietly with me. We stayed like that for quite a while.  
  
Finally I said, "Are you disgusted with me? I'm really not a tramp you know. I just lose it when I'm drunk." I was suppressing tears at this point, and it was obvious. I did not know how much longer it would be before I began to bawl. Ever since the rape I had been easily moved to tears. Sometimes even television commercials brought me to tears.  
  
Mike surprised me by saying, "Would you go out with me Friday? I could take you to dinner?"   
  
I was so happy and relieved when he asked me out after knowing how I had behaved with other men in my hometown during vacation, that I quickly said,  
  
"I'd love to, Mike." I heard the words come out of my mouth as I spoke them. I had not planned to say them. It was weird.   
  
Mike himself seemed relieved, and then he asked me, "Why are you still wearing your coat? It's warm in here," and I stood up so he could remove my coat. The contrast of the long coat with my nylon covered legs and the micro mini skirt struck him just as hard as it had earlier done to the boys in my computer class, and he let out a wolf whistle that actually seemed to be involuntary. He said, "Joanie, you look hot!"  
  
I said, "Thanks. I decided to change my look. Do you like it?"  
  
Mike said, "No." He paused for effect and added, "I love it! And your perfume is driving me crazy."  
  
I replied, "That's the idea behind perfume. It's supposed to do that."  
  
Mike said, "Joanie, you have changed recently. And it's for the better. Very much for the better." I was silent, and decided Mike had no need to hear about the rape.  
  
I was looking forward to going on a date with Mike again, and Friday took a long time to arrive. When it finally did arrive I dressed like a sex goddess, with the micro mini, the low cut fuck me blouse my mother had bought me, one of my new bras designed for that kind of blouse, and the musky French perfume.   
  
I remembered to put some under my breasts, because as my Mom put it, you never know. Then I covered myself up with my long coat. It was still cold so the coat made sense, but in reality it was more for the drama of taking it off, and not letting Mike see my outfit until I did so.   
  
I know this seemed like strange behavior, given the trauma of my rape, but I wanted to feel sexy again, and if anyone could bring it out from deep within me, it was Mike.   
  
As excited as I was to see Mike, he seemed to be equally excited to see me. At dinner I let him get me a little bit drunk, and then he managed to ply more information about the goings on during my vacation. I told him about the shoe store, and as he gave me more booze, I even told him about my boss Mr. Ebersmith, the bonus, and giving Mr. Ebersmith a blowjob to avoid having to fuck him.   
  
Mike seemed particularly interested when I told him it made me feel a bit like I was prostituting myself. He knew it horrified me, and he understood, but he also wondered if it appealed to an aspect of my exhibitionist side. That is, did it make me feel hot and bothered that a man would pay me for sex.   
  
I reminded Mike that Mr. Ebersmith did not pay me for sex. He gave me a bonus for the great work I had done, and he wanted sex. I knew that he had wanted sex with me for a long time before that; a girl can tell. The two (money and sex) were unrelated. Mike raised an eyebrow in skepticism and said, "Yes. But did it make you hot?"  
  
"I don't know," I replied. "All the men looking down my dress that day had made me hot."  
  
Mike said, "I think you do know. It did, didn't it?"  
  
"No," I replied definitively. "It made me disgusted, and disgusted with myself for giving him the blowjob."  
  
Mike believed me, I'm sure, but I feel he was still just a little bit skeptical, and thought the situation had turned me on. But he let it drop. In speaking with him I realized the situation and the idea of sex for money had indeed aroused me sexually, just a little, but there was no way on earth I would admit that to Mike, or to anyone else for that matter. Indeed, it was only at that moment I had admitted it to myself!  
  
Mike continued to ply me with a delicious wine, and he got me a little bit drunker. This loosened my tongue and I told him about Frank, and his betrayal with the picture. He seemed particularly interested about my hands being tied to the headboard, and the curtains wide open with the lights on, with some strangers watching from their rooms across the courtyard.   
  
My stories were turning him on, but fortunately he did say, "Joanie, what Frank did behind your back was sick. It's not forgivable. The guy is a creep."  
  
What Mike really wanted me to tell him about was the party. That took some more wine, and Mike ordered a second bottle. I told him about Susie telling me the picture existed and was being passed around, and how I got very drunk and felt I had nothing to lose in terms of my reputation, since it was already in the toilet, because everyone also knew about the shoe store exhibitionism. One thing reinforced the other.   
  
I told him I decided to join a group playing spin the bottle. Unbeknown to me at first, it turned out to be a strip version of the game. Mike's eyes flashed when I said that. He could relate to that after our own strip poker game.   
  
I even told him I was reduced to just my panties, and forbidden to regain my clothes, or even my bra, and thus forced to reenter the party dressed only in panties. At this point I thought Mike was going to squirt inside his pants, he looked so turned on. He was even breathing heavily.   
  
"How many people were at the party?" Mike asked.   
  
"Between 30 and 40, I'd say."  
  
"And all of them were watching you and Connie as you entered the room topless? With only panties on?"  
  
"Yes, except for the few who were still downstairs." I could see in his eyes that Mike was imagining the scene, wishing he had been there.   
  
I changed the subject to what happened on his vacation, and he told me it was boring and mostly he thought about me. I told him I did not believe him, I'd bet there were some old girlfriends he had fooled around with. He gave a small smile and admitted there were.   
  
He lives a couple of hundred miles south of the school and one day the weather warmed, and he took a walk with his old high school girlfriend, and they ended up making out on a bench in a park. They then drove to a hill with a nice view, he parked the car and they made out in his car, and he got her undressed, down to her panties.   
  
Mike was hoping to convince her to have sex with him again, and he had good prospects, when a cop shined his flashlight into the car. To his surprise the girl did not scream or reach to cover herself, but just sort of froze, like a deer in the headlights.   
  
The cop had them both exit the car, he in only his briefs, and she in only her panties. One cop started to interrogate Mike. The other cop focused on the girl, and started to kiss her. The girl returned the kiss, and soon his hands were all over her, and instead of protesting, or fighting back or trying to stop him, she began to undo his belt and removed his pants and his briefs, revealing a nice, hard penis. She gave it some soft strokes with her hand, and then the cop picked her up and placed her over the hood of the car, so her ass was at the level of his cock. He inserted his cock and they began to fuck, the girl groaning with pleasure.   
  
Mike was amazed. He had no idea his old girl friend was like this, although of course he had often tried to expose her in public when they were in high school, and once he even succeeded, but he did not tell me that story.  
  
I asked, "How did it feel to see your old girlfriend have sex with a stranger right in front of you?"  
  
Mike replied, "I thought it was very sexy, actually. As I did when you let Steve and John have their way with you; remember?"  
  
I said, "Mike, you set me up for that. You got me almost falling down drunk and then deliberately gave me a transparent tee shirt knowing full well in the light of the main room your roommates would see me naked through the tee shirt. You wanted it to happen!"  
  
"Guilty as charged, Joanie. But nobody forced you to do anything. You know that."  
  
Angry, I said, "Damn it Mike, you know what happens to me when I drink too much. I can't control myself and become a slut."  
  
"Yes, and I love you for it," Mike replied. This was the first time Mike had used the L word, and I was quite surprised. I said nothing, but drank some more wine.   
  
A little later we got up to leave the restaurant, and I was so drunk at this point I had to lean on Mike so as not to fall down. I told Mike I needed to lie down and sleep it off, and he took me home, came in with me, undressed me and put me under the covers. I smiled up at how kind he was being, and then he pulled the covers off and began to kiss my breasts.   
  
After a while his mouth drifted down and he began to eat me out, the first time he had ever tried that with me, and it was only the second time of my young life, the first being the asshole Josh at the party.   
  
My body was responding, and I realized I was enjoying sex. Leave it to Mike, I thought to myself. I was happy to have my sex drive slightly reawakened. I had actually feared it might never be aroused from its slumber.   
  
As Mike ate me out, he suddenly inserted a finger and he was both eating me and fingering me at the same time. This took me to new heights of pleasure. I was not far from having an amazing orgasm when he suddenly stopped, climbed on top of me and began to fuck me.   
  
I was so turned on that after he had pumped in and out only a few times, I had one of my violently shaking orgasms, and actually cried out with pleasure.   
  
I could tell that giving me such a powerful orgasm made Mike feel macho, and he smiled happily as he continued to pound me. I was amazingly aware of his cock inside me, feeling it completely with the sides of vaginal canal, hoping the head of his cock would go deeper still.   
  
I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him into me as far as he could go. My body moved up to match his thrusts without my consciously asking it to. I wrapped my arms around him and started kissing him, whatever part of him was near my mouth.  
  
After a while he came inside me and I passed out in a blissful state, a smile on my lips. I know I was smiling, because when I was passed out he took out his cell phone and took a picture of me lying there with his cum oozing out. It was as if he were imitating Frank's infamous picture, minus the bondage element.   
  
I wondered if bondage too would happen on our next date. I think I was smiling due to relief at the recognition that I was still capable of enjoying sex.  
  
I found out later he called up his roommate John, and John came over and took more pictures of me lying there naked, some with Mike in them, and then he took a video of Mike fucking me again. When I saw the video I noticed that I had fucked Mike back, even though I was so drunk that I do not remember anything about it. It was not even clear I was awake while we fucked!  
  
I was over at Mike's place when he told me about John coming over to my place, uninvited by me, and that he saw me naked and even made a video of Mike having sex with me. I was outraged and almost dumped Mike a second time.   
  
Instead I got hot watching the video with Mike, and we ended up doing it in his living room in front of the TV. We did it doggy style, the first time Mike and I had used anything other than the missionary position.   
  
In the middle of our session with me on all fours and Mike pounding me from behind, Mike's roommates Steve, John, and Tony returned. We just kept at it while they watched. I was a bit grossed out they were watching our most intimate moments, but my exhibitionist side was thrilled. I was so turned on I could not believe it.   
  
After Mike came and we stopped fucking, I collapsed on the floor and lay still. Tony approached me and started fondling my breasts. I was grossed out, since Tony was now Mary's boyfriend, and Mary is my best friend. Mike did nothing, but I stopped Tony and told him none of that. Then Steve tried too a little later, and I stopped him cold.   
  
I did not want to turn into a slut, or at least not such an easy slut. I could not tell if Mike was disappointed I did not let Tony or Steve have their way with me, but I hoped he was not. I figured this had been his plan to test me, or have his own little orgy/gangbang of me. No luck for him this time, if that had been his plan.

It's pathetic, but I was actually proud of myself for not letting the gangbang happen. After I had watched Connie at the party when she played that game where she had allowed four men to fuck her in succession, trying to identify them while blindfolded and tied to the bed, I admit I was intrigued, but certainly not enough to justify the self disgust I would have had, had I allowed it to happen to me.   
  
I was glad I was not too drunk right then, because had I been, who knows what might have happened? As it was, I quickly got dressed and went home. Walking home, I wondered if I should trust Mike enough to tell him about the rape. I decided not to do so.  
  
Mike and I toned down our interactions for a while. There was one time however when he again invited me to a nice restaurant. I was in a good mood, so I wore my skintight stretch pants that revealed every detail of my body from the waist down, and my very low cut blouse, heels, perfume, and red lipstick. With that outfit I went commando: no bra and no panties.   
  
If the light was just right, you could see the outlines of my labia and my entire ass through the pants, but in most lighting, certainly the dim lighting of a fancy restaurant, it was not too revealing. The blouse, however, with no bra keeping my boobs in place, was another story. My nipples were prominently poking at the material of the blouse and it would be obvious to anyone I was not wearing a bra.  
  
If I sat up straight, and remained still, I was covered and proper, except for my nipple poking at the blouse, which was a bit tight over my large bust. But if I moved around a lot and swayed, or leaned forward, I showed off a lot of boob. I practiced my movements in the mirror so that I knew exactly what movement would reveal exactly which parts of my breasts.   
  
The most spectacular was leaning forward around 45 degrees; then the lucky person across from me could see my entire breasts, nipples included. I was going to use that maneuver only if needed, I decided. I was happy, because I felt I was in control, and not Mike.   
  
When Mike came to get me I was in my coat, so he could not see my outfit. He knew my tricks, and he tried to get a peak at what I was wearing, but I did not let him. When we got to the restaurant, he played the gentleman and helped me remove my coat.   
  
I could tell he liked - no, loved - what he saw. He even licked his lips. When the waiter came to take our order, I turned quickly to face him, revealing quite a lot of boob as I did so, but my nipples were (barely) hidden, as planned.   
  
The waiter blushed a little but remained cool. I figured Mike was getting hard by this point. We ordered cocktails because Mike told me the cocktails were supposed to be really good at this restaurant. I had actually never had a cocktail, and the one I got (which was some kind of fancy version of a margarita) was delicious.   
  
Mike ordered me a second one, and he also ordered some expensive wine, which of course turned out to be delicious once the two cocktails were gone and we started on the wine. Drinking two cocktails on an empty stomach made them go right to my head and I was already drunk.  
  
Mike and I chatted about school and even politics, and the new coffee house that had opened near campus. He gradually talked softer and softer, and at the same time the restaurant got noisier as more customers arrived.   
  
I had to lean forward to hear him, and yes, then he had a nice view of my entire breasts. I did not realize it at the time, since I was focused on Mike, but quite a few other men (and women for that matter) had their own views of my breasts. In contrast Mike realized it very well.   
  
Our food came and I sat up straight to eat. It was delicious and it helped to sober me up, but not enough. So I was pretty drunk, still. After Mike paid the bill we decided both to use the toilets before we left, and he followed me down the stairs.   
  
The bathroom area downstairs was brightly lit, unlike the restaurant upstairs, and Mike quickly realized he could see me to a large extent through my pants.   
  
At the bottom of the stairs he stopped me to tell me he loved my outfit. It took me a minute to realize why he was saying that. He grabbed me, pulled me into him, and kissed me passionately right there in front of the bathrooms, sticking his hand down my pants to feel my ass. I was drunk and I let him do it.   
  
He stood behind me kissing my neck, and he reached into my low cut blouse to fondle my breasts, pulling my blouse to the side and exposing my boobs to anyone who might come to use the bathroom. Again, I cooperated. I was too drunk to stop him, and besides it excited me.   
  
One man did come and he got a good look. Some people look away, and others are embarrassed at what they are seeing, but this man just stood on the stairs and openly and unapologetically stared at my boobs. In response I squirmed away from Mike and straightened my blouse and disappeared into the ladies room.   
  
As I turned my back to Mike and the man to open the door to the ladies room, Mike patted my behind, thereby calling the man's attention to my almost transparent pants as well. I went inside and locked the door.   
  
When I finished my business and left the bathroom, Mike was still in the men's room and the other man was waiting. He put a $100 bill in my hand and said,  
  
"For another look at your boobs, please, Miss."   
  
I was flabbergasted, and figured Mike had put him up to it, teasing me about taking money for sex. But this seemed harmless enough, and I was drunk and I have poor judgment when I'm drunk, so I said "OK," and I moved my blouse so that my breasts were exposed to him. My reasoning was that he had already seen my boobs, so it did not matter, and I would get an easy $100. As I have said before, I do not reason well when I am drunk.  
  
The voyeur produced a second $100 bill and said,   
  
"Roll down your pants, please miss."  
  
His voice was authoritative and commanding now, and he waved the $100 bill around, so I did as he asked, revealing my charms down there to him as well. I also grabbed the second $100 bill.  
  
"Turn around and bend over,' he said.   
  
I figured OK he wants to see my ass, and since he now had given me $200 total, it was not too much to ask, so I did. It seemed harmless enough.   
  
After a few seconds I felt his finger entering my cunt. I gasped, but I did not protest nor pull away. He did not stop and kept fingering me. It felt good and I was aroused, more by the situation than by his finger. Then another finger entered, and his other hand reached around and caressed my right breast.   
  
It was right there outside the bathrooms in bright light. Then I heard a zipper, so I quickly stood up and turned around and pulled my pants back up before he could take things farther, right there in public where anyone, man or woman, could have seen us while coming down the stairs to the bathrooms.   
  
I did not have time to arrange my blouse before I saw another man descending the staircase who got a great glimpse of my breasts. I hoped to God he had not seen the man finger me, too.   
  
The thought that he might have seen my private parts also excited me, however. I quickly put the $200 in my pants, so the new man would not see I had been paid for flashing and apparently some fingering, too. I quickly finished arranging myself and hurried up the stairs.   
  
Mike had the coat check ticket, so I waited for him up there, trembling. I really have to control my drinking I was thinking as I waited for Mike; it was too late for that night, but I made a mental note for the future.  
  
Mike came up the stairs all smiles, as if he knew what had happened downstairs. He helped me on with my coat and we left. Once out of the restaurant he said,  
  
"I see you have $200, my love." Seeing my confusion as to how he would know, as well as my apoplexy that he did know, he added, "I can see the bills through your pants. You should not walk around that way; it's very suggestive." I quickly removed the $200 from my pants and put it in my purse. Mike said, "Recently found money?"  
  
I replied, "You heard through the men's room door."  
  
"Better than that my sexy woman. There is a keyhole in the door. I think you were right not to let him fuck you. Who knows where his cock has been?"  
  
I was embarrassed and ashamed. "I'm so sorry Mike. I guess you cannot get me drunk and leave me alone. Actually, best just not to get me drunk!"  
  
"But Joanie, you are so much fun when you are drunk. Well you're drunk now, a little more won't hurt. Let's go dancing."  
  
I panicked a little to go dancing with my blouse so revealing with no bra, but I do love to dance, the night was still young, and Mike was not really asking but commanding. So off we went. I did admonish him not to try anything in a crowded dance hall if he wanted a chance with me later. He just smiled.   
  
The place he took me to I had never seen before. It was a little bit out of town on a country road, and looked like a seedy bar. It seemed a strange choice for Mike. Inside it was full of people dancing however, and there was a live band that was not bad. I asked Mike, "How do you know of this place?"  
  
"I heard about it. It's my first time here. Let's dance!"  
  
We danced the swing, and I was paying close attention to my blouse; I did not want a repeat of having a naked boob or two getting free and being on display. But of course I could not keep people from seeing quite a lot of flesh as Mike moved me around. Fortunately the place was dark and nobody could tell that my pants were semi-transparent. I was relieved about that.  
  
We danced for a couple of hours, taking breaks and drinking. I was now good and drunk, and feeling no pain. The music stopped and a man got up on the stage and rang a bell. "Ladies and gentlemen! It's the first Tuesday of the month, and you know what that means: It's our monthly amateur wet tee shirt contest. I remind you first prize is $500, second prize is $300, and third prize is $100. If you want to participate please report to the stage within the next 10 minutes."  
  
I looked accusingly at Mike. "You knew about this, didn't you?"  
  
"I had heard a rumor, but I didn't really know. But it sounds like fun to me. I'll bet none of the contestants can match you."  
  
"You bastard. You want me to compete? You're nuts. I'm not that drunk, Mike."  
  
"Yes, you are." Mike spoke in a commanding way, "And you are going to compete. I want you to. In fact, you are going to win."  
  
I started to get aroused just thinking about it. I looked around and there was nobody there I knew. The crowd was not a college crowd; far from it. I said, my voice quivering a little, "I don't really have to compete, do I?"  
  
"Yes my love, you do."  
  
"You want to show me off that much? I don't even know what to do."  
  
"Just watch the other women who go before you. You do what they do. You'll be fine. I want you to do it. And I want you to do it better than the others. I know you can."  
  
I was silent for a while, and Mike told me again to do it, and to get my ass on stage. There were already four good-looking women up on stage; they looked to me to be in their mid twenties or even 30. At 18, I must look very young in comparison, I thought.   
  
He gave me a little push, and I walked up onto the stage. As I did, a spotlight shined on me, and I knew my pants must be semi-transparent. I pretended not to know, as the wolf whistles multiplied. The master of ceremonies said, "We have another volunteer. Any others? No? Well let's give a round of applause to this fine looking group of women."   
  
Everyone applauded, and there were wolf whistles, and a woman came out from backstage and told us to follow her, she would give us outfits to change into for the competition. She told us to strip naked and then put the outfits on.   
  
The outfit consisted of a white cotton rather flimsy halter top, and low riding white short shorts. No underwear. That was no matter, since I had not been wearing underwear all evening and had none with me even to remove. We were each given a plastic card with a number. My number was 4.  
  
The master of ceremonies called out for number 1. She was petite, with big breasts, a pretty face, and a great smile. She sashayed out onto the stage and the MC engaged her in conversation, asking where she was from, how old she was, was she enjoying herself, and was this her first wet tee shirt competition. It was not her first. Then he asked if she were ready to begin, and she said yes.   
  
I noticed there was a countdown clock; each contestant had 10 minutes. Music began, and she danced around, mostly gyrating on the stage. After two minutes exactly the MC took a pitcher of water and poured it on her, especially on her breasts.   
  
The clothes became transparent when wet, apparently, and she was on full display above the waist before the cheering men. She continued to dance around, and then surprised me by taking off her top, throwing it out to the crowd, and waving her boobs around all over the place.   
  
At one point she knelt down on the stage and let a man next to the stage try to swallow her boob with his mouth. Men even put $20 bills in her shorts, pushing them down a bit as they did so, as if she were a stripper. She kept up these antics until a bell sounded, and her 10 minutes were up.  
  
Woman number 2 was skinny, perhaps too skinny, with an angular face and prominent nose. She too had nice boobs. This was her first time. She performed similarly to number 1, but with less skill. The men all raucously cheered for her, too. I was unimpressed however, after having seen number 1.   
  
Woman number 3 upped the ante. She began slowly, and she was a good dancer, suggestively moving her hips. She was doused with water, and her small breasts were clearly visible through the sheer fabric, once it was wet. She played with her boobs, and finally removed her top, tossing it dramatically to the crowd after about 6 or 7 of her minutes were up.   
  
She had lovely breasts, close to perfection itself, even if they were on the small side. She put her fingers in her mouth and sucked on them, to raucous cheers. Then she turned with her back to the crowd and lowered her shorts, revealing a perfectly formed ass, along with glimpses of her pussy. All the women wanted to win, but this woman was willing to go the extra skin, so to speak.  
  
Next number 3 faced the crowd, and a hushed anticipation fell over them. She lowered her shorts without taking them off and gave a brief but complete full frontal. Then she pulled them back up and the bell rang. She could not have timed it better.  
  
Meanwhile backstage, the girls were razzing each other, trying to psyche out the remaining contestants, numbers 4 and 5, which of course included me. I began to get mad, and being competitive, I forgot about embarrassment, shame, and self-respect. I now wanted to win. I recalled Mike's command to me to win. Being drunk helped remove all my natural constraints; otherwise I would not even have been backstage.   
  
When number 3 finished, numbers 1 and 2 realized she would probably win (the most daring woman usually does; it's primarily not a contest of skill, after all), and they both changed tunes and wished me luck and courage.   
  
I entered the stage determined to win. I reminded myself that I knew how to dance. I decided to let my sexual need for exhibitionism dominate me. After all, a crowd like this was a dream come true for my exhibitionist side.   
  
When the MC asked me if this was my first time (fortunately he did not ask my age, because if I had said I was only 18 (almost 19 now) they would have had to kick me out of the bar), and if I was going for the $500 first prize.   
  
I replied yes, I was. He smiled and said it would not be easy to top the performance of number 3. I just smiled a big smile flashing my white teeth and said, "Well, you never know." Just before I began I went over and whispered to the bandleader. He smiled and nodded.  
  
I began to gyrate on the stage. Every move I made was sexually suggestive, and I knew I had the body to back it up. Soon I was doused with water. I moved around to make sure the water hit my shorts as well as my top. Everything was visible through the fabric when it was wet, and the crowd was going wild. I looked hot.   
  
After some teasing, I turned around with my back to the crowd and sexily, slowly removed my top. I whipped around revealing my breasts as they flopped around from the momentum of the turn. I tossed the top to the crowd, giving a high arc to the toss.   
  
I danced like this but in contrast to Number 1 I did not go to the edge of the stage to let someone slobber over my breasts. Instead, I signaled to the band leader and bump and grind music began.   
  
As the men realized what I was doing, taking this to a new level, they began to chant, "Take it off! Take it off!" which turned me on. I love an audience. I now had dozens of men watching me, sexually excited, wanting to see me completely naked, and clamoring for it. It was beyond my wildest imagination.   
  
I danced surprisingly well. Bump and grind music is great music for what I had in mind. At every hard beat at the end of a musical phrase I either stuck my hip out, or arched my back to stick out my now naked boobs. Then I faced the crowd and flamboyantly unsnapped my shorts and unzipped the zipper.   
  
I turned around with my back to the audience and slowly edged my shorts down, while slowly moving my butt around suggestively. Little by little they went down until they were barely hanging on me, held up only by the last edges of my hips.  
  
I turned and faced the eager men who cheered in appreciation. I still had four minutes on the countdown clock. The musicians were beginning to play louder and slightly increased the tempo. The bumps of the bump and grind music were even more pronounced.   
  
With each bump I would thrust my hip out; first one and then the other. I could feel the fabric slip just a bit against my skin with each thrust. It got to the point where the shorts were staying on only by friction with my skin (remember, they were wet, which increased the friction).  
  
I looked steadily at the crowd, never down at my shorts. I scanned the room for Mike and finally found him. He was grinning from ear to ear. I caught his eye, and he raised his hands over his head and clapped and nodded to me.   
  
Men began to follow his example, and they were all clapping to the beat of the music, chanting, "Take it off! Take it off!" There was no hiding I was doing a strip tease. Probably the bump and grind music was a pretty basic clue.   
  
I signaled the bandleader and he almost doubled the tempo. My movements to the music were now almost frantic. With each bump, the trombones played louder. The friction was no match to my gyrations and the shorts slipped completely off my right hip, still clinging tenuously to my left hip, perhaps in a last attempt to keep me decent.   
  
The attempt to keep me decent, noble perhaps of my shorts, was doomed. After a particularly brutal series of fast bumps, the resilient shorts were still on, but then I jumped straight up high in the air and my shorts fell around my ankles. The crowd went wild and was so deafening, I could no longer even hear the music. I took a deep bow, dangling and wiggling my boobs and acknowledging the crowd, and of course that spurred them on.  
  
There were two minutes left, maybe a little more. I put my hands down on the ground and arched my back, and then thrust my pelvis up and let it fall down, mimicking the movements I would make if someone were fucking me. The cheers were immense.  
  
I turned to face the crowd and squatted, opening my pussy for all to see. I stuck one finger into it, then two, brought them to my nose and flamboyantly sniffed. I inserted them both into my cunt again, pumped them a few times, and sashayed to the edge of the stage.

I offered my two fingers to a man. He sniffed them, then licked them. He screamed triumphantly and raised his left fist high in the air. The bell rang, and my performance was over. I ran off the stage.   
  
The crowd kept cheering even in my absence, and resumed clapping, yelling "Encore! Bravo!" and the more prosaic "We want more!" But I remained backstage.   
  
The last girl, number 5, was by now intimidated and shaking a bit. She knew she would not be able to compete with my performance. After getting doused, she did remove her top but turned beet red with embarrassment and then turned and ran off the stage, crying. This competition was not for everyone.  
  
The MC returned to the stage. The voting was done by applause. He called for girl number 1 to return to the stage, and she did, still topless, wearing only her wet shorts. He put his arm around her and stroked one of her boobs as he spoke, "Let's hear it for number one!" There was a polite and nice applause, and some cheering.   
  
For number two, the crowd reaction was similar, and the MC also felt her up a bit more extensively in front of the crowd. She just let him do whatever he wanted. For number 3 however, the MC stuck his hands down her shorts, and she moved away from him and lowered her shorts once again showing off her perfect ass, and then she bent over and revealed her pussy from behind. The crowd gave her a raucous cheer and applauded loudly.   
  
I felt sure number 3 would win, given her perfect dancing, her perfect ass, and her perfectly timed performance, but I consoled myself that second prize was still $300, a lot of money for me, especially combined with the $200 from the restaurant. Then the MC called out for number 4, and as I had no clothes left, I had no choice but to come onto the stage naked.   
  
There was a huge cheer when I appeared. In retrospect I think the crowd assumed I would put on a spare pair of shorts, but I had not thought of that and anyway there were no extra shorts lying about backstage that I had seen.   
  
The MC put his arm around me, and caressed my boobs with one hand, and my ass with the other. I did not know what to do in front of all these people, and I wanted badly now to win. With some difficulty I broke away from the groping MC and danced around just a little as number 3 had done.  
  
The MC said "Number 4, let's see your wonderful squat again!" There was an uproar from the crowd that began loudly to chant, "Squat! Squat! I was embarrassed and did not know what to do and just sort of stood there, smiling nervously. Holding the microphone away from his mouth, the MC told me if I were to squat with a smile I would surely win.   
  
So I squatted, and it was easy to smile because the crowd went crazy. The noise was so loud it almost hurt my ears. My smile got really big as I continued to hold the squat. Looking at the men going wild, I did not notice that the MC had moved around. It seems he did so in order to stick a finger in my cunt, in front of everyone.   
  
The room got quiet as he pumped his finger in and out of my cunt while I held the squat, still smiling. He put the microphone next to my vagina, and the entire crowd heard the squishing sounds his finger was making, revealing to everyone both my heavy breathing and that I was thoroughly wet down there. I was so surprised by all this that to my shame I did not complain nor stop him. Mostly I think I was paralyzed with shock at what was happening.   
  
I recovered from the shock and I told him in a breathy, almost whispering voice, please to stop, but he did not. The world became just him and me, and the wonderful stimulation I was getting in front of a large and appreciative audience.   
  
As he continued, I could no longer hold the squat and fell down onto my back. This drove the crowd wild, I'm not sure why. The crowd noise was so loud I could not hear the band and my ears hurt.   
  
Maybe my falling down onto my back was more suggestive of the sex act, and they were fantasizing about climbing on top of me and fucking me silly, but that's just a guess. After a few more thrusts with his fingers the MC finally pulled them out.   
  
As he stood over my prostrate, quivering body, he dramatically sniffed his fingers and announced to the crowd I was the best smelling contestant ever. The other girls at this point ran onto the stage and rescued me, helping me up and walking me off the stage.   
  
Girl number 2 draped my arm around her shoulders to give me support, and at the same time she caressed my ass as she helped me walk. This engendered a roar and some wolf whistles.   
  
Back stage, girl number 2 led me to a couch. I lay down. She spread my legs and proceeded to eat me out. I was too far gone to do anything at this point other than to enjoy the sensation. I closed my eyes and began to moan quietly and involuntarily.   
  
I did not see nor hear the MC enter the backstage with the prize money to give out, and I did not notice (my eyes were still closed) when he put the microphone near my mouth and turned it on.   
  
Suddenly my whimpering moans and later my orgasmic ecstatic cry were broadcast throughout the seedy bar. I could hear large cheers from the bar area, and I felt anger and humiliation at the MC's duplicity, but also, as always it seems, an exhibitionist thrill.   
  
I dried off thoroughly with the towels that were provided, got dressed, took my money, and with my head held high left the backstage to return to the crowd as if nothing had happened.   
  
But as I entered the crowd, huge cheers erupted. The spotlight again shone on me, again making my pants nearly transparent. I did not care, as everyone had seen everything I had to offer.  
  
I smiled, nodded, and then heard "Show us again! Show us again!" Since I was commando, I raised my blouse to reveal my boobs one last time, to enthusiastic, grateful applause and catcalls. I held the blouse up for a long time, giving them a chance at a leisurely study of my boobs.   
  
I found Mike and walked back to him, whispering, "Get me out of here!" As I walked back to Mike, quite a few hands caressed my ass.  
  
As Mike drove me home, I told him what had happened backstage. It was my first experience with a woman, something I had never imagined would happen. He told me he had been hard all night, and his cock was aching.   
  
I told him to pull to the side of the road, and I removed my blouse (mostly to keep it clean) and proceeded to blow Mike dry, right at the side of the road. I tried to swallow all of his cum, but quite a bit dripped onto my boobs. It was also the first time I had given Mike a blowjob.  
  
I knew of course that my sexuality had surfaced from the rape induced suppression. Mike had real power over me.  
  
Mike told me to keep my blouse off for the rest of the ride home, and I did, with some of his cum prominently displayed on my boobs. When we got home, I even walked topless from the car to my apartment, to Mike's surprise and delight. I don't think anyone saw me except a passing motorist whose headlights lit me up for all to see for a few seconds. I invited Mike in, and then he fucked me until I begged him to stop. He did not however, and instead he blew his load deep inside me just as I passed out, still drunk as a skunk.   
  
The brain is an amazing part of the body. I do not understand my own brain. Perhaps it was the combination of telling Mike about what happened to me during vacation and therefore mentally reliving everything.If you combine that with the wet tee shirt contest at the seedy bar, that might explain why I had the dream.   
  
In my sexual blissful state and during my semi-comatose drunken sleep, the dream I had contained an epiphany: I dreamed of a plan to take my revenge on Frank, Adam, Josh, Jack, and all the others who did so much to destroy me over my winter vacation in my home town; Adam especially. I awoke invigorated and decided to put the plan into action.