**Joanie Contributes to Charity**

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

*The story is intended to follow the story Joanie Takes Revenge, but it can also be read independently.*

The orgy I organized with my friends Mary, Susie, Connie, and also 12 guys, was over the top. We recorded the entire thing. Mike's roommate John was in charge of the recording, and he used the security cams of the gym where we held it, as well as his own high definition video recorder. Mike then arranged for the recordings to fall into the wrong hands, those of the boys who had already circulated some secretly made and very compromising videos of us girls.

The computer virus I had designed did its job perfectly and erased everything, including all pictures and videos stored on their computers. Nevertheless before the erasures took place, quite a few guys at my college and who knows where else managed to see them, and I got a lot of looks walking around campus. More than a lot, truth be told.

I began to dress conservatively, often wore dark glasses, and swore off all alcohol. The last is because sober, I am a normal, somewhat responsible and conservative young woman, but drunk I am an exhibitionist, and much as it pains me to admit it, sometimes also a slut.

An example is that after Mike and I became lovers, I got very drunk, and "accidentally" let one of his three roommates, Steve, fuck me doggy style, while at the same time giving another of his roommates, John, a blowjob. It was the first time I ever had semi public sex, and the first time I had ever given a blowjob, and also the first time John had received one. (Also I am fairly sure it was the first time John had had sex of any kind with a girl.)

At the recent orgy, I finally let Tony, Mike's third and remaining roommate, fuck me. I knew Tony had lusted for me for a long time, but he was the boyfriend of my best friend Mary and for me he had been off limits. However my limits tend to disappear if I am sufficiently drunk. Also at the orgy I gave John another blowjob. The next day I was still drunk as it took quite a while for so much alcohol to leave my system.

John had some to my room where I had my friends Susie, Connie and Mary with me. Mary kind of arranged for the situation to get out of control, and at that time I let all three of Mike's roommates fuck me, starting with John, who I fucked for the first time. I think it was John's first fuck ever. But the point is, I was out of control.

I am now ashamed to enter Mike's abode, since I usually see some of his roommates who now have carnal knowledge of me. I can only imagine what goes through their minds when Mike and I have sex in his room. So I tend to drag Mike back to my place, rather than letting him take me to his.

I am also in love with my boyfriend Mike, and this is a problem because Mike is twisted in his sexual interests, and he has a strong desire to turn me into an exhibitionist (which he has already done much too successfully), and to keep me that way. Recently I have been resisting the exhibitionist angle, and even more so the promiscuous side, via my scrupulous campaign of not drinking.

This frustrates Mike. He has tried so far all sorts of maneuvers to seduce me into some more exhibitionism and even promiscuity, and he has failed each time, and I am quite proud of his failings. I am also a bit sad, as I really am an exhibitionist through and through, but I have found that I can control things so as not to be one. The enemy is booze.

A recent conversation, on a date at a restaurant went like this. Mike said, "Joanie, you look pretty tonight."

"Don't I always?" I replied.

"Well, sometimes you hide your beauty in some type of clothes a sister of the church would approve of. In the 19th century."

"But Mike, you know only too well what is underneath. I am saving it all for you," I replied.

"Joanie, that is like having a beautiful Monet painting but keeping it under a drop cloth, until the lights are out and we are both in bed, and then revealing the painting. Wouldn't that be a shame?" Mike replied. He knew a lot about art, as it was his passion.

I thought of a clever reply. "Think of me as a beautiful painting that was risqué and at risk of being burned by the morality forces of the middle ages, and which an art lover over painted in order to save the painting from a cruel fate."

"And now I get to clean the painting?" Mike asked. "I like your analogy," he said, licking his lips. "Look," he continued, the least you can do for me tonight is to have just one glass of wine, and go to the bathroom and remove your bra." He kept this up for quite a while.

I actually did both that night for him. It took a massive amount of pressure from Mike. I loved Mike, wanted to please him, and did not want to lose him. First I drank the wine. I needed to, for courage. I silently vowed it would be only the one glass, but it became three.

I had needed the wine for courage because my blouse was transparent. It was one of those blouses where some women wear with a thin but opaque companion piece, and some just wear with a non-revealing bra. This was my situation, which was OK because my bra was opaque. But without my bra, my breasts would clearly be on display through my thin gauzy blouse.

The blouse did have pockets over the boobs, so there was a double layer of gauze there, and it helped. Just not enough, since my bust runs on the large side, and it pushed against the thin fabric, so you could still see my nipples as well as the rests of my breasts. Fortunately the light was low in the restaurant, but still.

Once I had liberated my boobs, as Mike likes to say, I got seriously aroused as men looked carefully at me both as I walked back to the table, and also while seated at the table. A waiter, seeing me in my new state, almost dropped the tray of plates he was carrying. This made me wet. As for Mike, he was completely turned on by the situation.

After the meal, Mike wanted to take me dancing. I said I would go only if I put my bra back on. He tried hard but I would not budge. Then we compromised and we went for a walk downtown with me still braless, and I got an enormous number of stares and surreptitious looks, which I believe I did an excellent job of pretending not to notice. But of course I noticed every single one.

Mike however made it clear I was his slut, as he put his arm around me and then let his hand drop to my ass, and fondled my ass through my short skirt. Once he even stuck his hand underneath my skirt, and fondled my ass while lifting my skirt. I was wearing panties of course, but they were transparent, and so anyone who looked when he did that would see my entire ass and possibly my slit as well.

He even took it further, and while my skirt was lifted with my ass on display through my panties, he stuck his hand under my panties and fondled my ass. I was worried he would push down and off my panties, right there on the city street. So I squirmed and moved and his hand away. Fortunately, Mike did not try that again.

That time was one of the few times in my new nice girl period that I weakened and succumbed to Mike's pressure. But even then I had tried not to drink more than a glass of wine, because Mike always pushed farther and farther. Sadly though, I did drink three, and have just described to you the consequences.

My best friend Mary had a conservative Catholic upbringing, but in spite of herself she was a closet exhibitionist. This only appeared when she was drunk, and if she was drunk enough, which was rare, she had shown herself to be capable of semi public promiscuity, just like me.

It was nice for me to have a friend with the same problems, even if mine were there to a much greater degree. Her boyfriend is Tony, one of Mike's roommates. Tony finally was able to have his way with me at the orgy; Mary already long ago had let Mike fuck her; indeed they did it right in front of me. My reaction to Mary's semi public display had helped me to discover I was an exhibitionist.

I mention all this because it will explain what happened next. One of Mike's roommates, Steve, belongs to a fraternity that does a lot of charity work, and it was having an event to raise money to benefit the homeless. The idea was to create a French fin de siècle casino inside the fraternity. The decorations would be fairly authentic, as they had art students and theater set students working on it. (Our college has a renowned theater program.)

Mike and Tony took Mary and me out one evening on a double date, and the boys jointly told us girls about it. We both said it was a great idea, and it sounded like a lot of fun, and that we looked forward to going to it with them. This was not what they had in mind, however.

Mike explained that Steve had told them he needed some "French maids" to act as cocktail hostesses during the party, and also to substitute at the card tables when needed. They seemed reluctant to ask us.

"What's the catch?" Mary had asked.

"Why are you so scared to ask us?" I added.

Mike said, "If you agree to do this, you would be wearing a French maid's outfit when you did it."

"And?" Mary and I asked together.

Tony replied, "The French maid outfits can be very revealing. Very. You will almost be spilling out of them. They won't cover much of you."

Mary and I excused ourselves to go together to the ladies room. There we talked it over. I was excited, as I would get to indulge my exhibitionism and do it piously, for a good cause. Mary was not. She pointed out that many of the patrons of the casino might well have seen the videos of us at the orgy (where Mary alone fucked four men successively, and I took on three at once), and she would be continuously embarrassed, humiliated, and shamed.

I said, reluctantly, "We could get a buzz on first. It would be easier that way."

Mary replied, surprised, "Joanie! I have not been drinking in solidarity with you! We foreswore the stuff, remember??"

"I know, of course. Boy do I know. I miss drinking. We could do it just this once, for charity."

"You can do it," Mary said. "I will go the casino and stay at your table for solidarity. But I am not doing it."

That seemed pretty definitive to me. But when we returned to the table, the boys managed to talk us into at least going back to their rooms with them and trying on the French maids outfits. We felt that was harmless, so we agreed.

"One thing though, Joanie. I have twin cousins, Eric and Alex, and they are visiting this weekend to look over our school. They are staying in our rooms and may be there when we get there."

"So what?" I said. "I guess it's OK if they see us in the French maids outfits. After all, you want us to wear them at the casino, right? There lots of people will see us."

"Yes of course," Mike replied. "But the twins are from Centreville, the small town close to your town."

"Well, that's nice. Maybe we have friends in common. Mike, why do you look so strange?" Mike had a troubled look on his face.

"Joanie, these twins are how I originally saw the pictures Frank (the man you call evil Frank) took of you, and also the video from Susie's party. Clearly the twins saw them before they shared them with me."

"Oh," was all I said.

"There's more," Mike added quickly. "I gave the twins the videos from our own orgy, and they sold them to Adam, and that was how I spread the videos as you wanted. Doubtless they have seen those, too."

"Oh," I said again. I glanced at Mary and her face was ashen.

"So you may not want to see them now, or at all, or ever?" Mike added.

At this point Tony spoke. "Mike, Mary and Joanie: This is an opportunity. You girls have not confronted head on the fact that quite a few guys you probably see every week, maybe every day, have seen those videos. Now you can confront your demons head on by meeting Mike's twin cousins and acting as if you are just normal girls, albeit hyper sexy ones, as you are indeed."

Tony has a strong influence on Mary, and this remark turned her around. "Fine," she said. "Let's go meet the twins and try on the outfits. But no promises I will do this French maids thing at the charity event. I don't want to do it." Then she added, "Before we go try on the outfits, Tony, I need you to buy me a drink. Or two. Or three."

"Same goes you for you, Mike," I barely managed to say.

We all four went to a bar, had some delicious margaritas, and I could tell Mike was both thrilled we were going to try on the outfits, and worried about our meeting the twins. He had not told us that, before the videos were erased, the twins had watched them a large number of times. They were both virgins, and had never even been with a girl undressed before, as they were both timid. One of them, Eric, had a serious breast fetish, and he thought my boobs were the best he had ever seen. Seen, that is, digitally. He had yet to see a girl's boobs in the flesh, let alone been able to touch, fondle, or caress them.

When we got to Mike and Tony's room, Mary and I were feeling no pain. The twins, and the roommates John and Steve, were all not home. So Mary and I went into Mike's bedroom and tried on the French maids outfits.

We realized quickly we could not wear the outfits with underwear, neither bra nor panties. Even tights would not work due to the nature of the tiny crotch on the outfit. Indeed, it was a good thing we had both recently had a Brazilian bikini wax, or we would be showing quite a bit of public hair. A slight wrong move would be revealing of our most private parts.

Mary is thin and petite. She has beautiful breasts, a bit on the small side, but has curves exactly how and where men like them. She has the body those outfits are designed for. She put hers on and it fit perfectly, and she looked gorgeous in it, and astoundingly sexy. She and I both realized this instantly.

I am on the thin side, maybe a touch too thin, and this makes my prominent breasts all the more obvious in contrast to the rest of me. I also have perfectly proportioned hips, giving a classic hourglass figure. So I too have a perfect body for the maids' outfits, except for one large detail: my boobs. They are just too big for an outfit designed for a French woman, since French women typically have smaller breasts than someone like me.

The maid's outfit is worn without a bra, but within the outfit is some breast support, and it has the effect of being similar to a push-up bra. The outfit reveals the entire tops of our boobs, hiding only our nipples. It is the perfect outfit for a girl to wear if her man has a breast fetish.

This caused my boobs in particular almost to spill out of the top, which barely managed to cover my nipples. The effect was to make me look slutty, whether or not I was. I looked sexy, and available. I did not mind at the time, since I had a nice buzz, and booze does indeed make me slutty. My brain told me that when I sobered up I would not be pleased. But I tend to ignore my brain when I am drunk.

Mary suggested I do a curtsy, and when I did one, she told me she when she looked down at my boobs during the curtsy, she could see my entire breasts, nipples included. This was due to the fact that the movement of the curtsy caused the top of the outfit to bend and open just a bit, Just a bit was all that was needed in my case. "Wow," was all I said.

Mary was giggling at how I looked when we sauntered out of the bedroom to reveal ourselves in our outfits to Mike and Tony. They clearly liked what they saw, and I noticed they both instantly got erections. This caused me to join Mary with nervous giggling.

Tony put on some music and the boys each asked us to dance, and in our near naked state, with only the Maids outfits covering our private parts, and then just barely, we both agreed with a bit of trepidation. The boys held us close and were feeling us up over our clothes. Then they switched partners, and I saw Mike groping Mary, who let him grope away, all the while smiling, and then I noticed Tony was beginning to grope me.

I did not like where this was going, but we were saved - I thought - by the door opening. I looked over and two identical looking strapping young men entered the room. Mike stopped dancing with Mary and went to greet them, but Tony kept right on dancing with me, and right on groping. He had one hand on my ass, and the other hand massing my boobs through my clothes.

Mike turned off the music and announced he wanted to make introductions. He had not warned the twins, and they saw Mary and me for the first time, and it was in our revealing maids outfits, with my boobs practically spilling out of my top. They had also seen Mike groping Mary, and Tony groping me. They were clearly stunned.

Tony took all this in and quick as a wink he had two glasses of red wine to offer both to Mary and me. Good thing too, as we needed them. He poured 4 more for Mike, himself, and the twins. Mary gulped hers down and I finished mine a little later, and two more glasses entered our hands. Two large glasses of wine after three margaritas rendered Mary and me plenty drunk.

The twins were in a state of shock and just stared at us unapologetically, the way a toddler might stare at you. I gradually realized they were looking at us with eyes influenced by the videos of us they had seen. They were seeing us as if we were porn stars, and our outfits did nothing to dampen that impression. Well I guess in some sense we were: at first inadvertent, and then amateur porn stars, to be sure. But we did not seek nor want such notoriety!

I gained control of myself before Mary did, and certainly before the twins did. Mike introduced me as Joanie, his girl friend, and this only further flummoxed the twins, as they had just seen me dancing with Tony while he was groping me in places men other than my boyfriend should not visit.

Then he introduced Mary and Tony, and explained that they too were a couple. This did not help, since Mike had been groping Mary, and had even inserted a finger in her under the crotch of her maid's outfit. I could smell her scent when Mike's finger was close to me. This annoyed me; Mike's infidelities always annoyed me.

The twins managed a weak, "How do you do?" and we both replied we were fine. Mary then called a couple of friends and asked them to come on over and meet the twins, and soon we were four boys and four girls. The girls Mary called had both recently dumped their boyfriends and were good and horny. Probably that's why Mary chose to call those two.

We all went out for drinks, but before we did Mary and I changed back into our street clothes. The two girls, Betsy and Gloria, both arrived before we changed, and they loved out maids' outfits, and also volunteered to be maids at the casino. Mike said Steve would be thrilled, since he said he still needed six more maids, and now Mike had arranged for four.

Betsy and Gloria are both reasonably good looking. Gloria has small and perky boobs, and Betsy is quite tall and buxom. The twins were even taller. Both girls knew how to dress, and their outfits emphasized their best features. We felt Mary had done well to call them, and Mary and I could relax while the twins turned their attention to the girls who were not already taken, so to speak.

Neither Mary nor I realized, however, how star struck the twins were to be in the presence of "porn stars," and they showered us with attention, and were almost desperate to buy us drinks. This amused Mary and me, but Mike and Tony were clearly annoyed. I was secretly happy to see Mike annoyed.

It was not long before we had drunk way too much, and I noticed Mary's speech was slurred. We left the bar and all eight of us returned to Mike and Tony's suite of rooms. Tony put on some music, and then grabbed Mary to dance before one of the twins could. Mike was too slow however to grab me, and a twin got me on the dance floor. Mike danced with Gloria, and the other twin danced with Betsy.

Gloria was black, and exuded sexiness. I was jealous of Mike dancing with her, and I felt a bit threatened. I suspected Mike was attracted to the inter-racial historical taboo. I saw Gloria as a threat.

The music was slow, and I leaned on my twin (whose name was Eric) really for support, as I had some trouble with my balance, due to all of the booze. The lean was not due to affection, but Eric took it as a sign, and asked if he could kiss me. He was the first boy ever to ask that question, and startled, I did not know what to say. So I just nodded, the path of least resistance.

Eric kissed me gently with his mouth closed. I began to realize this was probably the first time he had ever even kissed a girl. He did not seem to know what he was doing. This demystified the rumors about the Centreville farmers' daughters spreading their legs for everyone. This was a popular nasty joke in our high school. Although maybe they just all fuck, and don't kiss, I thought evilly.

I let Eric kiss me for a long time, while we swayed to the music. He never did open his mouth. His arms were around my back, but he was too timid to try to feel me up. I looked over at Mike and was reminded how he is anything but timid.

Mike already had Gloria's top unbuttoned, and I could not tell but I was willing to bet her bra was off too. Soon her skirt was off, and then as Mike continued it became obvious all she was left wearing was panties. Her skin was smooth and flawless, and she looked very sexy. Most girls do, I guess, when dressed only in their panties, but Gloria was a true beauty. Mike had undressed her while all the time still dancing with her.

I was plenty pissed at this development and furious with Mike. I looked at Tony and Mary, and Mary too was mostly undressed at this point, reduced to a bra and panties, but at least Tony was her boyfriend. The other twin had made no progress with Betsy, except he was still kissing her. I bet his lips were closed, too.

Mike and Gloria, and Tony and Mary, all disappeared into bedrooms, leaving the twins, Betsy and me on the dance floor. I excused myself from my twin and asked to speak with Betsy. I did not know her well, so my question must have come out of the blue. But I was furious about Mike taking Gloria to bed.

"I think these twins are inexperienced. Probably virgins," I said quietly to Betsy.

"No shit, Sherlock," she replied. "What do you think? Should we seduce them and make them men tonight?"

"I'm not sure, Betsy. But don't let me stop you," I replied. I had spent too much time and too much effort reforming from my slutty nature, and this was just too easy, going to bed with a boy within a few hours of meeting him. I knew I could not do it, even though I was plenty drunk

I nodded and we each went to fetch our respective twins. We did not want to violate the remaining unused bedrooms of John and Steve, so we led the twins to the couch and began to make out with them. The boys were too timid to undress us, so in a strange turnaround, Betsy undressed her twin, and Eric and I just kissed.

Frustrated, Eric stood up and removed his shirt and pants, and left on his briefs. I watched and enjoyed the show, but did nothing myself. Then Eric sat down again and resumed kissing me.

I stroked Eric's chest, feeling his copious chest hair, and caressed his ass. My hands went everywhere but avoided his cock, which was hard, long, and throbbing. All the time I was kissing him, and finally got him to open his mouth and I inserted my tongue. He kept saying in between kisses, "Oh my God, Joanie. Oh my God."

I looked over at Betsy just as she was engulfing the cock of the other twin and began to suck it and stroke it. Ten seconds later he filled her mouth with cum as he exploded. She tried to swallow it all but some spilled out onto his legs. He was breathing heavily, and amazed.

My twin Eric looked expectantly at me, his porn star queen. But I did nothing. I played with his cock a little bit through his briefs, and that he clearly enjoyed, and we kissed some more, but basically I am just not cut out to be a sexual aggressor, even though I was drunk. He no doubt could have taken me, had he been forceful and skilled at seduction and gone after me, but I was not about to take him. I did not even know him!

Betsy was a different story. Eric pulled off his briefs in a vein hope to inspire me. Betsy, on the other hand saw his cock hard, long, and throbbing with the blue veins pulsing, and me not doing much of anything about it. She ambled over and took his cock into her mouth! She was blowing both of them, one after the other! Amused, I got up and sat in a chair where I had a good view.

When Betsy was done, I told her the boys were all hers, and I went back home. I found out the next day Betsy had fucked both of them, and they had both been virgins. When Gloria finally emerged from Mike's bedroom, naked with cum dripping out of her, Steve and John walked in, and Gloria gave Steve sloppy seconds.

John tried his luck with Betsy, but she was now naked and preparing to fuck the twins a second time. I heard later that John got lucky with Gloria. It seemed to me that Gloria was setting a new standard for being easy. Not that I am one to talk!

Mary and I decided to keep our word and serve as French maids at the casino party. Betsy and Gloria did too. I was still mad at Mike for his betrayal. I knew he had been hoping I would deflower one or both of his cousins, and it was an ugly way to try to pimp me out.

The timidity of the twins, and Betsy's fellatio, had helped me to avoid that fate. I felt I got lucky; I was too drunk at the time for me now to feel proud at not having had sex with the twins. I probably would have done so under different circumstances.

It was not long it seemed before it was time for the casino party. We four girls, now all friends, went out for drinks with Mike and Tony to get a buzz before the big event. Gloria felt horrible about her indiscretion with Mike, now that she knew he was my boyfriend, and she stayed away from him. I was still mad at him, although not mad at Gloria.

Gloria and I both ordered the most expensive cocktail at the bar as a pathetic way to get back at Mike, since he was paying. It involved a 20 year old cognac among other ingredients, so it was indeed quite expensive. And it was delicious, worth every one of Mike's pennies. I had two of them, and Gloria had three. Mary downed two white Russians, and I don't know what Betsy had, but whatever it was it did the job.

So we all went back and slipped into our French maids outfits, without a bra and without panties. We put on coats to cover up our exposure, and only took them off when we got to the casino, formerly the basement of a fraternity. Steve gave Gloria a welcome-to-the-casino kiss, and he fondled her ass. Since they had already fucked, she did not object. He told us we all looked amazing, and I looked at Mary, Betsy, and Gloria and frankly had to agree.

The Casino too looked amazing. The dominant color was red, the lighting was low, and the décor was art deco. There were old-fashioned pictures of models in various states of undress, and plenty of boobs for the boys to look at in the photos. Girls too could look, of course, if they were so inclined, and some clearly were. There was even a lap dance room, labeled as such, but it was not clear to me why that was there. It became clear later.

Cocktails were expensive, $20. But the profits went to the charity. We were to try to sell as may as possible. If we got tips, he hoped we could contribute them, too. Soon the customers, all students, began to arrive, and quite a few boys were clearly surprised to see the four of us looking sexy, available, and - shall we say - minimally dressed. The other maids were also stunning and sexy.

Some of the customers I think recognized Mary and me from the sex orgy videos, but since the videos had all been erased, they could not be sure we were the same girls. I don't think they had been studying our faces when they watched the videos, after all. The twins came, too, which embarrassed Betsy a bit. They followed her around like puppy dogs with their tongues hanging out. Betsy had moved on and forgotten that night, but the twins clearly had not.

There were four other French maids, for a total of eight. The other four girls I did not know. But they too were pretty, sexy and, as it turned out, sweet. We all became fast friends. We all sold a lot of drinks, and the coffers were getting nice and rich.

A lot of boys would approach us to order a drink, and would spend a long time deciding, while gawking at us, and trying to see my nipples, that were just below the edge of the outfit. I would just smile and be patient. Sometimes I would say something like, "The Whiskey Sours are really good tonight," or "The bartender is using a really nice Hennessey in the Brandy Alexander." Sometimes I would say, "You look like a bourbon man. How about a nice Basil Hayden? On the rocks, or neat?" Then I would go off to get it, and put on my best smile and curtsy when I brought back his drink.

When I would curtsy, the boy would get a very nice view of my entire boobs in all their glory. I know that of course. I enjoyed it. Some boys were repeat customers, and my habit of curtsying led them to begin to take liberties: Sometimes I would get an ass fondle or touched somewhere else. I did not mind, it was part of the game, the fantasy.

As the evening wore on and some men were winning at the tables, the winners would offer to buy me drinks. I would always agree, and leave to get his drink and mine. I stuck to margaritas, my drink of choice. I asked the bartended to make mine weak, but nevertheless I was getting seriously drunk.

Then the tipping started. At first, men would leave a couple of dollars on my tray, and cop a feel. I would leave the tip there, and from time to time put the accumulated money in a jar on the bar, that was put there for that purpose, and it had a "Joanie" label on it. That was nice, until one man used a stripper custom and put a $5 bill in my maid's outfit, squeezing my boob gently while he did so.

As I said, I was plenty drunk at this point, and feeling a bit randy from having been on display for so long, so I just left the $5 bill there, hanging out of my top next to my left boob. I did not realize the effect this would have.

All of a sudden I was the waitress in demand, everyone wanted to order a drink from me. What they really wanted, however, was not the drink, and not even to leer at me or to watch me curtsy, but to tip me by sticking a $5 bill into my top and use the occasion to feel up my boobs.

I soon had twenty $5 bills protruding from my boobs. I went to the bar and pulled them out, putting them all in the Joanie jar. As I went back into circulation the twin Eric approached me to order a drink. I smiled my usual brilliant white teeth smile, and asked what was his pleasure.

He said, "You." I giggled, and I asked what drink he would like. "A brandy," he replied, and I went off to get one, wiggling my hips as I had been doing all evening. He paid me the $20 and then he put a $20 bill into my boobs as a tip, pulling my top away from my boobs as he did so, and then continued in one fluid movement to pull it down, exposing my boobs.

I quickly put down my tray and pulled it back up and said, "You are a bad boy, Eric," and I could not help myself as I got the giggles.

Eric said, softly so I could barely hear him, "Betsy is giving my brother a lap dance. I would like one from you."

I just stared at him. What Betsy did was her business, but did he think I was a whore?

"My brother gave Betsy a $100 tip for a lap dance." I turned around and walked away from him. He followed, and said, "I'll give you $200."

Grossed out, I kept walking, trying to find someone who wanted to order a drink from me. He followed and said "$500." I walked a little faster. Eric ran ahead and cut me off. He faced me and said, "If you give me a lap dance naked, I'll give you $1,000. I have the money, And it's for charity."

In my indignation I had forgot the charity angle. One thousand dollars for charity, plus the few hundred dollars I had already earned would be quite the achievement. I did not know how to give a lap dance, but I could imagine. I looked him in the eye. I smiled my brilliant smile, and said "OK."

Now I knew why there was a lap dance room. When we got to it, Eric's brother was emerging from it smiling the smile of the Cheshire Cat. Betsy them emerged, still arranging her maid's outfit, and a bit hot and sweaty, and short of breath.

"Betsy, you OK?" I asked.

"God, that guy can fuck. I must have cum three times," she replied. "Have fun, I hope his brother is even half as good."

Alarmed, I said, "Betsy, there is not supposed to be sex with a lap dance. Is there?"

"Well, that's up to you honey. But it was hard for me to avoid; I get so horny when I'm drunk, and having men leer at me all night put me in such a state..."

I knew what Betsy meant. The incessant leering, almost drooling of the boys all night, all the feels copped with the tips, and the crude remarks, could only have one of two effects on a girl: complete gross out, or complete turn on. I knew that for Mary and for me it was the latter, and apparently that was also the case for Betsy. For the other five girls, it was anyone's guess.

So in we went, and I closed the curtain. Then I realized that I would be naked, giving Eric a lap dance, with only this curtain separating the two of us and the rest of the casino party. My exhibitionist tendencies overwhelmed me, and I deliberately did not close it completely. This made me wet with the thrill of potential exposure. If someone positioned himself in the right place, he (or she) would be able to watch the goings on.

I explained my rules to Eric. He could stay dressed or he could strip as far as his briefs, but they were to stay on. I would be nude. He was not to use his hands to touch me. "Do you agree to these terms?"

Eric answered a much too enthusiastic "Yes!" He say in the chair, and put his hands behind himself. I did not trust him, but began anyway. I moved close to him, and began to move around suggestively. I leaned into him so that my boobs were tantalizingly close to his mouth. He tried to grab the outfit with his teeth, in order to pull it down, but I backed away from him, teasing him.

I repeated this a few times, and he was clearly getting frustrated. I then turned my back to him, and slowly began to edge the outfit down from covering my boobs, all the way to my waist. I knew he could see the sides of my breasts since my back did not hide all of them, and then I slowly, very slowly, turned sideways giving him a profile of me. I heard his breathing quicken.

Still facing him, I edged the outfit down very slowly to the bottom of my hips, until it was just barely above my vagina. Then I turned it around and edged it down some more until it fell around my ankles. I kicked it away, and turned to face him, giving him a fall frontal view of all of my charms. He sat there gawking.

I played with myself just a little while facing him, rubbing fingers up and down and side of my labia, and eventually sticking one into my cunt, letting it go and in and out a couple of times. I moved closer to him and let him sniff my finger, smelling my scent. I glanced down and saw his cock was sticking straight and long underneath his briefs, turning them into a high tent.

I turned around again, now with my backside to him, and slid my naked ass down his chest, and across his lap feeling his hard cock through his briefs. Damn, it felt nice. I did this for a good five minutes, repeating the same movements and getting better at them. Eric's breathing became heavy.

Each time I moved slowly, dragging my ass across his lap, feeling his hard, engorged cock poking up at my ass. I continued with my back sliding over his cock, and finally the back of my head.

Then I turned around and faced him. He took a loving and longing look at my boobs. I sat down on his lap facing him, so my cunt was just out of reach of his cock. He had his briefs on, and ridiculously they made me feel safe. Then I wiggled my boobs in his face. He kept his hands behind himself, following protocol, but got a boob in his mouth and began kissing the nipple and sucking it a bit. I began to get wet, as he also wiggled his cock at the entrance to my cunt, which was fortunately just out of his reach.

We did this for a while, and then I moved up a little and got a big surprise when he pushed his cock into me along with his briefs. Surprised by this, I pulled quickly away. This was out of bounds. His cock deflated a bit at my rejection. Idiotically, I felt bad.

I broke the rules and leaned in and kissed him. This time he gave me a good, open mouth kiss. He had learned a lot from his time with Betsy! He took his hands and put his arms around me, breaking protocol. But they felt so good! In no time at all he pulled off his briefs, picked me up and then placed me back down sliding his cock right into my wet and eager cunt.

I was drunk and surprised by his sudden aggressiveness. I had thought I was in total control, but obviously I was not. He held me there with his cock in me with his strong arms. I said "No Eric. This is not allowed." He did not move, but kept his cock inside me.

I saw movement at the gap in the curtain. We were being watched. I got excited, and hell I was already turned on with a wet and ready cunt, and so I relaxed and began to wiggle on his cock. This was all the encouragement Eric needed; he released his pressure holding me in place and began to move in and out. I did not stop him. Far from it, as I moaned (a little too loudly), signaling my pleasure. Then he went to town.

He fucked me as if his life depended on it. I moaned much too loudly, and at some point I said "yes, yes, just like that," and a few other things that could have been heard by the voyeurs outside the curtain.

Eric gave me a good fuck. I could not believe I was letting Mike's cousin fuck me, after also having fucked all of his three roommates in the past. What was my problem? But I was just too drunk, and stopped caring, and let Eric do whatever he wanted to me. And he wanted a lot.

He fucked me for a good 15 minutes. The person looking through the gap in the curtain saw it all. When he was done, we both got dressed, and I had his cum leaking out and down my legs. The maid's outfit had a thoroughly wet crotch, and I was pretty sure I smelled strongly of sex.

Eric stopped me, and then I watched as he counted out ten $100 bills and then placed them flamboyantly between my boobs, held together by my push-up maids outfit. I felt like a whore and no doubt looked and smelled like one, too. I had grossed out myself, but I was also more turned on than I could ever remember being before.

As we left the lap dance room, Gloria was standing at the door; along with a man I did not know who clearly anticipated having sex with her. She was a sight: she had $5 bills lining her boobs, there must have been thirty of them. $20 bills were protruding from her crotch. She took a triple take at the $100 bills almost falling out of my boobs and her jaw dropped. She took an exaggerated breath, letting me know she smelled my sex. I smiled my best smile, and taking a clue from Betsy I said, "Have fun."

I quickly made my way to the rest room, and tried mightily to drain my cunt of as much of Eric's cum as I could. I removed the maid's outfit and standing there naked, I held its crotch under the hand dryer until it was dry.

The bathroom door did not lock, so anyone who had come to use the bathroom would have run into me naked and standing there, using the hand drier. This prospect also turned me on. Fortunately, though, nobody came to use the can just then. I rinsed the crotch of the outfit again to make it less crusty and dried it again. Finally I put the outfit back on and was ready again to face the world.

I finished the night with a smile, and received quite a few large tips, and soon had $20 bills hanging from my crotch. The men who stuck a finger in when they tipped me found a very wet cunt, and quite a few asked if they could have a lap dance, but I said no, and suggested they ask another waitress.

Finally, Mike approached me with a smile. He had been helping out the bar tender. I think he already knew I had fucked one of his cousins. "Buy you a drink, pretty woman?" he asked.

"I've already had too much to drink, and behaved badly as I sometimes do when I. drunk," I confessed. "But one more won't hurt, as long as you tip me."

"A margarita for you then?" Mike offered. I nodded. "I'll have a scotch, neat," he said. I sashayed off, wiggling while I walked, a smile on my lips.

I returned with the drinks, and Mike gave me $40. "What could I get for a $1,000 tip?" he added. Now I knew that he knew about Eric and me. Much later, while fucking me, he told me it was he looking through the gap in the curtain I had left open. Not just him, but also Alex (Eric's brother), and Clark, a guy in one of my computer classes.

"Total control of me for the rest of the night. Anything you want," I replied to this offer of $1,000, smiling broadly.

Mike counted out ten $100 bills, and put them all between my breasts, pulling down my top and leaving it down, making me naked to the waist. My breasts naturally separated without the support of the outfit, and the $100 bills fluttered to the floor, and I bent over and picked them up, enduring some slaps on my ass while I did so. I walked, still with my top pulled down, over to the bar, and put the second $1000 tip into my jar.

I returned to Mike still naked to the waist, and Mary and Tony came by. Mary saw me in my state and raised her eyebrows, and Tony let out a low whistle. Then he pulled down Mary's top. She turned beet red, scowled at him and gave him a slap, but she did not pull it back up.

Mary and I got the giggles and could not stop. I felt Mike's arm go around my waist, and I saw Tony had done the same with Mary, and together we slowly walked the length of the casino. Everyone stopped whatever they were doing to gawk at us, and Mary and I blew them all kisses. Eric's cum began again to leak down my leg again, but I ignored it.

I saw Clark looking at me with lust in his eyes, and blushed with embarrassment. I kept on walking.

Mike's hand went underneath my outfit and was caressing my ass in front of everyone. I had said whatever he wanted, so I just smiled. He pushed down the bottom of the outfit until it left my ass bare, and in front it just barely covered my cunt. It was staying on me now primarily due to friction alone. I looked obscene, I'm sure. I let it happen and smiled throughout. I was enjoying it!

We walked out of the casino and went topless (and me 90% bottomless, too!) all the way to Mike and Tony's suite of rooms. There we walked in on the twins fucking Gloria and Betsy, and John and Steve fucking two of the other waitresses, and we all just laughed. One of the waitresses still had her maid's uniform on; Steve had pulled the top down exposing her lovely boobs, and then he had simply pulled the crotch to one side when he entered her.

As we laughed, Mike stripped me, which did not take much effort at this point, and Tony stripped Mary. Soon I had a lot more cum inside me, from Mike and the twin Alex that I had not yet fucked, but who had made Betsy cum three times during one fuck.

I found out why in spades. Betsy was right: Alex can really fuck! Tony, and Eric fucked Mary. John fucked Gloria and I lost track of who else fucked her, and who fucked Betsy, but I know they were maybe the most fucked of the six of us girls. Especially Gloria.

The Casino party was a huge success, and a lot of money went to charity. And a lot of the money was due to me. The only drag was that from then on, I could not stop Mike from calling me his little thousand-dollar whore whenever he fucked me. I hated it, but I liked it, too.