**My First Striptease**

by SexiMon

In high school, I always liked guys to appreciate my slender 5'4" frame and 36D breasts.  When the ten year reunion came up, I talked my boyfriend into traveling with me to it.  We decided to invite my closest high school girlfriend, Sue, to travel with us.  But that's another story.  The three of us went out to have a few drinks the evening before.  We joked about how we had heard my younger sister (who was barely 21) was "waitressing" at a strip club, "because the tips were so good".  We knew her story about keeping her clothes on did not ring true.  So we decided to go to the club and check it out. Walking in, we choose a corner table near the stage.  My boyfriend took the lead, as Sue and I had never been in a strip club before. There was a substantial crowd present.  We were very aware of the eyes of the male customers turning to follow us.  It was a good looking crowd, with both executive and athletic men in attendance.  Me girlfriend and I were both used to being watched by men.  Sue had a figure like mine, and our clothes enhanced the effect.  You could feel the lust in their appreciative looks, which we pretended to ignore.  My 6'2" boyfriend made us feel secure.  Though we had already been drinking, we quickly ordered a round.  My sister was nowhere in sight.

Shortly, the first dancer came out and went to the stage in the center of the room, which was only feet from us.  I was nervous, excited and curious.  I knew my boyfriend was getting turned on by the idea of being with two hot girls, watching yet another woman strip.  He certainly knew we would be in for a hot night back at our room, even though I had no clue if my friend Sue would be shy with him, or try to lustily rape him, I knew I was in for a great fuck.  The idea we would either be watched or joined added more sexual tension.

As the dancer slowly stripped, I found myself entranced.  Her tits looked good, but I secretly knew mine were hotter.  Watching her move and seduce with her dance was fascinating.  I found myself imagining being in her place, with more men watching in that instant than had seen my nude body over through all of high school and college.  Was my sister really going to do this?  Her body was very similar to mine.  Though younger, she wasn't innocent!

When the dancer was down to her g-string, she remained on stage for another number, and teased the men near the platform by taking turns focusing on each, shaking her full breasts and collecting tips as they reached into her g-string to stuff money.  I imagined the feeling of having strangers fingers pushing bills down by my most intimate parts.  She would move as if to say "can't touch", yet surely she enjoyed fingers brushing against her pussy lips and feeling her dampness.  Would my sister really be doing this??  I had almost forgotten why we first came here.  The dancer gathered her clothes and left the stage.

Later, between sets, we were talking when low and behold, I saw Little Sis.  Didn't look like waitressing was the plan of the day.  Our eyes met.  Sis did not expect this!  While she was never shy, she had hid this part of her life.  Instead of chatting, she quickly headed to the back, and I knew I had to follow.  You could see the emotion on her face. We hugged, and I knew she hadn't meant for me to ever learn.  I told her not to worry, it was our secret.  There was nothing wrong with her choice to strip, I explained.  Hey, it was ok.  Before coming, we were sure she had to be a dancer ... this only confirmed it.  We were enjoying the show, and there was nothing wrong with it.  She should be proud of her great body... et cetera.  After maybe ten minutes of this, we hugged again, and I left the back room.  I explained to my friend Sue what happened, and Sue was fine with it. She reaffirm "Hey, there's nothing wrong with it.  And boy, there was good money in it!"  Pointing to the stage, where another dancer was now moving her body, being lusted by all the men in the room, Sue said "She's having fun!"  My boyfriend emphatically agreed.  It crossed my mind that he was visualizing me up there!

Next, Sis came out from the back.  Her turn to dance!  I've never seen her strip before, nor even flash around my high school boyfriends!  From stage she waived to me!  She started to dance, still fully clothed.  The waive caught attention of the crowd.  She started to unbutton her blouse, and said, "that's my sister over there."  There was applause.  She waived her hand, and I waived back.  Again applause.  For a moment, I felt as though I was sitting there naked, and I felt faltered these horny men were turning to look at me.   Sis kick off her shoes, and with her hand beckoned me to join her.  I wanted to hide.  My boyfriend laughed and said "You can go.  You don't need to take of any clothes. Do what you feel like."  Did he really want to see me go up there and be groped and ogled? My sister's eyes now had a pleading look... she wanted me to accept her.  The sexuality was strong.  I sensed Sue was getting turned on, too.  I could feel my heart racing.  My date was right, I didn't have to take my clothes off to dance with my sister.  My mind flashed back to my lust when imagining I was the other stripper on stage.   My sisters eyes implored.  My boyfriend lightly pushed my arm in the direction of the stage.   "I can't do this," I whispered to him.  "It's up to you," he said, "you don't really need to take anything off once you get up there, unless you want to."   Sue gave an affirming nod, yes that certainly was true.  The alcohol was also loosening my inhibition, and I chugged the balance of my drink.  The crowd wouldn't take no for an answer.  It was like a virgin being seduced for the slaughter.

"Ok".  I stood and headed to my sisters outstretched arm.  The crowd was very appreciative.  And I liked it!  I really like the attention.  My heart was racing.  I didn't intend to strip, but I could entertain them.  Somewhere in the back of my mind I also was fantasizing being nude in front of all the men, every one lusting for my body, knowing I was making their cocks hard.... but that was fantasizing.  I'd just dance a little, like my boyfriend encouraged.  Walking up to the floor, a bouncer whispered "panties must stay on".  Seemed to be an unneeded warning.

Sis was now already down to her bra and panties.  I was dancing in  all my clothes.  Now some of the men in the audience where calling out to encourage me.  I could tell my sister wanted to get me naked on stage... just to get even for the surprise visit.  Sis reached over and unbuttoned one button on my top, to the cheers of the crowd.  The cheers were even more intoxicating than the alcohol rushing to her bloodstream.  My hormones were starting to take control of my body, overwhelming my control.  "Do your blouse," sis chided.  Drawn into the moment, resisting,  but yet driven, addicted by the sexual rush, I unbuttoned my blouse, remembering my boyfriends advice that I could stop when I want.  The applause raised to a crescendo as I tossed the blouse off.  My mind felt the crowd pulling my virgin body into the den of iniquity.  Sis, with fine professional style had managed to strip down to her g-string, and bra for the appreciative audience.  She signaled for me to unbutton my jeans.  I shook my head "no", but made the mistake of touching me jean snap, and the crowd urged me forward.  I laughed, and was persuaded to unbutton the button, which I only did to tease.  The crowd applauded.

Having no intention to do anything else, I did realize the zipper had to go down next.  I was compelled.  I was in a hypnotic trance, sucking all the attention in like a drug.  I could sense all the cocks getting hard, eager to get into my body.  I believe I could have drank in all the cum from the entire male crowd, and enjoyed it.  Pulling down my jeans, I sunk wonderfully into the depravity of it all.  I stepped out of the jeans, leaving only my lacy Victoria's Secret bra and panties.  Not so secret any more.  The crowd thrilled at my exposed legs and scanty underpants. Sis was now a step ahead again.  This time Sis had her breasts exposed, and tossed off her scanty bra.  Showing her breasts and fondling them for the crowd just raised the crowds interest in further seducing me.  Would I show them too?  I could see my boyfriend giving a little push to Sue and knew he was saying "You should join them too".  Sue was entranced and imagined getting the attention I was.  The crowd was compelling.  They really NEEDED to see my tits, my full breasts and now erect nipples, which were crying out to be released.

This previously shy girl that I was, now was being mentally fucked by every man in the place, and I knew it.  I knew how badly they wanted me, and knew I was in control.  I reached to my bra.  A roar greeted this action, in expectation.  I hesitated, to stretch the moment.  But couldn't wait.  Off came my bra, and her breasts were exposed fully to the world.  My nipples were hard, betraying my excitement.  At this point in my excitement there was little to stop me from fucking fucking fucking.  My glazed eyes looked from man to man, glancing at eyes, and checking out crotches.  As I fondled my breasts I imagined each man was taking turns squeezing, fondling them.  I started breathing faster.  I needed my pussy to be violated, wanting hands and fingers and beer bottles and cocks taking turns fucking fucking.  Sis was amazed too, but obviously wanted to pull me into total depravity.

My hands moved toward my panties.  The crowd seemed to surge forward, restrained and in control, but fully involved. A hope rose that I didn't know the "panties stay on" rule.  The bouncer explained in a whisper "time to finish."  Men reached for dollars, as an excuse to shove their hands into my panties and touch what they could, as the bouncer gave a reproachful stare.  My sister grabbed my top.. house rules required clothing over breasts on leaving the stage.  The bouncer and sis both approached me while I held onto my panties. Strange hands pushed under my panties, pretending to stuff dollars while fingers playing on my clit revealed their actual objective. The crowd leaning forward seemed to want the least excuse to overpower the bouncer and impose its will on my body.  I wanted to show my pussy, and knew cocks would come out if I did.  Wanting, but knowing what a mistake it would be if I did.  The bouncer and my Sis moved my top to cover my breasts, which only served to inspire several men to also reach up and squeeze my tits, to the reproachful stare of the bouncer.  In the rush of it all I quietly orgasmed, trying to hide it while being groped.   The bouncer knew he had to usher me out of the crowd, ignoring those he clearly wanted to eject from the club.  I grasped my top against my breasts, wearing nothing but my sheer panties, as my sister and the bouncer pulled me from the stage area and into the back.

That night I had learned there was something hypnotic and incredibly powerful about seducing an innocent into letting her animal instincts take over... Once I had begun, I had stripped compulsively and then lost control, as did the crowd.  That night sparked a new level of exhibition in me, which my boyfriend benefited from.