**Poking a Sleeping Bear**

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**Poking a Sleeping Bear Pt. 01**

Barbara was living a fairy tale life.

She was married to her childhood sweetheart. They met in eighth grade and dated all through high school where she was the head cheerleader, Homecoming and Prom Queen alongside his "King".

She was President of the Student Council and he was Class Valedictorian.

When he received a full athletic scholarship to the University of his choice, she used her academic one to follow him there.

He was sought after by every influential fraternity on campus and once he pledged, she immediately did the same at their sister sorority.

He was kept busy with his full academic schedule and collegiate football career.

She of course tried out for the cheerleading squad and made the first cut. She also kept herself busy with various social groups and committees on top of making high honors in almost every class she took.

They were married after 4 years of college. While not virgins on their wedding night, neither of them had ever been intimate with anyone else.

Kenneth started working as a part time intern at his father's law firm while continuing to go to school full time to study for his Master's in Corporate Law.

She took a full time position doing social work while attending night school to get her degrees in Psychology and Juvenile Law. She wanted to work with "at risk" teens.

Everything was perfect in their life until she found that book.

There was a series of books she had heard about. It was about some naïve college girl who gets involved with a billionaire who was into some pretty kinky stuff.

Someone had left a copy of the first volume in the break room at school.

She had heard of them but had never had any interest in that sort of thing but now that she had a copy in her hands she was curious to see what all the hoopla was all about.

She started thumbing through it, stopping in random places to read a sentence or two before moving on.

Not much was happening at first but by time she got past the first half, she was reading things she had never heard of before. Did people really do these things? Would any woman really, willingly submit herself to such acts?

She jammed the book down inside her backpack. She wanted to read more, she just didn't want anyone to see her reading it and think she was into that sort of thing.

That night, she showed it to Kenneth and started reading it. Soon she got tired of stopping to tell him what she had just read so she went back to the beginning and started reading it to him as they lay in bed.

Over the course of the week, they took turns reading to each other. Often stopping to comment on how over the top it all seemed, or how poorly written the book was and how unlikeable the characters were.

Barbara noticed though that his lovemaking became more intense and once or twice she found herself with her hands being held above her head while he forcibly drove himself into her.

She had to admit to herself that she kind of liked it.

They finally had to admit that they were turned on by what they were reading but when they got to the parts involving spanking and other sorts of physical pain, they realized they were not ready for those kinds of activities.

Blindfolds and letting him hold her down were one thing. Handcuffs, paddles and anal toys were a completely different matter.

After finishing the book Kenneth started doing a little research on "adult" reading material that was a little less extreme. He found a website that was full of reader submitted stories. They were broken down by genre and covered everything from sex with aliens to sex with transgendered people.

They spent many a night laying in bed reading naughty stories to each other, skipping over the categories they knew they wouldn't enjoy like incest or the more extreme BDSM stories.

They found themselves returning again and again to one particular area. Exhibitionism and voyeurism.

Sometimes they would pretend they were the people in the story and Barbara would dress a little provocative around the house or flash him a glimpse of her admittedly modest panties or bra.

She soon made a trip to the mall and upgraded her wardrobe. Bras, panties, camisoles, (she almost talked herself into a bustier), garter and hose. She even bought some slinky lounging around the house type of outfits.

She went home, showered and picked out the naughtiest thing she could find. It was emerald green panties and a matching camisole with a plunging neckline.

She wasn't very busty so she could get away with a very deep V and not worry about showing "too much". Not that it mattered how much she showed. The only person who would ever see it was her husband.

When she heard the car in the driveway she rushed downstairs and stood by the door waiting to surprise him. As soon as she heard his footsteps on the front porch, she threw open the door and yelled "Surprise!" only to find herself face to face with a young guy from a courier service, standing there looking shocked to see a young, attractive woman wearing very little, just a couple of feet in front of him.

"Oh!" she cried. "I'm so sorry! I thought you were someone else."

He was grinning from ear to ear when he said "No need to apologize Ma'am. I'm sure that whoever "Someone Else" is, he'll enjoy the surprise too."

She signed for the package and closed the door, mortified that it hadn't even occurred to her to cover up until after he had gone.

By time Kenneth arrived home she had changed back into a tank top and sweat pants. She wanted to tell him what happened but didn't want to be wearing the outfit when she told him about it. She thought for sure, he'd be upset that some stranger had seen her like that.

Just the opposite was true though. After she told him the story, he said he was sorry he missed seeing her in her new outfit and begged her to put it back on. He said he would go back outside and wait on the porch and when she was ready, she could come recreate the surprise for him.

He went outside and in about 10 minutes he heard her unlock the door and it just enough to peek out and ask if he was ready, when he said yes, she slowly opened the door until he could see all of her standing there.

He said that wasn't how she described it when she told it so she had to do it right.

She closed the door, counted to five and flung the door open, jumped out and yelled "surprise!".

She tried to pull him inside but he resisted and told her that she had to sign for the package. He made a bit of a production pretending to find a pen in his jacket pocket while she stood there, embarrassed on the front porch in her intimate apparel. Finally he handed her a pretend pen and she pretended to sign his pretend sheet.

They went back inside and he chased her up the stairs to their bedroom where they had the hottest sex since their honeymoon.

After cleaning up, Kenneth told her to put the outfit back on and meet him downstairs.

When she came to the bottom of the stairs, he was standing there holding her trench style raincoat open.

He told her to turn around and he put it on her.

She asked him what he was up to and he told her "Just trust me."

He grabbed the car keys and pulled her out the front door and to the car parked in the driveway.

Again she asked what he was thinking and again he told her to trust him.

He got her into the passenger seat, belted her in and ran around to the driver's side.

He hopped in, started it up and lowered the convertible top before sliding the car into reverse and backing out of the driveway.

"Where are you taking me?" She asked. "I'm half naked under this thing."

"Don't worry." He reassured her. "You won't even have to get out of the car. We're just going to have a little fun."

They got on the interstate and drove about 30 miles and then pulled off two towns away from the one they lived in.

Kenneth came to an intersection just as the light turned yellow and he stopped even though he could have cleared it before it turned red.

There was a pick up truck in the lane next to them when he reached over and pulled on the sash holding her coat closed. By time she realized what he had done and before she could ask him if he was nuts, he had pulled open the front of her coat.

The guy in the pick up caught the motion out of the corner of his eye and turned to look. He had a clear view into the car and saw Barbara sitting there in her tan trench coat with her green camisole and a hint of panties at her crotch.

The light turned green and Kenneth sped off, the driver of the pick up giving them an appreciative toot of the horn.

They turned at the next street and drove a couple of blocks before he pulled over.

"Are you crazy?" She whispered/yelled. "I am so embarrassed! I can't believe you did that right where that man could see me." She had the coat clutched tight around her.

"Oh C'mon! admit it. You're kind of turned on knowing he saw you dressed like that."

"Well, maybe, a little bit but you could have warned me. You didn't have to rip my coat off like that!"

"Ok, You might be exaggerating there a little bit. I didn't "rip" your coat off. Are you saying you'd be ok with it if you had some warning? I don't believe you. You're too uptight."

"Uptight? I'll show you uptight." With that, she unbuckled her seatbelt, shimmied out of her trench coat and tucked it behind his seat.

"There. You want everyone to see me in my underwear? Fine! Drive around all you want and show me off if it turns you on."

"Don't try to put this solely on me. I see you sitting there all flushed with your high beams poking out. Admit it, this turns you on just as much as it does me."

"Just drive and try not to get us arrested."

Kenneth drove up and down the main streets of town, somehow managing to catch almost every red light when there was a chance that someone would be in the adjacent lane.

A group of young boys managed to stay along side of them, enjoying looking down at Barbara's long legs and panties until they started yelling for her to show some more and using some vulgar terms for parts of the female anatomy. Kenneth sped up and left them behind then headed back towards the interstate.

When they got near the interstate, he decided to stop for gas and pulled into a station.

He drove up to a pump under the brightly lit canopy, Turned off the car and removed the keys.

He hopped out and started pumping gas. Then he reached behind his seat, grabbed her coat and locked it in the trunk.

"Why'd you do that?" She asked.

"I want to drive fast on the interstate and I don't want to risk having it blow out of the car."

She eyed him suspiciously but didn't say anything else about it.

When he was finished pumping gas he told her that he the receipt didn't print and he had to go inside for it. He asked her if she wanted a bottle of water or anything while he was there.

"No, but make it quick. I'm sitting here on display for anyone who should come by."

As he walked in to buy a bottle of water and get the receipt, Kenneth thought about what she'd said.

She really wasn't showing much skin. Even though her two piece bathing suits were rather modest, they still showed a lot more skin than the outfit she had on that night.

She had no problem being around other couples in her bikinis.

He stalled inside the store for a few minutes until he saw another car pull up to one of the pumps.

He went and paid for his bottle of water, got his receipt and headed back to his car.

When he got there he called out to the man pumping gas at the other car and asked him if he knew where a certain restaurant was and how to get there.

The man started to walk towards Kenneth so he wouldn't have to yell across the parking lot and as he got closer he became aware of Barbara and how she was dressed.

Barbara pulled down on the hem of her camisole to cover her panties. Being small chested as she was, she could pull it down pretty far without exposing her breasts.

The stranger continued to give directions to the restaurant but never took his eyes off of Barbara.

Kenneth got into the driver seat and noticed her pulling her top down and asked her why she was doing that.

She gave him a look that said "You know exactly why I'm doing that."

"Honey" he said as if he was talking to a child, "They way you're tugging your top down, this nice man is going to think you're not wearing any panties. Why don't you let go of your shirt and show him.

"Start the car" she told him "put it in gear and go when I say go".

Never once looking at the stranger, she slowly lifted the hem of her camisole up. Little by little exposing more of the matching green panties. When she reached the point where there was about a half an inch between the bottom of it and the top of her panties, she looked at Kenneth and said "Now go!"

Kenneth waved at the guy, said "Bye" and drove off.

As they were making the big turn onto the entry ramp for the interstate, he asked her if she was ok.

"I guess so. It's so weird. When I was doing it, I was terrified but once it was done I felt so excited. So alive. It's exhilarating. Like a really scary roller coaster".

"I thought you were liking being the center of attention like that. We'll make an exhibitionist out of you yet".

They were nearing their exit when she turned to him and said "Pull up along side that semi up ahead and blow your horn".

Figuring she was going to flash her panties at the truck driver, Kenneth sped up until he was along side the cab of the big truck. Seeing Barbara grab the hem of her camisole, he gave the horn a couple of hits. The driver looked over and seeing her in the skimpy outfit waved and blew his big air horn in appreciation. Barbara wasn't done though. She pulled her top up until it was tucked up under her chin, giving Kenneth and the truck driver an unobstructed view of her breasts.

Kenneth tap the brakes, and slid in behind the truck just in time to make their exit.

When he got to the top of the ramp, he pulled over and stopped. "Holy Shit! I can't believe you just did that!" he yelled.

The grin on his face told her that he wasn't upset but she asked anyway "You're not mad that I showed that man my boobs are you?"

"Mad? Hell no! That was the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen! You wanna do it again?"

"Not tonight. Take me home and get me out of these panties. They're soaked. Then I'll let you to do anything you want to me as long as you make me cum."

**Poking a Sleeping Bear Pt. 02**

For the second time that day they made love with hunger and passion, but this time was different.

Kenneth pushed her onto the bed and peeled her panties down her legs.

He pushed her up to the top of the bed and pulled her hands up over her head.

Taking his tie, the bound her wrists to the slats in the headboard.

He put his hands at her waist and slid them up, pushing her camisole as he went. Then he pulled it up until it was covering her face, acting like a blindfold, exposing her mouth.

Grabbing his cell phone, he snapped a couple of quick pictures.

Barbara was always self conscious about her small breasts so Kenneth didn't usually focus too much attention to them. Not tonight though.

He mauled them, his hand completely encasing them as he squeezed and pulled on them

He bit and sucked on her erect nipples, pulling on them with his teeth until she gasped in pleasure/pain.

He snapped a few more pictures.

He stood and finished undressing, the whole time talking to her about how hot she looked flashing her panties and tits at the truck driver.

Normally he didn't use words like "tits". They didn't use clinical terms when talking about body parts but "boobs" was about as risqué as they got.

It was always butt, not ass. Penis or dick but never cock and forget calling her vagina a cunt. It was "down there" or if she wanted to talk dirty, "pussy" but that was a special occasion (birthdays and anniversary) word, not something for everyday use.

Him talking about her "tits' though, excited her, made her feel naughty and excited.

Climbing back onto the bed, he slid up between her legs, kissing the inside of her thighs as he went.

Oral sex wasn't an everyday occurrence in their sex life but tonight she wanted to feel his lips on her, his tongue inside of her.

Kenneth didn't disappoint. He gently kissed her around her pussy while occasionally flicking his tongue across her clit

He flattened out his tongue and for the first time since they'd known each other, slid two fingers inside of her.

She gasped. She was already on the edge but when he put his fingers in her at the same time he was sucking on her clitoris, it was like she stepped off into the abyss.

She came. She came hard!

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Take me, Please!" She pleaded.

He looked up from between her legs and said "Take you? I don't think so. I want you to say it. Tell me what you want"

"Please!" she begged 'Make love to me!"

"Nope. That's not it. Tell me what you really want".

"Fu-Fu-Fuck me! Please fuck me! I need you to fuck me like never before!"

In over ten years, he had never heard her utter the word "fuck". It made his dick even harder.

He worked his way up her body until his cock was right at her entrance. "Say Pussy. Say fuck my pussy!" He rasped into her ear.

"Fuck my pussy! Fuck my pussy with your hard cock!"

That was all he needed. He slid his cock into her at the same time he kissed her, forcing his tongue into her mouth.

She came again, not even noticing the taste of herself on his tongue and lips.

When he finished, he collapsed on top of her.

She eventually got enough control of her breathing to ask him to untie her wrists.

He said ok but took a couple more pictures of her before he pulled her camisole down under her chin.

He was straddling her midsection when she looked up and saw him with his phone in his hand.

"What are you doing with that" she asked.

He held it up and took another picture of her laying there but this one showed her face.

"Oh My God! Stop! No more pictures! What if someone sees them?"

"Don't worry" he told her has he reached up to untie her wrists from the headboard "We'll delete them in the morning after we look at them. I was a little too occupied to enjoy the view."

Kenneth got up, went to the bathroom, turned on the water and let it run until it got warm. He then got a washcloth. soaked it in the warm water and took it back to the bedroom where he gently wiped down her sweaty body.

She took the washcloth from his hands and pressed it between her legs.

"You'd better let me do that or we'll just end up getting sweaty again" she said with a grin.

He took the cloth back to the bathroom and rinsed it out. When he returned to the bedroom she was on her side, sound asleep.

He covered her with the comforter and crawled in next to her. He was asleep in seconds but had wonderful dreams.

That's how it went for a while.

3 or 4 times a month based on their schedules they'd take a ride, usually a couple of counties away. Barbara would flash her panties and wear a low cut top.

She even went to the mall and picked up a couple of push-up bras. She didn't have enough to show actual "cleavage" but in the right top, she could at least show the top of her breasts if she bent down or wore a deep enough V-neck shirt.

Each time, the last thing she did before they called it quits for the night was flash her tits at a trucker.

Then they'd go home and have passionate sex.

After a couple of months, Kenneth started hearing stories through the rumor mill that the truckers were talking about a mystery flasher.

The next time he was visiting his parents, he went out to garage and dug around until he found the old CB radio that his father had.

It was a base unit from back when CB radios were all the rage (way before cell phones)

After rigging up an antenna they were able to listen when they got home from one of their adventures and hear what the truckers were saying.

With modern technology available, not many of the over the road drivers were using CB's anymore but there were some and sure enough, they were talking.

They gave her, her own handle "The 126 Flasher". Exit 126 on the interstate being the one they always pulled off on after flashing.

Barbara found it exciting that these strange men were talking about her

One night, Kenneth came out of the bathroom and caught her talking to one of the drivers on the CB.

"How do I know it was you I saw last week?" The driver asked "You could be someone pretending"

She gave a general description of herself (auburn hair, small chested) the color of the car and approximately what time it happened.

Kenneth rushed over and took the mic from her. "You have to be carful Honey! I seem to remember my dad saying that the authorities could track the signals of these things. We can listen but let me check before you talk on it again."

The next week he bought a new smart phone, one commonly referred to as a "Throw Away" and told her that he'd found an app on-line that let you use your phone like a CB radio.

"We can take it with us when we go out. You can talk to the truck drivers passing through the area. Talk dirty to them if you want."

Things were going great for the next couple of months. They'd head out onto the interstate sometimes traveling 75 miles or more. Stopping at gas stations (whether they needed gas or not) or going through fast food restaurants drive-through windows.

They always made sure not to return to the same place too often so as to not attract the attention of local authorities.

One night he laid out an outfit for her.

It was a black button down blouse, push up bra, and white panties. The last item was a black skirt that was so short it barely came to mid-thigh.

"What's all this?" She asked.

"Well, I figured the white panties would contrast nicely against the black skirt and would be easier to see in a bar."

"A bar?"

"Yeah. It's getting to be late fall and a little too cool to be driving around in a convertible with the top down. I was thinking we could find a bar somewhere and you could sit in one of those high bar stools and maybe some of the guys might catch a peek up your skirt."

"And the top?"

"Oh! That's simple, put it on and I'll show you."

She slipped out of her t-shirt and put on the push-up bra and blouse.

He reached over and unbuttoned it until it was right at the spot were the band on the bra that connected the two cups would be.

"Now lean over like you're shooting pool or talking to someone who's sitting at a table."

She leaned over and put her elbows on the bed and he went around to the other side and took a couple of pictures.

When he showed them to her, she could clearly see down the front of the blouse to her bra which was displaying the tops of her apple sized breasts.

"I don't know why any guy would want to look down my shirt" she said "It's not like there's much to see."

"Don't fool yourself sweetie, guys like to see tits. Big, small. It doesn't matter. If they're tits they're not supposed to be seeing it's even better."

The next few months were very exciting for them.

They'd find different bars to go to. Usually big clubs with high tech sound systems and lit dance floors. Occasionally they might hit a chain sports bar, usually found in strip malls or in mall parking lots.

The articles of clothing varied but the style was pretty consistent. Low cut tops and very short skirts.

She'd sit up on a high bar stool and face the dance floor giving anyone who happened to look from the right angle, a view of her panties.

Sometimes she'd "drop" something and bend over from the waist to pick it up.

That gave people a look up her skirt or down her top depending on where they were looking from.

If the bar had a pool table she'd play a few games which also offered unobstructed views of her assets.

Sometimes, if she'd had a couple of drinks she'd leave her bra at home and give the lookers a real show.

She didn't do it too often though. Lifting your shirt and showing your bare breasts in the relative safety of a car was different than flashing strange men up close and personal in a bar or club.

Spring was approaching and they were looking forward to again hitting the road and putting on their little show for the truckers.

One night they had been coming home from a particularly unsatisfying night at a club. Very few people out and the ones that were didn't seem to be paying attention to what was going on around them. Lots of tweeting and taking selfies left them unaware of the woman flashing her panties at the bar.

They headed home but because it was still early decided to take the back roads home and enjoy the ride.

Everything changed when they came to a small bar at an intersection out in the middle of nowhere.

Cinderblock walls, no windows and a gavel parking lot with a single light up on a telephone pole.

There were a couple of cars and motorcycles and few pick-up trucks.

Kenneth looked over at Barbara and asked her if she wanted to stop for a night cap and see if they couldn't salvage at least part of their night out.

"This place looks a little seedy but sure, I'm up for some 'slumming' if you are" she said with a devilish grin.

As they approached, another couple stepped out and the sound of some classic rock music came blaring out of the door.

They entered and were instantly hit with heavy smoke, some of it maybe not of the legal variety.

Kevin grabbed her by the elbow and steered her towards the bar. The bartender, a tall redhead in cut-off jean shorts and a Harley Davidson t-shirt looked up from the other end and slowly approached them.

She did a quick wipe with a dish rag and asked them if she could help them.

Kevin said that they were just passing by and thought they'd stop in for a drink.

"Fine. What'll you have?"

"Oh! I'd like a cosmo..." Barbara started

"We have beer, whiskey, tequila and vodka. None of that candy flavored crap either." The bartender said gruffly.

Kevin ordered a beer for himself and a vodka on the rocks for her.

The bartender rolled her eyes in boredom and went back down the bar to fill their order.

She came back, set their drinks down (no coasters) and returned to her perch at the other end.

Barbara noticed the jukebox over in the corner and went to check it out.

She couldn't believe that it still had 45's in it and only took quarters (two songs per)

She bent over and started reading the song titles.

Now she knew why the equipment hadn't been updated. Every song on the list had to have been 30 years old. Many going back to the 60's.

She recognized some of the songs from when they would have the classic rock station on at the various businesses they frequented and of course, the ones that still get played at wedding receptions.

She realized that she had been cocking her hips side to side as she listened to the song being played. She could only imagine what it looked like as she bent over at the waist, in 5 inch stilettos, to read the names of the songs.

She returned to the bar and begged Kenneth for a dollar then asked the bartender for change for the jukebox.

Together they went back, dropped a couple of quarters in the slot and picked a handful of songs they recognized.

Then she did something bold.

There was a full table of people sitting not too far away. She noticed that they had been looking at her while she picked out her songs so she patted Kenneth on the arm, walked over, leaned over and asked them if anyone had any requests.

She knew that her low cut, loose fitting top fell away from her body enough to give an unobstructed view down the front, to her bra.

She caught the guy directly across from her looking.

They gave her a couple of letter/number combinations and she went back to Kenneth and punched in the songs.

Just then, a pocket door that they hadn't noticed before opened and a woman who looked enough like the bartender to be her sister walked out.

Behind her there was a room with a couple of pool tables.

The woman slid the door closed and went to the bar to place orders for the people playing pool.

Kevin asked the bartender if it was a private room or was it opened to anyone.

The bartender said it was open to anyone. They kept the door closed because sometimes the place got kind of loud when they were busy. Especially on weekends when they had a live band.

She added that some of the customers took their pool very seriously and didn't like the noise and distractions.

They entered the room and noticed there were two tables and a row of barstools along one wall. A few people sat in some of them, watching the play going on. There were some side bets placed as players called their shots.

Each table had some stacks of quarters on them and Barbara added her two remaining quarters to the table with the shortest row.

She and Kenneth found two empty barstools and watched the action until her glass was empty and he went to get another round.

As he walked back to the pool room, the second redhead, obviously a waitress stopped him and told him to be careful playing.

Looser had to pay twenty dollars and some of the players had been known to hustle unsuspecting newbies.

A couple of rounds later and Barbara was up.

She dropped her two quarters into the slot and pushed the plunger. The balls all fell into the ball return and her opponent, who had won the prior match racked them.

As the previous winner he had the option to break but offered it to her.

She took a cue stick off the wall, rolled the white ball back and forth a few times and picked her spot.

Leaning over, she made sure her opponent got a good look down her top and took her shot.

The balls scattered and two solids fell into pockets.

She sank one more and then missed on the next.

The was a small group forming as people gathered to check out the newbie (and the peep show she was putting on)

Her opponent dropped one ball with no effort but forgot to call his shot on the next one so he forfeited his turn.

Unfortunately, he left the cue ball almost dead center on the table and she had trouble lining up her shot.

She started to slide her hip up onto the edge of the table when someone told her that she had to keep one foot on the floor.

With one foot remaining firmly on the floor, she put one leg up on the table, leaned over and tried to line up her shot. She could feel her skirt ride up over her hips, revealing her thin white panties. Looking down, she could see down the front of her shirt all the way to the waist at the top of her skirt.

She had never felt so exposed before and she was having second thoughts about things.

She also realized she had never felt this excited before either.

She sank her next shot but just couldn't find a good angle for the next one and missed.

Her opponent took the next shot and missed on what Barbara thought should have been an easy one.

She noticed everyone trying to gain a good position to watch her from either the front or back and figured he was letting her win just so she'd keep playing.

There wasn't any need for more climbing up on the table but she did give a few good poses, wiggling her butt just as she was taking a shot. Leaning over more than was necessary.

It wasn't long before she sank the eight ball and won the match.

"Good job little lady!" Her opponent said as he handed her a twenty. "I guess I was just off my game."

Barbara went over to where Kenneth was holding her drink, slammed it back and said "This is so much fun!"

Then she heard the sound of the coin plunger being pushed in and the balls dropping.

She turned around and saw a big blond woman racking the balls.

Not big as in heavy but big as in went to the gym everyday and put some effort into it.

She was wearing jeans that looked painted on and a leather vest over a black sports bra.

"Your break" she said to Barbara.

Barbara turned to Kenneth and told him to go get her another round. He said he'd be right back and left to go to the bar.

She lined up her shot and the balls broke with a loud "clack" and scattered beautifully.

Unfortunately, not a single one of them fell into a pocket.

The blond amazon called her first shot and when the cue ball hit the target it sounded like a small rifle being fired.

The target ball sank in the corner pocket and suddenly, Barbara was nervous.

At the bar, Kenneth saw the two redheads talking.

He ordered another round and the one working the floor informed him that they were about to make last call and if he needed to use the john, this would be a good time as there was usually a line at closing time.

He said that was a good idea and they pointed him down the hall to the bathrooms.

He entered and was just finishing up at the urinal when he heard the door open behind him.

"Gimme a second." He said. "I'm just finishing up here".

"No hurry" he heard a woman say. When he whipped his head around he saw it was the waitress standing with her back against the door. She had a very scary looking knife in one hand a a pair of hand cuffs in the other. "You're not going anywhere for a while".

Back in the pool room, Barbara looked on in dismay and shock as the blond woman ran the table in less than four minutes. She made it look easy and never even came close to missing a shot.

She stood erect after sinking the eight ball and handed her cue stick to the man who had just lost the previous game and said to him "You're pathetic! Letting her win just so you could look at her ass a little longer."

Then she turned to Barbara with her hand out. "You owe me twenty bucks" was all she said as she approached.

"Wow!" Barbara said. "That was amazing! Here's your money. Just as soon as my husband gets back, we'll finish our drinks and go. It's been fun. Really!"

"I don't think so," the red headed bartender said as she entered and closed the sliding pocket door closed. "You're husband is occupied right now but don't worry. He's fine... for now."

**Poking a Sleeping Bear Pt. 03**

Barbara started for the door and the big blond put her hand on her chest and firmly pushed her back a few steps.

"Ya know?" The woman started "You people really piss me off.

You come in here in your designer clothes, shaking your ass in the guys faces. Not even caring that their wives and girlfriends are sitting right there.

You probably think it's amusing to come down from your ivory tower and play with the riff-raff. Don't you?"

"I. Uh, No" Barbara stammered.

"Shut up bitch! Don't you know a rhetorical question when you hear one? Or maybe they didn't teach you that in private school.

Tell you what. You get off on showing your goodies to the boys. Well, now you have our undivided attention. Let's see 'em."

"What? What are you saying?"

"The clothes bitch! Take 'em off!"

In the men's room Kenneth had followed the instructions the waitress gave him and his left wrist was cuffed to an overhead pipe.

He thought for sure she was there to rob him and figured if he just went along with it, everything would be ok and no one would get hurt.

As expected, she had him reach around to his back pocket, remove his wallet and toss it to her.

She didn't take any money out of it though. Instead, she removed his driver's license, stuck it in her pocket and placed his wallet on the edge of the sink

Then she removed her phone from the clip on her belt. It was a smart phone and the screen had to be at least 7 inches.

She dialed a number and spoke into the phone.

"Yeah. We're almost ready in here. How's it going on your end? Cool. Gimme a second."

She took the phone and propped it up where Kenneth could see the screen

"You know what Skype is don't you?

"Yeah. It's like a phone call with video."

"Very good. Now you're going to do what I tell you or your wife is going to watch you get hurt live, via Skype.

Now, turn around and face the wall and don't do anything stupid."

In the pool room the bartender ended the phone call, opened the app and asked Barbara the same question about Skype that her sister had asked Kenneth.

She held up her phone so that Barbara could see her husband in the men's room, helpless.

He was turned with his back to the camera as the waitress approached him, reached around to his belt buckle and removed his belt.

She unzipped his pants and in one swift motion pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankles.

She told him to turn around and face her.

The pants and underwear around his ankles hobbled him so as he rotated his penis flopped around as it protruded from the front of his shirt.

"You can't do this!" Barbara cried. "It's illegal and completely crazy"

"Oh we can and we will" said the bartender "The only question is will you have clothes to wear home or will we cut them off of you and toss them in the burn barrel out back? Either way, your clothes are coming off."

"Kenneth?" She asked "Are you ok? Have they hurt you?"

"No, I'm fine Barbara. It's you I'm worried about."

"Holy shit!" Said the blonde. "I don't believe it. We actually have Ken and Barbie here. How cute!

Now Barbie, this is your last chance. You can take your clothes off or we'll hold you while one of us cut them off of you and you go home in your birthday suit."

"Barbar..." Kenneth started, until the waitress smacked him on the side of the head.

"Barbie" She instructed "From now on, you call her Barbie. Every time you screw up, I'm going to spank your ass with your own belt."

"Barba...Um Barbie, Just do as they say and hopefully we can get out of here in one piece."

With shaking hands, Barbara reached for the 4th button on her blouse. The first three were already unbuttoned.

She was resigned to the fact that she was going to be naked in a room full of strangers. Most of them men.

She tried not to think about what was sure to happen once they had her naked.

"Hold it!" Yelled the blonde. "We need some music if she's going to give us a proper striptease.

Bobby, Find us something she can dance to."

One of the men, presumably Bobby pulled out his phone and scrolled through his iTunes library.

He selected one and Led Zepplin's "Kashmir" started playing.

Stiffly she began to move her hips back and forth and reached for the collar of her shirt, sliding her hand down until she encountered the first closed button.

The blond waved her arms and got her attention. She pantomimed "Watch me, do what I do" and began to sway to the music and pretended she was unbuttoning her shirt.

Barbara watched her and followed suit. If she focused on the big blonde, she didn't have to look at the rest of the group who were leering at her, waiting to see her undress.

Kevin couldn't see the blonde on the phone screen and he was amazed at how easily Barbara seemed to take to stripping.

He was suddenly aware that his penis was erect, sticking out under the tails of his shirt.

The waitress zoomed in on his hard on and told her sister to show "Barbie" how excited her husband was watching her strip in front of her new friends.

Following her "mentor", Barbara raised her arms straight up above her head and clasped her hands together. This caused her blouse to fall open exposing her bra.

She lowered her arms and slid her top down each arm, finally dropping it to the floor.

She couldn't believe that Kenneth was aroused by her situation. Especially considering what was almost certainly guaranteed to happen before the night was over.

Would he be excited watching her get gang raped? She wondered if they'd all jump on her or take turns. "Don't think about it." She told herself. "Just get through it alive."

She turned around completely and then squared, facing her tormentors. With her heels together, the put her hands on her knees and spread them apart, giving everyone a view of her white, lace panties under her short black skirt.

Then she picked up her blouse, stood and tossed it off to the side, into an empty barstool.

Kenneth watched Barbara spread her legs and give the room a crotch shot. Not knowing that she was receiving instructions from off camera he just assumed she was really getting into it. He had no idea how terrified she was.

He wanted to touch himself or better yet, have the redheaded bombshell touch him.

Would she show his wife again? He almost didn't care.

In all their years together, he had never fantasized about being with any woman other than Barbara but right then, he just wanted relief from his aching cock.

Barbara continued to sway to the music. She moved her hands up and down her torso and thought about the men in the room touching her with theirs.

Would the women help their husbands and boyfriends violate her or worse, would she be expected to do something to the women too? She shuddered at the thought and then tried to put it out of her mind.

The blonde motioned to her that she was doing fine and to just keep going. She was on her own but pretty much had a good idea of how to proceed.

She unsnapped the clasp at the waist of her skirt, reached around the back and lowered the zipper about half way.

Holding her hands above her head again, she started to rotate her hips while slowly turning around in a tight circle.

She recalled learning to do samba rolls when they had taken Latin dance classes a few years ago. They were usually done with a partner but she knew how sexy they looked when done properly.

Gravity and the motion of her hips combined to drop her skirt to the floor.

She stepped out of it, now wearing nothing but matching bra and panties plus her 5 inch stilettos.

Turning her back to the group, she bent at the waist, picked up her skirt and tossed it to the barstool with her top.

Just in time for the song to come to an end.

The waitress approached Kenneth, stopped just in front of him and dropped to her knees.

He thought for sure she was going to relieve the pressure building in his balls but it was not to be.

Holding the knife inches from his groin, she looked at him and warned "Behave yourself now. She's almost done and we don't want anyone getting hurt. Do we?"

"Uh no. We definitely don't want anyone getting hurt."

"Good, now let's get rid of these shoes so we can get your pants off. You look kind of ridiculous standing there with a hard on while your pants are down around your ankles.

Keep watching Barbie. Don't think about my mouth being inches from your dick"

Which of course meant that he couldn't stop thinking about it. He was pretty sure his dick had never been harder.

Barbara looked around the room. Hoping that maybe this was enough and they really wouldn't make her go through with taking everything off.

If they ended it here, it meant they probably weren't going to force themselves on her and the only thing damaged would be her dignity.

The bartender walked up and showed her the phone.

Kenneth was still standing but the other red headed woman was kneeling in front of him.

He was staring at the ceiling but it was obvious to her what the woman was doing.

He got all excited by watching her strip in front of all these people and now he was getting a blowjob from a gorgeous redhead.

"Fuck him!" She thought. She surprised herself. She couldn't remember ever saying that word in anger before. It was something they used during "dirty" talk.

She looked at the bartender and asked if she could have a shot of something before she continued. "Some liquid courage would be good right about now'."

"Sure. I'll make it a double" the bartender replied. "I'll be right back."

While the bartender went to get her drink, the blonde had a couple of the guys grab a paint tarp out of the supply room and cover one of the pool tables with it.

"You're going to finish your show up there. I know the boys like you in those heels so that's why we put down the tarp.

"Can I ask you your name?" Barbara meekly asked.

"Julie" the blonde said "but my friends call me Jules. Do you want to be my friend Barbie?"

"I'd like that" Barbara said even though she was hoping to never see "Jules" or anyone else from this Hellhole ever again. "Do I really have to do this?"

"Yeah. I'm afraid so. See, you came into our place where we were minding our own business. You wanted to tease and taunt the men and that's disrespectful to the women.

We can't let that stand. You're doing good though. It will be over soon and you and Ken doll will be on your way.

Well, Savannah's back with your drink. It's time to get back to it."

The bartender (obviously Savannah) handed her a class with amber liquid in it. She sniffed it and recognized the smell of Tequila.

"I made it a double. Thought you could use it." Savannah said with a smile. "We don't carry the good stuff so you might want to slam it."

Barbara walked over to the pool table and climbed up on it. She completely forgot that she had been parading around the room in her underwear the whole time she was waiting for her drink.

She looked around the room, pointed at the man she knew as Bobby, said "Hit it" and threw back the entire double shot of tequila. She almost gagged as the taste of raw liquor hit her throat.

She had only had tequila in margaritas and tequila sunrises but straight up, this tasted like turpentine and burned her throat as it went down.

She coughed and her eyes watered but almost immediately the warmth spread out from her stomach.

Bobby hit play on Foghat's "Slow Ride".

Barbara wasn't familiar with it so she stood swaying her hips until she got a feel for the beat.

She started to dance.

Years of being a cheerleader and ballroom dance classes gave her a pretty good edge when it came to dancing sexy. Of course, doing it in her underwear on top of a pool table, in front of a bunch of strangers who expected her to remove said underwear was something new to her.

She tried to block out everything else, close her eyes and imagine she was doing this for Kenneth but then she remembered that she was mad at him.

The Hell with it. She was going to give it her best. Maybe if she got them worked up enough, the coming gang rape wouldn't last as long.

Reaching behind her back, she unhooked her bra. She let it hang and danced a little bit more before sliding the straps down her arms.

She held the cups in place and did a few more moves then turning her back to the room, she added her bra to the growing pile of clothes on the barstool.

Holding her hands over her small breasts, she once again turned and faced the crowd.

Moving mostly her hips, she quickly moved one hand away and then put it back. Then she did the other.

She cupped her breasts and slid her hands out until she was pinching each nipple between her thumb and middle finger.

She had very small breasts but Kenneth always told her she had great nipples. She tugged on them until they swelled and hardened into little points and then put her hands behind her head, lacing her fingers together.

She tried to do a shimmy but her breasts were really too small to get any movement out of them. Still, the men watching showed their appreciation for the effort.

Next she ran her hands up and down her side, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and tugging them down a little before pulling them back up again.

She knew that her panties would have to come off soon but she was in no hurry to be completely naked.

Strutting around on top of the pool table killed some time but she realized that the song would be ending soon and she had to get this over with.

Making figure eights with her hips, she once again hooked her thumbs into the waistband, she slowly lowered them down past her knees and let gravity do the rest.

Once they were down around her ankles she stepped out with one foot and then kicked with the other and sent her panties flying.

Remembering one of her poses from Yoga class, she turned her back to the room, put her feet together, bent at the waist and touched her forehead to her shins.

She knew she was fully exposed and suddenly realized that it didn't bother her as much to be completely naked as it did to be prancing around in her underwear.

With the song winding down, she laid on her back with her feet straight up in the air. She spread her legs as far as they would go then brought them together again, put her feet on the table and thrust her hips up and down provocatively.

Right at the end of the song, she rolled over on her stomach and rolled her hips up and down as if she was humping the pool table.

Finally, the song ended and she suddenly remembered her fears of what was to come next.

**Poking a Sleeping Bear Pt. 04**

One of the guys brought a chair over and put it next to the pool table for her to use as a step down.

He even held out his hand and took hers to help keep her from falling as she climbed down.

Barbara was surprised at how calm she was. Being nude in front of all those people didn't seem to phase her any more. She wasn't even thinking about covering up her nakedness.

Her mind began to wander and she tried to imagine how this was going to go down.

Would they take turns with her or just toss her on the pool table and pile on?

Could she take a man at both ends at the same time, and OMG what if they wanted her backside? Kenneth had never even asked if he could do something like that.

All of these men, surely at least one of them would try to put it in her butt!

And the women? Would she have to do to them with her mouth what Kenneth did to her with his? Could she?

Just then, the pocket door opened again and Kenneth was ushered into the pool room by the gorgeous redhead who had been keeping him occupied in the men's room while she was being humiliated.

He was barefoot and naked from the waist down, the redhead carrying his shoes, socks, pants, phone and wallet.

He looked silly with his erection poking through his shirt tails, bobbing up and down as he shuffled into the room.

He wouldn't look her in the eye as the redhead lead him over to the chair and pushed him down onto it. She quickly cuffed his hands behind his back, through the slats of the chair.

Barbara looked over at her new "friend" Jules with panic in her eyes.

"No! No! No!" she pleaded. "You can't do this! Please!

You can do whatever you guys want to do to me. I won't resist or fight.

I'll do what you say for however many of you and for however long you want, but please don't make my husband watch. Please! I'm begging you!"

She went to each woman as she pleaded. Hoping for some type of female unity.

Savannah looked at her with a confused look on her face. "What?" she asked.

Julie looked at her and started to laugh. "Do you think we're going to let these guys rape you? Seriously?"

Barbara stammered "Well... I just thought...You know, you hear about these things..."

"Sweetheart" Julie said sarcastically, "We might be a little rough around the edges and act like assholes sometimes but we're not rapists for Christ's sake!

No, What you're going to do is give your husband a lap dance until he comes.

Then we're going to send you back to the suburbs where you came from.

Barbara looked around and said "I've never given a lap dance before, what am I supposed to do?"

Julie smiled "It's simple. Without using your hands or your mouth, you're going to grind your body on his until he comes. You can rub his dick with your pussy, but you can't put it inside of you. Same goes for your ass."

"Not my butt? No problem with that." Barbara said with a nervous laugh. "That's a no fly zone in our house."

"Jesus!" Savannah said with an accompanying eyeroll. "You two really are new to anything outside the bedroom. Aren't you?"

She lead Barbara over to where Kenneth was cuffed to the chair.

"You can even have some music to set the mood. If he comes before the song is over, you can have your clothes back. If not, you drive home naked.

You start when the music starts."

"Bobby!" she said, "Play something the bitch can dance to!"

Barbara turned and faced Kenneth.

She nodded at him and told him that it was almost over and they'd be going home soon.

Kenneth smiled nervously and said that he loved her, no matter what happened.

The music started at Barbara was startled by the driving, opening notes of "Girls, Girls, Girls" by Mötley Crüe.

She tried moving her body to it for a few beats and then stopped.

"Hang on!" she shouted over the music. "I can't dance to that!"

The music stopped and she looked up to see everyone staring at her.

"Look" She pleaded. "I'm not trying to stall or get out of it. I just can't dance the way I think I need to, to that music.

Let me pick something from my phone."

Julie handed her the phone with a stern warning not to try deleting the video taken earlier.

Barbara opened her music app and scrolled quickly through her collection.

Just standing there, stark naked in a room full of strangers, mostly men, as if it was something she did everyday.

She found a song she thought would work and handed her phone back to Julie.

"That should work." she said. "Just press 'PLAY'.

Julie pressed the button. The slide guitar and bass of Bonnie Raitt's "Something to Talk About" began to play.

She nodded at Barbara in appreciation but still added "Now Dance Barbie Doll!"

Barbara began to sway her hips to the music until Julie pantomimed pointing at her watch, reminding her that time was not something she had a lot of and she had better get down to business.

She stood directly in front of Kenneth and straddled his legs, lowering herself onto his lap.

She began to rock her hips back and forth.

Kenneth's penis (she couldn't bring herself to say "cock" yet. Even in her own head) was sticking straight up.

As a matter of fact, she couldn't remember it sticking up any straighter or higher than it was right then.

"He's enjoying this" she thought. "He's excited by my humiliation."

The song entered the second verse and she stood, turned around and sat down with her back to him. She felt his penis snuggle into her crack of her butt as she did the best twerking motion she could muster.

She hoped she was doing it right. She had never done it before but had seen other women doing it on tv and in movies.

The down side of that position was that she was now facing the group of strangers as she ground her ass on her husband's lap.

Never having been one to stare at men's "packages" she couldn't help but notice that to a one, they all had bulges in the front of their pants.

She was beginning to have doubts that they would let this end without a gang rape.

She wasn't looking forward to it, but she was at the point where she thought she could endure it if it came down to it.

The wet feeling between the back of her thighs and the top of Kenneth's made her realize that she was becoming aroused.

She didn't know if it was nerves, what she was doing to her husband, that she was doing it in front of a group of people or the thought of some if not all of those men having their way with her but she was definitely turned on.

The second verse segued into the bridge and she turned around again.

Kenneth's penis snuggled between her damp labia and she slid it up and down his shaft, making sure that he didn't slip inside her and cause her to violate the rules.

She could feel him starting to twitch against her clitoris.

The third verse began and she knew she was running out of time.

The rules were very specific about what she couldn't do but not about what she could do.

She grabbed Kenneth by the back of the head and brought his mouth down to her erect nipple.

He wrapped his lips around the pert pea-sized nub and sucked it into his mouth.

She whipped herself from side to side, popping one nipple into his mouth and then the other.

He was so close. She could feel it.

She just needed him to finish before the song ended.

The way the night was going, if they both had to drive home completely naked, this would be the night the car broke down or they got pulled over.

She told him to slide his hips forward and she sat down right on top of his ridged cock. She slid her soaking wet pussy over it like a hot dog sliding back and forth in a bun.

With seconds left in the song (it was at the part where the singer just keeps repeating the same line in a long fade out) she leaned in, rubbed a nipple on his lips until he once again pulled it between his lips. This time he clamped in his teeth so she couldn't pull out.

Then she said "Look Honey! Everyone's watching me grind my pussy on you. All of these people looking at me act like a whore."

She felt him react and knew what she had to say next.

"How many of them will fuck me tonight? Will they leave you there and make you watch? I won't even resist. I'll just let them fuck me and I'll even suck their cocks"

That was all it took. She felt him pulse below her as he began to shoot thick knots of cum.

She had never known him to orgasm so hard before.

He grunted a few times and his neck was stretched taut.

She threw her arms around him in an embrace and felt his cum squishing between them.

Her, grinding her clit against his cock plus the intensity of his orgasm pushed her over the edge too.

She moaned loudly and bit down on his shoulder, whimpering.

It took a few minutes for the two of them to come back down to Earth and they suddenly remembered that they were surrounded by a group of people.

Some of the men were blatantly rubbing the bulges in the front of their pants.

Barbara slowly pulled her upper body away from Kenneth. The goo between them making strings as it tried to adhere to both bodies before giving up the fight and dropping.

She stood on wobbly legs and backed away so she was no longer straddling him.

She turned and looked at her audience.

The adrenaline rush quickly subsiding, she suddenly wanted nothing more than to get far away from these people as quickly as possible.

"Um. I think he finished in time. We kept our end of the agreement.

Can we have our clothes and leave?"

Julie just looked at her for about five seconds with a smile on her face. As if to say "I don't know. Maybe I'll let these boys have some fun with you" then suddenly walked up behind Kenneth, unlocked his cuffs and said "Sure. After all, a deal's a deal. You can get dressed and go home to you house in the suburbs and your Home Owner's Association and your back yard BBQ's"

Kenneth stood up, rubbing his wrists where the cuffs had been. "Uh. Can we use the bathroom to wash up?"

"Bathroom's closed! So are we. Now get dressed and get out!" Savannah barked.

Kenneth and Barbara quickly got dressed. They left their underwear and just pulled on their outer clothes. Feeling the rapidly drying sperm on their bodies gluing the material to their skin.

"We'll need our phones" he said to no one in particular.

"No" Julie said. "We'll mail your phones back to you. We need to go make copies of the videos.

You might decide to call the cops on us. They might decide to take action and it might end up going to court.

Could you prove we forced you to strip against your will? Maybe, but before you do, all of your friends, neighbors and phone contacts will have seen the video, Including that sweet lap dance.

Once we're done with them. You'll get them back."

The drive home was uncomfortable to say the least.

Physically, there was the now cold but drying sperm underneath their clothes.

Emotionally, they were drained.

Things had gotten so out of hand in a short time.

Where had they begun to go wrong?

How had they missed warning signs?

Kevin knew he should say something to reassure Barbara that they were ok.

She hadn't said a word since they got in the car and pulled out of the parking lot of the bar.

He looked over at her and saw that she was crying.

"Barbara. I'm sorry" he started. "I didn't think..."

"Don't." she snapped "Don't say you're sorry.

Don't say you never thought it would go like that.

Don't tell me that everything is going to be alright.

We were stripped naked in front of complete strangers!

I was made to act like some type of cheap bachelor party stripper while you watched with your hard dick sticking out, excited to watch them make me do it.

All it took was me saying that I wouldn't resist if they all wanted to fuck me, to make you cum all over yourself.

So don't tell me that nothing has changed and we'll go back to the way things use to be!"

Kevin drove in silence, but his mind was in overdrive.

Yes. Watching her strip in front of all those strangers had gotten him excited.

She looked so hot doing it.

But it wasn't just on him. She didn't take much prodding to ditch her clothes when told to.

She was perfectly comfortable, standing there talking and flipping through her phone while completely naked in front of those people.

She was soaking wet when she sat down on him for the lap dance.

She had cum at the same time he did.

She could say otherwise but she had been just as turned on as he was.

He was smart enough to keep his thoughts to himself though.

They got home and parked in the garage.

Barbara didn't even wait for him to turn the car off before she had her door open and headed into the house.

She was in the master bath with the door closed by time he caught up with her.

He heard the shower and headed off to the guest bathroom to take his shower.

As promised, about a week later their phones were returned, via parcel post.

All relevant videos had been deleted.

Things really slowed down for a while.

No more late night drives.

No more skimpy outfits in public

Even the sex became routine again.

No more blindfolds, tying down, cameras.

Neither one ever said to the other that they wanted to stop doing the things they had been doing.

They never talked about what happened and how they felt about it.

Each just assumed that the other wanted to take a break from it.

The truth was though, that after a few weeks each of them began to relive that night in their own head and using it for inspiration for masturbating when the other wasn't around.

Barbara even found herself waking up in the middle of a dream in which her fear of being taken by the bar patrons, became a reality. Even so far as her having to go down on the women.

She awoke, out of breath with a pillow jammed between her legs.

She quickly rolled out of bed and made her way to the bathroom to give herself some relief, hoping she hadn't woken Kenneth.

She didn't know that her moaning and thrashing about in her sleep had brought him out of his own dream about looking down, into the eyes of a particular red head with her lips wrapped around his cock.

While Barbara was in the bathroom relieving her frustrations, Kenneth was in bed, wiping his spent cock on a tissue from the box on the nightstand.

Still, they never talked about "that night".

Kenneth and Barbara settled into their routines and things became as "normal" as they could be under the circumstances.

Fall gave way to early winter. Not on the calendar, but the weather certainly took a turn in that direction.

One afternoon, Barbara was home alone.

She was sitting in front of her laptop doing some early, on-line Christmas shopping when she heard the doorbell, and the app on her computer showed her a live feed of who was at the door (through the fancy video doorbell they had recently installed).

There appeared to be three people at the door, but they were standing so close to the camera that she couldn't make out anything other than they appeared to be wearing dark winter coats.

She looked out the big bay window, and saw a black SUV in the driveway.

Adding two and two together she figured there were Jehovah's Witnesses or some other door knocking, religious group at her door.

She tried to ignore them, hoping they'd take the hint and go away, but they rang the doorbell again and then knocked loudly.

She stomped to the door, prepared to tell the God peddlers to take it someplace else.

She flung the door open (not unlike the time she did it at the beginning of this adventure) only to find it wasn't a group from the local church.

Instead, she stood face to face with Julie (Jules), Savannah and her sister (if Nina had ever heard her name, she couldn't remember it)

"Hi ya Barbie Doll." Julie said with a grin. "Why don't you invited us in? We need to talk and it's colder than Hell out here."

**Poking a Sleeping Bear Pt. 05**

"Wait! Huh? What? Are you kidding me? You want me to do what? Are you all out of your collective minds?"

Except it came out "Wait!Huh?What?Areyoukiddingme?Youwantmetodowhat?Areyoualloutofyourcollectiveminds?"

It was one long sentence, said so quickly there wasn't time for anyone to answer.

They were sitting around the table in the kitchen.

Barbara hadn't invited them to sit at the formal table in the dining room.

Her guests, Julie, Savannah and her sister were sitting with their hands wrapped around coffee mugs, trying to get some warmth back into their fingers.

"It's not that complicated" Savannah's sister stated "We're asking you to help out some needy kids by participating in a wet t-shirt contest/fundraiser.

We were going to call it 'Tits for Tots' but the 'Toys for Tots' people got their undies in a bunch so we're just going with 'Boobies for Babies' "

"Look" Barbara interrupted. "I don't care...What's your name?"

"Rachel" the stunning redhead replied.

"Great. Look Rachel, It's not about what you call it or what the cause is. I'm not going to take part in a wet t-shirt contest for your bar.

I'm not that kind of woman."

"Au contraire, mon ami" Julie said. "We have video evidence that says you are exactly that kind of woman".

She reached down and picked up her bag.

Pulling out a computer tablet, she said "We were hoping to only pull this out as a last resort but seeing as how you're not willing to hear us out, you need to see this."

She set it down on the table so Barbara had the best viewing angle and tapped the screen.

At first there was nothing, but after a few seconds a graphic appeared "Trucker's Delight Presents: The Exit 126 Flasher like you've never seen her before".

"What's this? What is 'Trucker's Delight' " Barbara asked, feigning confusion.

Julie tapped the screen and the video paused. "Oh that's just a phony name for a video production company. We made it up hoping to sounded more professional.

Don't even try telling us you don't know what the Exit 126 Flasher is. Don't forget, we had your phones for some time before we sent them back.

One of our regulars is pretty good with tech stuff and it didn't take long to crack your passwords.

She tapped the screen again and the video resumed.

It started with a few picture of Barbara fully dressed and just doing everyday things that husbands take pictures of their wives doing.

Soon it progressed to lingerie shots. Going from basic bra and panties pictures to some very sexy items picked up at specialty stores.

When the first picture of Barbara topless, but with her hands covering her breasts popped up, she turned away. Knowing where it was leading, she didn't really want to see more.

"Look at it" Savannah insisted. "You need to see all of it so you know exactly what's going on here. It will help you make the right decision when the time comes".

Barbara turned back to the tablet. The pictures went through stages of her partially undressed, undressing and completely nude and posing for the camera before getting to the ones showing her performing oral sex on Kenneth, being tied, spread eagle to the bed, blindfolded and eventually some pictures of her with semen splattered across her chest and face.

The next series of pictures were taken in public. Bars and restaurants and a few other places

Some up skirts. Some down blouses (with and without bra).

These ended with some shots of Barbara that night in the bar. Fully clothed but clearly showing off her assets.

These must have been taken by other people at the bar because she couldn't recall Kenneth taking any picture prior to things going wrong.

Then the photo slideshow ended and the video show began.

It showed Barbara dancing and stripping up on the pool table.

Somehow, there was no indication of threats, coercion or direction.

They overdubbed the original music so there was no sound of the other people who had been in the room.

It just showed her stripping naked over the course of three songs including the break when she asked for something to drink.

The way it was edited, it looked as if she was an eager and willing exhibitionist putting on a show in the back room of a roadside bar.

It ended with her lap dance performed on her husband which somehow captured the comments she had said to him so that he would climax before the song ended.

Barbara sat back in stunned silence. She didn't know what to say and if she did, she didn't think she could get the words to come out.

What was less than a minute, but seemed like an eternity Julie spoke. "So. As you can see, you are the type of woman who enjoys showing off her body in public and we think a wet t-shirt contest is something you'd really be into."

"I c-can't. I c-couldn't." Barbara stammered. "Kenneth would never go for it. It would ruin his job at the law firm. Even if his father is a full partner, and I have plans. I want to do good things for kids in trouble.

If word, or pictures got out of me doing anything like that, I would be ruined. No one is going to let someone who does that sort of thing anywhere near teens and young adults."

"Fuck Kenneth!" Savannah offered "Isn't he the one who drove you around, showing you off to any guy who happened to come along? How many of the things you did were your idea? You don't strike me as the type to ask your husband to tie you up and take pictures while he comes on your face.

Hell, he'd probably come in his pants if you just mentioned to him that you were thinking about being on stage, in a bar in a wet t-shirt contest.

If you really think he'd be against it. Don't tell him. Take control of your sexuality. Do it for you, for once. Not for him."

"Or..." Rachel said. "We could show the video to Kenneth's father and ask him what it's worth to make it go away."

"Oh God! NO!" Barbara pleaded. "Please don't. He'd disown Kenneth for putting himself in that position. We'd be ruined!"

"So." Julie interrupted. "You can see how this isn't that hard of a decision for you. Is it?"

"You're blackmailing me?"

"Blackmail is such an ugly word" Savannah said. "We prefer to think of it as a mutually beneficial agreement.

We get some new blood in our contest and you get to help out some single moms when the holidays roll around.

Pluuus, you'd get to keep your squeaky clean, Barbie doll image."

"I'm fine calling it blackmail" Rachel stated, bluntly. "Whatever works."

"If and that's a big IF I decide to go along with it, how would it work?"

"It's not that hard." Julie said. "First, you walk out onto the stage, stand in a kiddie pool wearing a white t-shirt and one of the guys pours a pitcher of cold water down the front of your shirt. Then you dance around a bit and then the crowd votes based on how loudly they cheer.

Then we bring the top 5 vote getters back on stage and they dance for tips. The winner is the one who raises the most tips.

Any of the women, even the ones who didn't make the top 5 can, if they choose, serve drinks after.

The cover charge to get in and all tips raised, even at the bar, go to help out single moms at Christmas."

"Oh yeah" Julie added. "There's a $20 entry fee you'll have to pay."

"Really? I have to pay for the privilege of coming out to your shitty little bar and showing my breast to your customers?"

"Well, If you bring three friends with you who pay the cover to get in, we'll waive your entry fee, but I don't see you asking anyone from the Home Owner's Association or some of your country club friends to come along to our 'shitty little bar' to look at your tits. Otherwise, there's a $20 entry fee."

"It's for the kids!" all three of them said at the same time.

"And if I don't go along with this you'll show that video to my Father in-law? You know he's one of the most powerful attorneys in the state. He could crush you in court."

"Probably, but the video would most likely have to be shown in court. In front of the judge and jury.

I have a better idea though. We're going to burn 100 copies of the video, and if you don't show up we're going to sell them for $20 a pop."

"Look" Savannah said. "We're not trying to out you to anyone. How about if you wear one of those masks like in that Tom Cruise movie. You know, the one where he went to that sex party."

"Well" Barbara said, pushing herself away from the table. "You ladies have certainly given me a lot to think about. I don't even know how I could bring this up with Kenneth. He'd be furious!"

"Whatever...That's your issue, not ours" Rachel said, reaching into her purse. She pulled out a folded sheet of paper and slid it across the table.

"Here's a flyer with the date and time. Be there or be famous. Your choice"

With that, The three of them slid their coats on and headed towards the front door.

Julie stopped after stepping out onto the porch, turned and looked back at Barbara. "Cute place you've got here. Thanks for the coffee. It was delish. We should do this more often!" She said with a wink, as if she and her friends hadn't just blackmailed her into exposing herself to a bar full of strangers.

Barbara really did have a lot to think about.

Should/could she tell Kenneth? She put that one on the back burner for now.

Should she call the police? How could she explain to them that she was being blackmailed without telling them what she was being blackmailed with?

Even if the video was never shown, it's contents and her behavior would certainly be brought up in court.

Her Father in-law would be furious.

Kenneth's career would be over, and her reputation would be ruined along with any chance of working in her desired field.

She Googled "Wet T-Shirt Contests" and watched some videos.

Even in the ones that looked like they were real women on spring break, at some point the women took their shirts off.

She saw tall women, short women, heavy women, thin women. What she didn't see a lot of, was women with boobs as small as hers.

She barely filled an A cup.

There were medium, large, extra large and humongous. Except for the fake ones, they all had one thing in common. The moved when the women moved.

Barbara stood topless in front of a mirror, and bounced up and down on her toes. Nothing. They were firm and perky, but immobile.

The thing she had in her favor was her nipples. Hers were quite prominent and was the only reason she needed to wear a bra.

She didn't wear a padded bra to make her boobs look bigger, she wore one to cover up the pencil erasers that protruded from the center of each breast.

That could work to her advantage as the two reasons for pouring ice cold water down the front of a woman's t-shirt were,

1) make the shirt become transparent,

and

2) make her "high-beams" come on.

Next, she did a search of on-line retailers that sold bikini separates. She wouldn't be needing a top. Just the bottoms.

She found a thong she wouldn't be caught wearing to a pool or beach but was perfect for what she intended to use it for.

The thin patch of material would cover the minimum required by most decency standards to prevent her from being arrested if she were to wear it in public.

It was white with clear plastic side pieces and t-back. The front wasn't much wider than the string that went between her butt cheeks.

Sexy but impractical as a swimsuit bottom.

She added it to her cart along with some other, more like her types of items so that when Kenneth saw the credit card statement, he wouldn't wonder what she'd ordered.

Then she went to a site that sold shoes and found a pair of shoes. Four inch stilettos..

A visit to the local hobby store and she found an emerald green Mardi Gras style mask that would make her red hair really pop.

She didn't want to wear an elastic strap around her hair so the sales lady suggested some spirit gum to temporarily "glue" it to her face.

A week went by and she still hadn't told Kenneth about her visitors and what she was contemplating doing.

With time running out, she decided that it might be better to not tell him and hope that he would be understanding when she told him after it was done.

She was reminded of a line she'd heard before. "It's easier to ask for forgiveness than permission".

She knew that a lie of omission is still a lie. It would be the first big thing she had ever kept from Kenneth.

Two days before the deadline, she was in the mall and was walking past a novelty gift shop.

On a whim, she went in and looked around.

The front of the store had the usual things. T-shirts with funny sayings or images on them. Fake vomit and poop. Eye glasses with eyeballs on springs.

Towards the back of the store though were the adult novelties.

Not really the stuff you'd find in a porn shop but things people might by for a bachelor or bachelorette party.

There were also some outfits. Naughty Nurse, Sexy School Girl, Slutty Vampire, Cop, Soldier, Etc.

An outfit for any career a woman could choose as long as she planned on sleeping with the boss.

When she got home, there was a package from the on-line bikini store.

She carried it inside and took it up to her bedroom.

She quickly undressed and slid the tiny piece of bikini bottoms up her legs.

She normally kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed in what Kevin referred to as a "landing strip" but as small as the piece of fabric was, she'd have to remove it all.

Jumping in the shower, she shampooed, and washed then shaved first her legs and bikini area and finally removed the last wisp of hair.

She was toweling off when she caught herself in the full length mirror on the back of the door.

She knew from comments some men had made about her when they didn't think she could hear, that she had what most men thought of as a "great ass" and her prominent nipples drew plenty of attention when not properly contained but with her bare pubic area and almost non-existent breasts, she thought she really looked like a pubescent girl.

Then a thought came to her and she made two decisions.

1) She was definitely going through with it.

2) She knew exactly how she was going to do it.

Quickly dressing, she headed back to the mall.

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Barbara pulled into the gravel parking lot of the bar.

She still didn't know the name of the place. There was just a white sign on a pole by the side of the road that said "BAR" in big block letters.

Other than that, it could have been a concrete block bunker.

She grabbed her backpack from the passenger side and walked up to the door.

Just as she reached it, it opened and Bobby (see previous chapters) stood there with a grin on his face.

"Hey Barbie! Glad you could make it! We were hoping you'd come tonight!"

"Yeah, Well it's not like they gave me much choice. Is it?" She retorted with a slight sneer.

She might have been excited about the evening ahead, but she didn't see any need to let them know that.

"Is there a room I can change in, or are we just supposed to strip down out here in the bar area?"

"No. There's a room out back. They cleared out the room where they keep the cases of beer and the extra liquor.

Hey. Um, I'm working the door tonight and I'm supposed to collect twenty dollars from you and everyone else.

Hell, they made me put twenty in the jar and I'm working tonight.

Told me if I didn't want to pay, I could work the door from the outside, but I want to see the show, so I paid."

She dug her wallet out of her bag and pulled out a $20.

He stuffed it down the slot of a big jar sitting on the bar and pointed towards the back.

"It's right back here" he said enthusiastically "Let me show you."

"That's ok, Bobby. I think I can find it. You'll have to wait for the contest. Just like everyone else."

She found the room and noticed that it only locked from the outside. There was a clasp where a pad lock would go.

It made sense, she thought. No one was going to be trying to break out of the storage room.

She was concerned about not being able to lock the door while she undressed but finally decided that a business owned and run by women weren't going to let some guys "accidentally" walk in on her. (the same women who had made her perform a striptease in front of a bunch of men)

It appeared she was the first to arrive.

That gave her the opportunity to choose a good spot in the corner.

She quickly stripped out of her street close and into her outfit for the contest.

She slid the thong up her legs, then a white bikini bottom over it.

When she decided how she was going to work things tonight, she pulled one out of her own personal collection.

Then she fit the t-shirt she had brought. She had purchased a boys size medium from the big discount store.

Even with her small frame, it was a tight fit. She figured, not having cleavage to show, a super tight shirt would give her a bit of a needed boost.

She slid some sweatpants and sweatshirt over her outfit to stay warm.

About time she finished getting ready, some other women started showing up.

They came in, dropped their stuff on the floor and proceeded to undress as if getting naked in front of other people was an everyday occurrence.

The locker room was one thing but this was not what most people would consider a "naked place".

Then she remembered that it wasn't that long ago that she had turned the pool room into a naked place.

As more women started showing up they began chatting and joking amongst themselves.

Barbara realized that some of them knew each other and it came to her that they might be regulars to the wet t-shirt circuit (if there was such a thing, as she suspected.)

She thought she would die if one of her friends found out what she was going to do tonight and she certainly couldn't imagine any of them doing it.

Finally Julie (Jules) popped her head in the door.

"Hey girls!. Glad to see so many of you here. You know it's for a good cause so put on a good show.

I need to go over some things, especially for the newbies.

When it's time to start, we'll take you out the back door over there and lead you around to another door that's behind the stage.

There's not a lot of room back there so we'll be taking you in groups of five.

I'll be giving you a card with your group number on it.

You can swap groups among yourself but, whoever is holding the number when I call that group is up.

There will be a six foot kiddie pool on the stage.

You should walk out from the side of the stage, walk around and wave at the crowd for a few seconds, but don't show them too much. Save that for later.

Stand in the center of the kiddie pool. A guy will poor a pitcher of cold water down the front of your shirt.

The guys have donated money for the privilege, but they are not allowed to touch you.

You can shimmy, shake or whatever you want, but don't linger.

When you step out of the tub, walk on the floor mats that are there and dry your feet. We don't want anyone falling on their ass and sewing us.

Leave the stage on the opposite side you came in from.

After each group, we will pick a winner from that group.

After your group is done the rest of you are welcome to hang out, or serve drinks for tips. Don't forget, the tips go to the fundraiser.

The one who collects the most tip money will receive a special prize at the end of the night.

Then we will bring out the next group.

Any questions?

There were a few questions about what was or wasn't allowed. Julie explained that they weren't running a sex club and the male customers weren't allowed to touch any of the women in what would normally be considered the areas covered by regular underwear (basically butt, boobs and vagina were off limits)

Jules came over to Barbara.