**Samantha's Transformation**

by[TheNightBandit](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1636089&page=submissions)©

Tonight was the opening of the new dance club, Lotus, and against my better judgment, I let Kelley talk me into going with her. I typically hated going to clubs, as they're just meat markets where guys went looking to get laid. Normally when I went, I enjoyed talking to my friends and maybe dancing a little, but with so many guys hitting on us, it made it hard and not much fun.  
  
But now that I've taken up my new hobby (exhibitionism), a dance club might be just the thing I was looking for. A crowded club should give me plenty of opportunities for teasing.  
  
I've been wanting to get a little more daring for a while. Mostly I just tease at the office, but since I want to keep my job, I can't do too much (showing plenty of leg and lots of cleavage). Kelley thinks I can do a little more around the office without getting fired, but I'm not so sure about that yet.   
  
Going to a club where I didn't know a lot of people might be just what I needed to let go of some of my inhibitions and really open up.  
  
I haven't been to a club since I started showing myself off a little more, so I don't really have any overly sexy club wear. Most of what I have is pretty conservative, even my new sexy outfits are relatively tame by clubbing standards. I needed to get something new that would push me to take that next step.   
  
On the internet, I'd found a store that specialized in stripper clothing called Teaser's that I hoped would be perfect for my needs. It was all the way across town, but that was just fine as I could use the bus ride for a little fun, getting myself in the mood to try on some super sexy dresses.  
  
Thinking about my bus ride, I headed to my bedroom to see what kind of fun little outfit I could throw together. Hmmm . . . Do I want to give a little up-skirt show? Show off my butt in a tight pair of shorts? Both could be fun.  
  
But now that I've started noticing what other women were wearing these days, short shorts seemed like nothing special. Practically every girl from twelve to twenty seemed to be wearing short shorts, showing off their long legs and tight little butts. Of course, for the most part, they seemed to be totally oblivious to what they were doing to the opposite sex. The art of teasing was much more than just wearing revealing clothing, it was more of an attitude along with some seductive poses.   
  
Deciding against a pair of shorts, I picked out a pleated white mini-skirt. Not overly short, this one came to about mid-thigh, but the material was thin and wispy enough that anything more than a slight breeze would lift it, giving anyone watching a little panty show.  
  
Setting the skirt on my bed, I went back to my closet to pick out a top. Flipping through a few shirts, it didn't take long to find the perfect one, a light pink, cropped tank top. Holding it up to my body, I decided that this was going to be just right.  
  
Stripping down, I went to my underwear drawer and started picking through it. Pulling out a lacy black thong, I stepped into them, pulling them into place. Checking myself out in the mirror, I still couldn't get over how good a thong made my butt look. I loved the way it gave my butt cheeks just a little separation, making them look well toned.  
  
Putting on the mini-skirt, I liked the way it rode low on my hips, about three inches below my belly button. I did a quick spin to see how much of myself I'd be showing. Being light and billowy, it rose up a little when I spun, but not enough to show anything. It came to about mid-thigh, so it was rather conservative compared to what I've been wearing lately. And there was no sign of my panties showing through it. I was a little worried that the black would show through the thin white material of the skirt, but it wasn't tight enough to be a problem.  
  
Turning around again, I spread my legs a little and bent over at the waist, keeping my legs straight to see what I'd be showing off from this angle. While I did show a mile of leg, my butt wasn't quite visible. If my skirt were an inch shorter, my butt would have been just barely on display. As long as it wasn't too windy, I should be just fine (but then again, a little breeze could be quite fun too).  
  
Looking at the shirt sitting on the bed, I started getting excited, as this was where the show was going to be. Picking it up, my first thought was that this was a shirt made for a twelve year old. It was quite small, but being a crop top, it was supposed to be small.  
  
Pulling it on, I was surprised at how big it made my tits look. I'm not quite a D, I'm what I like to call a full C, but this top was so tight that it made me look like a D. It showed off my cleavage to perfection, but what was going on at the bottom was where I wanted everyone's attention today. It was cropped to about three inches below the bottom of my tits, but it wasn't tight against my mid-section, so it was just loose enough that it might be possible for someone to get a peek right up my shirt.  
  
Watching myself in the mirror, I lifted one arm over my head to simulate holding onto the bus rail. Sure enough, the bottom of my shirt rose just enough that I could almost see the bottom of my tits. I couldn't actually see anything from my angle, but if there was someone sitting just below me . . .  
  
Just thinking about teasing someone was getting me excited, and the thin cotton tank did little to hide the outline of my hardening nipples. There was going to be no way they weren't going to be noticed. And I could already feel my panties starting to get damp. I gave my clit a few quick strokes to get myself revved up, but nothing too serious as I didn't want to cum before my little adventure, I just wanted to make sure that I was excited enough to really get into what I was about to do.  
  
Looking back at the mirror, I took in the entire package. My skirt showed off lots of leg with just a hint of more. My top showed plenty of cleavage and a very nice midriff. While I didn't have the classic "six-pack abs", my stomach was tight and nicely toned.   
  
It was time to go. Throwing on a pair of sandals to complete the outfit, I headed out the door for what I hoped would be quite an exciting day.  
  
Standing at the bus stop, waiting for the number 2 bus to take me across town, I was starting to get a little chilled. There was just a slight breeze (not enough to blow up my skirt) and we were standing in the shadow of a four-story office building. I could tell that my nipples were already getting hard, as the teenaged kid waiting with me couldn't take his eyes off my tits. I loved to tease, but for some reason, this kid was creeping me out a little.  
  
Finally, the bus pulled up. Looking in, I saw that it was only about half full. For what I had in mind, I wanted a bus that was completely full, so I let it go without getting on.  
  
Thirty minutes (and two buses) later, a full one finally pulled up.   
  
As I stepped onto the bus, I could feel my skirt blow up a little, giving the guy behind me a quick peek at my butt. As I dropped my fare, I could feel the line of people behind me backing up and crowding me. I could feel the guy brush against my butt, but I wasn't sure if it was the Sports Emporium bag he was carrying or his hand. Not wanting to make a scene yet, I ignored it and kept on moving.  
  
Walking down the bus aisle, there wasn't an open seat (which was just what I wanted). I was looking for someone cute that I could stand right in front of. About three quarters of the way down, I saw a guy in his mid 30s, wearing a grey suit. He was quite good looking.  
  
Stopping right in front of him, I grabbed the vertical rail that was there (I didn't want to be too obvious right off the bat). As a woman with a couple of shopping bags stopped and grabbed the rail behind me, I was forced to inch out more to the side, getting even closer to my Mr. Unsuspecting.  
  
The bus pulled out with a lurch and everyone had to grab a rail while repositioning themselves to gain stability. I took this opportunity to take two more little steps closer to "my guy", putting one foot on either side of his right leg, positioning my pussy directly above his knee. Since he had his hands resting on his knees, this put his hand right between my thighs, only six inches or so from my pussy.  
  
I looked down at him and smiled, he looked a little uncomfortable as he smiled back. I noticed that he had a wedding ring on. This was good as I hoped that it meant that he wouldn't get too forward or aggressive with me.  
  
"Would you like my seat?" He asked. "I can stand if you want to sit, it's awfully crowded today."  
  
"Thanks, but I'm getting off in just a few stops, I'll be fine."  
  
My pussy was less than a foot from his face and I could tell that he didn't know where to look. Since I wanted to make sure that he got a good look at my tits, I kept up the conversation, making him look up at me.  
  
"Where are you off to in the middle of the day?" I asked, looking him in the eye.  
  
"I'm meeting a few friends over at Sergio's for lunch. How about you?"  
  
"Oh, I'm just off to do a little clothes shopping. I need something new for a club that's opening tonight that me and a couple of my friends are going to."  
  
Just then, the bus took a right turn and I took the opportunity to move my left hand from the vertical rail to the upper rail. I could see my own reflection in the window and I knew that my shirt had risen to the perfect height. I saw his eyes go instantly to my tits, but as soon as he realized what he was seeing, he turned red and looked back up at my face.  
  
"We love going out clubbing, it gives us a chance to get all dressed up and have a little fun. Do you ever go to the clubs?"  
  
He was still red in the face, but seemed to be getting over the shock that the bottoms of my tits were on display for him.  
  
"No, we have a couple of little ones at home, so it's hard to get out anymore."  
  
"Isn't that what babysitters are for?"  
  
"Yes I know, but for a variety of reasons, we just haven't made it work lately."  
  
I leaned in towards him just a little, giving him a better view of my tits. His eyes darted back at my chest as I think he was starting to realize what I was up to. Through my skirt, I scratched an imaginary itch, making sure it lifted a couple of inches and giving him a good look at my upper thigh.  
  
He didn't know where to look now as his eyes kept darting back and forth between my tits, thighs and face.  
  
Just then, the bus driver hit the brakes rather hard as he came to one of his stops. I was jerked roughly to my right and nearly stumbled. To keep me from falling, my new friend reached out to steady me, but the only part of me that was within easy reach were my legs. I don't think he even realized what he had done, but there he was with his hands wrapped around my left thigh, only inches from my pussy.  
  
I hadn't planned this part, but now that it had happened, I didn't want to let it go to waste.   
  
"I'm sorry." I said. "That was a more abrupt stop than I was expecting."  
  
"No problem, are you ok?" He asked, letting his hands linger on my thigh a little too long.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine. Thanks for the . . . hand." I said with a naughty little smile.  
  
Before taking his hands off my leg, he ran them down my thigh, all the way to my knee. He WAS a naughty little boy as he was starting to figure out the game.  
  
"Any time." He replied with an equally naughty smile.  
  
Now I was excited. Glancing down, I could see that my nipples were hard and straining against my shirt. And 'm pretty sure that my panties were wet too. Now, just how far did I want to take this little game?  
  
And just then, the decision was taken out of my hands. A large woman with a couple of shopping bags had just got on the bus and was trying to squeeze her way down the aisle between everyone.  
  
"Excuse me, pardon me." She kept saying over and over again, as she pushed her way through.  
  
As she pushed her way between me and the woman behind me, it was my chance to see just how far I could push a married man to go.  
  
I moved in even closer, making sure to rub my knee against his crotch. Then I leaned in so close that my tits were practically right in his face. Suddenly, I was shoved roughly from behind and my tits actually brushed up against his face. This was getting a little closer than I had intended.  
  
Oh My God! Was that a hand on my inner thigh? It felt like he just put his hand on my inner thigh and was gently rubbing it. Looking down at him, he was no longer looking up at me, but was mesmerized by my tits in his face. Was I ready for this? How far was I willing to go?  
  
Realizing that this was the next step I was looking for, I took a deep breath and put both my hands on the window above and behind his head. In this position, my shirt lifted enough so that both my nipples popped out from under my shirt and were inches from his lips.  
  
Then I found out just how naughty he was and how far he was willing to go. He leaned forward, parted his lips and started sucking on a nipple, sending a jolt of pleasure through my entire body. Suddenly, his hand moved up my inner thigh to my pussy. I could feel him rubbing my pussy through my panties and it felt incredible. This was way further than I had intended for anything to go, but it felt so good.  
  
At almost the exact same time, me bit my nipple and rubbed a finger on my clit. I was ready to explode as electric shocks ran up and down my body. I started gyrating my hips as his finger moved faster and faster. I was so close to cumming!  
  
But then the woman with her bags was past and there was no longer anyone pushing me from behind.  
  
No! Not yet! I was so close to cumming. But with no reason to be pushed up against him, I reluctantly had to push myself back a little and grab the upper rail again. As much as I wanted stay and let him bring me to orgasm, there was no way I could do it without being too obvious. But I was so close my entire body was buzzing.  
  
I stepped back and he gave my clit one last tweak as he pulled his hand out from under my skirt.   
  
Oh My God! Did I just let a complete stranger almost get me off? I felt so naughty and yet so excited. God, I need to finish myself off, but there's no way I could do it here with so many people around. Looking to my right I saw a college aged kid two seats down looking right at me with a huge grin on his face. Did he see what just happened? God I was feeling flushed! One complete stranger just watched me almost cum at the hand of another stranger. This was starting to go way further than I had intended, but oh, I was so turned on right now.  
  
Looking down at my new friend, he was looking up at me with a huge grin on his face too. Then he really surprised me as he put two fingers in his mouth and sucked on them.  
  
"Hmmm, you taste so good." He said in a low voice.  
  
"You like the taste of pussy?" I practically whispered back.  
  
Was I really talking dirty to this guy? I'd never done anything like this before, but it just felt right.  
  
"I do, and I have to say that you have the best I've ever tasted."  
  
"And you've tasted a lot of pussy?"  
  
"I have, it's something I enjoy and am really good at." He said with that wicked little grin again.  
  
So much for a married man being safe.  
  
"I bet you are." I replied with an equally wicked grin.  
  
Just then, the bus accelerated away from the stop and I was jerked around again. My naughty little friend wasted no time in grabbing a hold of my upper thigh to steady my balance again. But this time when he tried to touch my pussy, I took a quick step back.  
  
"Playing hard to get?" He asked.  
  
"It's a little too crowded in here to be quite that obvious. There are a few people here catching on to our little game." I said looking at the kid two seats down.  
  
When he looked to see who I was looking at, the kid grinned ear to ear and gave him a thumbs up.  
  
"Don't you like being watched? I thought that was your thing."  
  
"It is, but today it's for your eyes only."  
  
I was horny as hell and needed to cum, but I wasn't quite ready to let a complete stranger to get me off. Looking out the window, I saw that I had another four blocks or so until my stop. Time for just a little bit more fun.  
  
"Do you really want to share me with all these others?"  
  
"Mmmm, I think I'd prefer to have you all to myself."  
  
Only three blocks left.  
  
Turning my back to him, I let go of the upper rail and bent over to adjust a strap on one of my sandals. My skirt was long enough that I knew my butt wasn't on full display, but I have a feeling that the very bottom of my butt cheeks might have been visible. Leaning back so that I was actually sitting on his lap, I continued unbuckling and rebuckling my sandal. I could feel his stiff cock through his pants as it rubbed up against my butt.  
  
Two blocks to go.  
  
Grinding my butt against his cock, I gave him a lap dance right here on the bus. I could feel him trying to reach under my skirt, but there just wasn't enough room for him to maneuver his hands.  
  
One block.  
  
Finishing with my sandal, I leaned back to whisper in his ear. "This is my stop."  
  
"What?!? Already?"  
  
"Yeah, sorry." I said as I stood up, straightening out my skirt.  
  
"But . . . But . . . We're not done yet."  
  
"I need to run."  
  
"Can I at least get your number?" He practically pleaded.  
  
"Sorry, I don't give my number out to married men."  
  
"But . . ."  
  
"Have a great lunch at Sergio's, maybe I'll see you again soon."  
  
And with that, I walked down the aisle to the front of the bus.  
  
"I hope you enjoyed the show." I said to the college kid as I slid past him.  
  
As the bus pulled away, my friend had his face longingly pressed against the window and I blew him a kiss.  
  
God that was exciting! I hadn't intended to go anywhere near that far, but letting a complete stranger almost get me off brought the excitement to a whole new level. If only we were in a more private setting (or even an evening bus ride), I would have let him finish me off. But as close as I was, I had still been tempted, even with all those people around (did that add to the excitement?).  
  
I'm so damn wet and horny right now that I'd better find someplace where I can relieve the pressure building between my legs before I exploded right here on the sidewalk. Teaser's should be just around the corner. I'll use their washroom quickly before I start my naughty shopping spree.  
  
Looking at the street numbers as I practically ran down the street, I knew I made it as soon as I saw their display window. The sight in the window momentarily stunned me, as they seemed to have a half dozen women on display in various stages of undress. How could they . . . Then, as I got closer, I saw that what I had mistaken for living women were actually extremely realistic mannequins. They were all so real looking that I practically needed to press my nose to the glass to be sure that they weren't real. Most of them were dressed in some extremely skimpy lingerie, but there were two that really caught my eye. The first was a blonde wearing what looked to be an extremely short formal dress, the front of which barely contained her DDs. The other was a red head that was wearing a super short mini skirt and bending over, tying her shoelaces while showing off her panties. This place was made just for me.  
  
Cracking open the front door, I saw laid out before me a fantasy wonderland. I was in such awe, that I'd already forgotten about any urgency I'd felt only minutes before.  
  
Stepping inside, I quickly scanned the layout of the entire store. While I couldn't see anyone who appeared to be working, there had to be at least another dozen or more mannequins throughout the store. While the mannequins in the front window were quite risqué, they were still strictly PG-13. But in here, they were definitely rated R and beyond. There were several of them dressed in lingerie, some in various stripper outfits and a few in what looked like sexy Halloween costumes.

Walking further into the store, the first mannequin I ran into was another tall blonde wearing a black open cup bra with matching crotchless panties, black thigh high stockings and six-inch heels. She was so real looking that I half expected her to walk over and ask if she could help me.  
  
Wanting a closer look, I walked up to her and looked her closely in the eye. The eyes, the hair, the makeup, it was all so perfect that she was like a work of art. I touched her arm and it was soft and pliable, even having soft blonde hairs on it. My eyes trailed down to her DDs that were perfectly framed in her black open cup bra. Whoever made this one went so far as to have even pierced her left nipple. Unable to resist, I reached out and squeezed her tit while pinching a nipple between my thumb and finger. Oh my God, it felt so real!  
  
Taking a step back, I continued checking her out as my eyes drifted down past her pierced belly button to her pussy. The crotchless panties left her pussy completely on display and I could see that she was clean-shaven and that even her clit had been pierced. Quickly looking around to see if there was anyone behind the counter yet, I stepped back up to her before getting down on my knees for a closer look. Like everything else about her, her pussy looked so incredibly real. Standing back up, I scanned the store one more time to make sure that there was no one here. Then I reached down to see if her pussy felt as real as it looked.   
  
Running my fingers over her pussy lips, it didn't surprise me how soft and realistic they felt. As my fingers moved up to her pierced clit, I was a little surprised to find that her clit was hard, almost as if she were sexually aroused. I felt a little awkward, as if I was trying to get this mannequin off.  
  
Wondering just how realistic she was, my fingers moved back down to rub her pussy lips a few more times before I slid a finger into her pussy. Oh my God! She even has a working pussy! Where do they get mannequins line this?  
  
"Pretty life like, aren't they?"  
  
I let out a startled gasp as I nearly jumped out of my skin. I quickly pulled my finger out of her pussy and she wobbled a little before I steadied her to keep her from tipping over.  
  
As I turned around, I could feel my face flush and I knew I was turning beet red from head to toe.  
  
"I . . . I was . . . I was just . . ."  
  
"Don't worry about it, you're not the first to check out our models and you won't be the last."  
  
As I regained my composure, I finally got a better look at the sales girl who had just scared the heck out of me. It was no wonder that I hadn't noticed her, she looked just like one of the mannequins. She was rather short (maybe 5'4" in heels), but she was beautiful, with a killer body. She was wearing a sexy little school girl outfit that left little to the imagination. The typical plaid pleated mini skirt rode quite low on her hips and couldn't have hung more than an inch or two below her pussy. I couldn't tell if she was wearing panties or not (though I suspected she had to be). She wore a tight white crop top that wasn't buttoned at all, just tied in the front, letting a little of her red bra peek out. Her top displayed what had to be the most incredible, pair of DDs had ever seen (normally, DDs would look ridiculous on such a small frame, but somehow they looked perfect on her). Completing her outfit was a pair of white laced bobby socks and black heels. With her hair up in pigtails, she looked like an innocent young girl, but her outfit let you know that she was anything but innocent.  
  
I loved her look and thought I knew exactly what I wanted to be for Halloween.  
  
"I'm sorry, but she looked so real that curiosity got the better of me and I had to see if she felt as real as she looked. I guess I just got a little carried away." I said, feeling my face get even hotter.  
  
"Like I said, don't worry about it. The whole reason we have such real looking models (we call them models rather than mannequins since they DO look so real) is to get the exact response out of our customers that we just got out of you." She said.  
  
"Where on earth do you get such real looking mannequins, I mean models?" I asked.  
  
"Actually, they aren't mannequins at all, they're sex dolls." She told me. "There's a company out of LA that makes them. I guess there were enough perverts out there who got tired of blow up dolls and started demanding real life sex dolls. They even weigh as much as a real person."  
  
"I had no idea that they even made dolls like these. They really do look quite realistic."  
  
"They don't look quite so real when we get them, but we have a couple of girls working here that can work magic with makeup. We give them a better quality wig, a few piercings and tattoos and wala!, life like models."  
  
"Something like this can't be cheap."  
  
"No, they do cost a pretty penny. But the owner (who's one of those perverts by the way) also owns Jake's Cabaret over on 1st Street. He makes enough off us girls that he can afford them. I feel like I've paid for half of them myself."  
  
"You're a stripper?!?" I asked, a little shocked.  
  
"A dancer, yes. All the girls who work here dance over at Jake's. He pays us pretty well to work here on the side because someone who's willing to wear pretty much everything in the store sells a lot more than someone who's embarrassed by what we sell."  
  
"Well that explains why you're so incredibly gorgeous, with a body to match."  
  
"Me? Thanks, that's awfully kind of you, but I'm a little on the short side. Now if I had your height, I'd be nearly perfect and wouldn't need to work here to supplement my income."  
  
"Don't say that, you ARE perfect! I'd love to have a body as spectacular as yours."  
  
Taking a step back from me, she slowly looked me over from head to toe, her gaze lingering on my legs.   
  
"From what I can see, you have nothing to be ashamed of yourself. And obviously, you're not afraid to show it either. Normally, I'd assume that you're a dancer too, but judging by the way you reacted when you found that I danced for a living, I'm guessing that you're not. At least you don't dance in clubs."  
  
"No, I don't dance. I just enjoy dressing a little provocatively to tease the guys some."  
  
"Well, dressed like that and with a body like yours, you must have the guys lined up behind you for miles when you walk down the street."  
  
"Yes, I do turn a few heads."  
  
"Hmmm, have you ever thought about dancing? If you like to tease, there's no better place to do it than on stage in front of a room full of guys."  
  
"I couldn't! It's one thing to give a quick flash to a few guys, but being naked in front of a bunch of guys is something that's waaay beyond anything I could ever do."  
  
"Just thought I'd ask, you never know if you'll like something until you try it."  
  
"Hey, you want to see how perverted the owner really is?" She asked with a wicked little grin. "Come back this way and check these out, I think you might like them."  
  
As I followed along behind her, I got a good look at her from the rear. What an incredible body she had! The way her pleated skirt fit her butt and swayed side to side had me mesmerized. I couldn't believe that I couldn't see either her panties or butt and I was dying to see what kind of panties she was wearing (if she was wearing any at all). Her skirt rode so low on her hips that I could see she had a tattoo of a heart and butterfly on her lower back. She also had another butterfly tattooed on the back of her neck. Even though she couldn't have been more than 5'4" (in heels), her legs looked a mile long. It must be because of how short her skirt was and the cute little bobby socks and heels. Her legs were so toned that they looked quite muscular. Her muscles flexed slightly with every step she took. She had to have been a gymnast at some point in her life. God I wanted her to bend over so I could see what kind of panties she was wearing!  
  
Looking back over her shoulder (and catching me obviously checking out her butt), she said, "My name is Candy by the way. Have you ever been in here before? I don't remember ever having seen you, but you might have been here when one of the other girls was working."  
  
"Hi Candy, I'm Samantha. And no, I've never been here before".  
  
"Well then, I think you're in for a little treat."  
  
As we rounded a rack of formal eveningwear, my eyes nearly popped out of my head as we practically ran into a guy in nothing but a leopard print thong. I quickly looked the other way, but when I realized he wasn't moving or saying anything I looked back at him. He must have stood 6'2" and looked like he spent four hours a day in the gym. Like all the other "models" in the store, he looked so real that I was actually getting a little embarrassed and turned on. He had dark brown hair and piercing blue eyes that seemed to be staring straight at me. As my eyes trailed down his perfect pecs and washboard stomach, they landed on his thong, actually not a thong so much as some sort of pouch. Judging by the size of the bulge he sported, he was quite the well endowed.  
  
"This is Richard. He's one of the more popular models with most of our customers." Candy said as she absently stroked his six-pack abs. "Come on over and check him out."  
  
As I approached Richard, Candy's hand dropped to his thong and gave it a little squeeze.  
  
"Can you guess why he's so popular with the ladies?"  
  
"Would you believe me if I said it was his eyes?" I replied.  
  
"Ha ha, you're pretty funny." Candy said as she started stroking Richard through his thong. "I don't think you've ever seen someone like Richard before."  
  
Just then, Candy pulled aside his thong to reveal the largest cock I've ever seen. It wasn't even fully erect and it had to be a good 10" long.  
  
Watching my reaction closely, Candy said, "I thought you might be impressed. Most women have never seen a 10" cock in person before."  
  
I couldn't take my eyes off it. Candy was right, I've never seen a cock like this before. It was so big, I doubted that many women could handle it."  
  
Catching myself as I started to reach out, I asked Candy "May I?"  
  
"Of course, help yourself, that's what he's here for."  
  
I gently wrapped my fingers around his cock and lifted it a little to feel its heft. It felt heavier than I expected it to, but then again, I've never touched a 10" cock before. It felt extremely firm, but not as hard as an erect cock can get. Without even realizing what I was doing, I started slowly stroking his cock.  
  
"Does he get hard? I mean harder?"  
  
"No, but believe me, he's as hard as you'd need for anything you might want."  
  
Realizing what I was doing to him, I quickly took my hand off his cock.  
  
"I had no idea they made anything like this. He's quite impressive."  
  
"Yeah, and they're quite functional too." Candy said and she tucked Richard's cock back into his thong. "Came back around here and check these out."  
  
Candy practically skipped as she disappeared around a corner near the back of the store (oh God, her skirt was starting to flip up, but I still couldn't see anything). As I followed her around the corner, my feet froze to the floor as I stood there with my mouth hanging open. There, in the furthest corner of the store were three sets of models engaged in various sexual acts.   
  
The couple closest to me were two women, one blond and one brunette, who were wearing nothing but a bra, a pair of stockings and heels. They were on a couch in the classic 69 position, eating each other's pussies. From where I was, I could see that the brunette (who was on her back) had a tongue piercing as she worked on the blonde's clit. It looked so real, I expected to hear them moaning in pleasure.  
  
Sitting on one arm of the sofa was a huge black man, and kneeling on the floor between his legs was a small blonde who had the majority of his cock in her mouth. He was looking up at the ceiling with a look of pure pleasure on his face while the blonde girl was playing with his balls. If his cock was the same size as Richard's, she had to have taken a good 7" down her throat. Once again, I expected to hear some gagging sounds from the girl, it all looked so real.  
  
The last scene was the one that held my attention. Here, a brunette wearing nothing but a studded leather dog collar and black fishnet stockings, was kneeling on a bed with another huge black man fucking her doggie style. While this was exciting enough on its own, what made it truly taboo (at least in my mind) was that there was a second man in bed with them, this one leaning back against the headboard, with the brunette sucking his cock. I had read about threesomes, but I have never participated in one and now here I was, feeling like a voyeur, watching these three in their wild ménage à trois.  
  
I knew that these weren't even real people, but I could feel myself getting turned on, as my panties got damp again.  
  
"Pretty damn hot, aren't they?" Candy asked.  
  
"Yeah, I feel like I'm at one of those sex shows they have over in Amsterdam."  
  
"You've been to Amsterdam?"  
  
"No, but I've read about what goes on there and live sex shows are one of the big draws (at least, after the pot bistros that is). This is what I imagine those shows to pretty much look like."  
  
"Yeah, Jake has different models in different positions every week. That way we keep our regulars coming back to see what's new each week. And if we're lucky, they pick up a little something every time they come in."  
  
"That's pretty clever, I might need to come back next week myself."  
  
"So what did you come in for today? Are you looking for anything specific?"  
  
"A friend and I are going to the opening of Lotus tonight and I'd like to get a . . . well, let's call it a special dress for tonight."  
  
"You've already told me that you like dressing provocatively and teasing a little. So I guess that my question is just how provocative do you want to be?" Candy asked with that little grin on her face again.  
  
"I have a few outfits that are rather skimpy and good for 'accidental' flashing, but I don't have anything that's blatantly revealing, something one might call slutty."  
  
"Ok, that's a good start. Now, if you're going to Lotus, I hear that it's on the upscale side, so you don't want to be too casual or 'clubby'. Of course, if you're wearing little enough, they'll let you in no matter what you're wearing. I'd suggest either a solid dark mini skirt or a mini dress. For Lotus I'd recommend a mini dress."  
  
"I do have to say, that the short dress in your front window did catch my eye."  
  
"Nice choice, that's a popular dress style with a lot of dancers, but I can't say that we've sold many of them to non-dancers. You must really be looking to drive the guys crazy."  
  
"Yeah, like I said, I've been looking to raise my teasing to a whole new level. And tonight I want to make the move from good girl to bad girl."  
  
"Well, that dress will do it for you. Come on over this way and let's see what we can find." Candy said as she headed out from what I now thought of as the "sex room" and back into the main store.  
  
"We should be able to find what you want here on this rack. Let's see here, we have several different styles in mini-dresses, are you looking for something mid-length?" She asked pulling out one dress. "Or something a little shorter?" She asked pulling a second dress off the rack.  
  
As she pulled the shorter dress out for me to see, it fell off the hanger and onto the floor.  
  
"Damn." She said as she reached down to pick it up.  
  
As she squatted down, I got my first look at what Candy was wearing under her skirt. She had white panties on, but from my angle, I couldn't tell if it was a thong or not. But as if she could read my mind, she spread her legs just enough so that I could see just a hint of her butt cheeks. I don't think it was a thong, but it was definitely something pretty small that left her butt at least partially exposed. Then without getting up, she looked up at me to catch me looking at her panties. Oh my God! Did she just do that on purpose? I think she did, but I'm not sure. Was she teasing me? I could feel my face turning red again.  
  
"Sorry about that, I don't think I hurt the dress." She said as she stood up smiling sweetly.  
  
I knew that I'd just been caught checking her out, but she didn't give anything away, as if nothing had happened. This girl really knew how to tease! Of course, she was a stripper, so why wouldn't she know how to tease.  
  
"Definitely the shorter one." I said reaching out to take it from her.  
  
As I held it up to my body, I could tell that between the shortness of the dress and my height, I'd be lucky if it covered my naughty bits. Perfect!  
  
"Mmmm, pretty daring. Ok, that length pretty much limits us to this half of the rack. What were you thinking for the top half of the dress? You could go with a traditional halter-top style, a strapless style like in the front window, or if you're feeling extra daring, you could go with a backless. Of course, if you go backless, you won't be able to wear a bra with it."  
  
"Show me what you have in backless dresses."  
  
"You do plan on being naughty, don't you? We have a couple styles of backless dresses, but I think I have the perfect one for you." She said as she started quickly flipping through the dresses.  
  
"Here we go." Candy said as she pulled a dress off the rack and gave me a sly little grin. "This dress just oozes sexuality." She said as she held it up to her body for me to see.  
  
"Oh My God!" I said when I saw what she was holding up. I couldn't see the back of it, but in front it had a neckline (if you could even call it a neckline) that had to go practically all the way down to her pussy! And the skirt part of the dress couldn't have been more that 12" long. "Are you kidding me?!? That dress is barely there."  
  
"Yeah, this would definitely get you noticed by everyone at the club. Between its being backless, the plunging neckline and mini dress, it won't be leaving much to the imagination. I'm not sure you'd be able to handle a dress like this, but if you could . . ."  
  
She was still holding it on display up against her body and I could tell that it would barely fit her. How would it ever fit me? I had to be a good 7" taller than Candy.  
  
"That's sure a sexy shade of red, what's it called?"  
  
"It's ruby red."  
  
"The color alone is going to attract everyone's attention." I said, as I took the dress from her, rising to her challenge.  
  
I held it up to my own body to see how it'd fit me. It seemed awfully short and revealing, but wasn't that what I was looking for? It couldn't hurt to try it on.  
  
"Where's your dressing room?" I asked, looking around.  
  
"Come on back this way." Candy said as she headed on back to the rear of the store again.  
  
As I followed her back, I couldn't keep from checking out her butt and wondering exactly what kind of panties she was wearing. If only I could find a way to get her to bend over and pick something up again.  
  
As we reached the back of the store, we came to a room that had mirrors on three sides. In the middle of the room were three brass stripper poles. Along the back wall was a small stage and on the left, pushed back against a wall were three oversized, well-cushioned loveseats.   
  
"What's all this?" I asked Candy.  
  
"Oh, we periodically offer a few classes. Pole dancing, stripping and lap dancing. A few of the girls thought it'd be a good way to drum up a little more business and Jake jumped at the idea. He's even hired a few of the girls who've come through here, but mostly we just get women who are either looking to spice up their marriages or because their boyfriends forced them to do it."  
  
"Sounds interesting." I said looking at the poles. "I've heard that pole dancing is a great workout."  
  
"It sure does keep your core strong." Candy said, running a hand over her tight abs.

Walking up to a wall of mirrors, Candy pushed on one of the mirrors and it popped open. "Here's one of our changing rooms." She said. I'll just wait for you out here.  
  
Pulling the door shut behind me, I was glad (I think) that there was no way anyone would be able to watch me changing this time. Hanging the dress on a hook, I took a deep breath and wondered if I really did have the courage to wear this in public. It looked so small, could it really keep me covered enough that I'd be the one deciding when to flash a little something? Or would I be on continuous display? There was only one way to find out.  
  
As I pulled my top over my head, I paused to check out my own tits. They weren't nearly as big as Candy's, but they were all mine. And I loved the way my full Cs looked (and felt). Most women thought that I'd had my breasts done, but I hadn't. They were just naturally full, firm and perky, with perfect nipples that pointed slightly upward. My mom always said that it was the hormones in milk that made all the girls of my generation look 18 when they were only 12. Maybe she was right, because something sure helped me out in that department. Shaking my tits side to side a little, I pinched my nipples and they immediately perked right up.  
  
Slipping my thumbs into my skirt, I slowly slid it down over my hips and let it drop to the floor. I stood there admiring myself in the mirror, loving the way I looked in a thong. It was hard to believe that until a month ago, I didn't wear thongs. Now, I don't wear anything but. I loved the way they were cut so thin in front that there was barely enough material to cover my pussy. Turning around, I checked out my butt, where the thong disappeared between my butt cheeks making it look like I was nearly naked from the back.  
  
Stepping out of the skirt on the floor, I kept my back to the mirror and spread my legs about two feet apart. Making sure to keep my legs straight, I bent over to pick up my skirt. This was my favorite position for teasing (though I usually do it with a skirt on). The way my butt cheeks spread when I bent over even turns me on sometimes. The back of my thong was nothing more than a tiny strip of lace and when my but cheeks were spread like this, you could almost see the little pucker of my butt hole on either side of it, you could even see the front of my panties in this position.  
  
Twice this past month, I had pulled this maneuver off without wearing a thong. The first time was for a pizza delivery guy, when I bent over to get my wallet out of my purse, making sure that he got a full view of my butt and pussy. The second time was in the library, when I "had" to get a book off the bottom shelf while there was a guy sitting less than six feet away in one of the chairs, trying to do some reading.  
  
Just thinking about these two adventures was getting me turned on again. I rubbed a finger over my thong-covered pussy and immediately my clit snapped to attention. Suddenly my earlier bus ride all came back to me and I was extremely horny all over again. My pussy was instantly wet as I slid my fingers under my thong and starting working on my clit. The urgency of needing to cum was back in full force again as I closed my eyes, remembering the guy on the bus who fingered my clit while biting my nipple, bringing oh so close to an orgasm.  
  
I alternated between sliding my fingers up and down my pussy lips and rubbing my clit as I got closer and closer to cumming. God I needed a hard orgasm! I felt like I'd been pent up for hours. I was getting close as I could feel what I now thought of as pre-shocks that were leading up to the main event. As I roughly grabbed a tit and pinched the nipple between my forefinger and thumb, I could feel what felt like electric shocks running directly between my pussy and nipple. I was so close now.  
  
As my eyes slid open a crack, I saw the mini-dress hanging on the wall. Oh God! I wanted to cum, but the thought of trying on this tiny, sexy dress when I was so close to an explosive orgasm was such a turn on too. Fighting every urge I had, I pulled my fingers from my panties and just stood there breathing hard for a few minutes.  
  
When I got myself back under control, I took the dress off the hook it was hanging on and removed it from its hanger. It was so small and lightweight in my hand, that it almost felt like it wasn't there. Could I really wear this out in public? Well, I'd better see if I could wear it here in private before wearing it out in public.  
  
Stepping into the dress, I slowly pulled it up, letting the front drape over my tits as I clasped it at the back of my neck.  
  
As I looked at myself in the mirror, the first thing I noticed was how much cleavage I had showing. The way it was cut in front, showed off my full Cs to maximum effect as the inside half of my tits were totally exposed. The front of the dress plunged so low that even my belly button was on display. My thong was showing below the hemline of the dress, so I pull it back down a little. This exposed another inch below my belly button and pulled the top even tighter across my tits, letting my hard nipples show through the thin fabric.  
  
WOW!!! Between showing off a mile of leg, my thong only an inch from being exposed and all this cleavage on display, I had to say that I was looking hot! This dress did leave very little to the imagination (and I have quite the vivid imagination). Turning to the side, I saw that I was even showing a little side cleavage as well. Not nearly as much as was showing in front, but there it was for the world to see. As I turned a little more to the side and lifted my arms over my head, I could see clear through my dress, under my tits, where they pushed the dress away from my body. Thinking that this could be a problem, I bent forward at the waist to see if my tits popped out. They didn't, but I did manage to show even more side cleavage. This could be fun.  
  
But when I turned around to see how it looked from the back, my heart sank.   
  
The dress scooped so low in back, that showed off the top of my thong. I could see the top of it sitting up about 2" above the dress. I tried pushing my thong down, but it kept on popping back up into view. Then I tried pulling my dress up, but that just exposed my butt. Plus, the dress wouldn't stay up, it was meant to ride low. I loved the way that the dress hugged my butt, accentuating my every curve to perfection, but I couldn't take my eyes off my exposed thong. Did I have to wear this dress without any underwear? I might be able to do that in a private setting for a single guy or two, but there was no way I could wear this in a public spot without panties. Hmmm, maybe Candy had some ideas.  
  
Turning back around to see how I looked from the front, I got excited again. I really wanted to make this dress work. I loved the way it made me look. Especially my tits and legs. As I checked out my legs, I decided that I definitely didn't like the way my sandals looked with the dress. As I bent down to undo the buckle, I turned a little to see what kind of show I'd be putting on. Squatting down like this wasn't too overly provocative. I could see my butt hanging out as my dress pulled up a little, but there was no sign of my thong as it was pulled tightly between my butt cheeks. It made me look naked, but not in a good way.  
  
I stood back up, pulled the dress down and then bent over from my waist, keeping my legs perfectly straight. Now as I unbuckled the other sandal, my dress still pulled up, and my butt was still on display, but this time, I could see my thong covered pussy as well as my thong running up between my butt cheeks. This was a much more provocative pose.  
  
Kicking off my sandals, it was time to go out and see what Candy thought.  
  
I slowly crept out of the dressing room, looking to see if Candy was still there. I suddenly froze where I was. Candy was on one of the brass stripper poles, doing a slow twirl with her legs spread out in a near perfect split. I stood watching quietly, not wanting to disturb her (actually, I didn't want her to stop as I was getting a great upskirt view every time she spun around the pole). She had no idea I was there watching as I was mesmerized by her panties and how they had pulled up between her butt cheeks. She had such an incredible body that I could just imagine her up on stage, in front of hundreds of screaming guys, all wanting to get a glimpse of her pussy (hell, I wanted a glimpse of her pussy).  
  
I was so enthralled by her routine that I hadn't even noticed that I'd started rubbing my clit through my thong. As soon as the first pre-shock hit me, I realized what I was doing and quickly pulled my hand away. I still couldn't take my eyes off Candy as her slow spin brought her down to the floor, where she ended up in perfect splits with her arms in the air.   
  
After a second in that pose, she looked straight at me.  
  
Getting quickly up, she said. "Sorry, I was just practicing one of my routines while I waited for you to change. I didn't see you come out, were you waiting long."  
  
"No, I just finished and was admiring your work. You're really good."  
  
"Thanks, it's taken me a couple of years to get to this point. I finally feel comfortable doing a few of the more difficult routines."  
  
"Now let's see what we have." Candy said as she walked over to me.  
  
"WOW!!! That is SO sexy on you." She said, as she got closer to me.  
  
I could see that she couldn't take her eyes off my tits. It made me feel uncomfortable and excited at the same time.  
  
"And it shows off your cleavage to perfection! Your tits are magnificent, who did them for you?"  
  
"Thanks, but no one did them, they're all mine."  
  
"NO WAY!!! There's no way that real tits are that perfect." She said in utter disbelief.  
  
"I know that this might be a little forward, but do you think I could feel them quick? I've never seen such perfect natural tits before. I'm curious to see if they feel as good as they look."   
  
Feeling quite awkward and not knowing how to respond, all I could manage to get out was "Ah, sure."  
  
I wasn't able to look Candy in the eye as I just stood there and raised my arms to shoulder height.  
  
Candy took a step closer as she took one tit in each of her hands. She squeezed and rubbed them, even rubbing her thumbs over my nipples as she continued to massage them for what felt like five minutes (but in reality couldn't have been more than 10 seconds).  
  
"They're incredible!" She said as she finally let go of them. "They're as firm as implants, but definitely softer to the touch. You're so lucky, I wish I had boobs like yours."  
  
Feeling my face turn bright red, I said. "Thanks, but yours put mine to shame."  
  
"Nah, mine are way too big for my frame. Now don't get me wrong, the guys love my boobs and they've made me a lot of money, but yours have just the perfect size, shape and feel."  
  
"Well, since they're all I've got, they're going to have to do."  
  
"Turn around for me, I want to see how it fits."  
  
"Ah, there is one little problem." I said, feeling a little embarrassed as I turned around. "The dress is cut so low in back, that my thong shows. I tried pushing it down, but it keeps creeping back up."  
  
"Let me see." Candy said as she leaned in for a closer look. "Yeah, that does kind of ruin the whole backless look, doesn't it?"  
  
Making me feel even more uncomfortable, Candy tried pushing my thong down my butt crack herself.   
  
"This style is a T-back and I don't think that there's any way to keep it down out of view. Let me think for a second." She said as she looked absently around the store.  
  
"I can only think of two ways to solve this problem. The first is if you go pantyless, but I don't think I'd recommend that with this dress unless you want to show everyone your privates every time you sit down, stand up or bend over. But then again, maybe that's exactly what you're looking to do. The other option is a Y-back thong. Do you have a Y-back thong?"  
  
"I've never heard of a Y-back thong." I told her. "What is it?"  
  
"It's popular with the younger crowd these days as more and more girls started wearing low-rise pants and skirts. It's basically a normal thong, but instead of the back coming all the way up to the top of your butt, it ends a few inches lower (while it's still between your cheeks) and then splits out in a Y, much lower over your butt. I think that it'd be perfect with this dress. Do you want to see one?"  
  
"Well, I don't think that I'm quite ready to go pantyless in a crowd yet, so let's see what a Y-back thong can do."  
  
"They're back this way, follow me." She said walking back towards the "sex room".  
  
"Ok, here's all our thongs, let's see what we can find." She said as she started flipping through a bunch of thongs on the wall. "Hmmm, we don't sell a lot of these, so I'm not sure what we have in stock right now." She said continuing to search.  
  
Candy couldn't seem to find anything, but then she started looking a little lower on the wall. And to my surprise, as she moved lower, she was bending over at the waist rather than squatting down. Candy was giving me a little of my own medicine as her skirt rode up, giving a great view of her perfect butt. While she wasn't wearing a thong, her panties were those boy shorts style that left half her butt exposed. And her upper thighs and butt were so muscular, that her panties had those little gaps on her inner thighs where you could almost see under her panties to her pussy.  
  
God Candy was hot! And she was getting me hot as well as I could feel my pussy getting wet again.   
  
While I did a little experimenting in college with a few other girls, I'm definitely not a lesbian. However, I can appreciate a beautiful woman or a hot body, and this was one hot body on display right before my eyes. Right now, all I wanted to do is walk up and touch Candy's legs, letting my fingers run up the insides of her thighs and caress her butt. Maybe even slide a finger into that gap between her upper inner thigh and her panties. But all I could do was touch my own clit, brining my horniness to a blaze. Rubbing myself gently so I wouldn't cum right here and now, I was feeling oh so good.  
  
"If we have them, they should be right here." Candy said as she looked over her shoulder at me, catching me staring at her butt again while rubbing my clit.  
  
Once again, she didn't let on that I'd been caught checking her out or touching myself. What was she up to? I would have thought that she would have acknowledged my blatant voyeurism one way or another. But she didn't, she just went back to looking through thongs.  
  
"Here we go." She said, pulling three pairs off the wall and straightening back up. Turning back to me, she said. "We have three choices: black, red or white."  
  
Taking the panties from her, I was shocked as I held them up to the light. The little triangle of fabric in front was so small, that I wasn't even sure that it'd cover my pussy. And to make matters worse, they were so sheer that they were nearly transparent. What held this little piece of material together were little more than strings, literally, just strings. These would leave little to nothing to the imagination.  
  
"Yeah I know, they're quite small, but you have to remember that these were made for dancers and a dancer's job is to get her clientele aroused. Of course, it sounds like your job tonight is to arouse a few people too. And besides, it's still more coverage than going pantyless."  
  
"That's true, but these panties, combined with this dress, might just be a little too much (or should I say, a little too little)." I said with a nervous laugh.  
  
"Well, the only way to find out is to try them on and see what you think. Do you have a color preference? Personally, if I'm trying to flash my panties, I don't usually go with the same color as the skirt I'm wearing, as they're harder to see. White would be a great contrast (and easy to see) with the red dress, but with your dark hair and a pair of black heels, I'd go with the black ones."  
  
"Ok, black it is then." I said handing the other two back.  
  
"I'll be back in a second." I said, heading back to the dressing room.  
  
Back in the dressing room, I reached under my dress and pulled down my panties. Checking out the new thong again, I saw that I could see my own reflection in the mirror right through the material. This was going to be interesting.  
  
Stepping into the thong, I slowly slid it up my legs, noticing again how long my legs were. I'd always been self-conscious about my height, but now that I'd started dressing more provocatively, I loved having long legs (and the guys seemed to like them too).  
  
Pulling the thong into place, I held up my dress to get a good look. The first thing I noticed was how low it rode on my hips. All my other thongs rode high on my hips, making my legs look even longer, so this one felt a little different.   
  
Then I noticed my pussy. And it was that fact that I could notice it at all is what got my attention. It was a good thing that I'd started completely shaving myself, because this wouldn't have covered a single hair. The material was so thin and sheer that I could see my pussy right through it. It was like wearing a pair or sunglasses, it didn't block the view, just shaded it a bit.   
  
My pussy lips were bulging right through the material too. I ran a finger between my lips and it felt like there was nothing there. My clit was erect again, just thinking about whether I could wear these or not. I gave my clit a good tweak and pulled my hand away.  
  
I turned around to check out the view from behind. I could see why this thong was perfect for this dress. The back of the thong came out from between my cheeks only half way up my butt to ride low on the hip. With a low riding skirt or pants, you'd think that I was going pantyless. But I guess that that's the whole point to these.  
  
Noticing how small the stings were, I bent over to see what kind of coverage I got down under. As was no surprise by now, there was nothing left to the imagination here either. The string running up my butt was so thin that it did nothing to cover the little pucker of my butt hole. I might as well be wearing nothing at all, but somehow, these felt even naughtier than wearing nothing.  
  
Turning back around, I took one more look at myself. These just weren't as comfortable as my other thongs, probably just because they were cut a little differently to ride lower on the hip. I tried pulling them a little higher over my hips, but there just wasn't enough there to get them over my hips. Plus, when I tried pulling them up, it pulled the material in front right up in between my pussy lips. Pulling the thong back out of my pussy, I realized just how careful I was going to need to be wearing this.   
  
If I wanted to make that move from innocent flasher to being an outright naughty girl, this was what I needed, even if it was a little scary.  
  
Letting the dress fall back into position, I checked out the entire package.  
  
I had to admit that I was looking incredibly sexy.   
  
In front, the deep plunging neckline showed a massive amount of cleavage as both the middle and sides of my tits were on display. Doing a little shimmy, I was surprised that my tits didn't pop right out of the dress. I liked that the dress dipped low enough that it showed my belly button too. Maybe I need to get it pierced, this dress would frame a piercing perfectly.  
  
Turning around, I saw that this thong was the answer to my problem. There was no sign of panty at all. With the way this dress was scooped so low in back, I could see nearly 2" of the top of my butt. With the way my hair fell down my back, covering up the clasp at the back of my neck, if you saw me from behind you'd think I was going completely topless (not to mention pantyless).  
  
I loved the way this fit my butt. Very form fitting without being overly tight. This was so short, that the bottoms of my butt cheeks were only an inch or two away from complete exposure. If I took any stairs tonight, anyone behind me was going to get a show. I bent forward slightly to see how the dress would stay in place and it did pretty good. It did ride up a little, but I still had full coverage. Bending forward a little more, I discovered that I'd need to practically touch my toes before it rode up high enough to put my butt and barely there thong on display. Perfect!

Coming back out of the dressing room, Candy was waiting for me in one of the overstuffed chairs. As she stood up, she gave me another flash of her panties. I think she was enjoying trying to get a rise out of me (and it was working). Now she had me wondering what it'd be like to touch the insides of her thighs and butt, I bet she's both hard and soft at the same time.  
  
"That is HOT!!!" She said, walking over to check me out. "Turn around so I can see if we've fixed our little problem".  
  
Turning for her, I made sure that I stuck my butt out a little more than usual. "Perfect! With the top of your bootie visible like that, it looks like you're not even wearing panties. You're going to be the center of attention tonight. Too bad I'm working or I'd head on over to Lotus myself."  
  
"Come on over to the mirror and check let's you out." Candy said, walking me over to one of the walls of mirrors.  
  
Standing behind and a little off to the side of me, she just stood there, not saying a word while she looked me over from head to toe.  
  
"This dress was made for you." She finally said. "But I think that with it being backless like this, you should put your hair up to really emphasize your bare back. Can you hold your hair up for me?"  
  
Taking my mid-back length hair in my hands, I gathered it up and held it up at back of my head. As I lifted my arms up, I noticed that my tits slightly rose with them, making my cleavage even more noticeable (if that was possible).  
  
"I love the way the front plunges so deeply that it nicely shows off your belly button." Candy said as she reached over and using the tip of one fingernail outlined a circle around my belly button.  
  
I flinched just a little as I wasn't expecting her touch, but Candy didn't seem to notice as she continued playing with my belly button.  
  
"And your boobs are incredible." She continued as her nails teasingly moved up from my belly button to lightly caress the insides of my tits. She didn't squeeze them this time, just a light tickle with her nails.  
  
A shiver ran through my body at her light touch. And my nipples were getting hard as I could clearly see them trying to push their way through my dress. I'm sure Candy saw it too.   
  
Stepping completely behind me, her hands moved to my sides. I could feel her long nails now caressing the cleavage exposed at the sides of my dress. Her light touch was starting to drive me crazy as I felt myself getting more aroused. She lightly raked her nails up along my cleavage and then continued up to lightly tickle my under arms. It tickled and I started to lower my arms reflexively with a little giggle.  
  
"Uh uh, keep your hair up." She said, gently pushing my arms back up.   
  
Candy let her hands drift back down my sides, where she lightly ran her nails along the outsides of my tits one more time.  
  
"I find side cleavage extremely sexy, way more exciting than the more traditional cleavage. There's no way to fake side cleavage like this with a push-up bra, this is all you and it's spectacular."  
  
The light caresses and near tickling felt so good, I just closed my eyes to let it soak in for a minute.  
  
"Turn around for me so we can see how it looks from the back." Candy said as she put a hand on my shoulder, gently turning me around. "And keep your hair up, I think this is the look you want to go for."  
  
"Look at that back, from this angle it looks like you're going topless." She said, letting her nails trail along my spine. "This is such a hot look."  
  
As she reached the base of my spine, she traced the line of my dress with that same light tickling touch.  
  
"I love the way the back of the dress swoops so low that it shows off the top of your tight, sexy bootie." She said as she caressed the top of my butt with her nails.  
  
Candy's hand drifted down to my butt, giving it a gentle almost not there caress.  
  
"Mmmm, this dress fits your bootie like a glove." She said. "Now bend forward just a little and let's see if it rides up on you."  
  
Bending forward slowly, I reached down to touch my toes.  
  
"It does ride up a little, but if everyone around you is standing, they won't see a thing. But if you're elevated or someone's below you, they'll get quite an eyeful."  
  
"But even if no one sees your bootie, your legs will drive them crazy." She said as she lightly ran her nails up my legs from the backs of my knees to the bottom of my butt.  
  
Her last touch ended within an inch of my pussy and it just about sent me over the edge. My pussy was aflame and my wet panties were no help in putting out the fire. Oh God! I needed to cum! I was so close now, that one touch on my clit is all it would take.  
  
"Your legs are perfect, but with the right shoes I think that we can move you beyond perfection."  
  
"Really? I like the sound of that. How about stockings? I love wearing stockings with a short skirt."  
  
"I love stockings too, but I don't think they'd be quite right with this dress. I think bare legs with some sexy heels would be perfect."  
  
"Let's see, size 9?" She asked looking down at my feet.  
  
"9 ½."  
  
"Ok, let's see if we can find a pair of black heels for you."  
  
There was a buzzing sound coming from somewhere in the back of the store.  
  
"Damn, I've got another customer. Wait here while I help them quick, I'll be back in just a few minutes."  
  
As Candy headed for the front, I trailed along to watch, being careful to stay behind a rack of lingerie.  
  
"Hi Randy." Candy said as she walked up to her new customer.  
  
Obviously, she knew him, but he sure didn't look like someone who'd be shopping here. He had to be in his 50s and far from attractive. He wasn't tall, had quite the gut on him and looked like he worked in a doughnut shop.  
  
"Shopping for your wife again today?"  
  
"Yeah, I thought she'd like some nice under things."  
  
"Hmmm, let me guess, she's looking for something small and naughty. Come on back this way and let's see what we can find."  
  
They walked straight my way. So as to appear not to have been spying on them, I started flipping through the rack.  
  
"Oh, hi there." Randy said. "I didn't see you back here, are you new? I don't think I've seen you before."  
  
"No, I don't work here. I'm just doing a little shopping."  
  
He looked me over from head to toe and I could tell from the look in his eye that he liked what he saw."  
  
"Well, if you're thinking about getting that dress you're wearing, I say to go for it, it's perfect for you."  
  
"Thanks. Candy was just helping me try on a few things, but I think I'm leaning toward this one. You really like it?"   
  
I held my hair up again as I tried to push my tits out to give him a better look. I slowly turned around to give him a rear view, making sure to stick my butt out and shake it a little while I paused to let him get a good look.   
  
"Good God! There's hardly anything to that dress." He said in a near gasp. "You can't even wear panties with it. Can you?"  
  
"What do you think?" I teased.  
  
"I don't think it's possible with a dress that small."  
  
"That would be naughty." I said as I turned back around and gave my tits a shimmy. "So do you still think this dress is right for me?"  
  
"Oh yes. It's perfect."  
  
"Ok Randy, get your tongue off the floor and let's see if we can find something for your wife." Candy said. "I'll be back as soon as I can." She said to me.  
  
"Now what exactly is Elaina looking for this time? Candy asked him, turning back to the rack of lingerie.  
  
"I think something shear."  
  
"How about this?" Candy asked, holding a small see through teddy up to her body.  
  
"Mmmm, I think that one would be perfect. Do you mind trying it on for me? I'd like to see how it'd fit on her."  
  
"Of course. Just go have a seat and I'll be back in a minute."  
  
Candy headed back to the dressing rooms, while Randy stayed and continued flipping through the racks.  
  
"Do you shop here often?" He asked me.  
  
"No, this is my first time here. I just needed a dress for a new club me and a few friends are going to tonight."  
  
"You mean you're planning on going out in public wearing that dress?"  
  
"Yes. Why? Is there something wrong with it?"  
  
"No, nothing's wrong. It's just awfully skimpy for wearing out, I think it's more for a private party (if you know what I mean)."  
  
"Hmmm, I'm not sure I do. But I do know that I'm tired of dressing too conservatively and having no one notice me."  
  
"I'm sure you've never gone unnoticed before. But with this dress, EVERYONE will notice you."  
  
"Well good, that's just what I want."  
  
"Then that's the perfect dress for you. I need to get going, it was nice meeting you."  
  
"You too Randy." I said as he headed back to the mirrored room.  
  
Trying to be inconspicuous, I followed him to see what they were up to. It seemed as if they'd done this before.  
  
Randy took a seat in one of the overstuffed chairs as he took off his glasses to clean them.  
  
One of the mirrored walls opened and out walked sex on heels.   
  
Candy was wearing the teddy that she picked out for Randy and it was hot. To call it shear was an understatement as it was completely see through. It did absolutely nothing to hide her perfect DDs or her neatly trimmed pussy.   
  
She walked right over to Randy and did a pirouette right in front of him.  
  
"Do you think she'd like it?" Candy asked him.  
  
"I think she would. Can you come a little closer so I can check the fit?"  
  
Candy took a few steps closer to stand between his spread legs.  
  
"How's it look?" She asked as she put her hands on the back or the chair, behind his head (much like I did to the guy on the bus). "I think it fits pretty well."  
  
She swayed her tits back and forth, right in his face. Then she lifted a knee and started rubbing it against his crotch. She bent her head down by his ear and I was pretty sure she was whispering something in is ear.  
  
Randy took his hands off the armrests and grabbed Candy's butt! And she didn't stop him! She actually got closer as she rubbed her tits on his face and down his chest.  
  
Oh My God! She was giving him a lap dance!  
  
She turned around so she could sit on his lap, grinding away on him. Randy's hands came around and grabbed her tits. She rolled her head back and I could hear her starting to moan. Randy's hands continued to roam all over her body as she ground away on his lap.  
  
Finally, Randy's hands found Candy's pussy and she moaned even louder. I could see that he was rubbing her pussy, but it didn't look like he inserted any fingers.  
  
How could she do this? Letting this guy feel her up like this. But who was I to be so judgmental. She probably did this all the time when she danced at Jake's. Besides, not an hour ago, I was doing practically the same thing to a complete stranger on a crowded bus.  
  
Just thinking about my bus ride, got me instantly aroused. My hand moved from the rack to my tits. I ran one hand under my dress and pinched my nipple, getting it instantly hard. With my other hand, I started rubbing my pussy, oddly in rhythm with Randy's rubbing of Candy's pussy.  
  
Oh God I wanted to cum! But at the same time, I didn't want to yet. I had a little more teasing in mind for today and I wanted to be extremely horny while doing it. So I slowed down on my pussy, but continued massaging and pinching my tits.  
  
Candy and Randy kept going for another ten minutes or so before Candy finally got off his lap, turned around, and slid to her knees on the floor between Randy's legs. Her head went to his crotch and I could see her moving it around. I didn't see his pants come down, so I don't think she was sucking him off, but she was sure showing him a good time.  
  
After about twenty seconds of this, Candy stood back up.  
  
"So, do you think she'll like it?"  
  
"Definitely, do you want to wrap it up for me?"  
  
"Sure, give me a couple of minutes and I'll be right back." She said as she headed back to her dressing room.  
  
This was it. I had a small window of opportunity and I needed to move quickly.  
  
Reaching up under my dress, I quickly removed my panties and palmed them in my hand.  
  
Straightening out my dress, I walked up to Randy and stopped right in front of him.  
  
"Sorry if I'm interrupting anything, I just need to grab something quick." I said as I dropped my panties on the floor behind me and pulled my dress up a few inches.  
  
"Lose something?" He asked.  
  
Looking around me, I spotted my panties on the floor.  
  
"Oh, there they are." I said as I turned around, pointing at my panties. "I thought I left them over here somewhere."  
  
With my back to Randy, I spread my feet a good 2' and slowly bent over at the waist, making sure to keep my legs straight. I grabbed my panties, but stayed in this position for a while. I wanted to see what Randy would do.  
  
Bent over like this, I knew that Randy could see my shaved pussy as clear as day. And with my legs spread this far apart, I knew my pussy lips were open and he could practically see right up inside me. I was so aroused right now, I knew my pussy was soaking wet while my clit was fully erect. Randy had to see how wet and ready my pussy was, didn't he?  
  
Still bent over, with both my hands flat on the floor, I tightened up my leg muscles and clenched my butt cheeks. I was toned enough from all my running that I knew that my legs looked great when I flexed them. And when I clenched my butt muscles, it actually separated my butt cheeks, exposing my little butt hole for maximum effect.  
  
Looking through my legs at Randy, I could see his eyes were locked on my pussy (or were they on my butt?). He was rubbing his cock through his pants as fast as he could.  
  
After 30 seconds in this position, I finally straightened up and turned around.  
  
"I don't want to forget these." I said, showing my panties to Randy (who had quickly pulled his hand away from his crotch as soon as I turned around). "With a dress like this, I need them, or I might accidently end up showing everyone more than I intended."  
  
"I hope your wife enjoys her purchase." I said as I walked back into the main part of the store.  
  
Randy just sat there speechless, watching my butt as I walked away.  
  
I practically ran back to one of the racks. I was so hot that I needed to cum and cum now. I've been so close ever since my bus ride that I couldn't wait any longer.  
  
"Ok, let's go get you checked out." I heard Candy say.  
  
Oh, crap. I couldn't cum with Candy and Randy on their way up. I was going to have to hold off just a little longer. My whole body was buzzing with anticipation of the explosive orgasm I knew was coming.  
  
I watched them as they went up to the register and Randy bought his lingerie. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but just before he left, I saw Randy stuff some money in the tip jar next to the register.  
  
Once Randy was gone, Candy came back and found me flipping through a rack of swimsuits.  
  
"Sorry about that. Randy's kind of a regular and I couldn't turn him away."  
  
"That was quite the show you gave him."  
  
"Yeah, about once a month, he comes in and I do a little lingerie show and lap dance for him. He pretends that he has a wife that he's buying it for and has me try it on for him. I give him a half hour show and he gives me a $250 tip."  
  
"$250 for that? Really? That's some pretty good money. No wonder you work here on the side."  
  
"Yeah, it has it perks."  
  
"Now where were we? Oh yeah, shoes."  
  
She walked back a few rows and came to a whole wall of shoes.  
  
"Let's see, black 6" heels in 9 ½."  
  
"6"?!? That's awfully high. That'd make me close to 6"4". I'm not sure that I want to be quite that tall."  
  
"Believe me, the Victoria's Secret models you see all wear 6" heels and most of them are taller than you. They all look pretty good, don't you think?"  
  
"Yes, but they're ultra sexy models."  
  
"Believe me, you're ultra sexy yourself. Just try some on and let's see what you think."  
  
"Here's a pair that should work. I like the way these straps wrap around your ankles. Come on over here and let's try them on." She said, leading me to a chair next to the wall of shoes.  
  
Oh No. I couldn't try on any shoes here, I don't have my panties on. There's no way I can sit down to try these shoes on now, especially with Candy helping me.  
  
"Let me have them and I'll go try them on in the dressing room."  
  
"Don't be silly, just sit down and I'll put them on for you. With all these straps, you're going to need a little help."  
  
"No, it's ok, I'll be fine."  
  
"Come on, just have a seat and let me help. Helping customers is my job."  
  
Candy just wouldn't relent and I didn't see any way out. I like to tease, so I guess that this is just going to be the mother of all teases. Actually, more of a show than a tease. Here goes nothing.  
  
Walking over to the chair, I sat down and quickly crossed my legs.  
  
Candy reached under my chair and brought out a short little stool, placing it right in front of me.  
  
Ugg, this was going to push me to my limits.  
  
Setting the shoes down next to the stool, Candy sat down with her legs spread wide open. Her skirt was so short that it did nothing to hide her panties, which were pulled up pretty tight because she had a nice little camel toe showing.  
  
Candy looked so sexy sitting like that. She had such a way of looking naughty and innocent at the same time, so the naughty schoolgirl outfit was perfect for her.  
  
I've been so close to cumming all day, that seeing Candy practically spread-eagled right in front of me was getting me so excited. I could feel my nipples hardening and my pussy getting damp again. How was I going to keep from showing Candy just how excited I was over the next couple of minutes?  
  
"Give me a foot." She said as she reached out and took my foot.  
  
Trying to let her have my foot without uncrossing my legs, I held it out to her, but once she had it, she pulled it to herself and set it on her thigh. Trying to keep my legs together in this position was getting rather awkward and uncomfortable.  
  
Deciding that Candy was going to see everything sooner or later, I took a deep breath, tried to relax and opened my legs.  
  
I saw Candy pause for just the briefest of instances, but she slid my foot into the shoe without saying a word. Did she spread her legs a little wider herself? I wasn't sure, maybe she did, but maybe she just needed to reposition herself a little to get a better angle at my foot.  
  
"Getting these straps right can be a little tricky, so watch how I do it." She said as she wrapped them twice around my ankle and buckled it in front. "There, nothing to it once you know what you're doing."  
  
She had to have noticed me. My legs were spread and my pussy in full view only 15" in front of her. But she was totally ignoring me. Maybe this was part of her game. What more could I possibly do get some reaction out of her. Looking down at Candy's camel toe, I noticed that her panties were pulled even tighter and were actually starting to creep between her pussy lips. Oh God, she was so sexy and it was driving me crazy!  
  
What would she do if I started touching myself? There's no way she could ignore me if I started masturbating right in front of her, could she? Just the thought of touching myself in front of Candy got me so aroused that I could feel the butterflies in my stomach starting and my pussy was tightening. I couldn't tell for sure, but it sure felt like my pussy was wet and my clit was erect.  
  
God! Should I? Could I? I wanted to, but what if I scared her away with my brashness? I had to cum soon. I feel like I've been on the edge of exploding ever since my bus ride and that had to be well over an hour ago. I couldn't hold out much longer.  
  
Ok, I'm doing it. What can she do? If she's really a stripper, I'm sure she's seen other girls play with themselves before. Maybe I'll turn her on as much as I'm turned on right now. Here goes nothing.   
  
Taking a deep breath . . .   
  
"Mmmm, you are a naughty girl, aren't you?" Candy said, looking me right in the eye. "What happened to your panties that we spent so much time finding?"

"I . . . Well . . . I wanted to see how it felt and looked if I went without panties." I said as I showed her the panties in my hand. "While you were helping Randy, I was seeing how I liked going pantyless."  
  
"And?"  
  
"And, what?"  
  
"Did you like being pantyless?"  
  
"I don't think I'm quite ready for it yet. It made me feel a little too exposed and vulnerable. Like I had no control over what was happening."  
  
"Mmmm, too bad, you have a beautiful pussy."  
  
"Thank you." I said, feeling a little nervous and excited.  
  
"So why are you still pantyless? Did you WANT me to see your pussy?"  
  
"I didn't plan to have it happen. It's just that you finished with Randy so fast that I didn't get a chance to put them back on. Then I forgot about my trying some shoes on and I certainly didn't expect for you to be putting them on for me like this. I was trying to get you to let me put them on myself in the dressing room, but you were having none of that. So here I am, feeling quite embarrassed."  
  
"Samantha, you have absolutely nothing to feel embarrassed about. Your pussy is perfect." She said as she looked down at my pussy for a few seconds before looking back at me. "I'm glad you didn't have time to put your panties back on."  
  
"Now let's get that other shoe on so we can see how you look."  
  
She took my foot and placed it on the floor quite a bit further out than she needed to, spreading my legs even more. Then she took my other foot and picked it up, holding it up at her chest level.  
  
"You have sexy feet too." She said as she started rubbing them. "As a matter of fact, everything about you is sexy."  
  
She then started sucking on my toes. Oh God was this ever turning me on. I just had to touch myself and I think that she just gave me the green light to do it. Looking down at her pussy again, I could see that she was rubbing herself. Looking back at her, she was looking me in the eye as she was running her tongue around and between my toes. I felt like I was going to cum right then and there, without even touching myself.   
  
She then held my foot out far to the side, completely spreading my legs and opening my pussy lips as she reached down to pick up the other shoe.  
  
She didn't waste any time getting this shoe on.  
  
She placed this foot down on the floor pretty far off to the side as well. My feet were a good three feet apart and she was looking at me with a lustful, almost pleading look in her eye.  
  
"You have the best legs I've ever seen." She said as she ran her nails lightly down my shins and up my calves. "Just look at your calves, they're incredibly shaped and you're not even standing up." She was running her nails up and down my claves.  
  
"And your thighs are perfectly toned. Not too muscular and not too soft." She said as she let her nail run up and down my thighs, her hand coming just inches from my pussy.  
  
"I can tell you run a lot. You hamstrings have that nice tight look and feel." Now she was tickling the backs of my legs with her nails, and it was sending waves of pleasure straight to my pussy. I wasn't sure how I wasn't cumming already.  
  
Then she just about sent me over the edge when she started kissing the inside of my knee.  
  
She had her eyes locked on mine as her kisses moved from my knee to my thigh. She started nibbling the inside of one thigh and then moving to the other thigh. Then her nibbling turned into licking. One thigh and then the other, all the time continuing to move up my legs.  
  
OH MY GOD!!! Was what I was thinking was going to happen really going to happen? With all the experimenting I did back in my college days, it had never really done much for me. But now! I wanted Candy more than anything else in the world and my pussy was so open and wet in anticipation of what I hoped was coming.  
  
As her tongue continued moving up my thighs, I noticed that it was pierced. That thought sent shivers up and down my spine as I remembered reading that tongue piercings greatly enhanced oral sex. For men, but especially for women. I had never been eaten out by anyone with a pierced tongue before and the anticipation of it notched everything up to another level.  
  
"Mmmm, you smell sooo good." She said when she was just inches from my pussy. I was in ecstasy already and she hadn't even started yet.  
  
"I especially love this muscular little tendon that runs between your hamstring and your pussy." She said as she ran her tongue along it and stopped just short of my pussy lips.  
  
Oh God! Don't stop there!  
  
Our eyes were locked and my lips were so dry that I had to lick them.  
  
That was all the invitation Candy needed as her tongue started at the bottom of my pussy and ran it all the way up. I could feel her piercing running between my lips.  
  
"Oh God!" I was so close to cumming! If she so much as touches my clit, I'm going to explode.  
  
Oh no! I just remembered that I only recently started squirting during really intense orgasms. And I've never had one as intense as I knew this one was going to be. I couldn't squirt on Candy, she'd be horrified.  
  
"Candy." I panted.  
  
"Shhh."  
  
"Candy."  
  
"Shhh."  
  
"Candy!"  
  
"What?" She asked, never taking her tongue off my pussy.  
  
"I might squirt."  
  
"Mmmm, good." She replied.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Don't hold back." She said as she continued teasing my pussy, bringing me closer and closer.  
  
What? She wanted me to squirt on her? I'm not sure she knows what she's in for, but at least now I could relax a little and just enjoy the ride.  
  
She hadn't touched my clit yet, but she was sure going to town on my pussy. Her tongue was darting in and out, up and down, all the while that piercing of hers adding to the intensity. I needed to cum and cum right now!  
  
I lifted my legs and grabbed my knees, pulling them back against my body, giving her better access as I spread them even further apart.  
  
Oh God, did she know what she was doing. Nothing has ever felt so good. I have no idea how I hadn't cum yet.  
  
Then she hit it! Her tongue started at the bottom of my pussy and ran slowly up it, dragging her piercing between my lips and then right onto my clit.  
  
"OH GOD!" I gasped. "I'm cumming!"  
  
It felt as if a centuries old damn had just been blown wide open. All the pressure that had been building throughout the day flooded out of me as wave after wave of electric shocks ran through my body.  
  
I could feel myself squirting and nothing in my life ever felt so good.  
  
Looking down at Candy, I was amazed to see that she never broke stride as she continued teasing my clit with her piercing, though I had just squirted on her face and even in her mouth.  
  
She was looking directly at me. Without saying a single word, her eyes told me that she loved it and wanted more.  
  
I had to straighten out my legs as they started quivering of their own accord as I lost control over my body.  
  
"Oh My God!" Now Candy was sucking on my clit! Oh God that felt great! My clit was erect and swollen enough that she was actually sucking on it like it was a small cock. And I was responding as if I was some horny guy getting his cock sucked.  
  
My legs were still shaking, but they were getting heavy and I had to lower them, so I dropped them over Candy's shoulders and wrapped them around her neck. I grabbed the back of her head and tried pushing her even deeper into my pussy.  
  
"Oh God! Don't stop! I'm still cumming!"  
  
Candy didn't reply, she just kept on sucking my clit as wave after wave of earth shattering quakes wracked my body.  
  
With my head thrown back, I let Candy work her magic on me. It felt as if she was alternating between using first the tip and then flat (and piercing) of her tongue on my clit as my orgasm continued building.  
  
I've never felt anything quite so incredible in my life.  
  
Then I felt Candy's fingers on my pussy. As her tongue moved off my clit and back to my pussy, her fingers were spreading my lips apart so she could get even deeper in with her tongue. She was doing things to me that my fingers never could.  
  
Her tongue moved back up to my clit and was licking it fast and hard. Oh God! How could one orgasm last so long? Now she was back to sucking my clit, sucking so hard that it felt like she was trying to suck it into her mouth and swallow it.  
  
Oh God! Candy just slid a finger up my pussy and was massaging my upper wall, stopping just short of my g-spot. God! This felt sooo incredible. I felt like I was going to cum again, but I wasn't even sure that I'd ever stopped cumming since she first hit my clit. Was it even possible to cum while in the middle of an orgasm? I doubted it, but that was exactly what it felt like was about to happen.  
  
"Ooooh Goood!" Was all I could say as I felt a second finger join the first while she still worked hard on my clit with her tongue. With two fingers in my pussy, she was able to get even deeper and she found my g-spot.  
  
"Aaaaaaaaah!" My whole body was now shaking so hard it was as if I was experiencing the second cumming. "Hoooooooly Shiiiiiit!"  
  
And still Candy kept on going. She was relentless.  
  
And then, with one final explosive jolt running through my entire body, I hit my limit. As if someone had just flipped a light switch, my clit became so sensitive that I had to push Candy's head away.  
  
My body continued to shake and quiver as Candy continued rubbing my g-spot.  
  
My orgasm had been so intense that I was totally drained. My arms and legs felt like they weighed a ton and I couldn't have moved them if I had wanted too.  
  
"Oh My God! What was that?" I asked looking down at Candy.  
  
She just sat there, smiling up at me from between my legs. "Did you like it?"  
  
"LIKE it?!? I LOVED it!!! That was the most incredible feeling I've ever experienced. What in the heck did you do to me?"  
  
"Oh, just a little bit of this and a little bit of that." She said, but she was still smiling ear to ear. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, I know I sure did."  
  
I was in heaven as Candy still had her fingers in my pussy and was still slowly rubbing them against my g-spot. All the intensity of my orgasm was gone, but what she was doing to me still felt great. Then she lightly and quickly brushed her thumb up against my clit and my whole body jerked as a jolt of pleasure and pain raced through me.  
  
"Oh God, no more! Please. I can't handle any more."   
  
"Shhh, just relax." She said as she gave my g-spot one final rub and slid her fingers out.  
  
"Mmmm." She moaned, as she sucked on the two fingers she had just pulled out of my pussy.  
  
"No one's made you feel like that before?"  
  
"Oh God no. Not even close."  
  
"Well, that's too bad." She said as she took her shirt off to wipe my pussy juice off her face and neck. "I guess you just don't know the right people. Or at least not ones that paid enough attention to your body's needs and desires."  
  
"Yeah, I guess not."  
  
"But to be honest, I can't take all the credit. I've been with plenty of other . . . friends, and I've never had anyone react to my playing the way you just did. I think your body is just super sensitive and was just waiting for the right . . . touch."  
  
"You sure have the right touch all right. I feel as if I've just finished running a marathon, but in a good, no, a fantastic way. I don't think I can even move."  
  
"Then just sit there and relax for a while. There's no need for you to get up until you're ready."  
  
"You know, maybe I came so hard because I've been right on the verge on an orgasm for the past two hours or so."  
  
"Two hours? What have you been doing for the past two hours to keep yourself so close to an orgasm without reaching one?"  
  
I told her about my bus ride, getting turned on my their "models", being turned on by her, my little show for Randy and then the excitement of totally exposing myself to her.  
  
"You really let a complete stranger on the bus touch you like that? You really are a naughty little tease. I'm not sure how you've held off for so long, I would have blown right there on the bus as soon as he touched me. It's no wonder you came as hard as you did, you had two hours of foreplay."  
  
"Yeah, that's probably part of it, but I think the bigger part is you and your extraordinarily talented tongue."  
  
"Well, thanks. I have had quite a bit of practice."  
  
"Mmmm, so you're really into girls, are you?"  
  
"I love girls. I also love guys. And if I'm really lucky, both together."  
  
"Hmmm, I bet you could teach me a thing or two."  
  
"Oh, I've picked up a few things over the years."  
  
"Well, I may not be as talented as you at this, but just give me a couple of minutes and I'll see if I can't return the favor."  
  
"No need, at least not today. Today was for you. And believe me, I got a lot of pleasure out of knowing that I just gave you the orgasm of your life. It's not often (if ever) that something like that happens. It's a real ego boost."  
  
"Well allow me boost your ego any time."  
  
We continued with some small talk for a while before I felt strong enough to stand up.  
  
"Ok, let's see if I can even walk in these shoes." I said as I stood up and pulled my dress back down into position.  
  
Starting out with small steps, I walked across the shop and over to the mirror.  
  
"Your legs are incredible. I think that if you can stand upright and walk in them, these are the shoes for you. Your legs are already toned, but in these shoes . . . I just want to eat you up . . . again."  
  
Turning so I could see the backs of my legs, I had to admit that Candy was right. My legs seemed to go on for miles while just about every muscle was flexed.  
  
"I do look pretty good, don't I?" I said, looking back at Candy.  
  
"Damn good. Now that I know what kind of a tease you are, I'm thinking that maybe I need to call in sick to work tonight so I can watch you in action."  
  
"This dress is incredible enough, but with these 'Come Fuck Me Heels', I'll probably have every guy in the club drooling after me. Perfect! I'll take them."  
  
"All right then. Let me take one last look at you before you go change back into your cloths."  
  
I did a quick spin for her (almost tipping over) and finished with my arms up in the air, like a performer.  
  
"I'll meet you up at the register."  
  
"Ok, I'll be there in a minute." I said heading back to the dressing room.  
  
As I approached the register, I noticed that Candy had changed outfits. Now she was dressed in a nurse's uniform that was cut so low that it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra as it showed her magnificent tits off to perfection. And the uniform was so short that I swore I could see her panties.  
  
I handed her the dress, panties and shoes and she slipped them into a bag.  
  
"There you go." She said handing me the bag.  
  
"What do I owe you?" I asked, opening my purse.  
  
"Nothing." She replied.  
  
"Nothing? There's no way I'm going to let you give these to me for nothing."  
  
"Don't worry, I'm not buying them. I guess that Randy liked your little show so much that he bought them for you."  
  
"What? Randy? Hmmm, I guess that having a little fun sometimes has its rewards."  
  
Candy came around the counter, grabbed the back of my head and pulled me down for a hard deep kiss.  
  
After fifteen seconds, she let me go.  
  
"Don't be a stranger around here. I'm really hoping that I'll get to see you again."  
  
"Oh, don't worry, I definitely be back."  
  
"Hey, if you're ever interested in a little more, Tuesday's is amateur night down at Jake's. After a night of showing yourself off to the world, you might be ready to take it up a notch. Or maybe you'd like to come back for a private dance lesson from yours truly."  
  
"I'm not sure about the amateur night, but a private lesson sounds fun." I said, taking one of the business cards off the counter. "I'll give you a call to set something up."  
  
"Sounds great. Have fun tonight, and don't do anything I wouldn't do."  
  
"Is there anything you wouldn't do?" I asked teasingly.  
  
"Oh, a few things, but not much. Take care and I hope to see you again real soon." She said, blowing me a kiss.  
  
"Oh, you will." I said, returning her kiss.  
  
"Until we meet again . . ." I said as I walked out the door.  
  
After an uneventful bus ride back home, I went straight to my room to start getting ready for my naughty night out.   
  
It was just about time for me to head out to meet Kelley and I wanted to make sure that everything was perfect.  
  
I shaved my pussy smooth since I wanted to make sure I was ready in case things went a little too far tonight. I did my hair so that it was held loosely up at the back of my head with several loose strands of hair falling seductively over my face. I made sure to overdo my makeup so I looked a little sluttier than normal. I found some ruby red lipstick and nail polish so my lips and nails (both fingers and toes) matched my dress.  
  
Looking at myself in the mirror, I couldn't believe how sexy (and somewhat slutty) I looked. Turning around for a better view of my back, I still couldn't believe how barely there this dress was when viewed from behind. It wasn't much more than one of the cover-ups I wear over my bikini bottoms at the beach. Throw in these 6" Come Fuck Me heels that made my legs look even longer than they already were and I was sex on heels (if I do say so myself).  
  
I was going to have to be a little careful though. Dressed this way, I was going to be announcing to the world that I wanted my brains fucked out. And while that might be the message I wanted to send, I'm not sure that that's what I wanted. Did I? Teasing is one thing, but there's no way I could fuck a complete stranger. Could I?  
  
The thought of what I was going to be doing tonight was getting horny all over again.  
  
Moving to the bed, I put my left hand on the bed to steady myself while I spread my legs and bent over, my head nearly resting on the bed. I started rubbing my pussy through my panties, getting them almost instantly soaked. Now in addition to looking like sex, I was going to smell like sex.  
  
Mmmm that felt good. I rubbed my pussy for a few minutes before moving up to my clit, where all sensations were immediately cranked up a notch. I could feel my clit get aroused as it became erect, screaming out for more attention.  
  
God, I was close to cumming again. It sure didn't take long these days. It's as if I've become hypersexual ever since I started teasing. Now I could cum dozens of times a day at the drop of a hat.  
  
I could feel the buildup growing as my clit became more and more sensitive. I wanted to cum, but at the same time, I wanted to hold off. After the orgasm that Candy gave me this afternoon, I now wanted to see if I couldn't keep myself teetering on the edge all night. That incredible orgasm was probably more from Candy's skills than anything else, but I want to see if keeping myself in denial for a while would intensify my orgasms.  
  
That being said, I regretfully, almost painfully, pulled away from my pussy. I could still feel my body responding to my touch, but I knew that I wouldn't be cumming right now.  
  
To distract myself, I went to find a clutch that'd go with this outfit. Rummaging through my closet, I found a nice small black one that would be perfect and transferred my necessities into it.  
  
Looking out the window to see if my cab was here yet (there was no way I was going to take a bus wearing this), I saw it sitting in my driveway already. I wonder how long he'd been waiting.  
  
Running out the door, I waved to the cabbie to make sure that he didn't take off without me.  
  
As I walked up to the cab, the rough looking cabbie in his 40s rolled his window down. "I've been here for five minutes already, I was about to leave without you."  
  
"Sorry, I didn't mean to make you wait, I just got a little carried away getting ready." I said as I leaned forward to talk to him through his open window.  
  
His eyes widened as my cleavage came into view, just two feet from his face. He was no longer looking at me, as his eyes were glued to my tits.

"No problem, I'll wait for you all day if you need me to." Funny how a little flash of cleavage can quickly lead to an attitude adjustment.  
  
As I reached for the door handle, the cabbie nearly killed himself scrambling out of his cab.  
  
"Allow me to get the door for you." He said as he opened the door for me. "My name is Frankie."  
  
"Hi Frankie, I'm Sam." Hmmm, for some reason, I didn't want to give him my real name and Sam (even though it was my name) somehow felt like an alias to me.  
  
"Welcome to my cab Sam." He said with a little bow.  
  
"Thank you." I said as I slid into his cab sideways, butt first.  
  
I looked up at Frankie, trying to catch his eye, but right now, he only had eyes for my legs and crotch. Watching his face to see his reaction, I slid my right foot into the cab, giving him a spread eagle view of my tiny little panties. I was a little worried that he'd be able to see my pussy right through these panties, but I think it was dark enough out, that he couldn't see too much.  
  
His jaw dropped and it looked like he stopped breathing. After a three second pause, I quickly rubbed my pussy through my panties and brought my other leg in.  
  
"Thanks Frankie." I said with a naughty little smile (not that he even noticed).  
  
"So where to?" He asked as he sat back in his seat.  
  
"The Lotus."  
  
"The new night club? No wonder you're all dressed up." He said as he readjusted his mirror to get a better look at me.  
  
Seeing what he was up to, I slid to the center of the seat so he'd have a better view. I'm pretty sure he couldn't see my crotch without actually turning around, but he did have a great view of my tits.  
  
"So are you going to be there alone or are you meeting up with friends?" He asked, trying to make some small talk.  
  
"If you don't mind, I need just a little quite time so I can concentrate on what I'm doing."  
  
"What are you doing?" He asked.  
  
"Shhh."  
  
With my legs spread (one behind each seat) I started rubbing my pussy. I was incredibly horny right now and I wanted to see if I could keep myself on the edge of an orgasm the entire way to the club. I was rubbing slowly while avoiding my clit, as I really wanted this to go slow and last.  
  
"Mmmm." I moaned, rubbing a little faster.  
  
"Are you ok back there?"  
  
"Shhh."  
  
I saw him looking in the mirror, trying to get a peek at what I was doing.  
  
"Oh yeah." I was going to keep Frankie on edge as much as I was going to keep myself.  
  
This time Frankie actually turned around to see what I was up to and his eyes doubled in size as he saw me rubbing my pussy.  
  
"Frankie, keep your eyes on the road. We don't want to get in an accident."  
  
"Oh, yeah, right."  
  
"Oooooo . . . Mmmmmm."  
  
Frankie was trying vainly to adjust his mirror down so he could see better, but there was just no way. Feeling a little sorry for him, I grabbed one of my tits and started massaging it under my dress. Pinching my nipple, my pussy instantly went into hyper-drive.   
  
"Oh God!" My dress was too tight on my tits to easily play with them, so I pulled the dress to the sides, letting both my tits pop free.  
  
Now I could see Frankie readjust his mirror again so he could watch me playing with my tits.  
  
Having a man so close and trying his hardest to watch me masturbate was so naughty that my pussy was getting more and more wet by the second. I needed to feel myself from the inside. So pulling my panties off to the side, I slid two fingers in my pussy and started rubbing from the inside out.  
  
With one hand fingering my pussy and the other pinching my nipple, I was starting to get close to cumming. How close could I get without passing the point of no return? Oh God, this felt good, but while I could feel the intensity building, I wasn't on any edge yet. I knew what I needed to do.  
  
Leaning back into my seat, I brought my legs up, putting one foot on the back of the driver's seat and the other one on the back of the passenger seat. I then pushed my fingers a little deeper into my pussy, reaching for my g-spot.  
  
Frankie must have felt me pushing on the back of his seat because he turned around again (his eyes nearly popping out of his head this time).  
  
"Ah Ah Frankie, eyes forward."  
  
He mumbled something as he turned back to his driving.  
  
Oh Yeah, that was it. I rubbed my g-spot and I felt tendrils of electricity running straight from my pussy to my nipple. I was getting so close, I was going to need to stop soon.  
  
"Oooooo . . . Oooooo . . . Ooooo." I was breathing hard and I knew that Frankie was straining to hear anything he could.  
  
Oh God, I was nearing the edge of orgasm. Not sure I could handle the next step, but wanting to push my limits, I rubbed my clit with my thumb.  
  
"OH GOD!" I screamed as I immediately took my thumb off my clit, pulled my fingers out of my pussy and stopped pinching my nipple. This was the moment of truth. Pushing hard on the backs of the seats, I tightened up all the muscles in my legs trying to hold off my orgasm.  
  
"Holy Christ!" I could feel my legs starting to quiver and shake uncontrollably as I bit my lip and pinched my nipples hard (painfully hard) trying to hold my orgasm at bay.   
  
Oh God, I don't think I'm going to make it. I'm going to cum.  
  
I lowered my legs back down and pulled myself into a fetal position on the back seat as I tried holding off the wave of pleasure running through my entire body. As I concentrated on my breathing, I could feel myself slowly coming back from the edge of the cliff.  
  
Oh God, that was so close. I didn't think I was going to be able to stop it.   
  
Sitting back up in my seat, I pulled my dress back into position, coving up my tits again.  
  
"Are you Ok?" Frankie asked with some real concern in his voice.  
  
"Yeah, I'm great." I replied.  
  
Leaning forward so I could see into the front seat, I saw that Frankie was doing all right too. He only had one hand on the wheel while he was rubbing his cock though his pants with the other one.  
  
"Don't you think you should have two hands on the wheel?" I whispered in Frankie's ear as I took one of the fingers that I had just had in my pussy only moments before and caressed Frankie's neck.  
  
He jumped, but I wasn't sure if I startled him by whispering in his ear or if it was from my light touch on his neck. His second hand was back on the wheel in a flash, but I could see that he was still sporting an erection.  
  
"Were you playing with yourself after you caught me with a couple of fingers in my pussy?" I continued whispering in his ear.  
  
I let my hand drop from his neck down to his open shirt, running my fingers through his chest hair.  
  
"This isn't one of those cabs with all the cameras in it like on Taxi Cab Confessions, is it?"  
  
"N . . . N . . . No." He stammered.  
  
"Good, because what I just did back there was a little too X-rated for that show."  
  
I ran my fingers up from his chest along his neck and to his lips.  
  
"Can you smell my pussy on my fingers?" I asked.  
  
"Hmmm, yes." He said as he opened his mouth and started sucking on my fingers. "You taste pretty good too."  
  
"Mmmm, you are a naughty boy, aren't you?"  
  
"I can be if you want me too."  
  
"Mmmm, I do love a naughty boy, but unfortunately, I think we're here and I need to go meet my friends." I said, pulling my fingers from his mouth.  
  
"I can be here to give you a ride home."  
  
"I'm not sure how long I'll be here. Plus there's no guarantee that I'll even be going home tonight."  
  
Handing him a $10, he waved me away.   
  
"No charge, I'll take care of it."  
  
"Thank you Frankie. Have yourself a great night."  
  
"Hang on, let me get the door for you." He said as he jumped out to get the door for me again.  
  
I noticed that he opened the door on the street side so that I didn't have to get out where the line of people waiting to get in would be able to see me. Did Frankie do this on purpose, hoping that I'd give him another little flash? Well, since he did pay for my ride, it was the least I could do.  
  
As he opened the door, I noticed that he was trying to hide the erection he still had.  
  
Getting out of the car the same way I got in, I made sure to keep my legs spread for a good seven seconds before I got out.  
  
"Oh, I almost forgot my purse." I said as I turned back to the cab to grab it.  
  
Pulling my dress up just a little, I kept one foot on the ground while I stepped back into the cab with the other. Reaching all the way to the other side of the cab, I arched my back and stuck out my butt more than I needed to, knowing that this gave him a perfect view of my butt and the front of my panties. If it wasn't so dark already, I'm sure he'd be able to see my pussy right through my panties.  
  
"Hang on, I think it slid down off the seat." I said lifting my butt up a little higher and feeling my dress ride up even further on my hips.  
  
Knowing that Frankie was standing only three feet behind me, practically drooling on my butt, was turning me on again. My panties were still soaked from the ride over, but I could feel my pussy getting wet all over again (was it going to be this way all night, every time someone looked at me?).  
  
"Got it!" I said.   
  
"Um, I'm a little stuck here. Do you think that you can give me a hand out?"  
  
"Ah, yeah. What do you want me to do?"  
  
"Just come on over and hold my hips to steady me as I back out."  
  
I felt his hands grab me as I slowly backed out of the cab. As I suspected, he helped pull me out, but he didn't back up. As I backed right into him, I could feel his erection rubbing up against my butt. Deciding not to fight it, I gave him a naughty little standing lap dance as I grinded against his cock for a couple of seconds.  
  
"Ok, I think I'm good now."  
  
He backed up so I could stand back up and pull my dress back down.  
  
He just stood there, looking a little stunned as he eyes went right back to my tits.  
  
Leaning over to him, I gave him a quick peck on the cheek.   
  
"Thanks for the ride Frankie." I whispered in his ear while I gave his cock a little squeeze. "Have a great night."  
  
And with that, I walked away to see if I could find Kelley.  
  
The crowd was huge. There was a line of people running all the way down the street and around the corner. How was I ever going to find Kelley?  
  
"Samantha!" I heard a cry from behind me. I guess Kelley was going to find me.  
  
"Kelley!" I called back waving to her.  
  
"Holy Shit! What are you wearing?" Kelley nearly screeched.  
  
"It's a new dress I bought this afternoon. Do you like it?" I asked, holding up my arms to display my dress.  
  
"Like it? I LOVE it! It's incredible!"  
  
Then I did a slow turn so she could get the full effect.  
  
"Shit! You're practically naked from behind! I can see you butt, at least the top of it. And you're not even wearing anything under it, are you? There's no way you can be."  
  
"You DID say I needed to be a little more daring, didn't you? Do you think this is daring enough?" I asked with a sly smile.  
  
"Your dress is more than daring, it's pure sexual desire! And just look at those heels. You do know that you're telling every guy here tonight that you're looking to get fucked, don't you?"   
  
"That's just the look I'm going for." I said with a little laugh. "Though I'm not really looking to hook up with anyone tonight."  
  
"Too bad, looking like you do, I was hoping I might take you home myself."  
  
What? Was she serious? No, she's probably just pulling my leg because of how I look.  
  
So I thought that I'd just throw the innuendo back at her.   
  
"Play you cards right and you just never know." I replied with a little laugh that left her not quite sure if I was serious or not.  
  
Kelley looked me over from head to toe again and on the way back up, her eyes froze on my tits.  
  
"I knew your boobs were fake. There's no way real ones are that perfect."  
  
"They're mine, I haven't had anything done to them. Honestly."  
  
"Whatever."  
  
"You're looking gorgeous tonight." I said, trying to change the subject.  
  
"Thanks, but standing next to you, nobody will even notice me."  
  
"Don't be ridiculous. You're sexy from head to toe."  
  
She did look hot in a form fitting leather miniskirt, and low cut halter top. But she was obviously wearing nylons with a bra under her top. She was still sexy, but didn't ooze sex appeal.  
  
"Well, hopefully it'll be good enough that I don't have to buy my own drinks at least."  
  
"That's for sure. Now how do we get in? Just look at that line. It'll take hours, assuming that we can get in at all."  
  
"Samantha, have you learned nothing yet? When we look like this, we don't wait in lines. Let's go up and see what they can do for us."  
  
Walking up to the front of the line, the bouncer was a huge black man who had to be at least 6'5" and solid muscle. He was professional too, as his eyes only flashed on my tits before going to my eyes.  
  
"Good evening, how are you two lovely ladies doing this evening?"  
  
"We're doing pretty good, but we do have one small little problem." Kelley said.  
  
"What possible problem could you two have on a gorgeous night like tonight?"  
  
"Well, it's a little chillier out than we expected and we forgot our sweaters. The line is so long that I'm not sure we can handle that long of a wait in this chill. Is there any way you could let us in."  
  
"Hmmm, I'm not really supposed to let anyone jump the line."  
  
He had been talking to Kelley throughout this exchange, but suddenly he looked me straight in the eye as he said. "But for you, I think we can make an exception."  
  
He unhooked the rope to let us pass.  
  
"Thank you." I said with a mischievous little smile.  
  
"You ladies have fun tonight." He said as we passed through the doors and climbed the stairs.  
  
About half way up, I looked back over my shoulder to catch our bouncer checking out my butt. Hmmm, not quite as professional as I thought.  
  
This was going to be a night I'd never forget . . .