Showoff: By Purplecat.  
  
I think my husband, Sam, is a little on the \*jealous\* side,  
not that he would ever let me see it, but I do think so. He  
does like to show off my \*body\* to others though. I like to  
show off my body too, but I would never let him know that.  
  
I remember when it started. I think I was about six. There  
were lots of boys in the neighborhood that were my age and  
we played together everyday. We had a storage shed with an  
old \*trunk\* and that's where I had my first experience.  
  
It was Bobby Bernstein that started the whole thing. We were  
playing and he said,  
  
"I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours."  
  
I had no problem figuring out what he was talking about,  
because he was holding his \*crouch\* the whole time. I agreed  
immediately because I wanted to see his \*thing\*.  
  
There were three other boys there and Bobby suggested we go  
into the shed. I didn't want to get naked with them watching  
and when I saw the trunk I had an idea. I opened the empty  
trunk and climbed inside.  
  
"You guys close the lid and when I'm ready I'll pop out," I  
said," Sit down and wait."  
  
I was never so excited in my life as I wiggled out of my  
dress and knickers. The trunk was big so I had no problem  
getting my clothes off. When I was \*naked\* I got into a  
squatting position and put my hands against the lid. I  
pushed the lid open and stood up. With my hands high over my  
head I twisted around in front of them showing every inch of  
my little body. Then I giggle and pulled the lid back over  
me.  
  
I quickly put my clothes back on and stood up again.  
  
"Do it again," Bobby said.  
  
"No you promised to show me your thing."  
  
All four of the boys pulled their little dicks out and  
showed them to me. I just stared at them. They were all  
sticking out and looked \*hard\*.  
  
"Now do it again," Bobby said,  
  
So I did it again.  
  
After that we went into the shed several times a day, I  
showed them my body and they showed me their little dicks, I  
never touched them though and they never touched me.  
  
That went on continuously until I was eight. That's when My  
Dad was transferred and we moved away.  
  
I never got another opportunity to strip off in front of a  
group, but the thought has never left me, it's always  
lurking somewhere in the recesses of my mind.  
  
Actually I almost forgot about it until I was in college.  
The girls in my sorority decided that we should all go to a  
strip club. Not because any of us were lesbian, but it was  
the best place to meet \*men\*. The young men from our school  
crowded the place almost every night.  
  
When we went into the place there was a beautiful half naked  
woman dancing on stage. It wasn't long before she was  
totally naked and I felt my old desire to strip off in front  
of a crowd flood my brain. It would have taken very little  
to get me up on that stage, tossing my clothes to the crowd.  
I somehow managed to restrain myself and I'm glad I did.  
That's the night I met Sam.  
  
There were several of us girls and luckily we were early  
enough so we were able to push enough tables together so we  
could all sit together. There was a table full of men seated  
next to us. When the woman dancing finished and left the  
stage there was a lull in the music. Evidently the delay was  
longer than usual because the men started voicing their  
disapproval. One of the men leaned over to me and said,  
  
"Hi, I'm Sam. Why don't you get up there and dance for us?"  
  
"I would if the \*price\* was right," I said grinning.  
  
"How much?" he asked, grinning back.  
  
"I don't think you guys have enough," I said," and besides  
the manager is paying me not to dance."  
  
"Why's that?"  
  
"He's afraid I'll give his dancers an inferiority complex,"  
I laughed.  
  
He laughed too, but then said.  
  
"Hey I like your attitude, wanna go out."  
  
"Sure, why not?" I said, still laughing.  
  
At this point I was laughing to cover my nervousness.  
  
"Have you had dinner yet?" he asked.  
  
"No I haven't we planned on eating afterward."  
  
"Wanna eat now?"  
  
Sure let's go," I said, a little surprised at myself.  
  
We wound up at McDonalds with a Big Mac, Fries and a coke.  
  
I liked Sam, he was a neat guy and he treated me like a  
lady. On the fourth date we had sex and after that we were  
inseparable. It was my first time and I think his too, but  
he would never admit to that. We became a couple and after  
we graduated were \*married\*.  
  
Right from the beginning the old \*show off\* inside of me  
took over. I hardly ever wore anything. Just enough to keep  
up the mystery I took every opportunity to put myself in a  
sexy pose for him. I think the poor guy sported a \*hard on\*  
every minute he was at home, at least when we were alone.  
  
He bought a digital camera and began taking pictures of me.  
That really turned me loose, off went the \*mystery\*. Now I  
posed totally nude and in every position I could think of.  
  
He was really proud of the way I \*looked\*. He was too  
jealous to show them to anyone we knew so he started putting  
them on some of those amateur sites on the Internet. I loved  
getting email from all of those strange men telling me how  
\*good\* I looked and all of the things they would love to do  
to me. Some of them sent me pictures of their dicks and some  
sent pictures of them \*cumming\* on my picture.  
  
All of this was very exciting and made me get even  
\*nastier\*. We started putting pictures on there of us having  
sex. The camera had a time delay that allowed us to pose  
before it took the pictures.  
  
This went on for about five years. Sam gave me a \*stage  
name\* at least that's what he called it. It was, DiDe. To be  
honest that just whetted my appetite to get up on a stage  
and strip off naked in front of a crowd. I could just hear  
an announcer in my dreams,  
  
"And here she is ladies and gentlemen, the one, the only,  
\*DiDe\*."  
  
It was just a dream though, I knew it would never happen.  
  
Just about every morning I meet with my friends for coffee.  
We meet at a little sidewalk caf, not too far from our  
apartment. It's a standing thing we meet every morning at  
ten. If you can't go it's no big deal, because there will be  
plenty of others there. Most of the time there's about six  
of us, sometimes more, sometimes less, but there's hardly  
ever less than four.  
  
It's mostly just girl talk and gossip. If you don't want to  
be the topic of conversation you'd better show up. Women can  
be kind of vicious, especially when they talk about another  
woman.  
  
For the last few days the topic has been three old men that  
just sits and stare at us. One smokes a pipe, one a cigar  
and the third eats constantly.  
  
My friend, Darby said they're stalking us. Finally it was  
decided that one of us should confront them and find out  
what they're up to. It was decided by everyone but me that I  
should be the one doing the \*confronting\*.  
  
I really didn't mind, after all they were just three lonely  
old men that probably couldn't do anything even if they  
wanted to, so I walked over to their table,  
  
"Good morning gentlemen," I said.  
  
"Who said we were gentlemen," The man with the cigar said,  
smiling.  
  
The man eating laughed.  
  
"My friends and I were wondering why you keep staring at  
us."  
  
He took the cigar out of his mouth and smiled bigger.  
  
"We weren't staring at your friends. We were staring at  
you," he said.  
  
The man with the pipe smiled and said,  
  
"Your name is \*DiDe\* isn't it?"  
  
If I'd been hit in the head with a sledge hammer I couldn't  
have been more stunned.  
  
Sam always blocked out my eyes or I wore sunglasses when  
being photographed, but I always suspected that it wouldn't  
keep me from being recognized.  
  
"\*No\* it's not," I lied.  
  
"It is to, I'd know you anywhere."  
  
I really didn't know what to say.  
  
"Hang around after your friends leave, we have a proposition  
for you," the cigar said.  
  
I just turned on my heel and walked away. I walked back to  
our table in a daze.  
  
"What did they say?" everyone asked at once.  
  
`They said they were sorry, they didn't know they were  
staring. They said we're all so beautiful that they guessed  
they did it with out thinking."  
  
"Oh, they are so sweet," Darby said brushing back her hair  
to give them a better view of her face.  
  
All of the other women pulled out their compacts and began  
touching up their makeup. I just \*smiled\*.  
  
I couldn't imagine what kind of proposition they were  
speaking of, but I was very curious. They obviously had seen  
me naked from every angle and in every conceivable position.  
None of my friends knew about my pictures and I didn't want  
them to find out. I decided to wait until my friends were  
all gone and talk to these men. I didn't want them coming by  
our table and calling me \*DiDe".  
  
Darby and I are always the last ones to leave and I was  
wishing she would hurry up and go. She finally did and I  
walked toward the men's table. They all stood and the pipe  
smoker held a chair for me. After I was seated they all sat  
and introduced themselves. The pipe smoker was, George, the  
cigar, Jake, and the eater, John.  
  
"Okay, what's your proposition?" I asked, I think rather  
\*nervously\*.  
  
George smiled and said,  
  
"Before we get into all that, let me explain why were here,"  
He took a deep breath and started. " About a week ago I  
stopped by here for a quick cup of coffee and happen to see  
you sitting with the other women. I was amazed because I  
never expected to see you. None of us ever expected to  
actually meet you. I recognized you immediately from the  
hundreds of pictures you've put on the Internet. When I told  
Jake and John about seeing you they didn't believe me, so I  
brought them here the next morning and there you were.  
  
We've been coming back every morning since and admiring you.  
We've been trying to figure out a way to get to meet you and  
talk with you. We figured that flirting wouldn't work, look  
at us were a bunch of old codgers. We figured you'd just  
laugh at us.  
  
When you came over to our table earlier all three of us  
about had a hemorrhage. At our age you can't stand many  
shocks like that."  
  
I couldn't help but smile at them. They looked like three  
little kids that just met Santa Claus. I was quite  
\*flattered\* by their attention.  
  
"What's the proposition?" I asked, still curious.  
  
George continued,  
  
"We have a men's club, we call it the Dirty Old Men's Club,  
all the members are our age. We're all either divorced or a  
widower and we meet the last Tuesday of every month.  You're  
kind of our mascot. We all have pictures of you and we trade  
them like baseball cards. We were wondering if you would  
come to one of our meetings and meet the other members. We  
couldn't pay you or anything and you're welcome to bring  
your husband if you want. It would really mean a lot to all  
of them if they could meet you."  
  
"Maybe you could do a little dance for us." Jake grinned.  
  
This guy Jake had just rung my \*bell\*.  
  
"Do you have a stage?" I asked.  
  
"No, but we could get one," George said.  
  
"Maybe you could do a little tease," Jake suggested.  
  
The man was still pulling my chain and ringing my bell.  
  
"So what you're asking is for me to get up on a stage and  
take off my clothes, right?"  
  
"We never really expected you to do that, but yes that would  
be nice." George said.  
  
I thought about that for almost a second.  
  
"Okay I'll do it, when is your next meeting?"  
  
"Just so happens it's tonight," George said, grinning.  
  
"Where?"  
  
"It's in the ponderosa room at the Hill Side hotel on Park  
Ave."  
  
"What time?"  
  
"The meeting starts at seven you can come anytime after  
that."  
  
"I'll be there, be sure to have the stage ready."  
  
"Yes ma'am everything will be ready for this," George said  
grinning.  
  
I got up and started to leave when a thought hit me.  
  
"There is one thing I want in return," I said.  
  
"Just name it," George said.  
  
"After I dance I want all of the men to show me their  
\*penis\*."  
  
All three of them were shocked, at least they had a shocked  
expression on their face. George finally managed to say,  
  
"I'm sure that can be arranged, you can see mine right now  
if you want to."  
  
I laughed,  
  
"No, after I dance will be fine."  
  
I left there with my head in the clouds. This was my dream  
come true. It had worked out almost perfect, because Sam was  
out of town on business and would be the whole week He did  
that the last week of every month, so that meant I could  
dance at the Dirty Old Man's meeting every month. I was so  
excited I was simply \*bubbling\*, down there I mean.  
  
I spent the rest of the day getting ready for my big moment.  
I stripped off and danced in front of my full length mirror,  
I tried different poses and different speed music. I think I  
tried on every sexy dress I owned, as well as knickers and  
bras.  
  
A little before seven, I put the finishing touches to my  
make up and took one last look in the mirror. I was pleased.  
  
I was wearing a low cut, strapless, black evening gown.  
Under it I wore a gauzy black thong, a black \*see-through\*  
bra that pushed my breast almost to my chin and a pair of  
black thigh high hose. Long dangly earrings finished off the  
look I wanted. I'd fussed with my hair and had tried it done  
up in every conceivable way, but finally decided to let it  
flow naturally. I have long hair and I thought it might add  
motion to my dance.  
  
I arrived at the Ponderosa room at quarter after seven and  
was met by my three recruiters.  
  
There were about a dozen other old men there sitting around  
tables, there was a stage in one corner of the room that was  
plenty big enough to allow plenty of moving around while  
dancing,  
  
George, Jake and John took me around and introduced me to  
the other men. They all ogled me a good bit and a couple  
actually let a little \*drool\* escape from the corner of  
their mouth. Their compliments were plentiful, and I ate it  
up. At last they steered me to the stage. \*My moment\* had  
come.  
  
I stood in the middle of the stage and watched as George and  
John fiddled with the CD player. The Music started and so  
did I. The song was a slow sexy one and I danced slow and  
sexy. I tried to remember all of the sexy moves I had  
practiced, but in the end I just let nature take its course.  
I shook my hips, wiggled my butt, bent over and let them see  
down the deep valley between my breasts.  
  
Near the end of the song I unzipped my gown and let it fall  
around my feet. I didn't realize that fifteen old men could  
make that much noise.  
  
The next song was faster. I danced wearing my bra, thong and  
hose. Half way through the song I slipped off my bra. I  
thought they were making noise before, but now they were so  
loud I could hardly hear the music. I wished I had some  
tassels, but since I didn't I made my \*nipples\* spin.  
  
At the beginning of the next song I pulled off the thong and  
tossed it into the crowd. It was a really fast song and half  
way through I felt something unexpected happening. I was on  
the verge of an orgasm. It kept getting stronger and  
stronger, but it wouldn't explode like it should. Suddenly I  
had to have it. I lay on the stage and pointed my toes at  
the ceiling. With my legs spread in a wide V I delved my  
fingers into my sex. The room became strangely quiet except  
for my screams of ecstasy. I'm sure it was the strongest  
orgasm of my life. I almost passed out from the \*joy\* of it.  
  
The music was stopped and I sat up rather sheepishly. My  
three friends gathered around smiling.  
  
"That was wonderful DiDe," George said. Jake and John nodded  
their heads in agreement.  
  
"Now it's time for everybody to show me their penis," I  
said.  
  
"Yes, that's right. The members feel self conscious about  
pulling out their dicks in front of everybody else so we  
rented a room. So you can go in there and each member will  
come in and show it to you."  
  
"That'll be fine," I said, "I hope I did well enough that  
you'll invite me back next month."  
  
"Oh, you were superb, but we have a standing rule that a  
woman can only dance for us once. The members are afraid of  
getting stuck in a rut."  
  
"But I thought it was going to be a monthly thing."  
  
"Oh no, we must follow the rules you know, unless that is."  
  
"Unless what?" I cried, about to burst into tears.  
  
"Unless you have sex with us."  
  
"Have sex with you? You mean all of you at the same time?"  
  
"No, one at a time, when we come in to show you our dick  
just give us whatever we ask for. You must do each and every  
one of us."  
  
"So if I have sex with all of you I can come back."  
  
"As often as you like, in fact you can be our regular  
meeting entertainment."  
  
Boy, this really was a bunch of dirty old men. I didn't  
think about it long. I thought about my jealous husband and  
what he would do if he found out. I could see myself in  
divorce court. In the end there wasn't much to think about.  
There was no way I could \*possibly\* not come back, so I did  
it, I \*did\* all of them, each and every \*one\*.  
  
The End