**The Dancer**

by Story Guy

**THE DANCER – 1**

Marie had been dancing most of her life, but was now concentrating on ballet along with gymnastics. She was proud of her French heritage and was learning dance under a classical French instructor. She had been taking serious lessons for a few years now and was quite good even though she was only 13 years old, well, almost. Things were starting to change though; new, different feelings were invading her ballerina body.

As usual, her practice uniform was a leotard with nothing under it. Long ago she had learned that things like panties would only make things show up more instead of covering her more as one may expect. All ballet students knew and understood this. For lessons they would go into the changing room, strip down, and get ready for the lesson. A few would try to hide their nudity, but most just changed, ignoring the fact there were others around. Marie didn't bother to hide. After all the years of lessons she was used to the nudity part now.

Today her mind was wandering though. She usually was very focused on the lesson and little else. For some reason her mind was wandering though and she was a bit distracted. Her body had began to change and she wondered about how she compared with others. She also was becoming more aware of her own body. A few hairs had sprouted at her pussy and her once flat chest was starting to sport a slight swelling.

Marie tossed her clothes into the locker. Normally she would just put on her leotard, but today she hesitated. She turned, completely naked, and glanced around the room. The other girls were in various stages of undress. Her eyes went from girl to girl, trying not to be obvious, but studying each. A few looked back at her. Marie wondered if they were looking at what she was. It excited her a bit to think they were looking at what made her a girl. She didn't understand, but it excited her that they could see her pussy and tiny swells developing into breasts. She wanted them to see and made no effort to hide. She thought her breasts were growing anyway, or at least hoped.

Each girl was different. Some were older, some younger. Some were as bold as she was, some seemed shy. Most had no tits to speak of, as Marie, but a few were getting noticeable. One girl in the class had been wearing a bra for almost a year now. She had probably biggest boobs in the class and seemed shy about them. She never took her bra off. Another almost as big would wear a bra to the lessons, but remove it when she changed into her leotard. They really weren't big enough to “jiggle” yet, but her nipples were prominent and showed quite clearly through the thin leotard. Marie secretly liked the look and wished her boobs looked that good.

One girl, slightly older, looked back at Marie. She was more developed with small but noticeable tits, bigger than Marie's, and a dark shadow of hair on her pussy. Marie had looked at her body first and then at her face. She was looking right back at her. It made Marie a bit uncomfortable until the girl seemed to push out her chest a bit and part her feet, almost inviting Marie to look. She then smiled. Marie mimicked the girl's posture, exposing her body to her as much as she could while still being discrete. Marie smiled back. The girl then turned to “get her leotard” and bent over, giving Marie a clear view from another angle. She then turned back holding the leotard in her hand and once again smiled.

Marie knew what was being said even though no words were being spoken. She turned, got her leotard the same way the girl did and then retrieved her pointe shoes. They were on the bottom of the locker so she had to bend really low to get then. To do this she parted her legs wider and again bent at the waist. As she did, she glanced through her legs at the girl, who gave her a big smile. Some of the class had already started leaving the changing room. Marie took advantage of the last few minutes to “stretch her legs” by putting one and then the other on the bench giving the girl even more to look at. Quickly she pulled on the leotard, slipped the pointe shoes on and went to join the class. She and the girl were the last to leave the fitting room.

Gymnastics class followed the ballet lesson and today was balance beam day. Marie was still somewhat distracted. She just couldn't focus today. As her turn on the beam came, Marie jumped up and sat straddling the beam waiting for instruction. Something was different though, or maybe she just noticed something different today. Her rocking on the beam was giving her a strange and new sensation “down there”, sort of a tingling. It wasn't something major, but it did feel nice and she wanted more. Unfortunately a class full of students and an instructor didn't allow her to explore this new feeling more.

Marie rushed home after changing. She wished she had a balance beam at home, but she did have a ballet barre. Maybe that would work the same way? Marie adjusted the bar so she could straddle it, but keep her feet on the ground. She tried to move the same way she had in class, but nothing. In class she had only been wearing a leotard, but now she was wearing jeans and panties. Maybe that was the difference? She quickly changed into her leotard, leaving off the tights as well. Back up on the barre.

That was the difference! As she rocked, the sensations returned and even stronger than before. Her eyes glazed as she rubbed her pussy on the barre. Never had she felt anything like this before! It kept feeling better and better. Suddenly she exploded inside, or that's what it felt like. It was like her pussy was the center of the world and all the world's energy was going through it. Her pussy was giving her sensations she never thought possible. She wanted it to last forever, but too soon it ended. Tomorrow was another day though.

That night in bed she thought about what had happened. She wondered if her best friend, Rachele , knew about her new discovery. Next week in class she would find out.

**THE DANCER – 2**

All that week Marie used the barre. She never dreamed such pleasures could be had. It was finally dance lesson day and she couldn't wait to tell Rachele. Instead of just blurting it out though, she decided just to show her. Marie couldn't think of a way to put it into words anyway.

As they were changing, Marie approached Rachele. “Can you come over my house today? I have something to show you.”

“Sure,” Rachele answered. “We can change after class and go. My Mother isn't expecting me home until about 5 o'clock anyway.”

“Um... we don't have to change, just put jeans on. I... um... have a dance move I want to show you,” Marie stammered.

“Oh, OK. We can do that too,” Rachele agreed.

Marie could wait for the class to end. Not only did she love her barre “exercise”, but she couldn't wait for Rachele's reaction. Finally the class did end and Marie yanked on her pants. “What's taking you so long?” she asked Rachele, who was still just in her leotard.

“Why are you in such a hurry?” Rachele asked as she pulled her jeans up.

“Um, no reason, I guess. I just want to get home to practice,” Marie blushed. “I think you'll like it too.”

“Like what?” Rachele quizzed.

“You'll see,” Marie giggled as the almost ran out the door.

It was only a short distance to Marie's house. She quickly rushed to her practice room and dropped her pants to the floor. “Take your pants off so we can start,” she told Rachele.

As Rachele removed her pants, Marie adjusted the barre lower. “What are you doing?” Rachele asked with a puzzled look on her face. The barre was much to low to use the way it was set. Marie then straddled the barre. “What are you doing?” Rachele repeated.

“You'll see... Just do as I'm doing.” Marie instructed. Rachele put her leg over the barre facing Marie. “OK, now rock slowly back and forth,” Marie added.

Marie started rocking and quickly began to feel those pleasant sensations. Rachele began also. Marie watched her. At first she looked puzzled and then her eyes opened wide and she began to blush. “Like it?” Marie giggled.

“Um... yeah... what's happening?” Rachele answered.

“I don't know, but keep doing it. It gets better until it kinda explodes 'down there,'“ Marie told her.

Marie found it a bit hard to focus on Rachele and the sensations in her pussy at the same time. Suddenly that little explosion hit. Marie's eyes closed as she rode the wave of her climax. This was only a small one though. She opened her eyes to see Rachele staring at her. She smiled. “Keep going...” Marie encouraged.

Rachele's eyes were beginning to get glassy and her breathing deeper. Marie knew she was close. Rachele gasped and made a slight noise. Marie knew she was climaxing and a smile came across her face. Rachele's nostrils flared and her eyes closed tightly. After a few minutes had passed she opened them again, “Wow...” Rachele exclaimed softly. “I never knew...”

“This is why I told you to keep your leotard on. It doesn't work with regular pants on and stuff,” Marie confessed.

“I want to do it again,” Rachele giggled. “I wonder if it would work better with no leotard either?”

Marie thought for a moment wondering what Rachele would think. “Um... wanna try it without? I'll do it if you do.”

“OK,” Rachele agreed as she hopped off the barre and pealed her leotard off. She was anxious to try her new found “sport” again. Not wanting to look too eager, she stood naked as Marie took off what little clothes she had off as well.

Marie studied Rachele's body for maybe the first time. The two had been naked many times together before, but had never really paid attention to the other, but now was different. She glanced at Rachele's face and saw that Rachele seemed to be looking at her body as well. To Marie this was sort of permission to look.

Rachele was a bit older than Marie, but not by much. She seemed a bit more developed though. Neither had any boobs to speak of, but Rachele was beginning to show a bit more development there. Her nipples were bigger than Marie's and her little mounds slightly larger as well. It made Marie wonder why she had a bit of hair growing around her pussy, but Rachele was completely bare there. Both had a slit, but today Rachele's seemed to be a bit puffier; more pronounced than Marie had noticed before. “You ready?” Rachele asked, bringing Marie away from her thoughts.

“Yeah,” Marie answered as she swung her leg over the barre. Rachele followed. Marie looked at Rachele's pussy. The barre seemed to settle nicely between her lower lips, parting them slightly. It excited her a bit to see. Rachele began to rock and Marie watched the barre saw her pussy, sometimes pushing it between Rachele's legs and other times pulling it forward, opening it up so it seemed to want to take in the barre again. She could also see her clit poking out looking for more stimulation ““ things Marie had never noticed before.

Marie started rocking and looked up at Rachele's face. She was looking down; her eyes obviously on Marie's pussy. Marie wondered what she thought... Was her little button poking out too? Could Rachele see her tunnel going into her? Did she like seeing?

Rachele's face was beginning to flush and Marie knew she was starting to get close. “Wanna try something?” Rachele asked without looking up. As she did, her hand slid along the barre until it was just in front of Marie's pussy. On Marie's next push forward, she bumped her friend's hand and a little “shock” went through her pussy. She rocked back and did the same on her next push forward with the same results.

Without asking, Marie slid her hand forward, but, unlike Rachele, she didn't grasp the barre, but laid her hand, palm up, along the barre, and closer to her pussy. Rachele rocked forward onto Marie's hand. Marie could feel her wetness. Rachele seemed to push down on Marie's hand slightly on her next rock forward. On her next rock, Marie lifted a finger slightly. It sank into the soft folds of Rachele's pussy. Rachele made a slight, low noise, but made no effort to stop Marie, but Marie felt Rachele's hand move.

As she rocked forward, one on Rachele's fingers went into Marie's pussy. The new feeling the finger gave her was so intense Marie's breath sucked in. Rachele groaned signaling her climax. On the next rock forward, Marie felt Rachele's finger again go it and it lit her fuse. This time her “explosion” was momentous. She ground down on Rachele's hand trying to get more of it inside her. Every nerve in her body seemed to be connected to her pussy and every one was now firing. Marie was aware of nothing except her pussy and the fireworks going off inside of it.

After what seemed like hours of explosions, Marie's body finally began to settle. She opened her eyes to see Rachele's smile. Her hand was still at Marie's pussy, but Marie had stopped moving now. “I guess my idea was a good one, huh?” Rachele grinned.

Marie blushed. “Um... yeah,” she giggled.

**THE DANCER – 3**

The next day Rachele was at Marie's house. Normally she only wore a leotard when dancing, but now had found a new use for them. Over the leotard Rachele wore a short denim skirt and, naturally, no panties.

“Hi!” Rachele greeted as Marie opened the door. “Are we going to play again?”

“Of course,” Marie giggled as Rachele walked in, “but my Mom said she would take me to the mall. You can come and when we get back...”

“Oh... um... I only wore my leotard and skirt. I didn't bring anything else and I'll look dumb,” Rachele sighed.

“We can fix that. Come on,” Marie replied as she led Rachele to her room. Once there Marie rummaged through her closet a but and pulled out a blouse. “This will look cute with your skirt,” Marie announced.

“That's short sleeved and my leotard is long sleeved,” Rachele pointed out.

“Duh... take off your leotard!” Marie countered.

“There's another problem... I don't have anything on under my leotard,” Rachele stated.

“So what? You don't wear a bra anyway and the blouse isn't see through,” Marie countered again.

“I don't have ANYTHING on under my leotard,” Rachele repeated.

Marie smiled evilly. “Is that what's bothering you?” Marie giggled as she reached up under her skirt and her panties puddled at her feet. “What can you see?”

Rachele blushed slightly as she muttered, “Well, nothing... but...”

“No buts! You can't see anything,” Marie said as she stepped out of her panties leaving them puddled on the floor. “Don't wear any. I won't either.”

“Are you serious?” Rachele gasped.

“Look,” Marie pointed out as she lifted her skirt showing Rachele her nakedness and then let it drop again. “It might be fun.”

Rachele hesitated before finally saying, “OK”. She took off her skirt and leotard. After putting the blouse on she stepped back into her skirt. “It feels weird,” she giggled.

“You look fine, but I know you're not wearing any panties,” Marie teased.

Marie's mother called them and soon they were at the mall. At first Rachele seemed about she and it was Marie who was giggling and teasing, but that didn't last long.

“You like not wearing panties, don't you?” Rachele asked.

“It's fun!” Marie giggled.

“Hmmm...” Rachele responded. “I dare you to go walk up those stairs.”

Marie looked at the stairs. The nakedness under her short skirt made her look at them in a different way. She realized that when walking up the stairs, if a girl was wearing a short skirt as she was, anyone might see her panties. Marie wasn't wearing any so she knew a lot more might be seen. She thought for a moment, turned toward Rachele, and whispered, “OK.”

She hesitated at the bottom of the stairs. Part of her wanted to turn away, but another part was excited. A man brushed by her and climbed the stairs. Marie realized that had she not hesitated, he may have been able to see her naked ass as she went up the stairs. The thought scared her, but also made her move.

Marie began walking up the stairs. She was nervous. She didn't want to walk too slowly, but didn't want to attract attention by rushing either. She fought the instinct to hold the back of her skirt down and instead let it flow naturally. Every step might mean someone saw her. After what seemed like an eternity she reached the top and looked down to see Rachele smiling.

Rachele motioned for her to come back down. Marie waited a few minutes. She was not only trying to calm herself, but felt she had just got up there and didn't want anyone to notice her coming back down the stairs so soon. After waiting what seemed to be a reasonable time, Marie went back down the stairs. When she reached the bottom step, she jumped instead if stepping down. She smiled as she felt her skirt settle back down and touch her legs. It flared up when she jumped, as she knew it would. The only thing she didn't know was how high it went.

“Nice,” Rachele smiled as she winked. “Let's go look around the stores.”

“Um... OK,” Marie agreed. She secretly wanted to dare herself a bit more.

The two girls walked through the stores. Occasionally stopping to look at something. Marie would turn sharply, causing her skirt to twist and ride up at times. She sort of knew it wouldn't go high enough to really show anything unless someone was really watching, but the thoughts excited her anyway. The girls would make comments about the things they saw, but no reference was made about either being without panties.

“Let's go look at shoes,” Rachele suggested. They browsed through the isles until Rachele picked up a pair. “These are cute. Try them on,” she suggested. Marie took the shoes and looked around for a chair. “What are you waiting for?” Rachele asked.

“I'm looking for a chair,” Marie answered.

“Just put them on here. Why do you need a chair?” Rachele responded. Marie squatted down to untie her shoe. “No, just bend down,” Rachele grinned.

Marie immediately knew what Rachele was telling her to do now. She looked around, faced the people closest to her, and bent at the waist. Her skirt was short anyway and Marie knew it would ride up even higher. She had no idea how high though. The skirt rested on her bare ass, so she knew it was there, but how low it was hanging she wasn't sure. Marie quickly slipped the shoes on, stood and asked, “How much... err... how do they look?”

“They look pretty good,” Rachele giggled. “Did you see these?”

Marie turned around to see what ones Rachele was pointing too. “Oh, they are nice!”

“Try those... without turning this time,” Rachele challenged.

There was a man and woman shopping near them. The man was close enough that her had looked when Marie had asked Rachele how the shoes looked. Since she had turned around, Marie's back was now towards the couple, but she didn't know if they were still there or not. There were also a few other people a short distance away.

Marie took the shoes. For a moment she just stood with her heart pounding. She took a deep breath and finally bent down and put the shoes on. She fumbled with the strap on the shoe, having difficulty because her hands were shaking. After what seemed like forever, the shoes were on and Marie stood up. Rachele was smiling.

“Do you like them? Do they look good?” Marie asked nervously.

Rachele giggled. “Yeah...”

“Cute,” a man's voice commented.

“Huh?” Marie gasped as she spun around to see a man a very short distance from her and now facing her.

“The shoes... They are cute on you,” he smiled.

Marie turned back to face Rachele. She could feel the blush coming over her face. “He's right... cute,” Rachele giggled. “Take them off and let's go.”

Marie kicked of the shoes, tossed them onto the counter, and shoved her feet into her shoes. She almost ran out of the store with Rachele following. The man had to have seen something he was so close. The only question was how much. Once in the mall again, Marie gasped, “He had to have seen me!”

“I know,” Rachele laughed. “You should have seen the look on his face!”

“I did! He was smiling when I turned. Do you think he saw much?” Marie blurted.

“I don't know... I did. You looked great ““ hahaha”

A smile grew of Marie's face. She had been embarrassed to see the man, but part of her was also proud. A grown man had seen her bare ass and he liked it. She wondered if he had been turned on by her. It was no longer “little girl” Marie, but now she was grown up.

“I can't wait to get home to the barre,” Marie giggled.

“You're so lucky to have one,” Rachele pouted.

**THE DANCER – 4**

The next few months had proved eventful for Marie. Rachele and she had used the barre a lot and had placed each other's hand on the barre as the other rocked. They had also realized the barre wasn't necessary. Fingers worked very well and were much more convenient to use. Although they hadn't “demonstrated” to each other how they did it, both admitted they did do it and with success. They both had also made numerous excursions to the mall without panties. It was usually Marie who tended to be the “shower” and Rachele acted more of a combination coach and cheerleader urging Marie to become more and more daring.

On this particular day, Rachele's mother had picked up the girls from school and had dropped them off at the mall. Rachele had to pick up some school supplies and they were taking the bus home. With all their school books, they had done their shopping quickly and were sitting on a bench outside waiting for the bus, which wasn't due for another 20 minutes. They were the only ones there and only a few stray people would walk by them into the mall entrance.

They had been chatting about small things when Marie noticed Rachele had stopped talking. She looked at her friend and saw one of Rachele's evil grins. That usually meant only one thing ““ a dare of some sort. “What are you thinking?” Marie smiled, almost afraid of the answer.

Rachele hesitated for a moment, but that evil grin seemed to become more evil. “You know how to get yourself off, right?”

“Yeah, you know I do,” Marie half blushed. “What are you thinking?”

“I think we need a new game to play,” Rachele explained. “Let's call it 'Right Now'... When one of us says 'Right Now', the other has to get off right where we are and right then. If they do it, they then can give the other the same challenge, wherever and whenever they want. I'll start... Right Now!”

“Are you nuts? I can't do it here! Everyone will see, stupid!” Marie gasped.

“They don't have to see anything,” Rachele replied, still with the same evil grin. “Your backpack has a flap on the top and a zipper in the front. It's easy. You just unzip the zipper, put the backpack on your lap, open the top flap like you're reaching in, unzip your pants, and really reach in,” Rachele giggled. “You get yourself off and no one knows anything... except me.”

“I can't do that here in the open! There's people around!” Marie protested.

“I think you can. 'Right Here', or are you chicken? I dare you too!” Rachele challenged. As she said it, Rachele reached over and unzipped the front zipper of Marie's backpack.

Marie thought for a moment. She had never refused one of Rachele's challenges. The bench they were sitting on seemed much to obvious, but there were large pillars holding up the entrance canopy. “OK, but not here. I'll do it leaning on that pillar,” Marie countered.

“OK, but you have to be where I can see you and you can't move around the pillar. You have to stay in one place and can't come back here until you climax,” Rachele conditioned.

Marie was nervous as she stood and walked over to the pillar she chose. She leaned against it, placed her backpack in front of her, and looked over at Rachele, who had a big smile. “Go on,” Rachele mouthed. Marie nodded.

Her hand went into her pack, found the unzipped opening in it, and her fingers slipped through that opening. Marie took a deep breath, grabbed her pants zipper, and pushed down. What had she got herself into? Was she nuts?

She glanced around and, once satisfied she was as safe as she could be under the circumstanced, her fingers found the waistband of her panties. Slowly she worked her hand inside them. Marie pulled the backpack closer to her body and looked around. Her hand was actually touching her pussy, which was beginning to get wet with excitement. She looked over to Rachele, who was still smiling, and saw her nod in approval.

Marie had never been so daring; never so bold; never so excited. She pushed her panties down as best as she could through the zipper. Had it not been for the backpack, she would now be exposed to the world and it excited her. “Make like you're looking in your pack,” Rachele mouthed. Marie hadn't thought of that. She looked down while at the same time parting her legs a bit so she had better access.

It didn't take much rubbing until Marie began to feel that familiar tingling. A couple of people had walked by, but none paid much attention to her. Knowing what she was doing just excited her more though. Her fingers slid around her now very wet pussy alternating between her clit and her hole. She knew what was coming and it was coming quickly. Marie's eyes closed, she took a deep breath and, with her a few twitches of her finger, exploded.

Rachele watched her friend leaning against the pillar. Marie had always been daring, but even Rachele was surprised she had done this. Still, Marie seemed to be just looking in her backpack to anyone who might see her. The slight movements she was making made it look like she was just moving things around to find what she was looking for in there, but Rachele knew better. It fascinated her when Marie climaxed. It seemed so intense.

The look on Marie's face told Rachele that a climax was near. Knowing what to look for, Rachele watched for the signs. First Marie's eyes would close, she would breathe deeply, then almost shudder when she climaxed. Rachele was almost envious. Marie would climax and would be happy, but she would have to wait until she got home. Watching Marie didn't help either. Rachele had been horny all day and needed to climax.

Rachele heard Marie's breathe suck in and watched in fascination as Marie did her little shudder, signaling her climax. It didn't take long before Marie's eyes opened, she fumbled a bit more, and then pulled a book from her pack. Only Marie would have thought of that. Rachele watched Marie walk to the bench and sit down again. “Have fun?” Rachele giggled.

Marie blushed. “Your turn is next!”

“Huh?” Rachele gasped.

“I met your dare, now it's my turn to give you one,” Marie grinned.

“You want me to do it now? ...right here?” Rachele asked.

“Nope,” Marie smirked, “but I'll tell you when... and you have to do it when I say,'Right Here', don't forget.

Rachele didn't have to wait long. They were on the bus on the way home from the mall when Marie whispered, “Right Here”.

Rachele gasped. They were sitting near the back of the bus and there was no one really close, but there were other people. She was sitting next to the window and Marie had taken the isle seat. “On the bus? Now?”

“Yes. Right here and right now... and take your panties off to do it,” Marie grinned.

“I can't,” Rachele gasped again.

“Yes you can. Just slip them down and stuff them in a bag. You made me do it at the entrance of the mall with people walking by. I did it now you do it.”

Rachele glanced around. No one was paying any attention to the girls. With as little movement as possible, Rachele reached under her skirt sides and, with a slight hop, slid her panties to her knees. Looking around again to be safe, she let the flimsy garment drop to her feet, quickly retrieving it and stuffing her panties into a bag. “There,” she smirked. “Happy?”

“Now do it,” Marie commanded.

Rachele adjusted the bag in her lap as best as she could, looked around once more, parted her legs slightly, and slipped her hand under her skirt. As she already knew, her pussy was wet. Even with her protests, the thought of rubbing on a bus with people around excited her.

As she rubbed, her eyes closed. It felt sooo good. It wasn't long before she felt her explosion developing. Quickly her climax erupted. Her breath hissed between her teeth as her pussy spasmed. She was about ready to go for a second when her mind refocused and she realized where they were.

She pulled her hand from beneath her skirt and looked over at Marie, who had a big grin. “We're even... for now” Rachele giggled.

**THE DANCER – 5**

Over the next few months Rachele and Marie continued to play their “Right Here” game. Although neither had really been caught, both felt they had been seen while engaged in their activities. Lately, however, things had slowed up a bit. The big dance recital of the year was coming up and Marie had been chosen to do a special dance with one of the male students. He was a year older than she was, but had not been tasking lessons as long. He was very good though. He was big for his age and had no trouble picking Marie up for the lifts in the dance. The instructor had been giving the pair a lot of attention feeling their dance would be one of the highlights.

Marie was now dancing 6 days a week between lessons and rehearsals. Twice a week there was just her, her dance partner, and the instructor. She had a dance class on Tuesdays and then after the boy would come and they had a special one hour lesson with the instructor. On Fridays the instructor would open one hour early for them to practice as well. On this particular Tuesday, after class, the instructor had told Marie he would not be able to open up early for them on Friday. Instead he offered her a key to the studio so she and her partner, Luc, could practice. Marie was always there first as her school was closer, which is why she had the key.

That Friday Marie chose to wear a white, short sleeved leotard under her blouse and skirt for school. Normally she just brought her dance clothes with her and changed when she arrived at the studio as the instructor was always there already, but today she would be opening and with all that was involved in that, at least to her, being already dressed to dance would be faster. Luc could change as she turned on the lights and such and they would have plenty of time for practice.

The day had proven unseasonable hot and Marie wasn't really looking forward to an hour of hard dancing. She arrived at the studio and unlocked the door. Even though she knew every square inch of the place, it made her a bit uneasy to be there alone. Instead of going around and turning on lights, she decided to wait by the door for Luc.

Within a few minutes he appeared at the door. “Hi! Did you just get here?”

“Kinda... I didn't want to walk around here alone, so I decided to wait for you,” she answered.

“Gawd! It's just as hot in here as it was in school today. Maybe we should go swimming instead,” Luc laughed.

“It's tempting, but the recital is just a few weeks away and we need the practice,” Marie reminded him.

“I know,” he grinned. “I was just teasing. Let's go change and get this over with before I die of the heat!”

The two went into the changing room together. Neither gave the fact they would change together a second thought. It was not unusual for the older boys and girls to use the same changing room. Marie took off her skirt and blouse and hung it in a locker. She then sat on the bench to put on her shoes. Luc had his back to her as he changed. As he stripped down, she admired his muscular body. She had never really noticed it before. The heat had affected her as well and today she wasn't as focused on dance as she normally was.

She had known Luc for over two years now. He had always been friendly toward her, but in the last few months she found herself being more comfortable with him. Instead of it being her and some of the girls together, lately she preferred his company. He seemed to feel the same way. Even if they had separate lessons, he always seemed to be there after her lesson. A few times he had walked her home and occasionally they would stop for an ice cream or something.

“It's too hot even to get dressed!” Luc joked.

“Don't then,” Marie half joked back.

“Huh?” Luc blurted.

“You have your dance belt on. Just wear that,” Marie challenged.

“Yeah, right!” Luc countered. “I can hear it now when your class comes in and sees me dancing with you in just a dance belt!”

“They can't come in until we unlock the door, remember?” replied Marie.

“Are you serious? You wouldn't mind if I just wore a belt?” Luc questioned.

“I don't mind as long as you don't. It's not like I haven't seen you in just a belt before and your front is covered anyway,” Marie answered trying to be nonchalant about the whole thing. The thought of him dancing in just a belt excited her and also made her blush, although she tried not to.

“OK,” smiled Luc as her accepted her challenge. “Let's go!” He turned and walked out of the changing room. Noticing she wasn't coming, he yelled back, “Are you coming? The dance is for both of us.”

Marie was in shock. She had suggested he do it, but never expected him to. She walked in to the now lit studio. Luc was standing in front of the mirrored wall. She knew tights were just thin material, but now realized how much of a difference it made without them. She could see Luc's now exposed ass in the mirrors. Seeing him like that made her feel a bit naked as well. She was wearing a leotard, but nothing else.

Trying to refocus on dance, Marie started to warm up. At first Luc just watched her, but soon started warming up as well. He did keep his eye on her though. After a few minutes, Luc suggested they practice the part of the dance that had all the lifts. It was a difficult section, but they had been doing fine. Marie agreed and turned on the music.

Marie tried to focus. The first few lifts were simple ones with Luc's hands on her hips. The next was a carry. Normally Marie was concentrated on the dance, but not as much today. As Luc picked her up, she realized his hand was right on her pussy. The realization made her momentarily jerk. “Let's do that one again, you sort of messed up a little,” Luc suggested.

Marie nodded and blushed at the same time. His hand was on her pussy and she had never realized it. It made her blush.

“It's OK. We both make mistakes,” Luc comforted, not realizing it wasn't the mistake that had made her blush. “Even the great Marie makes SOME mistakes,” he laughed.

Again trying to stay focused, Marie restarted the music. Luc lifted her in the same way. This time Marie didn't shudder as she had before, but still was aware of his hand. “Better,” Luc mumbled at the end of the move. “Let's do it again to be sure.”

Again Marie restarted the music and again they did the lift, but this time, instead of gracefully letting Marie down and continuing, he stopped, but kept his hand on her crotch. He was thankful for the belt ““ his hard on wasn't noticeable, but he could feel it straining to get out. “Let's take a break,” he suggested, still not moving his hand.

Marie wasn't sure what to do. He wasn't “dancing”, he was “feeling”. Her problem was it felt good. She didn't really want him to move his hand away, even though she know she was suppose to. “OK,” she said softly. She stood before him without moving with his hand still on her pussy even though it was not moving.

“You look hot,” Luc said softly. Marie blushed. She was hot, but not from just the heat. After a few moments, Luc's hand left Marie's pussy and both his hands went to her shoulders. “Maybe you have too much clothing on?” he asked quietly as his hands went to the neckline of her leotard and started to slowly pull on it. Marie said nothing as the garment stretched down over her shoulders.

She knew what he was doing. He was taking off her leotard. What she didn't know was what to do about it, if anything. She knew she should push him away, but part of her wanted him to see as well. Her leotard slid down as she debated. Instinctively she pulled her hands from the sleeves without thinking about it.

Her mind was still hotly debating what she should do when she felt her leotard fall to her feet. “You're pretty,” Luc muttered.

Marie stood frozen, completely naked now, with the leotard draped across her feet. She blushed. This was the first time she actually felt a boy looking at her nakedness. It wasn't the first time she had been naked with boys around, but that was to change. His hand went to her small, but stiff nipple. Her mouth opened, but no words came out. For an unknown reason, Marie stopped blushing and being embarrassed. He was almost naked and she was naked. Nature was taking over. She reached up, wrapped her arms around his neck, and they kissed.

Her arms loosened from his neck and slowly slid down his back. She felt his do the same. As her hands slid over the waistband on his belt, his hands grasped her ass. She did the same to him. Her hand slid around to his front. She rubbed up the front of the belt to his belly. “Take it off...” she whispered.

A few movements later, the belt was at his feet. There was now nothing covering either of them. He stood and his hand went to her pussy. At first she instinctively jumped and he pulled his hand away. She was more startled than anything else. She could feel his cock sandwiched between then. She wanted to touch it, but was now hesitant. He had tried to touch her and she jumped, causing him to pull his hand away. She couldn't touch him now after doing that. She hoped he would try again. This time she would let him touch so she could too.

She didn't have long to wait. It seemed like both an eternity and immediately his hand was back. As much as she wanted it there and was willing to let him put it there, she kept her legs close together. It was one thing to have his hand there, but something else to open her legs for him. He seemed content to feel what he could though. After what Marie felt was a reasonable time, her hand went from his back to his front again. She jerked away when she felt him move back slightly, quickly placing her hand on his ass cheek again. Now she was embarrassed, feeling she had done something wrong.

It upset her when his hand left her back. She had ruined everything. She was about to start crying when she felt his hand on hers. He slowly dragged her hand off his ass and to his front, placing it on his cock. It embarrassed her when she realized he had moved not because he was upset, but to give her room.

Her fingers explored what had been hidden between them. His cock felt soft, but was hard as a rock. Her fingers wrapped around it and slid down its length. It seemed bigger than she remembered and it was hot. Naturally she knew about erections and had seen cocks before, but this one was erect and in her hand. She smiled because she realized it was erect because of her. Her fingers went lower to his ball sack.

She suddenly felt pressure on her inner thigh. Luc was pushing on it and she knew it was a signal for her to part her legs. While still unsure if she was ready for all this, with her fingers exploring his sex, she couldn't really say no. Nervously she parted her legs and his hand slipped between them. It embarrassed her to have his hand between her naked legs and his finger touching what no boy had ever even come close to touching. Her mind told her to pull back, but her body pushed her pussy against his hand. She felt that familiar tingle deep inside her and knew she would climax soon.

**THE DANCER – 6**

For a long time the two just stood and felt each other. Marie was fascinated. For the first time she was actually touching a boy. Her hand didn't move around much though. As much as she wanted to thoroughly explore him, she was she and afraid she might do something wrong. His hand felt good on her pussy. Part of her wanted to open her legs wider and give him more access, but she just couldn't do that.

It confused her when Luc started slowly walking, pushing her backwards. His hand stayed on her pussy, but it was hard to keep her legs parted and walk backwards at the same time. She wanted to ask him what he was doing, but his mouth was covering hers in passionate kissing. She suddenly felt the bench against the back of her knees and she had no choice but to sit.

Luc reached down and gently grabbed her leg, twisted her around, and slowly pushed her to her back so her legs were straddling the bench. He lie down on top of her and kissed her. With her legs apart and his cock on her lower belly, very close to her pussy, it made her nervous, but he wasn't doing anything but kissing and she liked it. Although she would never admit it, she wished his hand was still on her pussy. She was close to climaxing and wanted to.

They continued kissing. Without realizing it, Marie started to push up against his hard cock. It was like her barre only better. She became aware of what she was doing when he began to push back. Slowly he began to hump her, sliding his cock along her now very wet pussy. The barre had been good, but nothing like this was.

His hands were on her breasts. She never knew how good that could feel. What she was doing and what she should do about it was all a blur now. Her passion had taken over her mind. Her hips pushed her pussy against the hard cock. Her tongue was in his mouth, and her nipples were hard in his hand. There was no longer any embarrassment. The fire of her impending orgasm was burning out of control.

Marie was now pushing hard with her hips. Without warning, Luc lifted up. Marie couldn't help but sigh. She was sooo close now. His hand went between them though. Maybe he was going to finish her with that? She would rather his manhood, but... oh well. Marie felt his finger at her entrance, but then his hand was now on her shoulder, both of them. “Ready?” he whispered.

Ready??? Yes! No! Marie's mind was racing. She was ready for a climax, but was she ready for this? How could, or should, she answer? Her mouth opened to speak, but she couldn't make the words come out. “Be gentle...” was all she could say, even though her mind wanted to speak volumes.

The cock at her love canal began to slowly move, sliding in. A boy was going inside her! She sucked her breath in, waiting. She had heard about all the horror stories about how much it hurt ““ like a knife being plunged in. Slowly her pussy was filled with cock.

“Are you OK?” Luc asked.

Marie nodded. She was too afraid to speak. She had felt him slide in, but there was only a slight twinge, except for the “full feeling” and she had expected more. The feeling of his cock inside her was like nothing she had ever felt before.

Gently he began to pull out and then push back in. Marie's eyes opened widely, but she didn't realize it until Luc repeated, “Are you OK?” “Yes” was all she could get out. She was afraid; she was excited; she was horny; she had a cock inside her body, but she was OK.

Luc slowly began pumping harder. Marie closed her eyes. They were no longer kissing and he was no longer rubbing her tits, but the sensations being produced as his cock slowly slid in and out of her pussy was like no other sensations she had ever experienced. Her hips started moving as well, pushing her pussy up to meet his downward push into her and pulling away as he backed off.

The pace quickened as though Luc wanted to put more into her even though he was already in as far as he could go. Marie could feel her long overdue climax boiling deep within her, ready to erupt at any minute. Finally it happened. Marie unknowingly groaned as her explosion started. Luc finally pushed into her hard and stayed there. She felt his cock twitching deep within her.

For a while, Luc's cock stayed inside her. Marie liked the feeling. Her eyes were shut as she just enjoyed the sensations of a boy's body. Reality returned as Luc sat up and his cock pulled from her wanting pussy. She opened her eyes to his gaze as he stared at her nakedness. She blushed and brought her hands up to cover her tits. “No...” he said softly as he moved her hands away.

“I'm naked,” she mumbled before realizing how stupid that must sound.

“I know... I like looking at you,” Luc smiled.

Marie folded her hands on her stomach. He had just fucked her, so hiding from him now seemed rather silly. She looked down to see him, but in their position his cock and balls were hidden by her body. She looked at his face again. “Do you like my body?”

“Yes. You're sexy,” he answered.

That made her smile. She reached down between her legs to feel his stiff cock. Instead she found it was soft again; the way she had always seen them before. Her fingers absently danced around between his legs. “You're soft again,” she whispered.

“Not for long,” he chuckled. As he spoke, she felt his cock getting bigger. She wrapped her hand around it, fascinated by how it was growing. “Want to do it again?” he asked.

“Um... I'm kinda sore down there right now,” she sighed. She would have liked more, she liked the feeling, but her pussy wasn't in any condition to take his cock again.

“Want to do it a different way?”

“Huh? How?” she questioned.

“Ah... um... well... you could take me in your mouth,” he stammered. “...or... um... I could go in your back side”

She wasn't sure about the mouth part. “In my back side? Do people do that? How does it work?”

“Sure people do it that way. Lots really like it; even girls do. You sort of bend over and I go in you that way,” Luc explained, not really sure himself how it was done, but he had heard of it and had seen pictures of girls taking a man that way.

Marie thought for a moment. It seemed strange, but he did feel good inside her and he would be inside her that way too. Still she hadn't ever had anything go in her there. “I don't know...” she mumbled. Luc was rock hard again. She really liked him too. They had already done it once already and he obviously wanted more. She could let him do her pussy again, but it was sore now. She didn't want to tell him no either. “I guess we could try it that way,” she finally agreed. She had already gone this far, so why not?

Luc had a big smile on his face, which made Marie smile as well. “Stand up and then bend over, putting your hands on the bench. I'll get behind you. You'll love it!” Luc grinned.

Marie did as he asked. “Open your legs a little,” Luc suggested. Marie parted her legs and waited for him to enter her. “Ready?” Luc asked. Marie nodded. She blushed as she felt him part her ass cheeks and felt foolish for blushing. She felt his cock at her rear opening. It still felt strange, but he seemed so happy and he did say she would love it.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain as he lunged forward. She stood abruptly and spun around. Her hand went to the pain, which was in her rear opening. “What's wrong?” Luc blurted.

Marie saw the disappointment in his face. It had hurt, but maybe this is what she had heard the girls taking about. They did say, though, it felt good after the initial hurt. She didn't want to do it now, but she wanted to make him happy. Maybe she would like it after the hurt part. “Go easy,” she told him as she turned around and bent over again.

Luc's cock again touched her asshole. This time, he just pushed easy instead of lunging. She felt the pressure, but he wasn't going in. It also began to hurt a bit. “Oh!” she yelped as something finally gave way and he slipped in a bit. “Wait a bit,” she gasped as she tried to get the hurt to subdue. Luc stopped moving in and began to pull out. “Wait!” she repeated. He stopped moving. After a few seconds the pain began to go away, but she still wasn't sure if he was going to fit or not. “OK, but go slow...”

Luc began to push in again. It didn't hurt like it first did, but he felt huge going in. Marie wondered still if he was going to fit until he announced, “I'm in... and you feel great!”

She felt like there was a log in her ass, but it didn't really hurt now. Luc was pleased as well. Marie slowly started to move, pumping his cock. Luc took the hint and began as well. The full feeling was still there, but no more hurt. It did feel different from when he went in front, but it felt nice there as well. She could feel him inside her and that was good. Even full, she liked the sensations.

Luc's pace quickened. As it did, his hand snaked around Marie's waist and his fingers went to her pussy. It was what Marie needed. Her head hung down and her eyes closed. She felt the fire start in her belly. She couldn't decide if she wanted to push her hips forward, mashing her pussy into his hand, or push back, impaling herself more with his cock buried in her ass.

Luc lunged forward, ramming his cock into her, and at the same time, his finger pushed into her pussy. He grunted and she felt his cock twitching. He was cumming. It was all that was needed to start Marie's climax. She pushed back, getting her ass filled with his cum as her pussy spasmed on his finger.

After what seemed like forever, her body settled once again. She didn't want it to end, but Luc pulled out of her. She turned and they kissed. Marie glanced at the clock. “Gawd! They'll start getting here in about 20 minutes! I need a shower!”

She quickly grabbed her discarded clothing and headed to the changing room. Thankfully there was a shower there. “Can I shower with you?” Luc grinned.

“Sure, but we can't do anything... right now,” Marie giggled.