**The Dancer**

by Lady Lucia\*

**Part Sixteen**

“FOUR.”

Before I could fully process Zoey’s words, as I was still dealing with the horror of how I was exposed to the entire party and whatever devices were capturing this on picture or video, I felt the young blonde’s hands snaking around my body again. She gripped my bare breasts all over again, only this time it wasn’t for me. Rather than going for another aggressive squeeze, she shoved my boobs together to create an excessive amount of cleavage for our audience, before letting them drop. I gasped in embarrassment as they slightly bounced when gravity couldn’t take them any farther, and then Zoey firmly gripped my sides.

“THREE.”

Still poised by my ear, she sternly whispered, “Turn!” To show me what she meant, her hands began roughly swiveling me towards her. Reflexively moving my feet to keep my balance and avoid falling over from the unexpected jostling on the table that wasn’t particularly wide when two girls were on it at the same time, I followed her forceful movements until she and I were face to face. I was very much not dancing at this point, mostly due to the fact that I was still reeling from the fact that I had been unexpectedly stripped. Zoey yanked me in and we were suddenly in a deep embrace with my bare chest pressed up against her bra-clad breasts. As uncomfortable as the situation was, considering my own sexuality, I still ended up reluctantly wrapping my arms around her. My grip was a lot more hesitant than hers, especially since there was only bare skin to hold with how undressed she was. It wasn’t just my hands that had to deal with that, either. Her stomach was flush with mine, and there was plenty of thigh connection as well due to how she had maneuvered the two of us before pulling me in for what now appeared so much more passionate than a simple hug.

“TWO.”

Surely Zoey could see the mortified look in my eyes as she pressed her forehead to mine and gave me a flirty smirk. Or perhaps that was more for the crowd, as she clearly enjoyed putting on this show that involved her shamelessly stripping down as well. The difference was, Zoey was the kind of girl who liked strutting around in provocative outfits. Or, in this case, letting herself be just as caught on camera as I was while dancing in lingerie after being stripped by another girl. But of course she didn’t care. She was eighteen, overtly bold, and even had a channel where she danced suggestively while not technically ever being fully exposed to make a little extra cash. If anything, this would just be extra content for her. “Kiss me like you mean it, Bella,” Zoey murmured.

“ONE.”

Swaying left and right and using her hands to get me to match as we remained pressed together in a dauntingly intimate way, she added on, “If you don’t, say goodbye to your thong.”

I had absolutely no time to think. The moment she hit me with the threat, the room erupted in cheers as the clock struck midnight. Losing my bra had been bad enough; I couldn’t begin to fathom the thought of being truly naked in front of an entire room of people. Half strangers, half former classmates, all seeing the last shred of privacy I had left. My thong had basically already allowed everyone to see my ass for the last half hour, and Zoey had ensured that my boobs were both bared to the party and displayed in a variety of ways to everyone. Desperately wanting to avoid that last bit of modesty to be taken away from me, and unable to weigh the pros and cons in the span of a single second, I impulsively along with what I had been informed a while ago was part of this degrading ‘job’ that I had stupidly agreed to even after Autumn cleared up the miscommunication–a midnight kiss.

Throwing caution to the wind, I initiated the kiss myself.

My lips crashed into Zoey’s, and we were instantly making out far beyond any first kiss I had ever had with a boy. Locking lips again and again with each other, it didn’t take long for the two of us to find a rhythm. Though I had been the one to kick things off, Zoey quickly took the lead when she felt the subtle reluctance from my side. Because I wasn’t actually into girls. Because I didn’t kiss people in front of an audience. Because this was wrong on so many levels, and not remotely what I had signed up for. Even when I had caved and affirmed that I would be the party’s stripper in the name of being ‘professional’ and keeping Autumn from being screwed at the last minute, I was only supposed to go down to my bra and underwear! Like a bikini, or a skimpy dance routine outfit. Not fucking topless, and full on making out with a girl to avoid being stripped further. And yet, I persevered. Because at this point, I was in way too deep.

The whole room was cheering. It was difficult to tell if that was more because we had reached the end of the countdown, or if two barely dressed girls were kissing after so much build-up. I mostly couldn’t tell because I had lost all sense of time. Had Zoey and I been going at it for five seconds, or five minutes? The latter would make a lot more sense in terms of the crowd being hyped at the overlap between the midnight celebration and the sapphic scene before them. Ultimately, it didn’t matter. Zoey was the one driving things at this point, and she would be the one who decided when we were done. If I cut things off too early, I would have made out with her for nothing. And between Autumn, Heather, and Zoey, I had to do whatever it took to avoid all of this getting worse for me.

As for the kiss itself, there wasn’t a great way to describe it. Since I was straight, and was constantly worried about my nudity and the repercussions of this whole evening, there wasn’t any noticeable enjoyment coursing through my body from my first experience ‘experimenting’ with the fairer sex. At the same time, however, I found myself breathless from how Zoey was constantly deepening the kiss and apparently never needing to come up for air. If that weren’t enough, she eventually plunged her tongue into my mouth. My squeak of surprise could have been construed as something more than what it actually was, and I found myself suddenly grateful for the pounding music and the noise of the crowd around us. Zoey probably heard, but no one else.

I did my best to roll my tongue against hers, feigning all the passion I could muster as I matched her energy the entire time. It wasn’t really possible for our bodies to be any closer together, yet she constantly gripped me and pulled me into her anyway. I reluctantly mirrored her with my own hands, cheeks no doubt crimson as my bare breasts were squashed between us. It’s not what I was used to when it came to pressing my chest against someone else’s, and I had no idea how to deal with another girl’s boobs rubbing against mine.

Zoey finally pulled back, but just enough to give me some false hope. I only had time for half a breath, and then she dove back in and locked lips with me all over again.

**Part Seventeen**

I was fully making out with Zoey.

There was still no pleasure; if anything, this was definitive proof that I very much was a straight girl. Her breasts against mine were awkward, her lips were softer than I was used to, and even the way she gripped me was noticeably feminine. Still, there was less reluctance on my end the more that we kissed. As weird as it sounded, I found it easier to get as lost as possible in the faux passion with Zoey, as a method to avoid thinking about the reality surrounding us. If I kept my eyes closed and focused on Autumn’s sister’s tongue, I could at least somewhat tune out the fact that I was nearly naked at a crowded party.

Also, kissing Zoey meant that I could cling to what little modesty I had left. While half the room had already gotten an eyeful of my bared breasts, which had been especially mortifying thanks to how Zoey had made them bounce around by both feeling me up and jerking my body around, our current chest-to-chest position meant that everyone else had only gotten a glimpse at best. It was such an absurd ‘victory’ to claim, but that’s how far I had fallen. Apparently making out with a girl was the current solution to covering my boobs, although it wasn’t exactly a permanent fix.

With every passing second, I breathed more life into the lie that I was into girls. I took a little solace in the fact that I hadn’t really kept up with any of my high school friends after graduation, so it’s not like this revelation would change anything once my next semester of college started . . . Or would it? If the wrong parent overheard someone my age talking about this, they could then potentially mention it to my parents if I ended up coming up in conversation. That was the thought that finally broke me out of the lengthy midnight lesbian kiss. I realized as I pulled back how stupid the impulse to do so was, considering that the damage had very much already been done where future gossiping was concerned.

Zoey met my eyes with that idle smirk of hers. She continued to hold me close, swaying her hips to ensure we continued to move for both the crowd, and a little bit against each other as well. “One last thing, Bella,” she murmured, “Then you can go.”

I could barely hear her over the pounding music. And what was she talking about? This had all been way more than I had signed up for, and Autumn had told me that midnight was the end of my commitment. I honestly had no idea how long I had been making out with Zoey, but it didn’t matter. One way or another, the countdown had come and gone, which meant that I was done. However, I was still reluctantly in performance mode, so I kept my expression confident while muttering back just for her, “No more, Zoey.” Besides, she wasn’t even the one in charge here. Heather was the one I was most intimidated by, although Autumn was the one who had started all this. While Zoey was likely in on this with her sister, I doubted she was the one making the calls.

Giving a small eye roll, although somehow managing to make it look flirty for anyone that wasn’t me, she leaned in and gave my lips a peck. “It’s easy, babe. Just dance one more song by yourself. It’ll be hotter now that you’re stripped down!”

“No!” I snapped, as it dawned on me what she was suggesting. Fuck no! It was one thing to bare my chest to the crowd when I hadn’t seen it coming, and even that had been beyond degrading. Zoey was out of her mind if she thought I was going to dance for everyone without a bra on. “It’s midnight. I’m going the fuck home.” Screw the audience; I gave Zoey a much more serious look this time around to let her know that I wasn’t messing around.

“Stuck up as always, aren’t you?” she scoffed.

Before I was ready for the exposure, Zoey’s hands traced down to my hips. She took a step back while simultaneously nudging me away from my waist. Then, similar to what she had done with my bra, the smirking blonde pulled the majority of the bills out of my thong. I had reflexively brought my arms up to cover my chest, but was suddenly scared that she was going to yank my last shred of clothing down. That’s what she had done with the bra after taking the money out, after all.

Instead, she did something much worse. Abruptly lunging forward, Zoey shoved me with her full weight, not to mention the added momentum she had given herself.

I stumbled a few steps backwards, completely unable to find my balance before I reached the edge of the coffee table. Gasping at the unexpected drop, I wasn’t able to stop myself from falling in the slightest. Instead of crashing to the ground, however, I was caught by the crowd. My relief was short lived, as it took all of one second for the ones who saved me to turn against me. It was like when I had pushed through everyone earlier, but so much worse. At least then, I had the element of surprise on my side, as well as my feet on the ground.

Instead of simply dropping me now that there wasn’t a risk of me hurting myself from the new height, those who were holding me shifted their grips until I was being groped both above and below. I squeaked and squirmed in discomfort as someone started squeezing my bare boobs while a separate set of hands started copping a feel of my ass. Similar to how my thong did next to nothing where my modesty was involved, it also did very little to protect my mostly bare backside from anyone who could now reach me down there. Finally finding my voice when someone else started feeling up my chest alongside the first person, I exclaimed, “HEY. Put me down!”

My protests were completely lost amidst the still pounding music and the eager crowd that now had a nearly naked girl in its grasp. Pretty much everyone around me started putting their hands on me where they could, especially on my most private areas. All bets were off now that there wasn’t the social line that had existed while I was a ‘stripper’ on my stage. Even the lap dances had rules, and enough people had been watching that each individual had shown at least a little restraint. But now I was topless, and my sudden proximity changed everything. The majority of them were probably more drunk than an hour ago, and the mob mentality quickly settled in. Lowered inhibitions, some lust from watching another girl stripping me and kissing me, and able to get away with feeling me up when everyone else was doing it anyway? None of them hesitated when given such an opportunity.

They were all far more interested in touching me than holding me, so my body eventually settled towards the floor amidst the chaos. The second I could move my limbs without tumbling down, I started randomly kicking in the hopes of giving myself a little space to break free of the countless horny boys.

That was when Autumn stepped in. And not in a good way.