**The Dancer**

by Lady Lucia\*

**Part Fifteen**

Twenty-nine seconds, and I was going to be kissing a girl.

Somehow, this whole ordeal had been twisted into me dreading the very time that was supposed to mark the end of me demeaning myself by pretending to be a stripper. Speaking of reprieves turning into things being worse than they were before, I immediately lost the mental countdown I had started when Zoey gave a sharp pinch to one of my nipples before retreating out of my bra cups. That should have been good, but I learned why she stopped groping me a moment later.

The eighteen year old slightly pulled away from my body, and deftly undid the clasp of my bra.

I let out a light gasp, but immediately regained my composure. Trying to look completely calm and comfortable, I prayed that the idle smirk on my face was still selling that I wasn’t freaking out about all this. My chest was still covered, but only just. The now loose bra cups shifted here and there on my chest as my unfettered boobs slightly swayed with every little movement. I wasn’t dancing as much due to the risk that it posed to my undone bra, but it’s not like I could freeze in terror. My body remained fluid, or at least as fluid as I could manage under the circumstances. This had gotten even more degrading and slutty than before, but I still clung to the idea that I shouldn’t be showing the room that I was beyond mortified. Half naked and confident was still better than half naked and embarrassed, right?

Zoey firmly gripped my hips and pulled me back into her. Once I got the unspoken directive, I began more actively grinding my backside against her, isolating my hips as best as I was able from my upper half. She then traced her fingertips up my sides until she was poised to return to the position she had before. Reaching under my loose bra cups, she gripped my bare breasts with her hands and gave a hard squeeze to both of them.

I couldn’t help but gasp again. She was clearly going for more pain than pleasure. “Zoey!” I hissed. For all of one second, I tried to turn my head back towards her before realizing it was impossible due to how closely our bodies were as we continued our performance for the crowd. My words were absolutely pointless, too. She gave a few more squeezes, roughly exploring my boobs with her fingers and thumbs, and went so far as to pinch my nipples a couple times now that she had better access than before. I tried to take some solace in the face that her hands in addition to the bra were keeping me more covered than just the latter, but that was hardly a silver lining when my entire reputation as a dancer and a typically good student had been warped beyond recognition at this point.

Just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse, I heard Zoey’s voice in my ear. “Arms up,” she whispered, “Sway those hips.”

I took a deep breath, hardly able to believe that I was willingly going along with all this. Allowing another girl–a girl who hadn’t quite graduated from high school–to feel me up, to dictate how our dance would go, and so much more. Even on the car ride over, the impending night seemed like it would just be a little bit uncomfortable. But not this. I only hesitated for a second, when I felt a HARD pinch on both my nipples. Flinching and unable to stop a slight squirm of my body as I sharply inhaled, I had to deal with Zoey getting on my case before I could recover from the unexpected jolt of pleasure-pain.

“Bella!” she hissed, “I said arms up!!”

I obeyed. Immediately. Not abruptly, as the professional dancer within me was still trying her very hardest to split the difference between ‘I’m a stripper’ and ‘I’m trained to perform properly.’ Raising my arms and allowing my body to sway and naturally move in the new position, I was caught off guard when I heard Autumn’s piercing voice over the speakers due to both her drunk sounding tone and how closely she was holding the DJ’s microphone to her lips. “TEN.”

In all my reluctant lesbian activity with Zoey, I hadn’t noticed that someone had projected a count to midnight on the wall off to my side. I wasn’t even sure where it was coming from, but that wasn’t my concern at the moment. I was almost time to kiss a girl. It’s not like I was repressed. Would I have agreed to any of this if I was? If someone had dared me to do a kiss like this at a quiet sleepover, I probably would have. It’s not like it would mean anything. But now that the whole room had been informed that I was ‘into girls,’ every single thing I did with Autumn’s little sister would be taken the wrong way. Zoey might be shameless, but that didn’t mean that I was. And this would mean something, at least in terms of how everyone else saw it.

“NINE.”

Most of the crowd joined Autumn in the countdown. There really was no backing out now, was there? The peer pressure was real, and I had already done so much as the party’s stripper. If I bailed on the midnight kiss, then the bitch of a blonde running this show would have an excuse to follow through on the threatening implications she had made earlier. And then there was Heather, who was honestly a lot more intimidating in terms of what she might do if I didn’t put on a good show. Plus she seemed a lot more sober than Autumn, unless she just did a better job of hiding her inebriation. Either way, crossing one or both of the girls at this point would be a horrible idea.

“EIGHT.”

“SEVEN.”

Out of nowhere, Zoey whisked my bra off. Over my boobs, past my head, and up my arms. I screamed from the newfound exposure, but my voice was completely drowned out by a crowd-wide “SIX,” as well as a ton of gasps and fingers pointing at my now fully bare chest as those that were watching me and Zoey got the attention of those that had temporarily turned to watch the clock. Anyone who hadn’t been staring at us before in anticipation of the kiss was certainly looking now.

“FIVE.”

Zoey held my arms above my head and used them like strings, jerking them left and right to make my boobs jiggle for everyone as my chest naturally moved back and forth in the opposite direction of my arms. Less a dancer’s reaction, and more due to basic physics. For all the efforts I had made to play it cool thus far, I could only imagine how dark the blush on my cheeks was.

I was topless! In public!

Letting go of me when she felt my belated resistance, the young blonde bunched up my dark bra and threw it into the crowd. I watched in horror as it disappeared into the hands of a guy I didn’t even know. How was I supposed to get it back now?! I was up on the table-stage, and he was deep enough in the audience that I wouldn’t be able to push through without getting groped by everyone that could get their hands on me like earlier.

Pressing her lips against my ear, Zoey muttered, “Ready, slut?”