**The Dancer**

by Lady Lucia\*

**Part Eighteen**

Over the speakers, so she could be clearly heard over the chaos around me, Autumn announced, “Whoever brings me her thong gets to make out with yours truly!”

Her words sank in after the smallest of beats. Everyone around me had been a little more hesitant when I had started thrashing my legs, but now the hot blonde across the room had succeeded in encouraging everyone in more ways than one. Although I wasn’t the lesbian she and Zoey had been portraying me as, I couldn’t deny that Autumn was objectively very attractive. So the reward of kissing her, on top of the fact that doing so would result in me being fully naked? Of course that would work to motivate a crowd of already eager guys.

Girls, too. Before I could utter a single word of protest, a female behind me said, “Come on, get her arms!” She and another girl had me in an instant. With two hands to each of my one, my squirming did next to nothing to get out of their grip. The downside to my struggle was that my unfettered boobs were no doubt putting on quite the show. I was focusing more on the people around me, rather than my chest, although I could feel my breasts bouncing about erratically without a bra to hold them in place. It was obviously mortifying, but also all kinds of uncomfortable. “She’s all yours, boys!” the other girl said. I vaguely recognized the voice, although it wasn’t one of the usual suspects from this degrading evening. But someone I knew? Whether it was an old classmate or a total stranger, I was still shocked a couple girls would do this to me. Certainly they could imagine what this would be like if they were in my shoes??

In the ongoing theme of ‘this night can get worse,’ Ryan was the one to approach me from the front. Rather than going right for the challenge Autumn had tasked everyone with, he just looked down at me with that smug smile of his and nodded his head in my direction. Two of his friends stepped forward and made to grab my legs. Since I could actually see what they were planning, I was way more prepared than I had been for the girls behind me. The second one of them got within range, I kicked him in the stomach. Admittedly, I had been aiming for the crotch, but I wasn’t in the best position for accuracy.

“Fucking bitch,” he grunted, clearly winded from the blow.

Unfortunately for me, the victory was short lived. I was outnumbered, and the second guy succeeded in grabbing my ankle while I was busy dealing with the first. Using my free leg, I tried to flail up and get his face however I could. I was stopped before I could even get close. Not by the guy still clutching his stomach, but by somebody else who wasn’t part of their little trio. Because everyone around me was on the same team when the goal was to strip the girl who was one little shred of fabric away from being totally naked.

The crowd around me wasn’t just passively watching things unfold, either. Just as I had registered the fact that my other leg was now being held as firmly as the first one, someone beside me reached in and gave one of my boobs a rough squeeze. “Do that again! She likes it,” one of the girls holding my arms giggled, interpreting my gasp of surprise as a reaction of pleasure.

“Don’t!” I countered, finding my voice again. Fighting back physically had done next to nothing, so I was on to other desperate methods. “Let go! I’m not a stripper. I’m-” A sharp pinch to my nipple shut me up really quickly. Wincing and sharply inhaling, I also blushed when I felt an entirely different hand starting to play with my opposite breast.

“Come on, guys. We can all take turns,” Ryan said. He didn’t have a microphone like Autumn, but he made sure to speak assertively enough to be heard over the nearby voices and still pounding music. “How about it, Bella?” Once he was sure my legs were no longer a danger to him like they had been to his friend, he came over and knelt down beside me, “Do you want everyone feeling you up, or just me?” With that, he pushed away one of the hands that had been fondling me.

While the guy reluctantly gave up my breast, he didn’t back down completely, “You just want her thong!” he accused Ryan.

“Yeah,” the other guy said. Giving my other breast a squeeze, he added, “You want both girls? Fuck you.”

“Autumn is all yours,” he replied. It wasn’t clear who he was talking to, considering how many surrounding people would be interested in making out with the blonde, “Think about it. Does it really matter who strips Bella? You’ll just fight over the thong itself afterwards.”

“And you get to strip her because . . . ?”

“Because I know her. Because I can make her do this.” He reached out and placed his own hand on my breast. After telling the other guy to stop for a moment, although letting him stay on the other side to keep the peace, Ryan explained, “Bella doesn’t like roughness. But if you put a little pressure here, and tweak her nipple with your thumb like so . . . ”

I softly inhaled at his touch, my eyelids fluttering for half a second in pleasure before coming back to my senses. How?! How the fuck did he know that worked? I was the opposite of turned on amidst everything that was happening to me, and yet Ryan of all people managed to coax out a fleeting moment of pleasure anyway. I looked up at him in pure shock. Until the lap dance I begrudgingly gave him earlier, the two of us hadn’t come remotely close to doing anything physical together. So, again. How?

Apparently that was enough to convince the other guy to back off. Ryan was quick to palm my other breast, and he gave me that cocky smirk I was all too familiar with. “Tell you what, babe,” he said, giving my nipples mirrored brushes that caused me to tense up, “I have some spare clothes in my car. Want me to get you out of here?”

I was desperate, but I wasn’t that desperate. Scowling up at him, I shook my head. For starters, I doubted he actually had the ability to even get me out of the living room. Not when countless guys wanted their turn pawing at my bare skin, and when Autumn had the mic. Plus there was Heather, and I didn’t love the idea of leaving without making sure she would back off. Regardless, I assumed Ryan was just toying with me. I didn’t appreciate the false hope he was attempting to offer.

“You’re sure?” he asked. After giving another one of those confusingly effective squeezes to both my boobs, one of his hands trailed down my stomach until he was positioned to hook two of his fingers underneath the waistband of my thong. “Would you prefer this?” He gave a teasing downward tug.

“No!” I blurted out. I couldn’t help myself. With the only dignity I had left at stake, it was impossible to act tough despite my distaste for Ryan.

“Then I guess you’re going to have to do something for me,” he said.