

## Lauren and Annie

Contributed by Alex

Lauren's first experience with another girl is firmly recorded in my mind. The images are so clear that I can replay the entire incident like a DVD. Even though her first encounter was fairly "softcore", it was an amazing night. We were in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, famous for its beaches and golf courses. As a result of the large numbers of men who come to the area on golf excursions, Myrtle Beach has a fair number of strip clubs. I had done a little research and found a club that I thought would strike the right balance. Not too sleazy, not too "stiff". We took a seat toward the back of the club at a table that gave us a nice view of the dancers without putting us right into the middle of things. Since we were still fairly new at this, I didn't want to do anything to put Lauren ill at ease. We enjoyed an hour or so of watching the various girls, flirting between ourselves and generally enjoying the evening. Eventually I asked her if she had seen anyone that she liked. Since we had come with the intention of getting her a lap dance, we had both been watching the girls for the potential candidates. I knew what I had seen and who I might have chosen, and I was interested to find out how close I had come to predicting my wife's taste in women. Turns out, I was right on the mark. The girl that Lauren picked looked the least likely to be a stripper. She was petite, smaller natural breasts, little makeup (she didn't need it) with wire-framed glasses and a hairstyle that made her look more like a kindergarten teacher than a stripper. I confirmed that Lauren was sure she wanted to take the next step. "Why not?" Lauren said. "It's only a dance." It turned out to be a little more than that. I waited for our girl to make her way over to our side of the club. A few minutes later we introduced ourselves to Annie. I asked her if she danced for couples. She did. She told us she had a few other promises to keep first and then she would be back. The anticipation was incredible. I could only imagine what it would be like to watch another woman strip and tease my wife. My mind raced with the possibilities. I couldn't help but wonder "how far" things might go. Would she touch Lauren? Would they kiss? Would Lauren be able to touch her? The wait seemed to go on forever, but eventually we made our way up the stairs to the VIP area. There were several small couches lining the walls of the darkened room. Naked and nearly naked women were everywhere, writhing and teasing glassy-eyed guys. Normally, my head would have been on a swivel to have taken in the scene, but that wasn't the show I wanted to watch that night. Annie directed us to a couch. I sat to Lauren's right as Annie stood in front of us. She asked who she was dancing for. My mouth was dry and my throat too tight to answer. I could only point to my wife. Annie smiled. Soon the next song began and Annie slowly removed the few clothes she was wearing as her hips rocked to the beat. She looked directly into Lauren's eyes the whole time. I watched her lean forward and wrap her arms around Lauren's neck, gently brushing, then kissing her cheek. She slid slowly down her body, making contact all the way. Lauren shuddered involuntarily. Soon she was straddling my wife, knees on the couch, pressing her breasts into Lauren's. At one point she reached down and took Lauren's hands, pulling them around her, placing them on her hips. Lauren needed no other invitation. I watched as he began to caress the dancer's ass, pulling her close to herself. At the same time, Annie began to lean forward, putting a nipple into my wife's mouth. She immediately began to suck. I watched as Lauren took her breasts into her hands, licking and sucking one, then the other. I thought I was going to cum just from watching them. Annie stood and turned away from Lauren, bending forward then sticking her bare ass directly in front of my wife's face. Lauren kissed it, then licked gently. She turned to me and gave me a look that I have seen many times. It's a proud, "look what I just found" expression. I couldn't help but think that it was me who found the real prize. As another song began Annie was on her knees spreading Lauren's legs sliding her hand up under her skirt caressing her thighs. Lauren was wearing a black short skirt, a tight leotard-like white top that showed off her curves (no bra) and a red blazer. Annie took the lapels of the blazer and pulled them down, stretching them taught across Lauren's breasts. By sliding the jacket slowly, she could tease Lauren's nipples the fabric. Eventually, she slid back up, taking my wife's breasts into her hands, squeezing them as she moved even closer, slipping her tongue into Lauren's mouth for a long lingering kiss. The last minute or so of the song they stayed like that. Embracing one another, kissing each other deeply. The music ended and I watched the two women disentangle. As we said good night to Annie we exchanged a hug. Lauren told me later that she felt a twinge in her pussy to see my arms wrapped around her. I thanked Annie for the dance. She told me that it turned her on, since Lauren's touch is so sensual. I told her that she had just been my wife's first girl. She looked startled, then apologized for being so forward with her. No apology necessary! We went straight back to the hotel. On the way there Lauren masturbated and sucked my cock. We were both so horny I wasn't sure if we would make it back to the room. We did. We didn't even get our clothes all the way off for the first fuck of the evening. After we finished, we stripped and did it again - properly. I was awakened early the next morning by Lauren sucking my cock. She was still soaked. As we began to play, she reached over the side of the bed to find the top she had worn the night before. It still had the smell of Annie's perfume. She kept it close to her through both of our lovemaking sessions that morning. Lauren's first lapdance was far more than I could have hoped for, and it was the springboard to a whole dimension in our sex lives.