**Amateur Night**

by Pamela Lewis

We first saw the sign on the "strip" as we headed

towards the beach. The sign in front of the lounge

said, "Amateur Night-Mondays!" Craig teased me that I

should enter. It was said in a joking way that meant he

would laugh it off if I did but also meant that he

wished I might take it serious.

I wasn't particular interested in showing my body to

the world (at least not more than you could see in my

bikini) so I laughed and we changed subjects. It was

early on Saturday morning and the strip looked gaudy

and lifeless in the sunlight. It needed the darkness of

the night for its light to come on and bring it to

life. All the people were either still home in bed or

already staking their claims to sections of the beach.

Craig and I were staying at a nice place right on the

beach. I was a little nervous since this was our first

weekend together. We had been only dating about a month

and a half and were just getting use to each other. Sex

was just starting to get good as we learned each others

likes and dislikes. This weekend was a big step for us.

I had been looking forward to it since Craig had

suggested it two weeks ago.

There is something so sensual about the beach... the

hot sun warming, the pounding of the waves, wearing

skimpy clothing, the night life of the bars, a strange

bedroom where you don't have to clean up afterwards. I

always over indulge all my appetites at the beach. I

eat too much, drink too much...

We arrived at the hotel and checked in. Our room was

high up in the hotel, overlooking the beach. As Craig

set the bags in the room, I opened the sliding glass

door to the balcony and stepped out. It was going be a

beautiful sunny day. I couldn't wait to sit out on the

beach. Craig disappeared into the bathroom and I

swiftly changed into my bikini. It was a white

strapless number cut high on the sides that really set

off my tan and dark hair well.

Craig exited the bathroom as I was collecting my things

for the beach (lotion, towel, glasses, book, etc). He

let out a wolf whistle and I just laughed.

"That's worth the three hour drive alone!" he said. He

came up behind me as I continued to pack my things for

the beach. His hands encircled my waist and I leaned

back against him. The beach would still be there in

another hour (or two?). His hands slid under the top

and pulled it over my breasts. Both hands took a breast

and started to fondle them. I purred.

For two minutes we just stood there, him slowly

fondling my breasts and me leaning back against him. I

could feel his bulge staring to grow against my

backside. He was kissing my neck, and finally I turned

around so that I could return his kiss.

"You definitely have too many clothes on for the

beach," I said. "How do you ever expect to get a tan

like that?" I started unbuttoning his shirt. He just

stood there with his hands on my breasts while I

unbuttoned his shirt and pants. I lowered his pants and

he still did not make any move to let go of my nipples,

which he was rolling between his fingers. "If I don't

get some help, we'll never get you undressed" I told

him. He reluctantly let go and I pulled the shirt off

his shoulders and helped him step out of his pants.

We hugged, his hairy chest against my bare chest, and

walked to the bed embracing. Craig fell back onto the

bed with me on top. His hand entered the back of my

bikini bottom and I lifted momentarily to allow him to

remove them. I reached down and pulled his jockey

shorts down and off his legs. We kissed again as his

hands went over my bottom and I reached for his cock.

He gasped into my ear, "Sit on my face." Not an

invitation he would have to repeat twice, one of my

favorite things is to be on top of a man's face, it

gives me such a feeling of control and power. I waked

on my knees up to the headboard and lowered myself on

his tongue. I looked in my reflection in the mirrored

wall over the headboard. In the background, I could see

the ocean wave out over our balcony (we were up too

high (23 floors) to see the beach or to worry about

being seen from the beach).

Craig's tongue soon had me dancing on his face. The

room's temperature was swiftly rising from both the

heat we were generating and the open door to the

balcony. My reflection was covered with sweat as I

continued to roll on his face. I had a few small

orgasms and built to a large one. After I came back

down, I rolled off his face (he did need to breathe)

and curled up by his side. His face was covered by my

juices as he held me close.

Craig got up from the bed and walked to the balcony. He

closed the door and turned the air conditioner on high.

"You're just too hot to handle," he joked. "We have a

nice view of the ocean from here. I hope we get to see

it eventually up close."

I could see that he needed relief from more than the

heat. I got out of the bed and joined him in front of

the sliding glass door. I put my arm around him and

looked out at the ocean. I bent down and took his cock

in my mouth. After a couple of licks, I dropped to my

knees and started to take him into my mouth. His hands

reached into my hair.

After a few minutes, Craig said, "I didn't work you up

and get you all wet for nothing. I want to take you

right here on the carpet, where we can both look out at

the ocean."

I knew that this was Craig's way of being nice to me.

He knows that I don't like to suck cock to completion.

I just have never developed a taste for sperm. I moved

forward on my hands and knees to the edge of the glass.

Craig dropped to his knees and slid his cock into me

from behind. He leaned forward over my back and I could

feel his breath on the back of my neck. He thrust and I

tried to match his rhythm. He had been denied too long,

and the pace quickly picked up. Each thrust, I would

open my eyes out onto the ocean. When he would

withdraw, I would close them again and back up trying

to keep him inside. Soon, we both were reaching a

crescendo.

Coming back to our senses, I shakily got up and

returned to the bed. I picked up my discarded swimsuit.

A quiet afternoon on the beach was a perfect

prescription. I started to head to the shower but Craig

stopped me, "Let's go down now."

"But I need to clean up first," I replied.

"But you look beautiful with that just fucked look.

All the men will be so jealous of me. Besides, we can

let the ocean clean us." Craig reached into his bag and

pulled out his swim trunks. He looked worse then I did,

with my dried juices still on visible on his face. I

quickly slipped back into my bikini and brushed my

hair. We grabbed our things and headed for the

elevator. In the elevator, I could still smell our sex

in the confined area. Part way down, the elevator

stopped and a middle-aged couple joined us. The men

kept sniffing around, not quite able to place the

smell. When we got off, we both broke into laughter.

Reaching the beach, we set our towels and things down.

The beach was already crowded and we ended up fairly

far up it before finding a suitable spot. I noticed

more than one male's head turn (and a couple female's

as well) as we walked down the beach. Craig and I both

ran into the ocean and splashed around. We swam out a

little bit and rode a couple waves back in. I got out

and toweled myself off and Craig wasn't far behind me.

He helped rub the suntan lotion into my body and then I

returned the favor. We laid out the rest of the

afternoon.

Later, rested, showered, and refreshed, we went out to

dinner and than to hit the clubs. I just love to dance

and the drinks and the music kept flowing. At 1:30 am,

we were still going strong. The dancing and the drinks

were making me hot, so I did not object when Craig

suggested a moonlit walk on the beach. It was quite

bright out that night, being near the full moon. We

walked arm in arm. We could see that we weren't the

only ones with that idea as there were other couples

walking down the beach. Craig suggested skinny dipping

and I punched him (lightly) in the stomach. I was

slightly drunk but I wasn't that drunk.

Instead we headed for a sand dune. But once again, we

had not been alone in the thought. We heard moaning

coming from behind some brush. Craig put his hand over

my mouth before I could speak and guided me down onto

the sand. We crawled to the rise of the dune and looked

over. There was a couple in the middle of the act. She

was on her back in the sand with her legs spread, he

was in between them pumping furiously away. They were

not far from the point of no return. She was a cute

blond who was very young.

She had her dress hiked up to her waist. Her blouse was

open and her bra and panties rested on the sand next to

them. He was tall, very young too, and had a medium

size cock. He had his pants and shorts pulled down to

his knees and was busy pumping her and grabbing her

breasts. She was the one we had heard moaning as she

continued to "ohh" and "ahh". Craig had lain down next

to me and his hand reached into my blouse (I hadn't

worn a bra that evening). I was getting quite flushed,

watching their illicit act.

The boy's groan joined the girl's and with one final

thrust he came to rest upon her. Craig had unbuttoned

my shirt most the way down and was working on my pants.

His hand slid into my panties and he could tell how

excited I was. I could feel him rubbing his bulge

against my leg and knew that the show had affected him

too. The girl buttoned up her blouse and pulled on her

panties as the boy pulled his pants back on. She did

not bother to replace the brassiere, instead slid it

into a small bag that was off to her side. They rose

and walked off hand in hand.

Craig said, "I want you now, right there!" We slid down

the dune from our vantage point and took the spot so

recently vacated. I lowered my pants and removed my

already unbuttoned blouse. Jack had dropped his pants

and was raising his shirt over his head. I pressed my

body against him and our mouths joined as the shirt

cleared his head.

I pushed him down to the ground on the exact spot the

couple had lain. There was no need for preliminaries. I

was already soaking. I grabbed his dick and guided it

straight into my pussy. I like being on top (especially

when it means not getting sand all over myself) and was

soon riding away. I tried to keep our volume down,

considering the noise that had attracted us in the

first place, but Craig was being no help, repeating "Oh

yeah" over and over. We did not last long and soon I

collapsed on top of Craig, both of us spent.

Craig whispered in my ear, "I think we have company

too!" I heard giggling and looked up the dune. A couple

of young (early teens) boys were up there getting an

eyeful. I blushed deeply and quickly grabbed my blouse

and slacks. I dressed quickly, forgoing my panties as

they had disappeared in the sand. Craig dressed and

tried to comfort me.

The young boys had scurried away, realizing they had

been found out. By the time we had walked back to the

car, I was not really upset about having put on a show.

The more I thought of it, the more I thought how I had

enjoyed the show put on for us. We returned to our

room. After a quick shower, we fell into a blissful

sleep.

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I woke Sunday morning to a glorious feeling. Craig was

between legs, lightly tonguing my pussy. I kept my eyes

closed and just enjoyed the sensations in a half awake,

half asleep state. He tongued me for over fifteen

minutes before my moaning gave me away. I finally

opened my eyes and watched him continue his work. I

said, "Now!" and he rose above me. Where the other sex

had turned into raw animal passion, this was slow,

unhurried lovemaking. He slid into me gently. We kept

up the slow pace for over a half hour. Almost

imperceptibly, the pace picked up. Finally, we both

came and just laid in each others arms. What a way to

awake.

It was already noon before we left the room. We grabbed

a bite to eat and went back to the beach. Later, we

walked by the dune that we had used last night. Craig

held my hand tight.

Sunday evening, we went out to eat again (we had a

three day weekend so we wouldn't have to head back

until Monday evening). I had on a white halter dress.

Craig was being most attentive. At the restaurant, his

hand slid under my dress and he caressed my thighs. I

was having a hard time eating my salad as his finger

wormed under my panties and entered me. He would

discreetly remove his hand from under my dress whenever

the waitress approached. After she cleared the salads

away, I excused myself and went to the ladies room.

I could plainly see how flushed I looked in the mirror.

I removed my soaking panties and put them in my purse.

Craig rose when I returned to the table and helped me

with my seat. Sitting, his hand quickly discovered the

reason for my little trip and his face lit up with a

smile. After dinner had been cleared away (I can't even

remember what I had!), the waitress asked if we would

like dessert. Craig teases me by not removing his hand

for her final visit and said that we were going to go

somewhere else for dessert.

When we got in the car, Craig's hand once again slipped

up my dress. My excitement was overpowering. I just

wanted release. I could smell myself in the confined

space of the car as he drove. His fingers kept teasing

my clit, but always stopping short of giving me

release. I was tempted to reach down and finish myself

off. Craig pulled the car into a parking lot. I looked

up expecting to see the hotel, and was surprised to see

that we were near the edge of the strip. He had driven

us back to the strip joint that we had seen as we drove

in. I didn't particularly want to go in, in fact, all I

wanted was to go back to the room and fuck.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"I thought that since you'd been stimulated all night,

now it was my turn," he replied.

"I don't want to go in there, I want to go back to the

room." I whined.

"Why do you want to go back there when the night is

still young?" he teased. He wanted me to say it.

"I want you to fuck me, fuck me hard and often NOW!" I

answered.

"But what about me? You've had all night to get hot and

bothered and I want to have a little fun now." he said.

"I'll do anything you want as long as you take me back

to the room NOW!" I was running out of patience.

"Anything?" he teased.

"Anything!" I replied.

"Okay, but I want you to do something special for me."

he gave me an evil grin. I was to hot to notice and

just nodded my head. He started the car and headed back

to the hotel. "I want you to help me live out a

fantasy. I want you to enter that amateur contest

tomorrow night." he said. I was almost shocked back to

reality. But I decided to promise him anything, whether

I would actually do anything was another story. His

hand had once again slid up my dress and was stroking

me.

"Okay, I'll do it, just give me relief." I told him. He

picked up the pace a bit and I finally came. But he

kept working his finger in and out.

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When we arrived back at the hotel, I was ready to come

again. He pulled his hand out though. We walked to the

elevator. I could see a stain on the front of my dress.

I couldn't believe how hot and bothered I was,

especially after having had so much sex that weekend.

Luckily, we didn't run into anyone. When we entered the

elevator, Craig pulled his zipper down and ordered me

to suck him. I obediently dropped to my knees and

pulled his cock out.

I engulfed the head with my mouth, unconcerned that it

was a glass elevator (the glass was smoked so it was

unlikely anyone could have seen anything anyway). Craig

may have talked a good game, but he was not totally

unaffected by our night out. He was rock hard. When we

reached our floor, we quickly ran to the room (Craig

didn't even zip back up).

Craig was all over me as soon as the door closed. We

didn't even remove our clothing. I just hiked my skirt

and Craig later untied my halter to get access to my

breasts. Craig dropped his pants and under-shorts to

the floor and pulled me down to the carpet. He entered

me hurriedly, as I raises my legs over his head onto

his back. This was exactly what I needed. He pumped

furiously into me. It reminded me of he couple we had

witnessed the night before. I came and kept coming.

Craig finally shot deep into me and we both just laid

spent on the floor.

Craig started to harden in my pussy. "What are you

thinking about?" I teased him. His cock throbbed within

me and he started to stroke again.

"You, and how great you'll look up on the stage

tomorrow," he replied.

"What makes you think I will do it?" I asked.

"You wouldn't go back on your word, besides, it's a

long walk home," he kidded (at least I hoped he was

kidding). He rose up, helping me to my feet, never

disengaging. We carefully walked to the bed and then

laid down on it. It was a much slower pace then our

previous frenzy. When we had finished, we fell asleep

in each others arms.

I awoke with a similar sensation to the morning before.

Craig was once again between my legs and I was already

starting to juice. We made slow love again and drifted

back to sleep. We finally arose from bed after 1:00

p.m. and ate. Craig suggested that I call the office

and take another day, so that we might further enjoy

tonight's experience. I had been hoping he might drop

that.

"I'm not to sure I really want to go through with that"

I said, hoping he would let me bow out gracefully.

Things were going pretty well between us and I didn't

want to screw them up too badly.

"But you promised. I think that you will enjoy it. You

certainly have enjoyed all the stares on the beach, and

on the dance floor the other night. You were excited by

watching that couple and I bet if you are really

willing to admit it to yourself, that you were excited

having those two boys watch." he argued.

It was true, I do like the stares, whether it be at the

beach or on the dance floor. I wasn't too sure about

the two boys watching us, however, I had certainly

enjoyed the show the couple put on.

"I'm not saying I will do it, but another day would be

fun," I conceded.

"As long as you are not saying that you definitely

won't" he said with a smile. Craig and I both called

our offices and took an extra day. We returned for

another day on the beach. Craig was very attentive,

occasionally slipping his hands into my suit. I kept

pushing him away as I wanted to rest and I knew I

couldn't think straight with an itchy pussy.

As the sun began to set, I knew I was running out of

time. Craig joined me in the shower and immediately

dropped to his knees and buried his face in my mound.

He certainly was not going to make it easy for me. I

dressed for dinner in blue jeans and a blouse (I wasn't

going to make it as easy as the night before for him

either. I even wore a bra!).

We ate at a nice seafood place. Craig tried to keep

pouring liquor into me but I paced myself. I had been

thinking about what he had said. I had a fantasy about

being a stripper, but I wasn't sure I wanted to turn it

into reality. I figured that the lounge would be dingy,

the women slutty, and the men would all have beer guts.

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After dinner, Craig looked at me expectantly. "I'll go

look, but I won't decide till later." I said. He

grinned and hurriedly drove us to the lounge. At the

entrance, a bouncer told us about the cover charge. He

asked if I was interested in competing for the $500.00

prize. Craig said that I might be but we wanted to

check it out. He said that we needed to check in with

the manager at the bar by 10:00 if I wanted to enter.

He explained that the competition did not start till

10:30, and that the regular girls worked before that.

The room was semi dark and the music was loud. I clung

to Craig instinctively as we entered the room filled

with men. I could see just a couple of women in the

crowd. It was not dirty or seedy. The men were mostly

young, and only a few looked like they should be

driving around in pickup trucks with gun racks. We

worked our way to the bar and I could just barely see

the stage area between all the men (there must have

been over 300 of them!). The stage was well lit from

track lights that hung down similar to the disco we had

been to on Saturday night.

No one was on the stage and most of the men were

milling about. Waitresses scurried about (fully

clothed, but in short cocktail outfits). We found a

small table for two at the bar when two men got up and

left. We could see the stage. Although not the best

sits in the house, they would certainly be adequate for

our needs. A waitress came to our table almost

immediately and took our order. This wasn't too bad but

I didn't want to be too clear headed if I was going to

go through with this. The waitress swiftly returned

with the drinks and Craig ordered another round.

We both swiftly drank the first and the second had just

arrived when the stage lights dimmed. We could barely

see the curtain move and then a spot light came on. A

very well built blonde was on the stage. She was

dressed in a dark blue velvet dress and was wearing

matching gloves that ran past her elbows. She had a

matching set of pumps on her feet. The room momentarily

hushed in anticipation. The music came on loud. It had

a disco style beat. The girl started moving on the

stage. She danced down the runway and back.

She was not bumping or grinding, no pelvic thrusts or

anything. She looked like she was just dancing like I

might. Then she pulled one glove off, and then the

other. She threw them to the back part of the stage out

of reach. She turned her back too the crowd and lowered

her hands to the hem of the skirt. She slowly raised it

up her body and finally took it over her head.

She turned and faced the crowd. She had on matching

black bra, panty (more of a g-string), and garter belt

set. She danced around the runway and returned to the

back part of the stage. She turned her back to the

crowd once again. The straps of her bra fell down her

arms. Her bra must have had a front hook because she

pulled both cups to her sides.

The crowd hooted and hollered as she threw the bra

aside. She turned around and we could see her large

breasts. She had very large pinkish nipples. She danced

around the runway and shook her chest at the men.

Again, she returned to the back of the stage. Her back

once more turned to the audience, she unsnapped her g-

string and threw it to the side.

The crowd was really getting loud. She turned and faced

the audience. Her pussy lips were completely shaven and

she had a small blond thatch over her pussy. She took

her time dancing around the runway, pausing in front

off men so they could get a closer look. She danced

some more in the middle of the stage as the music came

to an ending. She took a bow as the crowd applauded

enthusiastically. She grabbed her clothes and went

behind the curtain. She came back twice for curtain

calls.

The next dancer was tall and dark haired. She was well

built (but not as well built as the blond had been) and

had a dark tan. Her dance was similar and soon she was

down to a white g-string (she had been dressed all in

white). After she removed it, I was intrigued to see

that she too had her pussy lips shaven. She had her

remaining hair cut into the shape of a heart. Also,

here tan did not have any lines in it. She looked

incredible. Craig was obviously enjoying the show (my

hand reached into his lap and found him solid). It was

getting close to 10:00 and decision time.

Craig asked, "Well, do you want to give it a try?"

"I don't know, there are so many men," I replied.

"But you don't know anyone here, you'll probably never

meet any of these people again," he countered.

"Good point, Promise you won't tell anyone ever." He

quickly nodded his head. He signaled our waitress, and

when she came, he ordered another round and asked her

if she could send the manager over so I could sign up

for the contest.

The manager was late thirties, early forties, with a

slightly receding hair line. "Great, now do you want to

join the contest?" I shook my head yes. "Okay, now I

need to double check your I.D. again (we had been

carded as we entered). I showed him my driver's

license.

"Looks okay, now here is an application. Fill it out

and I'll take you back stage. You won't be allowed back

stage (he had turned to Craig) though. One of the girls

will help you get set. We have extra costumes and

they'll explain the rules and tricks. There are five

other girls tonight and they are already back there

getting ready. You'll go on last to give you time to

complete the form and get ready. I'll be back in a

minute to pick this up and take you back there." He

left the table and talked with the bartender.

The application was pretty straight forward. It just

wanted basic information; name, address, etc. Most of

it was taken up with a disclaimer relieving the bar of

any responsibility for about anything that might

happen. My hand shook as I signed it.

The manager returned and I handed him the form. I left

Craig and followed the manager back stage. Some of the

men turned and looked as we walked to the door. Another

girl was on so they didn't look long. Backstage were a

couple of small rooms. The first, he called it the

costume room, had three racks of exotic looking

clothes. The tall brunette (with the heart shaped hair)

we had watched earlier put her head in the door. She

was wearing a plain white robe.

"Shelly, I want you to meet Pamela, she's going to be

in the contest tonight. Do you think you can get her

set up?" the manager asked.

"Okay Gene, when does she go on?" she replied.

"She'll be last so you'll have a little time." the

manager said as he headed out the door.

"Hi, you a little bit nervous?" Shelly asked. I nodded.

"Don't worry, you'll do well. They will like you." she

said looking me up and down. "Let's find something good

for you to wear. What's your best color?"

I replied, "White" as we stepped in front of the racks.

"I thought so, its one of my favorites too. It

highlights a tan so well," she said.

"Yours is certainly nice. It must come from living at

the beach," I said.

"Yes, I know a nice little private beach," Shelly

commented.

"I'd love to go there sometime. Where is it?" I asked.

"Sorry, its tough to find and you have to have

permission to go there," she replied. " Now we have to

get started. We start at the end and work backwards."

she said as she opened a drawer on a chest. "Here's a

garter belt, some stockings a g-string. The belts

adjustable and the g-string has Velcro so it can adjust

to most any size. It also makes it easier to take off."

Shelly said demonstrating how both sizes could be

release in the air. "What size bust are you?" she

asked.

"34C" I replied.

She opened another drawer and started searching through

bras. She finally pulled a white one out and handed it

to me. "It hooks in the front to make it easier. Now

change into this and we'll find something to go over

it." I started taking my clothes off. "When you get out

there, make sure you smile. Dance all you want and have

fun with it. The crowd picks the winner and they can

tell if you are just going through the motions.

Make sure you are at the back of the stage when you

take anything off. That way you can throw back to side

and it won't disappear into the crowd. Anything you

throw to the crowd, Gene will make you pay for. Also,

be careful you don't get to close to the edge. We once

had a girl who fell into the crowd. Not a pretty

sight."

I had taken off my blouse and bra and was about to put

the white bra she had picked out for me on. "Hang on

one minute. A little lip gloss well help highlight your

nipples." Shelly handed me a jar from one of the

tables. I stood in front of a mirror and applied some

brown gloss to each nipple.

"Let me help you with the bra. If you don't get it on

right, it'll rub the gloss all over and they would look

worse." She helped line the lacy, semi sheer bra up as

I put it on. "Now you are not allowed to let anyone

touch out there. We'd lose our liquor license." I was

actually relieved to hear that. I had taken my shoes

off and was removing my jeans. I had piled the clothes

on an empty spot on the dressing table.

"You'll have about five minutes so don't go too slowly.

But don't take it all off too quickly either. I can't

teach you pacing in time but we will have someone in

the wings who will yell out the time remaining in

minutes. Don't count on be able to hear them though. If

you are doing it right, the crowd will drown her out."

I had slid the g-string on and had adjusted the belt. I

slid the white stockings up my legs and connected them.

"Stick to the basics. Don't try anything fancy. I'd

leave the stockings and garter belt on. Some girls try

to take them off too, but it takes up too much time and

it takes practice to make it look graceful." I stood

up.

"Okay, let's find something to go over that. I know

just the thing." Shelly disappeared behind one of the

racks and came back with a silk white night shirt. "The

lights work so well on this. All you have to do is

unbutton it down too. No muse your hair taking

something over your head."

Suddenly, an especially loud roar came from the crowd.

"They must be starting." Shelly said looking over her

shoulder into the hall. I had been a little self

conscious of the open door as I changed, but had only

seen an occasional women pass by (including the girl

who had been on stage when I came back stage. She had

passed by still naked, carrying her clothes.). I put

the silk night shirt on and buttoned it up. The music

resumed outside so the first contestant was probably on

stage. My stomach flip flopped.

Shelly must have noticed my tenseness. "Relax, you'll

do great. If you feel yourself freezing on stage, just

look up into the lights. Then you won't be able to see

anyone. No one is going to force you to do anything you

are uncomfortable with. Let's go to the dancer's lounge

and wait."

Shelly handed me a short robe which I rapped around

myself. We exited the room (I was glad I had left my

purse with Craig). As we walked down the hall Shelly

said, "Don't let the other girls intimidate you. A

couple of them do this fairly regularly, trying to win

the money. Its actually tougher for them as the men

like new faces."

We entered another room. It had mirrors and dressing

tables along one side and a couple of old couches.

There was also a small wet bar to one side. Shelly took

me there and poured me a glass of white wine. There

were four other girls in the room, all wearing robes.

The girl who had been on stage and that I had seen

walking down the hall naked, was now robed and sipping

a drink and smoking a cigarette at one of the dressing

tables.

Three girls were sitting on a couch. Shelly took me to

the couch and said, "Hey girls, we got another entrant.

This is Pamela."

I said hello to each of my three competitors (the other

was already on stage). The first, an unbelievable good

looking blonde with a big chest introduced herself as

Lisa. They must have had to check her I.D. twice as she

looked no more than eighteen. She had on a black

wraparound skirt and a silk blouse. It was obvious that

she had a black bra underneath. The second girl was a

mid thirtyish brunette who looked a little out of

place.

Her name was Ellen. She was not particular well built

and was a bit hippy. She looked really nervous and her

drink shook in her hand. I was willing to bet she was a

housewife on vacation whose husband had put her up to

this. She was dressed in a blue dress that had a zipper

down the front. The third girl looked to be in her mid

twenties. Her name was Karen. She had light brown hair

and a tight body. She had a red teddy on and red

stockings.

Shelly took me over to the remaining dressing table and

helped me with my make-up. The blonde that Craig and I

had seen first, popped her head in the door. "Okay

Karen, your up." Karen rose and followed the blonde out

of the room.

A minute latter the crowd noise rose. The first

contestant must have finished. A moment later, a petite

blond entered the room, wearing a robe and carrying her

clothes. She set the clothes down (some sort of pink

dress) and grabbed a drink. She said "hi" to Shelly but

ignored me.

Shelly whispered, "That's Elizabeth, she one of the

regulars I told you about. The other one is Lisa. Lisa

nice but stay away from Elizabeth. She likes to play

mind games."

Ellen was looking more nervous. She was to go on next.

She had put down her drink and was tightly holding her

hands together.

Shelly finished up with my make up and stood back to

admire the results. "Beautiful! Okay you're going on

last. After you're done, pick up your clothes and come

back stage. All the girls will be waiting for the

judging. We will give you a minute to put the panties

back on. Then put the robe back on and all of you will

go back on stage. They will hold the judging. Usually,

when they call your name, you step forward and open

your robe. You don't have to because the judging will

already be over, but most everyone still dose it. Take

a bow and return to the line. They then announce the

runner ups and the winner.

"The winner is expected to dance for another couple of

minutes, and then gets presented the check. The other

contestants move back stage. Any prize money for

runners up is presented when they are announced. Only

the winner waits until after her encore. Once back

stage, everyone is free to dress and leave. You're

welcome to hang out back here if you want but no men

are allowed back stage. We'll be at it until two.

Sometimes, if someone been really good, and they want

to do it again, Gene lets them dance a regular set with

us," Shelly said.

The blonde put her head in the door and called Ellen.

Ellen shook as she rose and walked like she was headed

to the gallows out of the room. The blonde gave a nod

to Shelly.

"Okay, I've got to go help Teri. Are you going to be

all right?" Shelly asked.

"I think so." I responded. I was beginning to feel a

little more relaxed.

"Good luck. Okay Lisa, I don't think Ellen is going to

last to long. Why don't you come out to the wings just

in case." The two girls left. I went over to the bar to

freshen my drink.

Karen entered the room, blushing and looking quite

flush. She had on her robe and had a red pile of

clothes in her hand. She dropped them on the couch and

went straight for the bar.

"How did it go?" I asked as I poured her some wine and

refilled my glass.

"Great! They were yelling and clapping. I couldn't

believe how excited I was." Karen's voiced cracked as

she spoke. She took a gulp of the wine and sat down. I

was wondering if she was going to faint.

The crowd noise had dropped off and the music had

stopped. It was too soon for Ellen to be done. The

crowd cheered and the music started up again. A minute

later, Shelly came in.

"Pamela, you're next. Wait a couple more minutes and

then go out to the wings and wait with Teri. Good

Luck!" she said.

"What happened to Ellen?" I asked.

"She got about half way through and froze. Don't worry,

you'll do great! Lisa will have the crowd all warmed up

for you." Shelly said. Looking at the other two girls

she added, "Get ready for the judging."

Elizabeth reached over to clothing pile and pulled out

sheer white panties. She stepped into them and pulled

them up her legs. As she pulled them up, I caught a

glimpse of a completely shaven pussy. Karen had put

down her drink and was rummaging through her pile. She

pulled out a red g-string, similar in design to the one

I was wearing (Velcro on both sides). She pulled it

under her robe and fit them on.

I decided to use the bathroom quickly before I went on.

I had a good bit to drink and didn't want to have any

accidents. I went into the small bathroom that adjoined

the room. I decided to test the g-string and pulled

both sides, just as Shelly had shown me. It came apart

in my hands just like it was suppose to. I finished and

walked out to the hall. Teri signaled me to join her at

the end. I walked down the hall. In the costume room, I

saw Shelly trying to comfort Ellen who was crying. I

hurried along to Teri.

Teri shouted onto the stage, "Two Minutes." I looked

out behind the curtain. The crowd had grown and they

were cheering Lisa on. I looked onto the stage and saw

Lisa. She was just returning to the back part of the

stage from the runway. She was down to her black

panties. She came over to us and pulled the curtain

around the lower part of her body. Her hand swiftly

pulled the panties down and she threw them over her

shoulder onto the stage where the men could see them.

A big cheer went up and she turned her back on the

crowd and danced out to the middle. All the crowd could

see was her behind but Teri and I had the perfect view

of her front. Lisa had firm, large breasts with big

pink nipples. She had a pink pussy with a fine patch of

blond pubic hair. She was unbelievable. She turned and

faced the crowd. The men went wild. She danced up the

runway, gyrating her hips and give the men a good view.

Teri shouted, "One minute!" But the crowd noise was

probably drowning it out. I had been feeling more

relaxed, even excited. But now my stomach was tight and

new fears were entering my mind. I wasn't sure now that

I really could go through with it. The music came to an

end and Lisa stopped dancing.

"The Lovely Lisa, lets give her a big hand for coming

out here tonight." a microphone voice said. The crowd

cheered as Lisa took a bow. The stage lights went out

and she quickly retrieved her clothes from the stage

and headed for us.

"Great show!" Teri said as Lisa came backstage.

Lisa took her robe from a hook behind us and put it on.

"Thanks, they're ready tonight." she replied.

"Hand your robe up and get ready, they are about to

announce you." Teri told me. I put the robe on the

hook.

"Good Luck." Lisa said as she headed back down the

hall.

"Go get them," Teri said as she gave me a small boost

out on the still dark stage. I stepped to the center.

The moment of truth had arrived.

The announcer was talking about a promotion that was

upcoming at the bar. "And now an accountant who has

some interesting figure to show us, let's give a big

welcome to Pamela!" The music stared and then the

lights came on, blinding me. The men roared. I started

dancing, swaying my hips to the beat. The satin white

night shirt shimmered in the lights. I took Shelly's

advice and looked into the lights, losing myself in the

music.

I worked my way down one side of the runway. I saw

Craig sitting at the table at the bar. He caught my eye

and started to clap. He was the vision of lust. I

turned my back to him and inched up the night shirt so

my g-string covered (or should that be uncovered)

behind was visible. I shook it at him and the men

nearest the stage went wild. I worked my way back to

the stage. I reached up and unbuttoned the top button

on the shirt. I reached down and unbuttoned the bottom

button. I alternated between top and bottom until only

one was left. "Four Minutes," I heard Teri in the

wings.

I teased the men by alternately opening the bottom and

then the top of the nightshirt. They could just get

glimpses of the white underwear beneath. I unbuttoned

the last button and pulled the shirt open. The men

cheered. I danced the length of the runway with the

shirt wide open and returned to the back of the stage

and deposited it on the floor. I was beginning to

really get into it. The men cheering and screaming was

feeding my ego. I decided it was time to be bold.

As I danced down the runway again, I could barely hear

Teri shout the three minute warning. I decided to forgo

Shelly's advice on taking my clothes off at the back

part of the stage. In the middle of the runway. I

reached to the front of the white, lacy, push-up bra

and unhooked it. I held the cups in place as I let the

straps fall down my arms. I released the right cup and

pulled the bra completely off, exposing my breasts.

The men were cheering loudly. I looked in their faces

and could see their smiles and leers. Surprisingly, Ii

was turning me on. I shook my breasts at first one side

of the room, and then the other. I looked up to see

Craig and shook them one more time in his direction. It

looked like he was really enjoying the show. I danced

to the back of the stage and deposited the bra on top

of the night shirt. As I looked off in the wings, I

could see that the other girls had joined Teri. Shelly

was there, having changed into a black dress. There was

no sign of Ellen though. I turned and faced the crowd,

swaying my hips. I ran my hands under my breasts and

pushed them up towards the crowd.

Heading back down the runway, I heard Teri shout, "Two

minutes!" In the middle of the runway, I reached to

both sides of my hips for the Velcro fasteners on the

g-string. I pulled, being careful to keep the cloth in

front of me blocking their view. The string fell off my

back and I turned, shaking my naked bottom to all the

men. I then pulled the g-string high in the air,

exposing everything to the world. The men were cheering

more loudly than before.

I danced and gyrated down the runway, waving the g-

string wildly overhead. I returned to the back of the

stage and threw the g-string with the rest of the

discarded clothes. I put my arms behind my head and

danced down the runway once more. I could feel my pussy

juicing and wondered whether that was visible to the

men. I did not have to wonder about my chest though, as

the nipples were quite obviously erect.

As I was dancing back up the runway to the stage, the

music came to an end. I guess the crowd had drowned out

Teri's one minute warning. I walked back to the stage

quickly. "The pretty Pamela! What a show! Let's give

her a big round of applause," the announcer said. I

turned away from the men and bowed, showing off my

bottom, then I turned and bowed facing them. They were

clapping and shouting.

The lights went out and I bent over and picked up the

clothes. I walked to the wings where all the girls were

waiting in their robes.

"Great show!" Teri said.

"Yeah, you were hot," Lisa added.

"Super," Karen said.

Elizabeth gave me a dirty look. Shelly came up and

hugged me, "You did great, are you sure you have never

done this before?" It felt funny to be hugged by a

woman while I was still naked and I didn't want them to

see how excited I was. Her dress felt good against my

bare breasts though. I reached down through the clothes

and pulled out the g-string. I quickly guided it

between my legs and fastened it on my sides. Shelly

handed me the robe. The stage lights came back on.

"We've got the results, now if the ladies will just

return, we can crown our winner," the announcer said to

the room. All four of us filed out back onto the stage.

I was the last one out. The crowd cheered loudly. "Our

lovely contestants folks! Contestant number one,

Elizabeth!"

She dropped the robe and stepped forward to the cheers

of the crowd. So much for just opening her robe as

Shelly had explained to me. She took a couple of bows

and fondled her breasts. She had small but firm breasts

topped with dark brown nipples.

"Contestant number two, Karen!"

Karen, not to be outdone by Elizabeth, dropped her robe

to the floor and stepped forward to the delight of the

crowd. Her breasts were larger and she had larger pink

nipples. She shook her breasts to the men's applause.

Karen's body was extremely tight and she looked like

she must work out a great deal.

"Contestant number four, Lisa!"

I guess they were not going to make any mention of

Ellen. Lisa dropped her robe too. She definitely had

the biggest breasts of the group (I think mine might

have come in second, but Karen's were awfully close).

She took her bows and returned to the line. I started

untying my robe.

"And contestant number five, Pamela!"

I stepped forward and ran my hands up my breasts as

though to present them to the men. I took a couple of

bows and stepped back into the line. I had really

enjoyed the men's enthusiastic response.

"I know with such beautiful contestants, its hard for

tonight's judges to make a choice. All these women are

winners and will receive prizes. But we are now ready

to announce the winners. Our first runner up, winner of

a gift certificate for a new swim suit from "The Teeny

Weenie Bikini Shop," and a cash prize of one hundred

dollars is.." the announcer paused to build up

anticipation "Pamela!"

I couldn't believe it. I had come in second! The men

cheered and Lisa reached over and hugged me, her bare

chest rubbing against mine. Shelly had come out of the

wings put a sash over me. She hugged me and gave me a

kiss on the cheek.

"Congratulations!" She handed me the gift certificate,

a one hundred dollar bill, and a small batch of

flowers. "Walk down the runway and wave," Shelly told

me.

I took the flowers in my hand and walked down, waving

to the cheering men. It might not be the Miss America

pageant, but I felt proud.

As I returned to the line the announcer said, "And

tonight's winner of the grand prize, a gift certificate

for a new swim suit from "The Teeny Weenie Bikini Shop,

a free makeover including hairstyling and a pedicure

from the "House of Lenora," a dinner for two at the

"Beachcomber" and five hundred dollars in cash is.."

once again he paused, "Lisa!" She squealed and leaned

over and hugged me again. Then she hugged Karen. Shelly

placed a sash on her and handed her flowers and the

money. They hugged too. Shelly signaled to us to file

off the stage so I led the way to the wings.

Teri congratulated me as Karen and I joined her in the

wings. Elizabeth stormed off down the hall. I guess she

was a bad loser. Shelly came back stage as the music

started again. She had Lisa's flowers and money. You

can't dance to well holding on to things.

Lisa was already dancing on stage. We watched her move.

Since all she had on were here panties, it didn't take

long for her to become nude. She danced a couple more

minutes to the delight of the fans. She grabbed her

panties, (Karen had thoughtfully brought Lisa's robe

back with her) and came to the wings with us. Everyone

hugged again.

The men were chanting "Lisa, Lisa!" She went back out

and took a couple more bows. When she returned, she put

her robe on. I still had my robe over my arm as I had

my hands too full with flowers and the money to put it

on. Shelly gave Lisa here flowers and prizes and we all

went back to the room. The brunette that had been

smoking in the room passed us going down the hall. She

was headed towards the stage to do the next set.

Back in the room, we shared a celebratory drink.

Elizabeth had already cleared out.

"I've got to go change because I'm up next," Teri said

excusing herself.

"Anyone want to stay around and dance some more?"

Shelly asked.

"I'll stick around for one more set," Lisa said.

Shelly looked to Karen. "I don't know," Karen sort of

squirmed. I knew how she was feeling. I had enjoyed

putting on the show but there were now others needs

that would need to be taken care of.

Shelly looked at me. Feeling playful I turned to Karen

and joked, "I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

After all, I hadn't gotten to see her show.

Karen laughed and said, "You're on, but can you let us

go on soon?"

"If you're in such a hurry, why don't you go on

together?" Shelly suggested.

"I'm game if you are?" Karen said.

I wasn't to sure but decided to go along. "Okay," I

said.

"Alright then, let's go to the costume room and see

what we can find." Shelly suggested.

I told her that I would need to let Craig know what was

going on. Karen said she wanted to let her husband know

too. Shelly arranged for us to send a note. I wrote

Craig that I had another surprise for him and that he

had better be ready afterwards. Shelly took the notes

and said that a waitress would deliver them.

As we entered the customer room, Teri was coming out in

a leather biker outfit. Shelly told her what we were

going to do and she said that we could go on after her.

We returned the clothes that we had used before and

started looking for something to wear. Shelly said she

had the perfect choice and disappeared into a rack. She

came back with two red and white pleated skirts and red

sweaters with letters on them (FU, how original). "How

about being cheerleaders?"

Karen and I both agreed. Shelly pulled out some red

cotton panties. She also found two red push-up bras

that had only half cups. She then went into the closet

to find the pom-poms and find some shoes.

Karen took off her robe. I marveled at how tight and

firm her body was. I got to aerobics class twice a week

but she looked like she did it more regularly than

that. "How do you keep looking so tight?" I asked her.

"I'm an aerobic instructor," she smiled. I should have

guessed. She had a neatly trimmed mound of dark black

pubic hair. Karen pulled her red panties up and picked

up the bra. The red bra hooked in back and pushed her

breasts up. It only covered the bottom half of the

breast and the nipple was still exposed. I slipped my

robe off and pulled the panties up. The red panties

covered more of my behind then the g-string had. These

didn't have the Velcro fasteners so would have to be

lowered down the legs.

Karen had slipped the sweater over her head and pulled

it down. It seemed a little small the outline of her

nipples were clearly visible. The sweater had a

plunging neckline that showed a lot of cleavage. I

tried the bra on and tried to arrange my nipples over

he cups. Shelly emerged from the closet with two pair

of red pumps and some red and white pom-poms.

"Hold on a second, I can see that you need your make up

retouched." she said. I put the sweater back down and

Shelly grabbed the jar of lip gloss. She reapplied some

to each nipple and tweaked them a bit. "If they are not

already erect when you are about to go on, make sure

you pull them till they are. That will make these

outfits look even better." she explained.

Karen said, "Teri never put make-up on my nipples, no

wonder your tits looked so much better. Will you do it

for me too?" Karen pulled the sweater up.

"You'll need a lighter color," Shelly said as she

returned the jar of lip gloss to the table. She hunted

through a couple more bottles and finally found a color

she liked. She applied some to Karen's nipples.

"Ohh, that feels nice," Karen purred.

She pulled her sweater down after Shelly was through. I

had pulled mine on. It felt about two sizes too small

and was so tight, I wasn't sure I could breath. Shelly

explained that was the only size they had and I would

just have to make due. The skirts had been altered to

include a Velcro fastener along one side, so that they

went on (and came off) like a wrap around skirt. By the

time we had stepped into the pumps, we looked like two

of the sluttyish cheerleaders.

We returned to the other room and poured another drink.

Shelly stepped out to make the arrangements for our

show. Karen helped me with my make-up and helped her

with hers. We talked about some things and I found out

that she lived in the same area as I did. We promised

to exchange phone numbers and to double date.

"How do you want to do this?" I asked.

Karen replied, "You know what might be neat? I'll let

you take off my clothes and I can take yours off."

She looked excited. I had never had any experience

with girls. Tonight had been the closest thing, what

with Shelly putting make-up on my nipples, and giving

and receiving hugs from the girls while partly nude. I

must admit I was excited by the prospects of her

touching me on stage. Besides, she was married and

wouldn't get too carried away with an audience. I

agreed. We work out a little bit of a routine and then

Shelly returned. She told us that the regular shows

were usually longer than five minutes, and that she had

arranged for us to have more time.

We walked out to the wings. I was more excited than

nervous, having already been out on the stage once. I

felt I knew what to expect and was looking forward to

going out there again. Teri was on stage, completely

naked. The music ended and the crowd applauded. She

took a couple quick bows and stage lights were

extinguished.

I followed Karen on stage as Teri came off with her

leather outfit in her hands.

"We have a special treat for you tonight. A couple of

the ladies from our contest tonight have agreed to do

an encore. Now to help boost your team spirit, Karen

and Pamela!" the announcer boomed.

The lights came up and a drum roll started. Instead of

the usual rock & roll music, Shelly had arranged for

some college fight songs. Karen and I marched to the

middle of the runway. We dig a few jumps and kicks. The

men were cheering. We kicked high so they could see the

panties under the skirts. We shook are pom-poms and are

chests to the music. I leaned forward and Karen lifted

my skirt so the men could see my panty covered bottom.

She then did the same and I lifted her skirt. We linked

arms and did some high kicks. We threw the pom-poms to

the back of the stage.

Karen stepped behind me and her hands came around me.

She slid her hands across my stomach and up toward my

breasts. The she slid them back down and took the

bottom of my sweater. I raised my hands straight in the

air. She slowly slid the sweater up, her hands grazing

against my bared skin. She pulled it over my head and

threw at the back of the stage. I started to lower my

arms but she told me to leave them up. Her hands came

back to my belly. She slid them slowly up until they

were resting on the half cups of the red bra. Her

fingers slid up and pinched each nipple. The room had

gotten suddenly quiet. The men were staring, most of

them open mouthed, as she fondled my breasts on stage.

I saw Craig. He was sitting there, open mouthed,

obviously amazed and excited by what we were doing.

I lowered my arms and Karen stood back. I could see the

lust in her eyes. She looked like she had completely

forgotten she was on-stage in front of a roomful of

men. I was about to repeat what she had done to me but

Karen reached out and pulled me to her in a hug. Our

lips met. Her tongue entered my mouth. Her hands

reached up for my breasts. I reached down and pulled

her sweater up. We had to break the kiss as I pulled it

over her head.

I whispered, "Don't forget we are not alone." That

seemed to break her out of her trance. She released my

breasts and stood back.

She went to one side of the runway as I went to the

other, letting the men see our near naked chests. As we

passed in the middle, Karen's hand reached out and

grabbed my skirt. The Velcro gave and the dress

unwrapped from around my hips. I reached over and

pulled hers. I took her skirt and walked to the back

part of the stage. It joined the pile as did mine.

We danced on opposite sides of the runway again. I

decided it was my turn for some fun. I snuck up behind

Karen and unhooked her bra. I slid my hands under the

cups and removed the half bra. My hands slid up to her

breasts and I fondled them. They were already quite

erect, and the soft skin felt great. I was quite wet

and could feel Karen pushing her ass back against my

crotch.

Her hands reached around behind her and she placed them

on my bottom, pulling my closer to her. I tried to

break apart, and Karen grabbed my bra to stop me. She

worked her hands along the strap till she came to the

hook. She unhooked it. While she was putting my bra on

the pile, I took the opportunity to head down the

runway. Things were getting a little out of control. I

didn't know if I could stop if we kept on teasing one

another.

Karen caught up with me in the middle of the runway. I

turned towards her and she pulled me to her and we

embraced. Her naked breasts rubbed against mine. Her

hands slid down my back. They slid under the panties

and onto my bottom. I allowed my hands to follow suit.

She had tight buns, and the skin felt so soft.

"Okay, let's take them down together," Karen whispered.

We both bent at the waist and started sliding each

other s panties down, with our hands within them. When

we had them down to the knees, we nearly tripped over

each other. We both stood straight and let them drop

down to our feet. Then we stepped out of them.

Karen faced the crowd on one side of the runway and I

did the same on the other. It was time to let the men

back into the act. We switched side and strutted down

the runway. Karen came up behind me and her hand

reached down for my mound. I humped my backside against

her and could feel her pubic hair against my bottom.

She slid her hand through my hair and reached my

opening. Her fingers pulled the lips apart exposing the

pink inside for the men to enjoy. The music stopped (we

really hadn't been using it for some time anyway). I

knew Karen could feel how hot I was. My hands reached

back for her pussy. She was wet too.

She stepped back. I guess we both realized how quiet

the room had gotten. They started another song (back to

rock & roll) but the spell had been broken. I think we

were both suddenly embarrassed. I know I turned red. We

grabbed the panties and went and picked up the pile of

clothes. The music stopped in mid song.

The announcer said, voice cracking, "Unbelievable,

Pamela and Karen, Wow!" The men started clapping and

cheering. I turned and took a bow. Karen had already

run offstage. I saw Shelly and Teri standing in the

wings and joined them. The crowd noise was getting

louder.

"You had better go back out there and take another

bow," Shelly said. "I'll see if I can get Karen back."

I dropped the clothes and went back on stage in nothing

but the red pumps. I took a few more bows. I saw Craig

standing, applauding and yelling wildly. I could

plainly see the bulge in his slacks. I needed that

bulge now! I returned to the wings and put the robe on.

The crowd kept screaming.

"Where's Karen?" I asked Teri. Teri just shook her head

and pointed back at the stage. I re hung the robe and

went back out for one more curtain call. I was hoping

Karen would join me. I looked out in the crowd and I

saw Karen coming out the stage door. She had already

dressed and she practically ran to a tall, muscular man

at the bar.

The men closed in around them, many reaching out to

her. She dragged him to the exit and I lost them in the

crowd. I walked offstage, disappointed. I put the robe

on. Shelly joined us and we took the clothes back to

the costume room. Lisa passed us on the way. She was

going to do another show. Well, she would have a tough

act to follow.

"Karen had to leave. She did leave you this note

though," Shelly said. I took the note from her and

opened it. All that was on it was a phone number and

her signature. I put the note in the pocket of my jeans

and dressed in my street clothes. I was still burning

up and decided it was time for Craig to do something

about. Shelly said, "If you are ever back up here, give

me a call. I'll take you to that beach we had talked

about." She gave me her number and then I headed for

the door to the bar.

I didn't want to be mobbed as Karen had been so Shelly

arranged for a waitress to get Craig so we could leave

the back way.

Craig still had the look of lust in his eyes. He also

was slightly drunk.

We embraced quickly and I said, "Get me out of here."

Shelly showed us the back way out and suddenly, we

were out in the parking lot. Craig was too drunk to

drive and I was to horny too wait so we ran down to the

beach and found a sand dune. I tore my jeans and

panties down and dropped to my knees. Craig just

dropped his pants, not even taking them all the way

off. He entered me from behind swiftly. It was savage

and fast but I needed satisfaction. I never even got my

blouse off.

I collapsed in the sand and Craig rolled off of my

side. We just laid in the sand, naked from the waist

down, oblivious to the world. Our breathing slowed

downed to more normal and I pulled my pants back on.

Craig had sobered up a little bit. He held me and asked

me how I felt. I had mixed emotions. I had enjoyed

putting the show on. I felt a little guilty though for

having done so much in front of everyone. Also, I was

having mixed feelings about how excited other women had

made me that night. I told him that I felt fine and

that I had enjoyed myself. Craig looked relieved and

suggested we might want retire to our room. He said

that he wanted details of my experience but wanted to

be in a more comfortable environment.

We drove in silence back to the hotel. In the room, I

excused myself and went to the bathroom to clean up. I

looked in the mirror and saw myself as for the first

time. The extra heavy make-up that had looked so well

under the stage lights, looked garish. I took a long

hot shower. I put on a sexy teddy that I had packed to

impress Craig with. I wondered if it would still excite

him after having seen me in worse on stage.

Craig whistled approvingly as I emerged from the

bathroom. I told him that I wanted to hear his side of

the story first as I joined him in the bed.

"Okay, the first dancer, what was her name?"

"Elizabeth," I supplied him.

"Yeah, she came out all dressed in pink. She kept

moving so you never really got a good look at her. She

had a bald pussy though! I thought that was really

exciting. Then your friend Karen came out. All decked

out in a see through red nightie. She had matching

underwear and a garter belt and stockings. She was

tight. She started out a bit slow. She looked a little

nervous. Once she took her panties off, the music

stopped and she was gone. It didn't give us much time

to look."

I had begun to run my hand up and down his cock lightly

and it was responding. His hand was absentmindedly

stroking my pussy slowly.

"Then game that older lady." He meant Ellen. I had been

wondering what had happened to her. "She looked really

tense. She stayed to the back part of the stage like

she was afraid that someone would sneak up behind her.

She pulled the zipper down her dress and pulled it off.

She wasn't really dancing, more just standing there

trying to work up the nerve. She finally managed to

pull her bra off. She looked like she didn't want to

let go of it. She had smallish tits that sagged a good

bit. One of the men shouted that she should put it back

on and a couple others had booed.

She suddenly turned and ran off stage and they turned

the music off. Some old guy stormed out of the bar. I

thought you were next and was excited about seeing you.

Instead, that girl who won, Lisa, she comes on stage in

this black dress and white satin blouse. Boy was she a

knockout. The men went wild, quickly forgetting about

that girl before. And was she built. Blonde, built and

young, what a combination. I knew she was going to win

then."

"Then you came on. I couldn't believe. You looked so

hot up there. I've got to get you some garter belts and

stockings (Craig doesn't know it but I already have a

couple). I could hear the other guys talking about you

and it turned me on. I couldn't believe your nipples

when you took that bra off. How did you get them to

look so nice?"

I briefly explained that I had used lip gloss. I left

out the fact that Shelly had actually put it on.

"Then it was time to vote for the winner. They have

these little boxes on the table that feed into a

computer somewhere. Needless to say, I voted for you.

Then you all were out on the stage. I was really happy

to hear you picked as first runner-up. You looked

pleased too. Then I sat there and waited for you. My

waitress came up and gave me your note. I didn't think

I could wait much longer but I really didn't have much

choice. They were serving me free drinks because you

were in the contest, so while I waited, I kept

drinking. I had a pretty good buzz on by the time you

and Karen came on. I couldn't believe you were up there

with another woman, dressed like a cheerleader.

"I thought maybe I had too much to drink. I shook my

head but you two were still both up there. Then you

started going at each other. I don't think anyone

ordered any drinks once she started pawing you. I

noticed a lot of hands disappearing under tables to

their laps as you went along. Then there was just you

on stage taking curtain calls. That girl you danced

with passed by me and grabbed this guy. They both

disappeared. I wonder if they were as turned on as we

were and couldn't wait?"

I decided not to tell Craig about getting Karen's (or

Shelly's) phone number just yet. I told him about the

whole night, only omitting a couple of the details.

About half way through my story, he lowered his face to

my pussy and started to eat me. I had a hard time

finishing the story and we ended up sixty-nineing until

I came. He mounted me very tenderly, and we made love

slowly. We dozed off.

I awoke late in the morning (11:30). Craig was still

asleep. Since he had woken me so nicely the last two

mornings, I decided to return the favor. I slid down to

his crotch. I slid my hand softly over his cock. I

looked at it closely. I don't believe I've ever gotten

to see a cock close up as it slowly rose to full

erection. I lowered my lips on it and kissed it. Using

my tongue, I worked up and down the length of it. He

was total erect but still did not show any sign of

waking. I tongued his sacks and returned to the

underside of his rod. My hands encircled his balls.

Finally, I engulfed the head of his cock in my mouth. I

sucked him in deeply. I noticed that he was pushing

back, trying to go deeper. I looked up at his face but

he still seemed asleep. I stank my lips down till I

felt pubic hair on my chin. He let out a low groan. His

hips started to push up at a quicker pace. He was

definitely awake. I could feel his spasm starting in

his balls. I pulled off him just as he started to

shoot. His cum shot into the air and landed on his

belly as I continued to milk him with my hands (as I

said earlier, I don't mind performing oral sex but

cannot stand the taste).

"Good morning," I said.

"Umm... Good morning! That was great," Craig said with

a smile on his face.

I rose up to the head of the bed and kissed him. We

just stayed in bed and snuggled for about an hour. We

talked about the weekend and what had happened. We

talked about the future.

"Well I guess we can't stay in bed forever. We had

better start getting ready to leave. Check out time is

2:00," Craig said.

I went to the bathroom and turned the shower on. After

I had climbed under the warm spray, Craig opened the

shower curtain and joined me. He helped me soap up as I

did him. I purposely dropped the shop and bent over

lewdly in front of him to pick it up. He took the hint

and entered me in one thrust. Due to the cramped

conditions and our limited time, we did not last long.

He quickly as I had a nice little orgasm.

Finally, we packed and checked out. It was a long drive

back to the "real world".

END