**Amy's Stage Debut**

by [Chris Warner](mailto:chris.warner69@ymail.com)

**Amy's Stage Debut 1**

5 January, 2011  
  
To: “Angel”  
C/- Vixens Strip Bar  
Vivien Street  
Wellington, New Zealand  
  
Dear Aunty Eileen  
  
It’s Amy here, your sister Mary’s daughter. I hope this letter finds its way to you ok. We did get the card you sent following the earthquake here in Christchurch (thanks for thinking of us!), but my parents threw away the envelope before I could get your address. So in the end I had to contact your first husband, who gave me your stage name and the name of this club he thought you were working at. As I say, I hope you get this letter.  
  
I feel guilty that I’ve never tried to contact you earlier, but I hope you understand how it’s been. While my parents never actually banned me from contacting you, it will come as no surprise that they will find it very upsetting. They’re just the same as they’ve always been, and they remain convinced that you would be a bad influence on me. It’s ironic that, despite no contact with you all these years, their worst fears are coming true anyway. Maybe it’s something in our gene pool – a naughty recessive gene that pops up every now and then. You will see what I mean when I tell you my story. I really want to tell you in detail what I’ve been experiencing, because I think you might be the only member of our family who has a chance of understanding. Then I want to ask you for your advice and assistance as I plan my future.  
  
It might help to fill you in on my last few years at high school. As you may know, I’m now 18 and have just finished my last year (Year 13) at school. You will remember that we were living in Ashburton until two years ago. The reason dad asked for that transfer to Christchurch (he had to accept a pay cut to do it!) was because I was doing so badly at Ashburton College. While I really liked the school, especially the music programme, the rest of the teaching really sucked, and I only just scraped through NCEA at the end of Year 11.   
  
So anyway, mum and dad decided that the only option was to move to Christchurch and send me to a private school for Years 12 and 13. Because mum and dad are still such staunch Presbyterians, and because they are so stupidly proud of their Scottish heritage, it was no surprise that I ended up at St Andrews College. You may remember St Andrews as a single-sex boys’ school, but they’ve also been taking girls for years now.   
  
It took me a long time to fit in at first. Music is a huge part of my life, and I loved playing drums in one of the school rock bands at Ashburton College. When I asked the admissions guy at St Andrews whether or not I could do something similar here, I was horrified to discover that the only extra-curricular music stuff they have is their pipe band! He told me the pipe band was always keen for one or two more side drummers, but I told him I wasn’t interested. Playing a snare drum for a bunch of bagpipes was hardly what I had in mind.  
  
I was pretty lonely for the first six months or so until I struck up a friendship with a girl called Peggy. You’ll laugh, but it turned out that Peggy played the side drum, and was in fact the only girl in the entire pipe band. She was in love with a guy named Kevin who played the bagpipes, and she had joined the band just to be near him, despite the fact he didn’t seem at all interested in her.   
  
So anyway, when Peggy found out I had played drums in a rock band, she insisted on giving me a go on her drum. I played a few beats, and she immediately declared that I was far better than she was. After that she kept on at me about joining the pipe band, saying it would be heaps of fun, and eventually I said yes. Being lonely in a new school really affects your expectations of fun.  
  
You may wonder what it was like being one of only two girls in the band. You may have assumed that we would have had the boys swarming around us, but that wasn’t the case at all. This was probably because we were both quite chubby. You may remember me as a skinny little girl, but once I hit my teenage years I really piled on the weight. I could tell the boys didn’t find me attractive. What’s more, I always ended up making friends with other chubby girls, so when you’re part of a group of fat girls the guys find it easy to ignore you. Obviously you will see from the enclosed photographs that I’ve since lost a lot of weight. In fact, my dad recently said (in an unguarded moment) that he thinks I’ve now inherited your good looks. You should have seen the dirty look mum gave him!  
  
So anyway, I’ll skip forward in my story to the end of Year 12. After our exams, when we were technically on holiday, it was a tradition for the band to get together and perform at the Christmas party of one of the local rest homes. I didn’t mind giving up one afternoon of my holiday for this, but I was very surprised at how enthusiastic all the Year 13 boys were to participate. After all, they had all now left school forever. It began to make sense when Peggy explained that after the performance Mr Walsh (the teacher responsible for the band) took the Year 13 boys out for dinner, and for those who were 18 (most of them), they got free beer and wine as well.   
  
There were also rumours about some sort of exciting after-party. As Peggy and I walked home after the performance alongside Kevin and his best mate Robert who happened to be heading in the same direction, Robert (who had several older brothers in the pipe band in recent years) told us that it was a tradition for Mr Walsh to take all the 18-year-olds out after the dinner to one of the local strip clubs. Peggy and I were astonished, not just at the behaviour of the boys, but also at Mr Walsh. He’s a very nice man and we liked him enormously. He was one of the younger teachers. I suspect he wasn’t 30 yet, and he was good looking in a well-dressed ‘pretty boy’ sort of way. Robert swore us all to secrecy. While Mr Walsh was technically doing nothing wrong, it’s likely his career would still be affected if this became widely known.  
  
Year 13 was the busiest year of my life so far. Our studies took a lot of our time, and band practices and performances also kept us busy. On top of all this, Peggy and I bit the bullet and forced ourselves to get in shape. We joined a gym and got stuck in, doing circuit training, swimming and Zumba. Our favourite was the Zumba. We went to at least 4 sessions a week, and often as many as six or seven. Over a period of several months our exercise started to make a huge difference to the way we looked, and our parents started to complain about the fortune they had to spend on new (smaller) school uniforms and other clothes. Lo and behold we started to get noticed more by the boys. Kevin started to return Peggy’s attention, and I was soon hearing her tell me stories of their first dates, holding hands, their first kiss, and some heavy petting. She was very happy.  
  
As for me, there wasn’t any particular boy who grabbed my attention, but I was becoming aware of changes in how the boys were behaving around me. I could sense them checking me out when they thought I wasn’t looking, and they started to get more nervous when they were talking with me. My own opinion of them started to change at the same time. The previous year I had seen them as ‘almost men’, but as my own confidence grew I gradually started to think of them as just a group of boys. I believe I was just as nice to them as always, but I didn’t do anything in particular to give them encouragement.  
  
I’ll now fast forward to towards the end of the year. Of course there was the big earthquake in September (thanks again for the card), but we just had to get on with life. A few of my classmates didn’t cope with the stress when the exams came around, but I did all right. Then, like our predecessors in the pipe band, we started to look forward to our end of year performance and final dinner.  
  
This year the dinner was being organised by a small committee of some senior band members including Robert, who had been appointed the Drum Major. We knew they were struggling to work out what to do because so many restaurants were still closed following the earthquake, and it was extremely difficult to make dinner reservations for large groups. I also happened to know that the part of town where the strip clubs were was still damaged, and I was amused by the fact that the boys wouldn’t be getting their traditional eyeful.  
  
As Peggy and I came out of our final exam, we were surprised to find Mr Walsh and Robert waiting to speak with us about the dinner. “As you will know,” said Mr Walsh, “it has been very difficult trying to organise something, but the boys have worked hard on putting something together.”  
  
“Yes,” said Robert. “After a lot of frustrations we’ve finally ended up hiring one of those large launches in the harbour. We’ve organised a caterer, and arranged for a keg of beer and a heap of wine.”  
  
Peggy and I were pretty excited by this news, but our initial excitement was short lived. “I’m sorry to have to tell you,” said Mr Walsh apologetically “that we’ve decided to make the dinner a ‘boys only’ affair!”  
  
“You can’t do that!” exclaimed Peggy.   
  
“Why can’t we come?” I asked.  
  
Mr Walsh and Robert both look embarrassed. “It’s because the boys have decided to hire a stripper,” said Robert sheepishly. “It wouldn’t be fair on Mr Walsh if we exposed him to any complaints if you find the stripper offensive.”  
  
“This isn’t fair!” said Peggy, her voice rising in anguish. “We’re members of the band just as much as anyone else. You can’t do this to us.”  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Mr Walsh. “I understand what you’re saying. But in this case it isn’t my decision to make. This isn’t an official school trip, and none of the people going on it will be school students anymore. The organising committee appear to represent the majority of the band members, so I have to respect their decision.”  
  
Peggy had always the more assertive of the two of us, and she continued the fight. “You guys are assuming we’ll complain about your stripper, but you’re wrong if you think we won’t complain about being left out. That’s the worst type of discrimination. Can we come if we promise beforehand not to complain about the stripper? It’s not as if the boat isn’t big enough that we can’t find a stripper-free room somewhere if we find it offensive.” I chimed in with my support of Peggy’s argument, and in the end we won the point.

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Less than two weeks later I was putting on my school uniform for the last time. When it came to band performances the girls essentially wore the same as the boys, which included a knee-length kilt. The boys normally wore uniform trousers or shorts at school, but the school kilt was always an option and sometimes compulsory on special occasions. Because it was a dress occasion we would be wearing sporrans with our kilts. None of us were expected to own sporrans. The school had a collection of them which were handed out when the occasion required it, and Mr Walsh planned to do this just before the performance.  
  
We wore our school tie over a plain white shirt. Because it was expected to be a hot summer day, the plan was to dispense with the school blazer. On our feet we wore our sensible black school shoes. We were expected to wear our school socks, but they were generally considered to be ugly by all the girls. The allowable alternative was to wear plain black pantyhose. It was too hot for pantyhose on hot days, so I planned to wear thigh-high stay-ups, and I knew that Peggy planned to do the same.  
  
Naturally the main difference between the boys and the girls was what was under our uniforms. Because our parents had protested at our most recent request for smaller shirts following further weight loss, we had ended up with tatty second-hand shirts which were expected to get us through our last month of school and not much more. The thin material of the shirt necessitated not only a white bra, but also a plain white singlet top over the bra. The one last item of clothing was my underpants. At school many girls wore black bike shorts over their panties, but they were uncomfortable when it was hot. I opted instead for pale blue ‘boyshort’ briefs which were similar in colour to the main colour of the kilt.  
  
What the boys wore under their kilts was always the subject of much jesting at school. The more boisterous boys were always saying that a man should never wear underwear, and they were always threatening to ‘out’ any boy they suspected of wearing any. However, they were always either too chicken or too homophobic to actually pull up another boy’s kilt, so there was always a lot of inconclusive banter without any outcome. For some reason the issue never came up with the girls. Maybe the idea was just too hackneyed, because whenever a boy suggested the girls should all ‘go commando’, the suggestion was usually met with weary groans.  
  
Once I was dressed I walked over to Peggy’s house, and from there we walked to the rest home, which was just a short distance from school. As we walked I asked Peggy whether or not she was going to watch the stripper. My question was greeted with an enthusiastic “yes”. She declared herself very curious to see what happened. I felt a surprising sense of relief when I heard her answer, because that would mean there would be no problems with me watching as well. I too was very curious. It wasn’t that I was curious to see a naked woman – I had seen hundreds of them over the years. But the sight of a woman taking off her clothes as part of a performance in a room full of males was something completely different. What would be going through her mind? How would my band-mates react? I didn’t want to miss this for anything. I also had to admit to myself, although I didn’t say so out loud, that I was turned on by the prospect, but I didn’t understand why.   
  
Our band performance was well received by the old people, and after a polite afternoon tea Mr Walsh brought the school bus around to the door and all the Year 13 students piled on for the drive down to the wharf. There were 11 of us plus Mr Walsh. None of us had brought a change of clothing. The boys had decided to wear their uniforms to dinner, and Peggy and I had gone along with the idea. The boys were all in an excited mood both at the rest home and on the bus. While they just managed to restrain their exuberance when they were actually talking to Peggy or me, we could overhear them talking excitedly with one another about the evening ahead. The subject of the stripper was frequently heard, and many boys were talking confidently about what they would say or do when the time came.  
  
We arrived at the wharf about 20 minutes before the time the boat was hired for, so we just sat on the bus and waited. We watched as the catering truck pulled up, and a couple of men took some trolleys on board. Another van arrived with the beer and wine. These sights were greeted with excited cheers from the boys. Finally, a few minutes before we were due to embark, the boys were excited by the arrival of a red Ford Mustang with tinted windows. Typically for boys, arguments erupted over what year it was made and what size engine was under the bonnet. As we watched, the doors opened and a man and a woman climbed out. The man was very large with a shiny shaved head, and despite the heat he was wearing a black leather jacket. The woman also seemed overdressed. She was wearing a long coat that went all the way down to her ankles, giving glimpses of feet encased in black stockings and high heel shoes. She had long frizzy blond hair running down her back. I didn’t see her face.  
  
For some inexplicable reason the bus went almost silent as the boys worked out the reason for this woman’s arrival. I think for many the reality of the situation started to sink in. This woman was the stripper they had been talking about all afternoon (possibly all month), while the guy was obviously her security. The boys watched quietly as the man and woman climbed on board the boat and went inside. Eventually one or two began talking again in muted tones, reverting to the safer topic of the Mustang. I could have sworn they were all too nervous to say anything about the stripper. One thing that impressed me as I sat and listened was when I realised that the Mustang, being an American car, was left-hand drive. When I had seen the woman getting out of the left hand side I had assumed she was the passenger, being driven to the job by some pimp. But she had been driving him. It was obviously her car. What’s more, it now seemed likely that the security guy was working for her rather than the other way around. I had been having some nagging feelings of guilt, worried that I should feel sorry for the poor stripper, but all of a sudden those feelings were gone. I could have been wrong, but my impression now was that this woman was in charge of her life.  
  
It was finally time to board the boat. We were greeted on the wharf by a deck hand who took us aboard and showed us around. The boat was quite large with three decks. The gangway went to the middle deck which consisted of a large saloon containing two large tables set for dinner. They were laden with plates, glasses and numerous wine bottles. The saloon was separated from the wheelhouse by windows and a door, and we could see the captain making final preparations for our harbour cruise. Stairs led down to the lower deck, where we were shown some toilets for our use. The rest of the lower deck was hidden by a door labelled “Crew Only”. Finally we were shown the upper deck, which consisted of a large party room. There was a small stage at the bow end of the room, and a bar ran down the starboard side. The bar itself wasn’t open. Instead there was a keg of beer sitting in front of the bar, and a few bottles of wine on a little table next to it. The boys all helped themselves to a pre-dinner drink from the keg, while Mr Walsh, Peggy and I started on the wine. The stripper and her companion weren’t anywhere to be seen, so presumably they were in the crew only area of the lower deck.  
  
The deck hand went below to cast off, and we enjoyed the view out the window as we pulled away from the wharf and headed out into the harbour. The deck hand also doubled as our waiter, which involved bringing trays of food up from the galley into the saloon. The tables were filled to capacity when we went down for our meal. There is no need to describe our dinner in any detail apart from a quick mention of the mood of the group. The wine had the effect of making Peggy and me more animated, including a bit giggly, but I wasn’t “out of control” drunk by any means. My memories of the evening are complete and crystal clear. The boys, however, continued to be a little more subdued than expected, although they livened up a bit while eating. Robert (the Drum Major) made a humorous speech, and Mr Walsh made one too, but there was still a cloud hanging over the proceedings.  
  
Eventually the dinner came to an end. The deck hand/waiter came to start clearing the tables, and his suggestion that we take the remaining wine bottles upstairs was perceived as a pointed hint to get moving out of his way. We all headed up to the party room and refreshed our drinks. Some of the boys sat around small tables while the rest of us perched on bar stools or leaned against the bar. The boys seemed so quiet that Peggy and I felt the need to try to liven them up, including making suggestions that maybe one of them should compensate us for the lack of a male stripper. This sparked them up a bit, with each suggesting some other boy who should strip for us.  
  
The animation was short-lived as the room soon went silent following the entrance of the large man in the black jacket. Although his head was completely bald, when we saw him up close we realised he was only about 25 years old. The man walked up to the small stage and began his patter.  
  
“Good evening gentlemen. And ladies too, nice to have you along! My name is Wayne. In a few moments I’m going to introduce Miss Roxanne to you all. But firstly I need to discuss a few points of etiquette with you. The important thing you need to remember is to keep your hands to yourselves unless Roxanne gives you permission to do otherwise. Let me be more specific. If Roxanne wants you to touch her, she will take your hand and place it on her body. If she does this, you have permission to touch her there, and only there. For example, if she places your hands on her stomach, you can touch her stomach, or maybe her sides. However, you must not allow your hand to move UP or DOWN to other areas. If she wants you to touch her breasts, she will place your hands on her breasts. She will not let you touch her vagina. If she pushes your hands away, that is the signal to stop touching her. The same goes for kissing or licking. If she pulls your head onto her body, consider that permission to kiss or lick, but never bite, that part of her body. Once she pushes your head away, your permission is over. Should you fail to heed these instructions you will be swimming home. Am I understood?”  
  
Wayne’s question was greeted with a chorus of “Yes Sir”, just as if we were all still in school. The effect seemed quite amusing to him. He grinned and then continued with his instructions.  
  
“Sometimes Roxanne may choose to interact with her audience in different ways. Hopefully any interactions will be welcome and all in good fun. However, we know that different people have different opinions. Therefore, we will have a safe word. If you say the safe word, she will stop whatever she is doing with you. Our safe word tonight will be ‘lifeboat’. Are there any questions?”  
  
There were no questions. In fact there was little sound at all until Wayne crossed over to a little DJ booth at the end of the bar. The white room lights went out, to be replaced by coloured lights. Smoke started pouring out of a smoke machine, and music started coming out of the speakers. The first song was “In the Air Tonight” by Phil Collins, a choice which surprised me at first until Roxanne appeared at the top of the stairs, dressed in the same coat we had seen her in earlier. She used the first song to slowly move through the room in slow and sexy movements.

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Roxanne danced through the tables first, occasionally touching the boys on their arms or shoulders as she passed them. She made sultry expressions with her face and gave the boys cheeky smiles whenever she made eye contact with them. The boys, however, looked distinctly uncomfortable, and they seemed to freeze whenever she touched them, probably scared that they would find themselves thrown in the sea if they moved a muscle. The only exception was Mr Walsh. I thought I saw a look of recognition pass between the two of them when she approached him. She reached down and placed her hand on his knee, and he responded by confidently running a hand lightly up her arm to her shoulder and down again.  
  
After she had worked through the tables Roxanne came up to the bar. Peggy and I were standing at the end furthest from the stage. As soon as Roxanne saw us she broke character for a brief second and gave us a friendly grin. “Hi girls. Have fun tonight.” Then she resumed her previous persona as she moved along the bar towards the stage. She would have been only a few years older than us, in her early twenties, but there seemed to be a huge gulf in maturity between her and the boys she was interacting with. She also seemed familiar to me. I was sure I had seen her somewhere before, but I couldn’t work out where or when.  
  
Roxanne timed her arrival at the stage with the climax of the song, unfastening her long overcoat during the last few steps while she had her back to all of us. Then, in a quick movement, she turned to face us and threw the coat open wide, allowing it to fall from her shoulders onto the floor behind her. Underneath she was wearing the St Andrews school uniform, almost identical to what all the rest of us were wearing, with a few key exceptions. In Roxanne’s case the stockings were fishnet, the kilt was considerably shorter, and a vivid pink bra practically glowed through the white shirt. I had to admit that she looked hot. The unveiling was greeted with a cheer from the boys, but the cheer sounded very muted and self-conscious. Both Roxanne and Wayne appeared disappointed at how lifeless the audience was. Wayne grabbed his microphone and tried to encourage the boys to make more noise as he started the next song. Roxanne meanwhile had turned her back towards us and bent down to pick up her coat. With the shortness of her skirt this movement came tantalisingly close to showing her panties, but the response from the boys was still half-hearted.  
  
The next song that was put on was Ricky Martin’s “Livin’ la Vida Loca”. Peggy and I were both excited by this choice because it was a favourite part of our Zumba sessions. This was when I finally worked out where I knew her from – I had seen her at Zumba! We laughed with joy when Roxanne started doing the actual Zumba routine on the stage. As Roxanne danced on the stage, Peggy and I started doing the routine ourselves at the back of the room, giggling and laughing all the time. Our reaction couldn’t have contrasted more with the reaction of the boys who were watching in silence. Roxanne saw us dancing and gave us a grin. The only point of difference in the routine she was doing was that she was undoing a button on her shirt every now and then.  
  
Roxanne reached the point where she only had one button on her shirt left to undo when she came up with an idea to animate the male portion of her audience. She suddenly left the stage and went over to Wayne and asked him to stop the song. Then she walked back to where Peggy and I were standing, rebuttoning her shirt as she walked, and grabbed each of us by the hand. “Please help me,” she said. “I’m dying here, and nobody’s going to have any fun unless we get the party happening. You don’t have to do anything you’re not comfortable with. Just dance the routine with me.”  
  
We allowed Roxanne to drag us up onto the stage and we took up positions on each side of her, standing a step or two behind her. Wayne started the music and the three of us started dancing in unison. The effect was immediate. Many of the boys started smiling and clapping, and there were increasing calls of “Go Amy” or “Go Peggy” and a few wolf whistles. While the boys were sharing their attention amongst all three of us, I got quite a buzz with the amount of attention that was directed my way and how pleased they all looked to see me dance.  
  
As the song continued, Roxanne started undoing her shirt buttons again. Even then, I was still pleased to be receiving a good share of attention. While I knew Roxanne hadn’t asked us to do anything more than dance, I suddenly had a daring impulse. I knew I was wearing my singlet top under my shirt and covering my bra. This singlet was the type of top I often wore by itself on a hot day, so it would be no big deal to undo a few buttons. I was curious to see what the response would be, so I took the opportunity to undo a button.  
  
There was an immediate cheer from the crowd of my band mates, and every boy’s eyes seemed to focus on me. I felt such an adrenaline rush that I immediately undid another button. Peggy looked over at me in shock. “Amy!” I just grinned at her and undid another button, giving her a quick flash of the bottom of my singlet. She immediately understood. She too was wearing a singlet, and it took her almost no time at all to join in the fun. The cheering intensified as she undid her first button, and all the attention switched to her, but I was pleased to see that the eyes were continuing to turn back and forth between us to see who might keep going. Roxanne, meanwhile, had cottoned on to what was happening. She gave us a surprised look followed by a cheeky smile.  
  
As the song drew to a close, Peggy and I took our lead from Roxanne. She had loosened her tie from her collar and left it hanging loosely from her neck. She then undid her final button but kept her shirt closed with her hands. Then, on the final beat of the song, she pulled her shirt open wide and let it fall to the floor behind her. Peggy and I followed suit. Roxanne of course was now showing her bright pink bra, with the school tie hanging down between her breasts, while Peggy’s and my white bras were covered by our singlets, but I felt that we were receiving at least an equal share of the cheering and applause. Wayne got on the microphone to encourage the boys to thank us, and the volume of the applause reached fever pitch. Wayne put on some drum and bass music and Roxanne stepped off the stage into the crowd, leaving her shirt on the floor. Peggy and I went and sat down at the nearest table, also leaving our shirts behind. I was conscious of being watched by the boys, and I was feeling very sexy.  
  
Roxanne was now dancing through the audience again, and I noticed that the noise levels dropped considerably as the boys became nervous at the close proximity of the stripper. Roxanne worked the room, making more physical contact than she had earlier. She approached Craig who was standing at the bar and rubbed her backside against him. Then she walked behind David who was perched on a bar stool and rubbed her hands up and down his chest, spending a few extra moments rubbing the area of his nipples. As she walked through the tables, many of the boys had their chairs pulled in to the table, but she noticed Hamish was sitting a bit further out from his table. She straddled his legs and sat down in his lap facing him. She briefly pulled his face into her cleavage before standing up and moving away. There were a few cheers from the other boys, while Hamish looked as if he would die of embarrassment.   
  
I noticed that many of the boys pulled their chairs a bit further in, as if to ward her off. The exception was a lad named Gavin, a cheeky and self-confident boy, who pushed his chair back as Roxanne approached him. She rewarded him with some special attention. Turning her back towards him she quickly flicked up the back of her kilt, giving him possibly a momentary glance at her bottom before she sat down in his lap and started grinding against him. With her skirt out from under her and draped over Gavin’s stomach, there was only the fabric of his kilt separating them. He had a grin on his face, and the noise in the room was beginning to build again. Gavin had his arms hanging loosely at his sides, being careful to obey the rules we were given earlier. Roxanne, however, had other ideas. She reached down and grabbed his hands in hers and held them dramatically a few inches away from her chest. Then suddenly she pulled them onto her breasts and held them there for about twenty seconds. I could see his hands moving over the fabric of her bra, making the most of the opportunity he had been given before Roxanne pushed his hands away and stood up again.  
  
I noticed that Mr Walsh had moved close to where Robert was sitting. I saw Roxanne make eye contact with Mr Walsh, who responded by subtly pointing to Robert. It was clear this was pre-arranged, and that the Drum Major was going to receive some special attention. Roxanne grabbed Robert’s hand and pulled him, weakly protesting, up onto the stage. He had just poured himself another glass of beer which he kept with him, and he looked very amusing as he took special care not to spill it. Roxanne pulled a chair onto the stage and sat Robert down on it. Without a table to protect him he was at her mercy. She gave him no mercy.  
  
Roxanne started by sitting on his lap facing him, and pulled his face into her bra as she had done with Hamish. Then she turned around and started grinding her ass into his lap. She grabbed his left hand and pulled it to her left breast, but his right hand kept a firm grip on his beer. Everybody was laughing, while Robert himself looked very uncomfortable. Roxanne’s next move was to stand up and lever Robert’s beer out of his grasp. She drank about half of it in one go and then poured the rest on his chest. His white shirt seemed to go transparent as he squealed with the coldness and surprise. We cheered.  
  
Roxanne pulled Robert to his feet and started slow dancing with him, flattening herself against his body. He put his arms loosely around her waist, and he seemed nervous about doing that much. After a while she disengaged from his arms and turned him around so that he was facing the audience and she was standing behind him. He stood with his hand covering his groin while she rubbed her body up and down his back. What we witnessed next had us all in hysterics.   
  
Roxanne reached around Robert’s body with her arms and started unbuttoning his shirt. He reacted immediately by quickly swatting at her hands while wriggling and writhing to elude them. She persisted, darting her hands in and out, trying to dodge his fends. He started bending forward to evade her and no doubt to conceal the problem of tenting at the front of his kilt, but he made no attempt to move away and he certainly didn’t say the safe word. This comical contest continued until Roxanne decided to call in the cavalry.  
  
Looking back, I think that Roxanne was glad of any excuse to get Peggy and I back on the stage. Our presence had already made her night go easier, and she could tell we added entertainment value. She called us up and asked us to grab hold of Robert’s arms, which we did. I know that I wasn’t holding on very tight, but Robert appeared to accept the symbolic nature of his bondage and gave up his struggle. He stood still while Roxanne resumed her attack on his shirt buttons. In the absence of any fight she quickly had his shirt open, and Peggy and I helped to slide it off his arms, leaving him bare-chested apart from his tie. Roxanne gathered his shirt up with our own and threw them to the back wall. Then she resumed her attack on Robert.

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Roxanne led us to the front of the stage, which was almost two feet high, and had Robert sit down on the front of it. Then she had him lie back with his feet dangling over the edge. His kilt kept everything covered, but the bulge of his erection was still noticeable. Roxanne had Peggy and I kneel down at his side and keep holding his arms. I don’t think this was necessary, but rather an excuse to keep us involved. She began dancing again in her bra and kilt around the prostrate Robert, stepping over and around him, giving him plenty of opportunities to look straight up her skirt. The audience, who had become quiet once Robert had allowed his shirt to be removed, became more vocal again as they yelled encouragement to have a good look.  
  
Roxanne became more blatant with what she was doing. She stood with one leg on each side of his hips, with her back to the audience, and pulled her skirt up to her waist, thus giving Robert (as well as Peggy and me) a clear view of her bright pink thong panties. The boys in the audience, who knew Robert could see something they couldn’t see, yelled all the louder. Robert himself, however, still didn’t look happy. I could tell that, despite the fact that Roxanne was showing her body to him, she held all the power and he didn’t. I found the idea very thrilling.  
  
Roxanne stepped forward until her feet were planted next to Robert’s ears and she started to remove her kilt. I noticed she was wearing a boys’ uniform kilt, held up by two buckles, rather than the girls’ kilt where the buckles were decorative and the kilt was held by a discrete zip on the left hip. Roxanne swayed seductively as she undid the buckles. As the kilt came undone she tossed it to the back wall where our shirts lay and continued to dance in her bra, panties, stockings, high heels and school tie. The stockings were black fishnet stay-ups with lace tops.  
  
After dancing around the stage for a while Roxanne returned to Robert and sat down on his chest, facing towards his feet in the direction of the audience. Then she slid her bottom backwards until it was almost in his face, and his sight and attention was completely occupied by the sight of her thong disappearing into the crevice between her buttocks. Then she quickly leaned forward and grabbed the material of his kilt and pulled it skyward.  
  
In many ways it was an ingenious move. Roxanne pulled up his kilt in such a way that neither she nor Peggy or I could see what was underneath, thus not exposing him against his will to any women, but all the boys got an eyeful. There was a burst of laughter from the audience. The reaction from Robert was swift and vigorous. He quickly pulled his arms out of our grasp and sat up, causing Roxanne to tumble forward and drop his kilt. She rolled off him and allowed him to get to his feet and make his retreat, and Wayne’s voice came over the speakers encouraging everyone to give Robert some applause for being a good sport.   
  
Roxanne called Peggy and me together. “Go and get one boy each and bring them up on stage.” Peggy immediately gave us a cheeky grin and walked over to where her boyfriend Kevin was sitting. She grabbed his hand and pulled him up on stage. I looked around and spotted Gavin sitting nearby, and I figured he would probably be more willing than most, so I went to get him. The music being played was very groovy, and the three of us girls were all dancing along. Gavin and Kevin both attempted to move to the music as they waited in considerable fear for their fates to be known. Roxanne got Peggy to stand behind Kevin. She grabbed Peggy’s hand and pulled them onto Kevin’s chest, directing her to undo his buttons. She then had me do the same with Gavin. It felt surreal to stand behind this boy I only knew through school and remove his shirt. While this was happening Roxanne continued to dance, which included a lot of rubbing herself up and down the front of our two victims.  
  
Roxanne wasn’t intending to go so far with the rest of the boys as she had done with Robert. Once their shirts were removed and she could see the front of their kilts bulging out, she sent them back into the audience and told Peggy and I to get two fresh victims. The pattern was repeated, with Peggy now removing Craig’s shirt while I removed David’s shirt. Then Peggy removed Hamish’s shirt while I did Andrew. In each case Roxanne had us leave the boys’ ties in place as we removed their shirts, and over time I think I began to understand why – it made them look silly! As incongruous as it may seem, considering she was being paid to strip in front of them, little by little Roxanne was exerting her power over the boys.  
  
Things happened quite differently with Hamish. There was no tell-tale bulge in his kilt as Roxanne focussed her attention on him. She rubbed herself against his crotch, and then crouched down in front of him. Hamish seeming to be gazing into the distance with glazed eyes, so Roxanne took advantage of this by reaching up under his kilt until her hands were near his hips. In one smooth movement she gave a firm yank, and a pair of blue briefs came down in her hands all the way to his ankles. Hamish doubled over in surprise and ended up almost falling over, resulting in Roxanne managing to get his briefs all the way off and she added them to the pile of shirts. She wagged her finger at him in a scolding manner for wearing underwear under his kilt and she sent him back into the audience.  
  
The final two boy victims were Tasi and Alasdair. Tasi came from quite a traditional Samoan family. I could tell he was trying not to make a scene, although he looked very uncomfortable as Peggy removed his shirt. Out of all the boys I would have presumed that Tasi was the most likely to be wearing underwear, and Roxanne clearly suspected this was the case. However, as soon as she crouched down in front of him he yelled out “lifeboat!” He had clearly reached the extent of his comfort level. Since Tasi was very popular with the entire band there was no negative reaction to this, and he was given some warm applause as we let him escape from the stage.  
  
This left me on stage with Alasdair. One of the reason’s I had left Alasdair to last was because I didn’t like him (I don’t think anyone did) and I was hoping that Peggy would end up with him. Alasdair was an arrogant and selfish bully. He didn’t bully anyone on purpose – it just happened through his sheer thoughtlessness. If anyone tried to argue or reason with him they found he was just so obstinate that they learned just to avoid him in future. Alasdair had been one of the most vocal earlier in the day, loudly proclaiming to anyone who would listen that he was looking forward to “giving one” to the stripper.  
  
As I unbuttoned Alasdair’s shirt, I could sense that his heart was racing and his breathing was ragged. His normal composure was completely gone, and I was convinced that he was feeling afraid. This discovery made me feel powerful and bold. Since Tasi had left the stage Roxanne was directing all her attention on him, including backing into him and spending some time rubbing her bottom up and down his front. When she moved away I saw that his kilt was sticking out a bit in the front, but not quite as much as some of the other boys. I’m not saying he was small. All I’m saying is that he was slightly less endowed than average. Still, this seemed enough of an advantage to make use of, and I took action. I reached my hand around to his groin and I grasped his erection through the fabric of his kilt.  
  
“You’re not wearing underpants, are you Alasdair?” I asked.  
  
“No,” he replied nervously.  
  
“That’s good,” I cooed. “We all know that real men wear nothing under their kilts. You’re a real man, aren’t you Alasdair?”  
  
Alasdair said nothing in reply. He could probably tell that I was mocking him, but there was no way of responding safely to my question. I pressed home my advantage.  
  
“Oh Alasdair, I guess you’re too modest to tell us what a real man you are. Anyway, I think that actions speak louder than words. I’m sure you won’t mind showing us what a real man looks like.” And with that I started to undo one of the buckles on his kilt.  
  
A look of pure terror came over Alasdair’s face. He stood still for a few moments, maybe hoping that I was just teasing and would soon stop, but I kept on going. As soon as he felt his waistband start to go loose he grabbed at it with both hands to keep it in place and yelled “Lifeboat!”  
  
I immediately took my hands off him and took a few steps back to show I was honouring the safe word, and Alasdair slunk off into the audience. In contrast with the compassionate applause Tasi had received, Alasdair was greeted by the rest of the crowd with laughter and derision. He looked very embarrassed as he took a seat behind the rest of the audience.  
  
By this time the audience were all sitting close to the stage. Roxanne, Peggy and I could see them all clearly, sitting wearing only their kilts, ties and footwear, as we huddled together to find out what else Roxanne had planned. The only member of the crowd who stood out was Mr Walsh. He had been wearing a normal business suit all day. He had taken off the jacket during dinner, but was otherwise fully dressed.   
  
“Are you going to get Mr Walsh?” asked Peggy with a giggle.  
  
“Yes,” replied Roxanne. “But I’m going to do him by myself.”  
  
“That’s cool,” said Peggy. “I’d better make sure I get a good seat.” With that she stepped off the stage and walked over to where Kevin was sitting. She sat down on his lap and draped her arms around his neck. I was about to step off the stage myself and find an empty chair when Roxanne grabbed me by the hand and pulled me back. Wayne had put on a slower song, something sexy by Gin Wigmore, and I found myself with Roxanne’s arms around me, slow dancing in front of our audience. Her mouth was close to my ear and she started talking with me.  
  
“I’ve been watching you,” she said. “You seem to be having fun.”  
  
“I am,” I admitted. “Far more than I ever expected.”  
  
“What did you expect?”  
  
“I’m not sure,” I said blushingly. “I kind of hoped it would be exciting, but I guess I was scared that it would just be some sad drug addict getting naked and giving the boys a perv. You certainly don’t seem like a sad drug addict,” I added quickly.  
  
“Thank you!” she said with a bright smile. “So you at least had some hope that the night might be exciting? So what have you enjoyed the most?”  
  
“I’m not sure. I mean, it’s been fun in so many different ways. But I guess the thing that’s surprised me most is how in control you are.”  
  
Roxanne smiled. “I saw how you handled that last guy. I have to say, you’re a real natural. Having a room full of men in the palm of your hand is a real buzz. Of course, it doesn’t work that way in normal circumstances. It’s the stripping that allows you to rewrite the book of behaviour. You seemed happy enough to take your shirt off.”  
  
“I know. But that wasn’t exactly hard. I’ll often wear a top like this during summer,” I said, indicating the singlet I was wearing.  
  
“True,” said Roxanne, “but stripping off your shirt on a stage still took courage. Did you get excited by it?”  
  
I had to admit it. “Yes,” I whispered.  
  
Roxanne continued. “For some of the girls I’ve worked with, the actual stripping has just been a way of earning money, and for some, it’s also been about getting that buzz of controlling a room full of men. But for some of us, it has added an important part of the fun. I think I can help you reach new levels of fun and excitement.”

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With that last sentence I felt Roxanne’s hands on the hem of my singlet start tugging it upwards. My first instinct was to push her hands down again. She looked me in the eyes and smiled as she continued to pull her hands up against my resistance. The boys in the crowd were beginning to see what was happening and I could sense their excitement building. I could feel my own excitement building too. I knew there were plenty of reasons why I should continue to resist, but these reasons were beginning to lose ground in my mind with what my own arousal was urging me to do. I forced my arms to relax and I allowed Roxanne to slowly pull my top up over my head and add it to the pile of clothes behind us.  
  
My back had been to the audience as my bra came into view. Roxanne then slipped around behind me, forming a barrier between me and those who were watching, but I knew what this was leading to. Slowly but firmly she began turning us both around until I was facing them. Every eye was on me as I slowly turned, as if nothing else in the world existed apart from my breasts encased in my white lace bra. As I looked from face to face I saw a mixture of emotions, including excitement, gratitude, and lust, mixed in with some awkwardness and nervousness. I felt more exposed than I had felt in a long time, but I felt powerful.  
  
As Roxanne danced behind me I could feel her bra-covered breasts pushing into my back, and her hands started roaming over my body. Her hands started stroking my sides and running lightly over my stomach, then, to my surprise, her hands went to my breasts and started slowly kneading them. Even though I have always considered myself to be heterosexual, I acknowledge that this was increasing my arousal. Maybe I’m a bit bi, or maybe it was an exhibitionist thing, knowing that I was adding to the fantasies and wet dreams of the boys who were watching me.  
  
Roxanne’s hand eventually left my breasts and returned to rest on my hips. I heard her voice in my ear.   
  
“Are you wearing panties?”   
  
This question could only mean one thing. I could feel myself become tense with anticipation. I took a deep breath and gave her my answer. “Yes.”  
  
Roxanne’s hands went to the buckle on the waistband of my kilt. I knew this wouldn’t achieve anything – the buckle was purely decorative. I was forced to guide her. “There’s a zip on my left hip,” I said. Roxanne lost no time in attacking my zip, and I immediately felt the waistband go loose. I forced myself to continue to sway with the music as I gave myself up to her. My kilt was soon around my ankles and I stepped out of it.  
  
I was feeling so turned on that I wondered if there would be a wet patch on the front of my panties, and it took all my willpower to resist the temptation to look. I figured that, whether there was a wet patch or not, the best thing to do was to accept it and remain outwardly confident. I was a little annoyed with myself for not wearing matching underwear, but I was working hard to prevent that from affecting my confidence.   
  
I looked out at the audience and took strength from the looks on their faces. I knew my legs looked good, even though I didn’t have the advantage of wearing high heels like Roxanne was wearing. The boyshort panties concealed the fact I hadn’t bothered to trim down there for a wee while. I knew my panties looked reasonably decent from the front, but they also revealed a lot of my butt cheeks at the back, so it was inevitable that Roxanne soon turned me back around. Another cheer went up from the crowd as my butt came into view.  
  
“How do you feel?” Roxanne asked.  
  
“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” I said. “I just let some chick strip me down to my underwear in a room full of boys from school.”  
  
“Yes, but how do you feel?”  
  
I gave her question some thought. “I feel really good!”  
  
“I knew you would,” she said. “Now I want you to do something for me.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“I want you to take off my bra for me, and lick and suck my nipples!”  
  
My head was spinning with Roxanne’s request, but I knew I would do it. I turned us around until we were side on to the audience before reaching around her body and releasing her bra strap. I decided to opt for quick and decisive movements, relishing my opportunity to take charge, and the audience loved it. Of course, since they couldn’t hear what we had been saying to each other, it seemed completely spontaneous when I went for her breasts with my mouth. Again, I haven’t decided if I was motivated by bisexual desires, or whether I was motivated by putting on a good show. This was all so new to me.  
  
Roxanne eventually stepped back to disengage, then stepped forward again to give me a hug. “Wow,” she said. “You are one talented lady! Sadly, it’s time for you to take a seat. I need to do this next bit without you.”  
  
I reluctantly left the stage and found an empty chair nearby. I made no attempt to retrieve my clothes, and I was pleased to still be attracting plenty of looks, despite the fact that Roxanne had started roaming the audience again. She worked the crowd like an expert, plonking herself into people’s laps and giving a few lucky boys the privilege of briefly touching her naked breasts. She worked her way through the room seemingly at random, although I could tell she was heading indirectly in the direction of Mr Walsh. Eventually she pounced. She grabbed him firmly by the arms and dragged him towards the stage. He seemed to accept this with an air of resignation.  
  
Roxanne’s treatment of Mr Walsh was certainly surprising. She was little less than brutal. After a perfunctory dance with him she began removing his tie, leaving him wearing his blue striped shirt, dark gray suit pants, and shoes and socks. His was the first tie that had been removed that evening – Roxanne and the rest of us were still wearing ties, no matter how little else – so I wondered at the significant of this move. The significance was soon obvious. Roxanne took his tie and stepped behind him and began using it to tie his arms together.  
  
Once Roxanne was satisfied his arms were secure, she pushed Mr Walsh down onto his knees, then pushed him further until he was lying on his back on the floor with his bound arms uncomfortably beneath him. Then she quickly removed her own tie, leaving herself wearing just her bright pink panties, stockings and heels, and she used her tie to bind his legs together. He was now trussed and at her mercy.   
  
Roxanne took advantage of Mr Walsh’s captivity by literally ripping open his shirt. I’m sure every button was ripped off as his chest was exposed. Then, without pausing, Roxanne began to undo his belt and the fly of his trousers. Once these were undone she yanked his trousers down as far as his knees, revealing a pair of green satin boxer shorts.   
  
When I look back on what happened I realise that Mr Walsh deliberately made no attempt to get off the stage or to say the safe word, but at the time it seemed like he had no options at all but to submit to Roxanne’s onslaught. I looked around me at my band mates and saw looks of surprise and awe. Where would Roxanne stop?  
  
The immediate answer was that she wasn’t going to stop at his boxer shorts. With one savage movement she yanked them down to his knees, giving me my first ever view of a man’s penis. Mr Walsh was flaccid but not shrivelled. It lay like a stunned snake against his lower belly. Roxanne quickly stepped over to the sound desk where Wayne was and returned with a bottle of some sort of body cream. She squirted large amounts on his chest, groin and thighs before crouching down to rub it around in a way which did little more than spread the mess.  
  
Roxanne’s next move was to pull Mr Walsh’s belt from out of his trousers and begin to wield it threateningly. There was a look of real fear in his eyes, but again he made no real attempt to escape what happened next. Roxanne swung the belt with a swish followed by a loud crack on Mr Walsh’s chest, which was immediately followed by another crack on his left thigh. He cried out in pain with each lashing. There were two more hits, on the chest a second time followed by one on the right thigh. Roxanne then threatened to hit him directly on his exposed penis, but made no attempt to follow through on her threat. Mr Walsh lay there completely subjugated while the audience looked on stunned. Roxanne then immediately altered what she was doing. She threw the belt away and began gently caressing the bright red marks she had made, rubbing in bits of the cream that she had earlier poured on his body.   
  
As I sat in my underwear at the edge of the crowd, now largely ignored by everyone else, my mind was in turmoil as I watched what was happening and thought about the part I was playing. My mood was starting to drop now I was away from the stage and I was feeling jealous of Roxanne being the centre of attention now. I was also feeling very turned on. Checking that nobody could see my lower body because of the table I was sitting at, I surreptitiously slipped a hand inside my panties. I had a brief impulse to go to one of the boys and sit down on their lap and let them take care of me, but I knew that would be a backward step. I didn’t have any genuine feelings for any of these boys, and my instincts told me that, unless I was on the stage and in control, I didn’t want to become any boy’s plaything. My own touch would be sufficient.  
  
Roxanne had challenged me when she had stripped off my singlet and skirt. She knew I was enjoying being on the stage, but my fun was being bought at the cost of her taking off her clothes. I’m sure she wouldn’t have minded that in itself. After all, she was being paid and I wasn’t. Instead, I think she was trying to help me to understand my own reactions. I had discovered that being stripped had been incredibly exciting, and I may never have discovered that if it wasn’t for her.   
  
Up on the stage Roxanne had started rubbing and sliding her body against Mr Walsh’s. He now had an erection which she kept on touching as if by accident as she focussed most of her attention on his chest. Her main move was to slide her naked breasts up his chest, then to bring her chest up near his face and let her breasts hang just out of reach. He made various attempts to lift his head enough to get his mouth to one of her nipples, but she always moved away just in time.   
  
Obviously Roxanne’s breasts were the centre of everyone’s attention including my own, but my thoughts were dominated by the question of whether or not I would be brave enough to do what she was doing. If Roxanne got me back up on the stage, there was a good chance she would encourage me to take off my bra. What would my reaction be? Would I have the courage? For that matter, would I be disappointed if it didn’t happen? I didn’t know.

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The other question that was occupying my thoughts was the question of how far Roxanne would go. I knew that a lot of strip shows went only as far as the g-string. Did Roxanne do full nude? Up on the stage, Roxanne was about to answer my question. She was standing above Mr Walsh, with a foot on each side of his head near his ears, looking down at him from above. Mr Walsh, in turn, was gazing up into her eyes. It seemed to me that they were sharing some sort of moment, almost oblivious to the rest of us as they met each other’s eyes. Then, suddenly, Roxanne’s hands went to her hips and she pushed her panties down onto his face. In fact, they ended up being draped across his mouth and nose, and she left them there for a few moments before carefully stepping out of them. They fell of his face during this manoeuvre, and she picked them up and threw them onto the pile of clothes behind her.  
  
Roxanne resumed her stance straddling Mr Walsh’s face, giving him an unobstructed view straight up into her pussy. She was side on to the audience, and from where I was sitting I could only see her naked buttocks. A short time later Roxanne began to dance around Mr Walsh’s body, unselfconsciously giving the rest of us the opportunity to see her body from every angle. I was astonished to see that she was completely shaved. I had seen women at the gym that had waxed or shaved their pubic hair into a narrow strip, but I had never before seen a woman completely shaved. In my opinion it was the utter pinnacle of exposure, and the sight was highly erotic.   
  
Roxanne’s nudity had taken things to a lot higher level, and I recognised that the feelings that were overwhelming me were feelings of fear. Surely I could never do what she had done. I was sitting there feeling afraid that she would involve me again in her show, pushing me to go further and further, until my fear would force me to stop and say the safe word. At the same time, I was afraid that the evening would now end, and everyone would put their clothes back on. I felt like I couldn’t win no matter what happened next.   
  
My fear that the evening was now over was soon dispelled. Wayne started another song and Roxanne left the stage and began to dance through crowd. She had pulled Mr Walsh’s boxer short back up but had otherwise left him lying where he was on the stage. I now had to face the fear I had of being dragged back onto the stage, and balance that with my fear of being ignored. Every time Roxanne came close to where I was I felt my heart pounding. She was working the crowd with the same enthusiasm as before; the fact she was now completely naked didn’t seem to affect her actions. As she sat in the laps of any of the boys she would often place their hands on her body, often on her breasts, but never near her vagina. As always she remained in control of her interactions with them, and they responded by being obedient and obviously grateful for any attention.  
  
Finally, inevitably, Roxanne came over to me and sat down on my lap. She put her arms around my shoulders, and I responded by putting my arms around her waist. I could see the boys watching us with interest. “Hey girl,” said Roxanne. “Are you going to come back up on stage?”  
  
“To do more stuff to Mr Walsh?”  
  
“No, not with him,” said Roxanne. “In fact, it’s probably best that you don’t touch him at all. No, we’ll do other stuff.”  
  
“I don’t know,” I said. “What’s going to happen?”  
  
“I think you know fairly well what’s likely to happen,” she said with a grin. I felt my heart skip a beat. I couldn’t make an immediate decision, so I kept talking to give myself a bit of time.  
  
“I can’t believe that you did all that with Mr Walsh,” I said.  
  
“Yeah,” said Roxanne with a smile. “I almost never go that far with anyone.”  
  
“How did you know that he would go along with it? Weren’t you worried that he would put up more of a protest?”  
  
“Oh, that,” said Roxanne. “That’s easy. Your Mr Walsh has been my boyfriend for the last two years. I warned him earlier he was in for something special tonight.”  
  
“Oh my goodness!” I exclaimed. My mind reeled as I replayed the events of the evening in the light of this new information. Mr Walsh and Roxanne were actually a couple. Unbelievable! Eventually my thoughts started to come together and I found my voice again.  
  
“So is that why you asked me not to touch him?”  
  
“No,” said Roxanne dismissively. “It’s more that it would look really bad if the school found out there had been touching between him and a recent female student. He’s taking a big enough risk as it is.”  
  
I thought their relationship sounded very unique, but I didn’t have any opportunity to ask any more questions. Roxanne gave up waiting for a verbal answer to her initial question, so she decided just to stand up and pull me along by the arm. I found myself ignoring my fears and following her onto the stage. My appearance there was greeted by a huge cheer from the audience, and I felt my adrenalin begin to pump through my body again. I looked at Roxanne. “What now?”  
  
“Are any of these boys worthy of any special attention from you?” she asked.  
  
“No.”  
  
“Then I think we should get that drum major guy back up here. When in doubt we always go for someone in an important position – they’re the least likely to back down in front of the others. How about you go and get him?”  
  
My stomach was churning and my heart was pounding as I looked around the audience for Robert. Once I had spotted him I stepped down into the crowd and headed straight towards him. The look of fear on his face was priceless, and there was a huge cheer from the others when I grabbed him by the hand. He looked very reluctant, but like Roxanne had predicted there was no way he would chicken out in front of the others.  
  
Once I had Robert back up on the stage I wasn’t sure what to do with him, so I put my arms around his waist and started slow dancing with him. I allowed him to put his arms around me, and I pressed my bra-covered breasts against his bare chest. I thought I felt some movement under the front of his kilt, but it was difficult to tell for sure. I looked over at Roxanne, who had gone back to Mr Walsh and was sitting straddling his thighs. She was rubbing her hands up his chest as far as his shoulders, then back down again, flicking the waistband of his boxers as she did so as if threatening to pull them down again. As she did this I could tell that much of her attention was on Robert and me.  
  
I could sense that Robert was feeling very nervous, and this helped my confidence to return. I leaned back slightly to free my arms and I started caressing his chest, paying close attention to his nipples. Occasionally I ran my hands down to caress his stomach, and it was at this point that I discovered he was quite ticklish. As he squirmed and winced I was suddenly inspired and came up with a plan of attack.  
  
I disengaged myself from Robert’s arms and I went around behind him. Pressing myself into his back I continued to caress his chest and stomach. Then I started to tickle him, gently at first, then with greater intensity. The effect was very amusing as he wriggled around, trying to avoid one of my hands only to end up being tickled by the other. I then put phase two of my plan into action. I quickly grabbed one of his kilt buckles and quickly undid it. Then as he tried to react to that I undid the other. Now he was completely at my mercy. I allowed him to hold the kilt in place with his hands, but now he could only attempt to fend off my tickling hands with his elbows, and he had no chance of trying to refasten his buckles. I continued to tickle him until all he could do was try to fold himself in half and collapse onto the floor in the foetal position.   
  
At this point I stopped tickling Robert and I sat down on him. I grabbed his hands and pulled them up until I had rolled him onto his back and I was sitting on his stomach. I leaned forward until I was holding his hands on the floor above his head. In this position my bra was almost in his face. Feeling sexy in this position I impulsively leaned a bit further forward until Roberts nose disappeared into my cleavage. I could feel him kissing my sternum. I pulled back momentarily, and then I leaned in again to give him another go. I was feeling powerful again and I grinned triumphantly.  
  
Roxanne could see my grin, and at that moment I knew that she would take things to the next level. The lesson of the evening, that I could learn if I chose to, was that the power to use men like toys came at a cost of clothes, although paying the cost was exciting in itself. I saw Roxanne stand up and leave Mr Walsh lying on the floor, still tied up hand and foot. She walked over to us and stood facing me with a foot on each side of Robert’s head. In this position Robert had a clear view up at her vagina; while my face was so close to her I’m sure I faintly detected her scent. I released Robert’s arms and sat up straight, and Roxanne moved in to sit on his chest, so close to his face that his chin was almost between her buttocks. Seemingly as some sort of compensation Roxanne grabbed his hands and placed them on her own breasts, giving him an opportunity to cop a good feel. She then placed her hands on my waist and leaned in towards me, and then she kissed me gently on the lips.  
  
I was so aroused that I found myself instantly responding to Roxanne’s kiss. This is just another example of something for me to think about as I try to understand my own sexuality. It’s not a question I’m in a rush to answer. The more pressing issue of the moment was that Roxanne’s hands were now behind my back and I could feel her undoing my bra. I felt a moment of panic, and the word “lifeboat” came close to my lips, but a surge of excitement kept the word unspoken. A loud cheer had gone up from the audience when they saw what Roxanne was doing, and I had a real sense that I didn’t want to disappoint my new fans.  
  
When I think about it, I see my bare breasts at least twice every day, including a long period of time when I’m in the shower, and I don’t think anything of it. But that evening I found it completely astonishing to look down and see them there. They seemed as novel and exciting to me as they must have been to the boys that were staring at them from the audience. I wondered if the sensations that were flooding over me might cause me to faint. It didn’t seem likely that I could handle such a sensory overload.

**Amy's Stage Debut 7**

Just when I was wondering if things had reached a peak, Roxanne found new ways of heightening the experience. She grabbed Robert’s hands, which were still exploring her own chest, and she placed his hands on my breasts. During all that had just occurred the only person who didn’t know that my bra had been removed was Robert, who in his position on the floor could see little other that Roxanne’s backside. His discovery of my naked breasts was no doubt a welcome treat, and they seemed to occupy his attention completely.  
  
Roxanne had one more trick to perform. She gently pushed on my legs to encourage me to move myself back until I was now sitting on Robert’s thighs instead of his stomach. Then, taking advantage of Robert’s attention being elsewhere, she gently pulled his kilt out from under me and rearranged it so that it was now over my legs as well. She hadn’t exposed him to anyone, but she had left him in a vulnerable position. I could feel the skin of his thighs against my own.  
  
Roxanne stood up and walked away, allowing me to look Robert in the face again. His eyes in turn were glued to my naked breasts. I decided to put an end to the liberties he was taking and reassert myself. I removed his hands from the playground of my chest. I put his hands under my knees on the floor and exerted gentle pressure on them. There was no doubt that he could pull them out if he wanted to, but the symbolic nature of the restriction was enough to prevent him from doing this. I could tell that he was holding his breath in anticipation.  
  
Having satisfied myself that Robert was under my spell, I became more daring yet. I made and held eye contact with him as my hands went to the hem of his kilt and started slowly, teasingly, pulling it up. I held eye contact with him until I had pulled his kilt up far enough that I knew I only had to shift my eyes a small distance to see his naked genitals. Robert in turn maintained his eye contact with me, with an expression of his face that appeared to be a silent plea not to look. This battle of our eyeballs seemed to go on for an extraordinarily long time until I eventually gave him a superior smile and looked down. His penis looked red and engorged but not actually erect, as though it had recently been fully erect before wilting. I surprised myself by reaching out and placing my right hand on it. He winced in a startled fashion at my touch, but not enough to pull his hands out from under my knees, thus demonstrating his willingness to remain my prisoner for a while yet.  
  
I looked up and resumed my eye contact with Robert. I found the mixture of fear and longing in his eyes very arousing. I let go of his kilt with my left hand, allowing it to fall back down over the top of my right hand which remained on his penis. This allowed me to put on a bit of a show for him by using my left hand to fondle my breasts.   
  
Some movement in my peripheral vision prompted me to look over at Roxanne and Mr Walsh, and Robert’s gaze followed my own. Roxanne was now kneeling astride Mr Walsh’s head, with her pussy just within range of his tongue. He was lifting his head up and bending his neck in a most uncomfortable angle in order to get his tongue to its target, and he could only hold it there for two or three licks at a time before the pain and discomfort forced him to have a rest. I was so turned on that I wondered how she could resist moving closer and allowing him to do the job properly.  
  
What happened next came as a complete surprise. All of a sudden there was a large commotion in the audience, and I looked around to see Peggy dragging her boyfriend Kevin up onto the stage. The erotically charged atmosphere had obviously pushed her to her limit. She pushed Kevin down until he was lying on his back on the floor, staring up at her. Peggy pulled her singlet top off over her head and appeared to give some serious thought to removing her bra as well before deciding against it. She then reached up under her kilt and pulled down her panties before practically squatting on Kevin’s face. Her kilt covered his head and hid everything from view, but the expression on her face revealed that his tongue had found its mark.   
  
With all that was going on, Robert had become incredibly erect in my hand. I was so turned on at this point that my body seemed to be begging for relief. I knew I didn’t want to climb on Robert’s face, but it was easy enough under the cover of Robert’s kilt to remove my right hand from his penis and begin using it on myself.  
  
Maybe it was because of the time, or maybe it was because things had gotten so wild, but Roxanne started to bring the events to a close. Walking away from Mr Walsh yet again she came over to where I sitting on Robert, grabbed me by my left hand, and gently pulled me to my feet. Speaking softly so that only I could hear her she said “No orgasms on stage, or at least not unless they’ve been negotiated and paid for in advance. That’s a whole different job description.”  
  
Roxanne had led me in a daze to the front of the stage and had positioned me to face the audience. The fog in my brain began to clear slightly and I began to realise what her final challenge was to be. Through everything that had happened I was still wearing my panties, and now was the time to see if I had it in me to remove them. The song that was playing was Open Your Eyes by Snow Patrol. It’s hardly a sexy song; maybe Wayne chose it because of its title, but the boys hardly needed the advice. Every eye was definitely open and focussed on me. I sensed that even Peggy was watching me. It’s a song with a definite climax near the end, and we both knew that would be the big moment for something to happen. Roxanne stood at my side. There was no need for her to explain what we were there for. Instead, she gave me some simple reassurance.   
  
“You’ve been incredibly brave so far. You’ve been amazing. So if you decide not to do this I’ll still make sure you look good in front of all these people. When the song ends we’ll both bow and it will all be over. Do you understand?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Are you going to go through with it?”  
  
I nibbled on my lower lip for a moment. “Yes,” I replied.  
  
With that reply Roxanne moved behind me and put her hands on my hips, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of my panties. I reflected on this momentarily before speaking to her again. “I think I’m going to do this on my own.”  
  
Roxanne looked at me, and then gave me a proud smile. “Good for you!” she exclaimed.  
  
Roxanne moved a step away. I could hear Peggy give a few moans and gasps, but I didn’t turn around to look. The song was nearing its climax, and the boys in the crowd seemed to be holding their breath in anticipation. The song reached the right spot, but my arms were momentarily paralysed. Finally, a second or two after the perfect moment, I grabbed the waistband of my panties and pushed them down.  
  
Again, when I think about it, I pull down my panties several times every day, what with going to the toilet and changing my clothes and so on. But nothing compared to that moment when I removed my panties on the stage in front of the St Andrew’s College Pipe Band. It was like every nerve ending in the area of my panties cried out when the contact with my panties was broken, and then the same nerve endings overwhelmed me again with reports of air molecules bombarding my naked skin. Apart from my stockings, shoes and tie, which I was still wearing, I was naked. I almost had a momentary crisis when I recalled that my bush was overdue for a trim, but the whistling and applause from the boys reassured me that the view was perfect in their eyes. I stood there in all my glory before them.  
  
Once the song was finished Wayne got on the microphone and encouraged the boys to give us one final round of applause, which they did with enthusiasm mingled with obvious disappointment that the show was ending. Roxanne took one of my hands in hers and we bowed together. Then, with her free hand, Roxanne yanked Peggy to her feet, leaving a flushed Kevin lying on the floor with the used remains of Robert and Mr Walsh. Peggy gave a small whine of complaint; the song had climaxed before she had gotten the opportunity herself. Wayne came up to the stage, looking once again like a fearsome bodyguard, and he ushered all three of us girls down the two flights of stairs to the lower deck. He ushered us through the door marked “Crew Only” before turning around to head upstairs again.  
  
Once Wayne had left us, Peggy resumed complaining about how turned on and unsatisfied she was, and I was certainly feeling the same way. "I know," sympathised Roxanne. "I often feel the same way myself. Come with me in here." With that she opened a door through into a cabin which was obviously hers for the evening. It contained two single beds and a few chairs. She pushed Peggy onto one of the beds and me onto the other. Then she sat herself down on an easy chair beside the door before reaching up and turning out the light. The room was plunged into pitch darkness, and instinct immediately took over.  
  
I lay back on the bed and opened my legs wide. My hand flew to my genitals and worked at seeking my relief. I was self-conscious about noise at first, but Roxanne was a lot less inhibited, and her moans only heightened the excitement. The orgasm that resulted came quickly and was the most powerful I had ever experienced, and I then relaxed into the afterglow as I listened to Peggy reach hers, followed finally by Roxanne.  
  
Finally the room was silent, with nobody feeling the need to say anything. Eventually we were disturbed by a knock at the door. I closed my legs and sat up, but made no other attempt to cover myself. Roxanne opened the door without turning on the light, and we saw Wayne standing there with a dim light from the corridor coming in over his shoulders. He was holding our clothes, which he passed in one bundle to Roxanne. "I think it's all there," he said. Wayne peered into the darkened room until he spotted me, then he continued to give his report. "I couldn't find any of your underwear at first, so I had to threaten some violence until it all reappeared." The idea of some boy trying to souvenir my underwear, only to be scared out of the plan by the security, made me laugh with delight.  
  
Wayne had one final piece of news for Roxanne. "That teacher guy suggested that you drive these girls home in the Mustang. He says he'll keep the boys upstairs until we're off the boat." Having said all he had to say Wayne closed the door, Roxanne turned on the light, and we quickly got dressed. Mr Walsh was true to his word, and we got off the boat as soon as it was tied up to the wharf and we climbed into the Mustang. Roxanne dropped Wayne off first at an address in Woolston before continuing on to Peggy's and then my house.   
  
As she drove Roxanne did most of the talking, giving us information about her life and her work. She talked about working in one of the strip clubs before the earthquake and doing a few private parties on the side. Then following the earthquake, when many of the other strippers moved to Auckland, she stayed behind doing only private parties. She talked about how much she earned in a good week, and how much she earned in a bad week. She talked about how much money she spent on her hair and grooming and costumes. She talked about the other strippers she had worked with, and how lots of the girls were studying and planning their future after stripping. Naturally she said that there were also some who appeared to have dismal futures, and she suspected that some might be on drugs.  
  
I knew as I listened to Roxanne talk about herself that she was really talking to me about my future options, and she wasn’t wrong. Aunty Eileen, I really need your advice as well. It seems impossible to go ahead with my original plan of continuing to live with my parents and going to university here in Christchurch. I know my parents can’t afford for me to go to university anywhere else, but if I can make even a small fraction of the money Roxanne makes I should be able to support myself as well as paying my own university costs.   
  
The enclosed photos, including the nude ones, were taken by Peggy so you can see what I look like. I have given you a detailed account of what I’ve experienced so you can try to gauge whether or not I can do this for a living. I know I don’t know anything about pole dancing, but I’m fit and strong and eager to learn. I just need someone to help me out at the start. Please consider letting me come and stay with you, or at least help me to find some accommodation and support me until I can start paying my way.  
  
Please contact me soon. I am desperate to hear from you.  
  
  
Love Amy.