**April Goes to a Concert**

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A few months ago was my birthday, and my boyfriend Brian announced that he got me tickets to my favorite band of all time, The Monsters. Their lead singer was a deliciously hot guy named Zeke Monster, which was ninety percent of why I liked the band so much. I didn't want to tell that to Brian, though. We were both juniors in college, but Brian had some dumb idea that we were going to get married and he was incredibly jealous at the idea that I would be attracted to some other guy, even if he was an unattainable rock star.

At first I was incredibly excited that he had splurged on tickets, but then I found out that it wasn't just going to be the two of us. He had gotten a price break by buying a bunch of tickets, and he had also invited a couple of guys from his dorm hall, Scott and Alan. I was a little hesitant to go to a concert with my boyfriend and those guys, since I had hooked up with both of them before. Brian didn't know about it, and I wasn't about to tell him.

The day of the concert, the plan was for us to meet at my dorm and take my car to the concert. We were supposed to meet at six, but around five my doorbell rang. I had just gotten out of the shower and was still in a towel, but I assumed that Brian had come early, so I ran downstairs and opened the door. But it was Scott instead.

"Hey, awesome!" he said, looking at me with dripping wet hair and wearing only a towel. I smiled and rolled my eyes. "Looks like you've got good timing," I said. "Take a seat, I'm gonna get dressed."

I started walking up the stairs and suddenly noticed that he was following me. "YOU stay downstairs," I said.

Scott grinned, "Well, be more specific!" and walked back downstairs.

I giggled a bit. Scott was a funny and nice guy, and in fact if I hadn't dated Brian I might have dated him. We had met at a frat party last year while I was dating Brian and he was dating a sorority sister of mine, but that night neither of our significant others were there. So Scott and I hung out, and he made me laugh all night. We ended up walking across campus together after the party, and he convinced me to go streaking across the main campus quad. I still remember how exciting it was to strip down naked right in the open, and then run across a huge lawn wearing only socks. It was so sexually charging that after we made it across we both started making out, naked, right up against the biology department building. He went down on me while I stood up against the wall, and after I came, he stood up and fucked me twice, slamming me against the brick wall with his thrusts. The whole time we could hear people walking down the sidewalk nearby, but we were shrouded in darkness so no one ever saw. At least I hope they didn't!

We agreed afterward that it was a fun night but a mistake, and never told anyone else about it, lest it get back that we had cheated on our significant others. Still, every time I saw Scott I always got a little thrill up my spine, remembering how hot that night was.

I went into my room and closed the door, and put on a bra and panties. I was looking into my closet for what to wear when I heard the doorbell ring again. I opened my door and shouted for Scott to answer the front door.

I went back to my closet and put on a tight-fitting black skirt. I turned to walk over to my dresser and squealed. Scott and Alan were both in the doorway! Both of them were seeing me in just my skirt and bra.

"Hey! Some privacy, please!" I said.

"I just wanted to let you know Alan was here!" Scott grinned.

"Can we help you pick anything out?" Alan said.

I rolled my eyes again. Boys! Always desperate for a look at an undressed girl. Alan was especially bad. He had been in my dorm my freshman year, and was always hanging around my hall, desperate to hook up with me. He wasn't bad-looking, in fact he was pretty attractive, but desperation always makes guys look worse.

Anyway, one night I had come back from a party really drunk, and Alan was hanging around, chatting with some of the girls waiting for me to come back. As soon as he saw me he acted all concerned, asking if I needed any help and if he could get me any coffee. I was tired of fending him off all the time, and all the drinking had made me horny, so I just told him to come to my room. As soon as he walked in I ordered him to take his pants off and get in my bed. He was so excited that I thought he was going to faint.

It actually was a little hot, being able to order a guy around. I made him take my jeans off and told him to go down on me. He eagerly did, and ate me out for a whole hour, while I came a bunch of times. Sometimes he would reach up and try to fondle my boobs over my shirt, but I would smack his hand away and tell him he didn't get to see my tits unless he did a better job. After my fourth or fifth orgasm, I was exhausted, so I made him stand up and gave him a blowjob until he came so hard his knees buckled. He wanted to stay and spend the night, but I told him to leave. Since then he's tried to hook up with me every now and then, and once even begged me to show him my boobs, but I've always refused. It was enough that I let him eat me out and gave him a blowjob, and besides, I kind of liked having him always longingly look at my chest.

But right now it was just a little annoying, having them in my room. But I relented. They had already seen me in my bra, so I might as well get their advice on what top they thought was sexy. "Okay, fine. What do you guys think of this?" and held up a pink blouse.

"It looks nice!" Alan said. "Try it on!"

The two of them sat on the bed, and for the next fifteen minutes I tried on a bunch of tops and shirts. I knew that they probably weren't interested in picking out clothes as much as seeing me constantly take off shirts and walk around in my bra, but it was having a little fun playing dress-up.

Finally, I pulled out a purple tank top with spaghetti straps and put it on. "How about this one?" I said.

"That one looks great," Alan said.

"Yeah, it's incredible," Scott said. "But why is it so bulky in the, um, chest?"

I looked down. "Oh, it has its own shelf bra. I'm not supposed to wear a bra with this," I said.

"Then you should DEFINITELY put it on!" Scott said.

"Yeah!" Alan said, his voice trembling. As if I was actually going to just take off my bra right in front of them.

Although...I had a wicked idea to tease poor Alan even more. "Okay, if you guys think so," I said. I pulled off the top and threw it on the dresser, then reached back to unsnap my bra. I could see both guys suck in their breath, waiting to see me unleash my naked tits. But at the last second I turned around, facing away from them.

They both moaned as I let the bra drop to the floor, showing them only my naked back. "Aw, you tease!" Alan said.

"What did you guys think, I'd just show you my boobs? I have a boyfriend, remember?" I said. They couldn't see, but I was grinning ear to ear from being such a tease. I reached over to the dresser to pick up the purple tanktop, making sure to sway my breasts enough to give them a view of my sideboob and nothing more.

As they drooled over what little they could see, I pulled my tanktop on and tucked my breasts into the shelf bra. Then I turned around. The tanktop made my boobs look fantastic, pushing them in and up. "How do I look?" I asked.

"Like a terrible person," Alan groaned. I laughed. Just then the doorbell rang. It was Brian!

"Get downstairs!" I said. "I don't want him to see you guys in my bedroom!"

The two of them ran downstairs and I followed a few seconds later and opened the front door. Brian was there, a little pissed that he had to wait so long. "Hurry up!" he said. "We're already late!"

"Okay, okay!" I said. I hoped he wasn't going to be a jerk the whole night. "Calm down!"

"It's your birthday, we can be late if you want to waste time!" he muttered.

Scott saw how pissy Brian was being. "Hey, Brian, come have a beer, we've got plenty of time," Scott said.

Brian saw Scott and Alan and quieted down. "Fine, but then we've got to go," he said. He walked in and sat down and grabbed a beer.

I was a little upset. He didn't even wish me happy birthday or compliment me on my outfit! I walked upstairs in a huff. "Where are you going?" Brian shouted.

"To get ready, is that OKAY with you?" I shouted back.

I marched upstairs and went to the bathroom to put on some makeup. A minute later Scott cracked the door open. "Hey, you okay? You seemed upset."

"No, it's just Brian," I said. "He's such a jerk sometimes."

"I know, he can be," Scott said. "Don't let it ruin your birthday."

"He didn't even compliment me on my outfit!" I said, mock pouting.

Scott grinned, "I know, he's crazy! It looks so great!"

"You think so?" I said.

"You look as hot as I've ever seen you. Zeke Monster is gonna see you from the crowd and pull you on stage to dance with him."

"Don't even joke about that!" I laughed. "That would be the greatest day of my life!"

"It's gonna happen!" Scott said. "Just make sure you wear that outfit, your boobs look so great in it."

I looked down at my breasts. "You think so?"

"Totally," he said.

At that moment, I really wanted to get back at Brian, but I didn't want him to flip out and ruin the concert. And here was one of his good friends who I could trust to keep a secret.

"Show me," I whispered.

"What?"

"Let me see how much you like my boobs," I smiled seductively.

Scott looked out the door, then quickly closed it and unzipped his fly. He pulled out his dick, which was half-hard and quickly getting harder.

I grabbed a lotion bottle, squeezed a bit of lotion into my hand and grabbed his cock. He gasped at the sudden cold. I immediately started pumping his cock with my hand. "Shhh! I'm just doing this to get back at Brian."

"Lucky me!" he breathed out, trying to stifle a groan.

"He wants to be a jerk, then his friend gets a handjob, that's my policy," I whispered angrily, pumping his dick harder and harder.

"I hope he's a jerk every day," he whispered.

From downstairs I heard Brian. "Hey, what's going on up there?!"

"Almost finished, honey!" I shouted down, mock-sweetly. Right then Scott groaned and started spurting cum up into the air. I aimed his dick away and his cum splattered onto the tile floor. I pumped him a few more times to make sure he was spent, while he moaned and gasped as quietly as he could. Then I pulled away and started washing my hands.

"Go down, I'll be back in a minute," I whispered.

"You're the best," he whispered, and left, tucking his cock back into his pants.

I didn't feel guilty at all, I was so angry at Brian. Even though he got me tickets to see the Monsters, he didn't have to be such a jerk on my birthday.

Both of us stayed pissed at each other on the drive over. I drove while Brian sat shotgun and Scott and Alan sat in the back. It was mostly silent, except for Scott and Alan trying to make conversation. When we got to the concert, the four of us pushed through the crowd to find our seats on the ground level. Alan pulled out a flask he had hidden in his jacket, and the four of us starting drinking. I took a couple more swigs than I should have, and soon I started feeling pretty tipsy.

With the concert time about to arrive, I realized I had to go to the bathroom. I wobbled up on my feet and told the guys I'd be right back. Brian protested that the concert was about to start but I knew the Monsters always started a half hour after the starting time, if not later.

I must have been drunker than I thought, because I thought I was following the directions to the bathroom but I quickly got lost. At first I tried to go back where I started from, but I just got more lost, and eventually I just started wandering around the many hallways in the back of the concert hall, trying to find someone to tell me how to get back to the concert floor.

I was stumbling down one of the halls when suddenly a door swung open. I was shocked when a topless girl stormed out of it. She was really angry and putting her bra back on, and she turned back toward the room and shouted, "Go to hell, Zeke!"

"Zeke?" I thought. And just as I wondered if that's who she was talking to, at the doorway appeared Zeke Monster! My wonderful hunk Zeke! He looked so hot, really disheveled, with his shirt off and his lean muscles showing.

"Wait, hon, I need you!" he shouted in his super-hot British accent as the girl stormed off.

It was only then that I looked down gasped. Zeke's pants and boxers were at his ankles. He had a huge, rock-hard cock sticking straight out into the hallway. It was unbelievable. I had worshipped him for three years and here I was, staring at his gorgeous dick!

Zeke heard me gasp and turned to me. He looked me up and down the way a rock star does, and I could immediately tell he was judging how hot I looked.

Before I could say anything, he pointed at me. "I need your help with this, love! I can't do the show in this condition!" He pointed to his enormous dick.

I just stood there, stunned. Was he really asking me what I think he was asking me?

"I -- I..." I stammered. Zeke just grabbed my arm and pulled me into his huge dressing room. "I don't have much time!" he said, "you've got to help!"

I looked at his pleading eyes and knew what I had to do for Zeke. I dropped to my knees and grabbed his dick. He moaned, "oh, that's right."

I tried to keep from squealing from being so thrilled. Here I was, about to give Zeke Monster a blowjob! I would have blown him anyway if I had the chance, but there was something about the situation that made me feel even better about it. Zeke couldn't do a concert if he was all hot and bothered. For the sake of the whole concert, I HAD to suck him off! I took his member into my mouth and began sucking.

"Oh, oh! That's great! You're so wonderful and kind!" he said, and started moaning. I was touched that he was being so sweet! I bobbed my head up and down on his member for a few seconds, feeling its shape and thickness with my tongue.

Zeke suddenly reached down and grabbed my left boob with his hand. He groped it for a second while he moaned and then said, "take out your tits, love!" Without stopping my rhythm, I grabbed the straps of my top and pulled them down, popping out my bare breasts.

"Oh, you've got lovely tits! So firm!" Zeke groaned. He reached down with both hands and started fondling my naked breasts, pinching and pulling on my nipples. I kept pumping my mouth up and down on his dick, trying not to get distracted by the pleasure shooting through my body.

Suddenly Zeke groaned and stiffened. A second later I felt his cum start shooting into my mouth. He kept grunting and cumming for what seemed like a full minute, as I frantically swallowed it all down.

Finally, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and collapsed on a chair.

"Ohhh, thank you so much. That was wonderful! You are a lifesaver," he panted.

A voice came on through the loudspeaker, "Zeke, twenty minutes until showtime."

"Well, we've got a few minutes," Zeke said, smiling. "Would you like a joint?"

"Sure!" I blurted out. "My name is April, I think you're the best, I love you!"

"Thank you, love!" he said. "Always great to meet my fans! Have you seen me perform before?"

The two of us started smoking pot and chatting. I was amazed how grounded and sweet he was! It turned out that that girl who walked out was one of his ex-girlfriends who had teased him all afternoon and then demanded that they get back together, but he didn't think it was fair to her while he was on the road the whole time. He liked the same movies and TV shows I did, and he even remembered seeing me in the front row when he had toured near my college a year ago!

After about ten minutes, a side door opened and Zeke's drummer Buzzy walked in and headed toward the booze. "Who's this, then?" he said as he looked down at me.

"Her name's April, she's a big fan! April, you know Buzzy?" Zeke said.

"I sure do! I think you're great!" I said. Buzzy looked at me and smiled, "You look great, too, hon."

It was only then that I realized I had never pulled my tanktop back up. This whole time I was treating Buzzy to a full, lengthy view of my naked tits! For a second I wanted to grab my boobs and cover up, but something about how casual Buzzy was made me think it wasn't that big a deal. Plus, he did just compliment me. I swallowed down my insecurity and slightly thrust out my chest to make my boobies look bigger.

Buzzy and Zeke and I talked for a few more minutes, the whole time I was sitting on the floor, topless and giving them an eyeful. After a while, I noticed that Zeke kept looking down at my tits, and that his dick was hardening again. The conversation slowly stopped down and for a second there was a pregnant silence. Then the loudspeaker came on, "Zeke, five minutes until showtime."

Zeke and Buzzy stared expectantly at me. "We've got time," I said, and hooked my thumbs into my shorts and panties and slid them down and off my ankles.

Zeke took one look at my naked bush and immediately jumped on top of me. He thrust his dick straight up into my pussy, which was so wet I had no problem taking him in. We both started moaning as he began furiously pumping into me.

"Oh, fuck me, Zeke! Fuck me!" I moaned. "Oh, god yes!" and wrapped my legs around him. I was in heaven, my favorite rock star was fucking me!

Zeke just grunted and moaned. I knew he was in a hurry and there wasn't going to be any time for gentleness or cuddling. I met his dick with his thrust and made sure that my tits were bouncing as hard as they could.

After only a couple minutes, Zeke panted, "Can I cum in you, love?"

"Of course!" I shouted. "Cum inside me! Shoot your cum inside me!"

Zeke groaned and suddenly I felt his hot bursts filling me up. He didn't have much since I had just sucked him off, but feeling his load firing inside of me sent me into the best orgasm of my life. I grabbed his back and dug in as I screamed and moaned.

When I finally came down a second later, I heard grunting right above me. Zeke pushed off me and I saw Buzzy standing over me, with his pants down and jerking himself off. I immediately pushed myself up and wrapped my mouth around his cock. "Ohhhh yeah!" he said.

He had worked himself up so much already that it didn't take long for him to cum into my mouth. I milked his cock through his orgasm as I swallowed it all down, and then we both collapsed on the floor.

The three of us lay there for a few seconds until the loudspeaker came on: "Zeke, where are you?!"

Zeke and Buzzy jumped up and started putting their pants on.

"We gotta go, love, can't keep the fans waiting!" Zeke said, and then kissed me full on the lips. "You were the best, next time you come to a concert you get free tickets and VIP passes for all your friends!"

"Thank you, Zeke! I love you!" I shouted back, and then the two of them were out the door and gone.

I collapsed back on the floor again for a few minutes, just panting and gathering my strength. Only after I heard the first song start playing did I realize that Brian was probably wondering where I was! My boyfriend was probably impatiently holding my seat while I was fucking the rock star he was waiting to see!

I jumped up and put my clothes back on and tried to find my way back to the concert floor. Zeke was already blasting through his fourth song by the time I got back to Brian and the guys.

"Where were you?!" he said.

"Sorry! I got help up at the bathroom line!" I said back.

Zeke ended the song and then shouted out to the crowd, "This next one goes out to April, one of my favorite fans!" and started playing the song I told him was my favorite.

Brian turned to me. "Hey, there's some other girl here named April!"

"I guess so!" I said, trying to act nonchalant, and started dancing.

The rest of the concert went by like a blur. I was so delirious with joy that I just danced and drank all night to the music. When the concert finally ended, I collapsed on Brian's shoulders, and together we wobbled back to my car. I was way too drunk to drive, so I sat in the back seat and let Brian drive. Scott drove shotgun so they could talk, while Alan sat in the back with me.

At one point, my drunken haze cleared up a little bit and I looked over at Alan and thought that since I had had such a great night, he should also get a thrill.

"Psst!" I whispered to him. He looked over at him. I put my finger up to my lips to shush him, and looked toward the front to make sure Brian and Scott weren't paying attention.

I looked back at Alan and grinned, then pulled my top down. His eyes went wider than I've ever seen as he saw the top of my cleavage, then nipples, then my whole breasts pop out. I let my top sit at my waist for a couple of minutes, comfortably sitting completely topless while Alan stared and stared. Brian could have looked back at any moment and seen me, but I was too drunk to really care at that point.

Finally I pulled my top back up, winked at Alan's pale face, and leaned back in my seat and smiled contentedly. I had hooked up with my favorite rock star, what a birthday!