Beth: Naked at the Card Party

by ClaytonÂ©

The following story is 100% true. The names and locations have been disguised.

When I met her, Beth Johnson was a freshman at the University. She was a product

of an all-girls Catholic high school and had that fresh-scrubbed, girl-next-door

appeal. When we met about 2 a. m. one Sunday morning, she was on her hands and knees tossing up the last of the whiskey sours she had been drinking. It was the first time Beth had ever been drunk. (For the full story read "Beth the Exhibitionist")

Beth became the test subject of a theory from my Psych class. I never made any

move to take advantage of her and I spent most of that Sunday talking with her

and making her laugh. Whenever she performed some small task for me I would tell her "Thank you. That pleases me. "

Two weeks after we first met Beth was constantly looking to me for my approval

whenever we were together and she was trying to give me her virginity. I found

out that Beth had learned Hawaiian Dance when she was in 8th grade. After

dancing for me, I arranged for Beth to dance topless at a private party. That

night Beth was scared, but when she found out how much she loved to show off for

a crowd, Beth asked me to remove her bottoms prior to going out on stage for her

last "set. " Her response when she came back off stage was an excited "I danced

naked in front of all those people and they all wanted to fuck me. "

After her last dance a man in his late 40's approached me and asked if Beth

performed at parties. I said she might in the future and he gave me his card.

Bob said he had a group of customers that gathered several times each year for a

card party and he wanted Beth to start with the Hula, and end the night dancing

naked and mingling with his customers. We agreed on a price which included some

touching, but no sex. (To bring yourself up to date read "Beth Learns Something

New")

Bob and I talked the next Monday and he gave me a date that was less than two

weeks away. That week Beth lost her virginity and displayed her ability to have

multiple orgasms. Beth also did many things good Catholic girls didn't do, and

she found out how exciting it was to have an audience. It was Beth that called

Bob and confirmed that she would perform at his card party.

That week zipped by at a snails pace. Beth spent hours each evening deciding

what to wear for Bob and his friends. She finally found a black mesh halter top

and a white lace apron, and she made a black bow for her hair. She was planning

to wear the halter top with her grass skirt for the first dances, then just the

skirt for the second set, then she would be naked for the third set except for

her anklets, a headdress, and her pompoms. Each night I picked Beth up from her

dorm, made dinner for us, and let her try on different combinations of clothing.

I decided I liked the white lace apron a lot. It snuggled Beth's curves and

showed her skin through the fabric. It also made her nipples stand out. Beth was

not wearing panties under the apron so her tight butt was very much available

for light caresses and gentle pats. The apron was for when she was mingling with

the guests.

After dinner and the fashion show I handed Beth the bed pillows and led her into

the living room. I pulled the cushions from the couch, arranged them on the

floor, and told Beth "Show time. "

She smiled and said "I love to please you. "

I poured us both a glass of wine and Beth played with her pussy until she had an

orgasm.

I leaned forward from my chair and said "It would please me if you would cum

again. "

Beth giggled and played with herself again. With her second orgasm fast

approaching Beth looked to me for permission, and I said "Cum for me. Cum for me

now. "

That pushed her over the top and a second set of pleasure waves washed over her.

After she had rested she asked "What else can I do to give you pleasure?"

Because her pussy was still fertile I opted for a blowjob. Actually I wanted

Beth to be horny and excited for Saturday night. All week I used the fertility

issue to avoid sliding my stiff prick into her pussy. Finally Friday arrived. I

picked up Beth and her costume and drove to my apartment. I carefully packed her

dance costume into the trunk of the car while Beth went straight into the

apartment. On the dining table she found three packages. When I came through the door Beth was still dressed.

I said "I buy you some presents and you forget what you are supposed to do at

home?"

Beth hurriedly took off her clothes and presented herself to me for approval.

When she was naked and standing still I walked around her and then said "Thank

You. That pleases me. "

Beth jittered for a few moments and I told her to open the biggest box first.

She found a pair of two-tone black and white high heels. The next box contained

a white lace garter belt and white stockings. Beth was shocked and surprised and

scandalized all at the same time. She also started to cry because I had given

her some presents. I told Beth the third present was for later; for now she was

to go dress in the bedroom and come back out with the apron and garter belt and

stockings on. She kissed me and disappeared into the bedroom.

Beth reappeared when dinner was ready. When Beth was naked she was gorgeous, but Beth in lingerie was fabulous. Her hair was combed out, her makeup was heavier than usual, and she stood in the middle of the room awaiting my approval. She could give a corpse a hardon and I told her so. Her answer was "I am happy to

please you. "

After a wonderful meal neither of us remember I handed Beth the third box. It

contained a dainty gold ankle chain. As soon as Beth stopped crying I told her

she was to wear it whenever we went out to have her dance. If she wore the chain

on her left ankle it meant she was for my pleasure only. If she wore the chain

on her right ankle, she was there for everyone's pleasure. Beth looked at me

then placed the chain on her left ankle. When she looked up she said "Tonight I

am here for your pleasure. Tomorrow I will wear this on the right ankle. I will

be there for everyone to see and feel. I will be available for their pleasure. I

know that was what you intended. "

That night Beth insisted on pretending she was serving drinks and food to a

group of 5 or 6 men seated at a card table. Since her white apron was see-thru

she did not need to bend over the table to show her cleavage. She worked on

turning away from the table so that her butt remained available to the man she

had just served for an extra several seconds. She also worked on walking

gracefully in high heels. I allowed her to "practice" on me and I tried to act

like a grabby drunk. Beth fended off my advances while still allowing me to have

a quick feel of her butt or her tits. She smiled and said "Catholic girls learn

those moves by age twelve or thirteen. I had to slow down just to let you grab a

quick feel. The only difference is, I never had to do those moves wearing

heels. "

By 11 p. m. I had been teased enough and this time, when Beth brought me a drink, I grabbed her and pushed her up against the table. She felt my hardon pressing into the cleft between her butt cheeks as I held her against the table. Beth

leaned over the table and purred "Are you going to fuck me? You haven't fucked

me all week. I wore this garter belt and stockings so I would look sexy for you.

I am here for your pleasure . . . . "

Yes, I did fuck her. I fucked her from behind as she bent over the table. I

slapped her butt, pulled her hair, and I came long and hard in her pussy since

her period was due the first of the week. Beth had a strong climax too. When we

both had our breathing back under control, Beth turned her head and asked "Is

there anything else I can do to please you?"

I had Beth sit down in my chair, place her first two fingers in her pussy, and

she ate my cum directly off her fingers. When she finished cleaning herself,

Beth knelt in front of me and licked our combined juices from my prick.

In the morning Beth and I had coffee in the kitchen. She told me she wanted to

please me by performing for Bob and his clients, but she had to know what her

limits were. What she was telling me was her limits were whatever I wanted her

to do. She asked me if I would still love her if she was a slut at the party. I

told her I wanted to have her naked and fondled, but she was not being whored

out. I also told her one more detail that Bob had given me; Beth would be

allowed to bet herself against the winnings from the poker game. If she took the

bet and won, she probably would have to give the loser a "consolation prize. " If

she lost . . . . . . .

We arrived at Bob's company office building at 7 p. m. and Beth went down a back

hallway to Bob's private office. She allowed Bob to show her his private bath,

then smiled sweetly at both of us and said "Get out. I will be ready for the

first dance at 8:30. I will come back here after each set and change to my

hostess costume for half an hour. I will dance again at 10 and 11:30. I will

have to leave at about 1 a. m. "

At 8:30 sharp Beth walked into the Board Room and stepped up onto the low stage.

I started the music and Beth performed a high energy first song. Every man in

the room watched intently as her tits bounced in that black mesh halter top. The

second dance was not as fast and Beth swept gracefully around the poker table so

that each man had a closeup view. The third dance was a slow, sensual dance and

Beth used the dance to tease each of the men in the room. At the end of the

third tune Beth blew a kiss to the room and slipped quickly back down the hall.

Ten minutes later she was back in the room in the hostess outfit. Bob introduced

her to each man, and Beth charmed each of them. Bob had Beth do a slow pirouette to show off her lack of panties, then Beth took drink orders. Each man was treated to Beth placing a drink in front of him and allowing each man to pat her

butt. Her nipples were pinched a few times also. Beth stayed for two rounds of

drinks, then she slipped back down the hallway again.

Her topless set of dances brought a great round of applause, but her

re-appearance in the hostess outfit was appreciated more. There is something

about a half-naked woman serving drinks that starts a man to thinking. The lace

apron did not conceal much, but the pretty little naked tush asking to be

touched was fantastic. Each of the men patted Beth on the butt, and deposited

dollar bills in the tops of her stockings. Again Beth stayed for two rounds of

drinks, then slipped back down the hallway.

When Beth re-appeared for her last set of dances everything stopped. Beth walked

demurely into the Board Room and stepped onto the stage. Other than her

headdress and her anklets, Beth was naked. Her nipples stood out like bullets

and she had a flush on her chest that indicated an imminent orgasm. The first

dance was a fast number and Beth worked it to make her boobs bounce while also

keeping her legs spread. It was the lewdest performance Beth had ever done.

The second dance was only slightly slower. Beth ended the second dance breathing

hard and covered with a sheen of moisture. The last dance was a slow, sensuous

dance and Beth used every opportunity to rub her nipples and her pussy. When she

finished the last dance I could tell Beth was at the edge of a major orgasm. As

the applause died down I approached the stage and held out a hand to her. Beth

had a wild look in her eyes and I drew her close to whisper in her ear. "I am

going to find some pillows and give you your vibrator. You are not to cum until

your vibrator is in your pussy. "

Beth nodded and said "I need to cum. I need to cum bad. "

I turned Beth towards the stage again and Bob already had the pillows arranged.

Beth settled back on the pillows, spread her legs wide, and stuck 2 fingers in

her pussy. I grabbed the vibrator from the bag near the stereo and carried it to

Beth. The men in the room drew a breath as Beth smiled, then withdrew her

fingers and slipped the vibrator into her pussy. A quick twist of the end and

the vibrator hummed. Suddenly Beth was bucking her hips and moaning as her

orgasm crashed over her. The waves of pleasure continued for several long

minutes and Beth worked the vibrator to stay on the crest of the ogasm as long

as possible. Finally, with a scream, the orgasm finished. Beth was totally spent

and passed out. Bob helped me assist Beth to the back room where she could

recover.

I returned to the Board Room and was surrounded by the entire group. I assured

them Beth was fine, just a little tired, and that she would be in to challenge

the winner in 15 or 20 minutes. That drew a round of applause, then the men

returned to the card game. Three of the men had already been eliminated, and the

rest were intent on having Beth challenge them for the evenings winnings.

When Beth stepped into the room Bob declared that the last hand was being dealt.

Jim, Stan and Howie were all locked at roughly equal, so all the winnings were

shoved to the middle of the table. Bob asked Beth to deal the last hand. Beth

cocked her head to one side and said "OK, but I think it is only fair to ask if

this hand is for all the money. If so I guess I'll have to deal this hand

topless. "

Bob said "Guys?"

The vote was unanimous and Beth removed her Hostess apron. She sat down and said "Seven card stud. First two down, next two up. Fifth card down, last two up. "

Stan was the winner and Beth said "Who deals? I want a fair deal so no-one can

say there was any favoritism. "

Jim and Howie drew cards and Howie drew a Queen so he dealt. Beth stood up,

moved over to sit in Howie's lap, and smiled sweetly at Stan. Howie squeezed

Beths' boobs ("for luck") and dealt Stan two Jacks while giving Beth two number

cards. Beth grabbed Howies hands, rubbed them on her boobs and said "This is for

good luck. I am the one that is supposed to get the high cards. Now try again. "

It was not to be; Howie dealt Stan an Ace, a seven, and a third Jack. Beth drew

her lipstick from her stocking top, made a show of applying it carefully to her

lips, then asked if Stan wanted to go "double or nothing"; Stan looked at me and

I nodded. Stan took the dare.

Beth won the second hand, then held her hand out to Stan. "Come with me Stan. I

have a consolation prize I want to give you. "

Stan looked terribly pleased and moved towards Beth. I coughed once and told

Beth "Up on the stage. I want everyone to see. "

Beth guided Stan up to the stage and helped him out of his pants. Stan was

excited and his shorts were sticking out in front like a tent. Beth arranged two

pillows, then knelt in front of Stan and drew his shorts down his legs. She made

sure that Stan was sideways to the audience, licked her lips and then she licked

the end of his cock. She ran her tongue around the end of his cock, then sucked

it all the way into her mouth. Beth settled herself so she was comfortable, then

placed her right hand on Stan's hip and held his balls with her left hand. Then

Beth used her mouth to make love to Stan's cock; she licked, she sucked, she

pulled him into her mouth and she raised her eyes to his. Her left hand stroked

his balls. Beth used every trick in her female arsenal to pull Stan to the edge

of his orgasm; then she stopped and let his cock slip from her mouth.

"Stan" she said "I want you to come in my mouth. I want to taste you. Let me

swallow your cum. "

Stan groaned and Beth engulfed his cock. She looked up at him while taking his

cock down her throat. Several times she sucked his cock deep in her throat and

then Stan blew his load in her mouth. Beth swallowed twice, then milked his cock

for a third jet of cum. Finally she released his cock from her mouth and gave it

one last kiss.

The room went wild! Stan turned shy and dressed in a hurry. Beth remained

kneeling on the pillows as she accepted the adoration of the crowd. It was her

moment to enjoy the emotional outburst from the crowd and I let her ride their

enthusiastic response. Finally Bob calmed the men and Beth was allowed to leave

the stage and return to her dressing room.

I started to help Bob clean up some of the mess from the party, but no-one made

any move towards the doors. After ten minutes I walked down the hall and knocked

on the office door. Beth told me to come in and when I did I found her crying. I

grabbed her into my arms and told her she had pleased me highly and that I was

thrilled with her performance. In a few minutes the tears were gone and the

smile was back. I told Beth that a good Hostess always showed her guests to the

door, and I expected her in her Hostess outfit and at the front door in five

minutes.

Five minutes later Beth returned to the Board Room in the white lace Hostess

apron, the white lace garter belt and the white stockings. Of course the guests

were thrilled with having Beth return in costume, and they all needed a hug, a

kiss, and a quick pat on her ass. Finally they all left.

Bob pulled out his wallet and counted out 5 One Hundred Dollar bills and handed

them to Beth. Beth handed the money to me, then gave Bob a full press kiss. Bob

reached around and grabbed Beths' butt with both hands. When he finally broke

the kiss he asked Beth if she was interested in playing Hostess at his next

Poker Night.

Beth smiled and said "I will do whatever I can to please my Master. You two

discuss it and I will do whatever he says. "

Bob looked at me and raised one eybrow. I smiled and said "Beth, take off the

Apron and then find a pillow. "

Beth immediately took off the apron and went to the stage for a pillow. When she

returned she waited for another order. I looked at Bob, then at Beth. "Beth,

please remove Bobs' pants and underwear. I would like to watch you suck his

cock. "

Beth said "Yes, Master, but may I suggest that Bob sit on his desk? It would

make it easier on my knees. "

Once Bob was sitting on his desk Beth took over again. Her left hand held his

balls and her right hand circled his cock. She used her tongue to provide some

moisture, then she started pulling slowly on his cock. She looked straight into

Bobs' eyes and told him "My Master wants me to suck your cock and he will

probably want me to make you cum in my mouth. If you would like to cum on my

boobs this would be the right time to tell him what you want. I am here to serve

my Master and my Masters pleasure. "

Then Beth bent over and took Bobs' cock into her mouth and started sucking him

deep into her throat. Bob watched her head bobbing up and down in his lap for a

minute, then turned to me and said "I want to cum on her boobs. "

I said "Beth, it would please me to watch my friend cum on your boobs. "

Beth withdrew Bobs' cock from her mouth and stroked his cock with long, sensuous

movements. "I want you to cum for me Bob. Make a mess all over my boobs. "

Bob lasted only a few seconds, then shot four loads on Beth. When his cum

stopped spurting Beth slowed her stroking and licked the last drop of cum from

his cock. Beth leaned over to Bob and kissed him softly on his lips, then turned

to me.

"Did I please you Master?" she asked.

I came to her and kissed her. "Yes, Beth, you gave me great pleasure. And, when

I take you home I'm going to give you great pleasure. "

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Beth earned almost a thousand dollars that night. About 3 months later I took

Beth back for a repeat performance. It wasn't about the money; it was the idea

that Beth could feel the emotions of the men in the audience. Their lust for her

fulfilled her need to please me. I think she sends her pictures to online forums

now just to feel that raw lust again.