**Betty Takes The Stage**

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For a few months after the issue with my photoshoot came out, I could barely walk around campus without feeling guys staring at me. I'm pretty shy, and the fact that so many of my classmates had seen my whole naked backside and had gotten a glimpse of one of my boobs turned me deep red. Even worse was when I saw Bobby, the nerdy guy and the jerk who talked me into that awful photoshoot and who got to see me totally naked during it. He never talked to me, but I could tell just by how his eyes lingered over my body with that dopey grin how happy he was to have gotten to see my bare breasts and even my bush.  
  
But after a while I got used to it and the stares stopped, and eventually I forgot about it. Then one day the college theater director called me into her office and asked me to perform in the spring play! I was surprised, because I never did much acting, but she said that she wanted me because she saw my photoshoot and said I was perfect for the role of the sexpot. I was embarrassed that people still thought about those photos, but I was pretty flattered to hear that. People always tell me how pretty and cute I am, but a girl never really believes it. But for a director to cast me as a "sexpot" felt good.  
  
When I read the script that I had second thoughts. My role wasn't very large, but there was one pool scene where my character seduces the male lead. I had to stand on stage in just a bikini for a long time. I was almost about to say no to it when I found out that Tyler Rawn was going to be the male lead. He was super cute! The idea of maybe getting closer to Tyler, and the director flattering me that I was the only one who could do the role, convinced me to say yes.   
  
We spent the first few weeks rehearsing. Tyler was very funny, and I had a lot of fun flirting with him during rehearsals. He kept saying he couldn't wait for dress rehearsals when I would have to wear the bikini, which I thought was funny and sweet.   
  
When it came time to do our first dress rehearsal we moved to the big auditorium where we would perform the show. It was big enough that I got my own dressing room, and when I walked in I saw the bikini I was supposed to wear. I turned deep red when I put it on. It was light blue and really tiny. The top was nothing but strings and the cups, and it barely covered my boobs. The biggest part of it was a tiny bow between the cups that held the top together. The bottom was hardly any better, it tied loosely on the side and left most of my butt totally exposed. I was suddenly very self-conscious about letting all my friends and all my classmates stare at me in such a skimpy outfit.  
  
When the time came for the bikini scene, I took a deep breath and walked out of the dressing room and to the wings of the stage. As I walked some of the other actors backstage gave me some joking wolf whistles, which made me feel better. Tyler was on stage in his swim trunks, and looked really fit and hot, with lean muscles. I waited until he said my cue line, "I'm just glad to get away from temptation," and then took another deep breathe and walked out on stage. Tyler's jaw dropped when he saw me, and I was so flattered I almost forgot to say my line, "Mind if I join you?" But I did, and spent the rest of the scene strutting around, teasing him and acting sexy. The best part was at the end of the scene, when I got to kiss him. I felt so sexy at how much was staring at me that I made sure to push my tits against his firm chest as we made out, so he could feel them beneath my bikini top.   
  
After the scene was over, everyone complimented me on how great I was and how sexy I looked in the bikini, which made me feel a lot better. Then the director told us that the auditorium was much too big for us to be heard, and from on we all had to wear wireless microphones.  
  
I didn't think anything about it until the next night as I got ready for rehearsal. I was running a little late so I rushed into my dressing room and started stripping out of my clothes to change into one of my costumes. I was down to my panties when suddenly I heard the door open and a voice say, "Betty?"  
  
I screamed and spun toward the door, but luckily I had the presence of mind to grab my boobs before I turned around. Standing right there was Bobby! We both froze and stared at each other for a seconds, before I realized that he was looking at me with only a pair of panties on and nothing covering my breasts but my hands.  
  
"Bobby, what are you doing here?!" I shrieked.  
  
"I'm sorry!" he said, but just kept staring at my tits. "I'm working tech for the show, I'm supposed to come fit you for the microphone, is this a bad time?"  
  
"Yes!" I shrieked again. I was so mad I hopped up in anger, which was a bad move, since it just made my boobs bounce. "Get out!"   
  
"Oh, right!" he said, "I'm so sorry!" and he closed the door.   
  
I was so mad and embarrassed! I put on my costume and then stormed out to give Bobby a piece of my mind, but as soon as I walked out I saw him with the director.   
  
"There you are, Betty!" the director said. "You are so late! Let this young man fit your mic on so we can start rehearsing!"  
  
"Just give it to me," I said, still fuming. "I'll put it on and we'll start."  
  
"Absolutely not!" she said, which surprised me. "These microphones are very expensive, and we can only trust them to trained experts. He will put it on."  
  
I glared at Bobby, but I knew that it was my fault we were starting late and I didn't want to be a bother. "Fine, let's go," I said to him, and stomped into my dressing room. Bobby followed me in a second later, holding a small microphone with a wire that attached to something that looked like a wallet.  
  
"Hi -- hi, Betty," he said. "I thought you did great at rehearsal last night."  
  
"Whatever, Bobby!" I said. I could just see him in the audience, ogling me in that bikini. "Just put the mic on, alright?" I held out my arms, waiting for him to attach it to my shirt.  
  
But he waited for a second and said, "Um, no, the mic doesn't can't be seen on your clothing. It...uh....well..."  
  
"What?" I said, impatiently.  
  
"Well, I need to attach it to, um, your bra," he said.  
  
"What?!" I shouted.  
  
"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I just need you to, like, take off your shirt. Just for a minute," he said, nervously.  
  
I was about to tell him off when I heard the director shout from the audience, "Betty, HURRY UP! Everyone is waiting on you!"  
  
I realized that I just didn't have time to argue. I was going to have to get through this now and deal with it later. Besides, I thought, he's seen me even more undressed, so it wouldn't be THAT bad.  
  
"Fine," I hissed, and I began unbuttoning the shirt. I made sure to stare him down while I did so he wouldn't get to enjoy looking at me. He kept looking down at the floor, while taking glances as more and more of my skin was exposed with each button that popped off.  
  
Finally I pulled the whole shirt off and stood there in my bra. Since my character was supposed to be sexy I had made sure to wear a thin lavender lace bra, the kind that guys love to get a peek of down a girl's shirt. But here Bobby was seeing the whole thing. I suddenly became aware of how much of my boobs were showing in the bra. It barely went above my nipples, and it was so thin you could even see my nipples poke through it.  
  
I suddenly realized Bobby was just staring at my tits. "Hurry up!" I shouted at him, and he sprung into action. "sorry, sorry," he said, and walked behind me.   
  
"First I need to put the transmitter here," he said, and the he shoved the transmitter and his whole his hand into my back pocket. I gritted my teeth while he got a quick feel of my butt.  
  
"Okay," he said, "now I just need to snake the wire up through here..." and he taped the against my back. I swear I felt him stroke up and down my back a little bit more than necessary, but again, I had to let it go.  
  
"...and then I just need to..." he trailed off as he circled back to my front. Very slowly, he snaked the microphone up to the left cup of my bra. Then, without even asking permission, he grabbed the top of the cup and pulled on it to attach the mic to it. I gasped as I felt his cold fingers touch my boob right near my nipple, and he lost his grip on the lace.  
  
"Sorry, slipped," he said, and then gripped even more of the cup! This time he pulled out the cup so much that practically my whole boob was visible. I'm definitely sure he got an up-close look at my nipple, which usually is a little puffy but was already hardening because of the cold.   
  
I started turning red with embarrassment and fury. "Finish it up!" I said. He wasn't going to get away with groping me and peeking at me like this.  
  
"Here we go," he said, and clipped the mic to the bra cup. "You're good to go, sorry about that," he said sheepishly.  
  
I wanted to kick his butt, but I didn't have any time. I grabbed my shirt started buttoning it again. It wasn't until the third button that I noticed Bobby was still in the room, staring at my open shirt and bra-encased tits.   
  
"Get out!" I shouted, and he quickly ran out.   
  
The rest of the rehearsal went fine. I did my scenes in my first costume, then ran backstage to change into for the bikini scene. During that scene, I looked out and saw Bobby staring at me, of course. I got a little worried when I noticed that the director was with him and also staring at me with a frown. Was I doing something wrong? For a second I was terrified that my top was slipping and showing something, but I looked down made sure everything was in the right place. I would have been so embarrassed if one of my boobs had popped out in front of all the cast and crew!  
  
After the rehearsal, the director had us all assemble and gave us notes on our performances. I made sure I sat next to Tyler, who I think was getting to like me with all the kissing we were doing. When the director got to me, she said, "Betty, what happened to your microphone in the second act? I couldn't hear anything you were saying."  
  
That explained why she was frowning, I thought. "I had to take it off to wear the bikini," I explained. "I guess I could speak louder?"  
  
"No, that won't do," the director said. "We only have one rehearsal left before the show, and we need to figure out a way to get a mic on your bikini for that scene. Meet with Bobby before rehearsal and figure it out."  
  
I almost blurted out, "No!" but held it in. "Alright," I said, and I made sure to glare at Bobby extra hard while he squirmed.  
  
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The next night was our final dress rehearsal. I showed up an hour early to meet Bobby. "Hi, Betty! How are you doing, thanks for meeting me," he said.  
  
"Yeah, yeah, let's just get this done," I said back. I wasn't going to pretend that we were friends.   
  
"Um, okay," he said. "Just...just get into your bikini, then..."  
  
"What? Why??" I asked, a little flustered.  
  
"Well, we need to test out what mics we can put on it, so...you have to be wearing it," he said.  
  
It made sense, I guess. "Fine," I said. "Wait ten minutes and then AFTER come to my dressing room," making sure to emphasis "after."  
  
I got into my dressing room and changed into the bikini, and a few minutes later Bobby knocked and came in, holding a bunch of wireless mics of all shapes and sizes. I waited for him to do something, but he just kept looking at me.  
  
"Well?" I finally said.  
  
"I'm trying to figure out a way to get a mic on," he said. "That bikini is really small."  
  
Whatever, I thought. He just wants an excuse to stare at me in a bikini. And now that he was staring, I started getting self-conscious again. It's one thing to be in a bikini around other people, but it's a totally different thing to be in one while someone is intently staring at your body. I started turning red again!  
  
Finally, he said, "I'll be right back," and disappeared. A minute later Bobby came back in, and then a second later someone else walked in! He was a small guy who looked even more nerdy than Bobby. I gasped in surprise, I wasn't expecting someone else to see me in the string bikini.   
  
"Betty, this is Ricky, he's an expert on mics, he's gonna help," Bobby said.  
  
"Uh, hi," I said. I wasn't able to look at Ricky's eyes, since they were locked straight at my tits. At least Bobby tried to pretend he wasn't staring!  
  
"It looks really skimpy," Ricky finally said. "We'll need to go with the smallest one," and then said a bunch of technical stuff I didn't understand.   
  
Bobby grabbed a small transmitter and walked behind me. "Hold still for a second, Betty," he said. "Hey, Ricky, I'm going to try and place the transmitter on her backside, does it show from the front?"  
  
I felt Bobby grab the back of my bikini bottom and pull it out. I rolled my eyes. I couldn't see him, but I'm sure he was pulling it out far enough to get an eyeful of my rear end. Oh, well, I thought, it's nothing the whole campus hasn't seen.  
  
I felt Bobby clip the transmitter onto my bikini bottom. Immediately I realized something was wrong, it just felt too heavy. Then Bobby let go of the transmitter and let its full weight rest on the bottom. Before I could react, I felt the transmitter plunge to the ground, my bottom pull down with it, and suddenly the knot tying it together slipped open and the whole thing crashed to the ground.   
  
I was completely bottomless! Ricky's eyes shot wide open as he suddenly got a full view of my bush. For a second everything froze, and then I screamed and bent over, trying to cover my naked cooch with my hands. Bobby and Ricky jumped up and backed away.   
  
"Sorry, I'm so sorry!" Bobby shouted.   
  
"Oh, man, that was awesome!" Ricky said. "I'm sorry, sorry, but that was awesome!"  
  
"Shut up!" I shouted. "Quit staring and turn around!"   
  
The two of them turned around as I grabbed my bottom and pulled it back on. The commotion must have been loud, because a second later the director walked in. "What's going on here?" she said.  
  
I was so embarrassed I didn't even want to admit what had just happened, that some perverted nerd I had just met had just seen my most private place. I just stammered for a second until Bobby cut me off.  
  
"Well, we're having some trouble finding a mic that's light enough and won't show on the bikini," he said.  
  
"Just use the TT-4," the director said. "What's the problem?"   
  
For some reason Bobby and Ricky got really quiet. "Well," Bobby finally said. "We haven't really thought about it, it would be kind of, um, invading her privacy."  
  
"Wait, what?" I sputtered. "What is the TT-4?"  
  
The director answered. "It's a wireless mic that goes inside your top. Just take it off and let them put it on you, Betty."  
  
My jaw dropped. "But...but...you want me to take my top off, in front of them?"  
  
"Yes, of course!" the director said. She sounded impatient. "What's the problem, Betty? I know you're no prude, you posed in that photoshoot. Did I make a mistake in casting you?"  
  
"No!" I blurted. "It's just that -- you don't understand. They already saw me with my bottoms off --"  
  
"Oh, great, you already changed in front of them," she cut me off. "I knew it wasn't a big deal. I'm glad that you're so confident!"  
  
And then she was gone, leaving just Ricky and Bobby and me. After an awkward silence, Bobby pulled out a small mic with a small wire that I guess was the TT-4.  
  
"We just, uh, we just need you to take the top off," Ricky stammered.  
  
My heart sank. Was I really going to have to expose my breasts to those two jerks?  
  
"Um, it's nothing I haven't seen before, Betty, if it helps," Bobby said.  
  
"Shut UP, Bobby," I said. I took a deep breath and reached back and untied the top. Trying not to meet their eyes, I pulled the top off and flung it on the ground. Now I was standing in front of the two nerds with my boobs completely exposed. I felt their eyes burning into me as they took in my breasts and puffy nipples.   
  
After a few seconds, Bobby walked up to me. "Okay, just...just don't get mad, I just need to..." and he slowly reached out and grabbed my right boob and lifted it up. I groaned in humiliation as he tightly gripped my boob, and got a great feel of my nipple, while he snaked a wire underneath my breast and around to my back. What a great day for him, I thought bitterly. Not only does he get to see me topless, but now he even gets to feel up my naked tits for every show.  
  
When Bobby was done, Ricky handed me my top and the two of them gawked some more as I struggled to put the top back on with the wire under it. After I did, Bobby clipped the mic to the inside of my bikini top, getting to cop another feel of my nipple as he did.   
  
"Okay, done!" he said. "Thanks for that. I mean, for being so calm. Not for anything else."  
  
"You look really great," Ricky added, as if that was helping. "You're really pretty. Really firm."  
  
"Just get out," I sighed, and the two of them left.  
  
That night, I had to let Bobby and Ricky "help" me get the mic into my bra for my first costume, and then let them watch and feel up my bare tits for the bikini costume. My humiliation aside, the mic was hid really well inside my top. The rehearsal went really well, and during the bikini scene I felt especially excited seeing Tyler gawk at me in the costume. When I kissed him I made sure to crush my whole body against him and I was pretty sure I could feel his thing push against me. I even thought about suggesting to the director that Tyler be the one to help me get the mic into the bikini top! Just the thought of Tyler seeing me topless in my dressing room made me embarrassed but also a little giddy.   
  
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The next night was opening night of the show, and we had a packed house. I was really nervous but also a little excited about being in a bikini in front of such a big audience. Maybe it would be just the thing to help me get over my shyness.  
  
Unfortunately, I still had to deal with Bobby and Ricky, who were waiting for me in my dressing room when I got there. At this point I really didn't care if they saw me in my underwear, so I stripped down and got into my first costume and gritted my teeth as Ricky got his turn clipping the mic to my lace bra.   
  
The show began and was going okay up to my first scene. The audience didn't really seem to connect with the first act and I guess the cast started getting quiet and less committed because of it. But my first scene went well and I felt pretty good about it.  
  
The trouble started once I finished my first scene and ran backstage to change into the bikini. Bobby and Ricky were there again.   
  
"Get out, I need to change!" I whispered loudly. I was worried I would be heard in the audience.  
  
"Why bother?" Ricky said, "we've already seen everything!"  
  
I didn't have time to argue, and they knew it. "You two are total perverts!" I hissed, and turned around. I changed facing away from them, so at least I wouldn't be showing them anything more than my butt. That didn't stop them from staring, though, I totally felt their eyes on my back and rear the whole time as I stripped down naked.  
  
I put the bikini bottoms on and reached for the top when I heard Bobby say, "Wait, let's get the mic on first." I was about to turn around when I heard Ricky softly breathe, "I love this part..."  
  
That was it for me. I just snapped. I wasn't going to be some plaything for a couple of nerds who could never see a naked girl otherwise. I grabbed the top, still facing away from them, and put it on. "You know what? You perverts can get bent, I'll do this myself!" I furiously said. And I grabbed the TT-4 from Bobby and stormed out of the room.  
  
"Betty, wait!" I heard Bobby shout, but I didn't stop walking. As I strode toward the stage, I grabbed the mic and clipped it to the bow in the front of my top. It fit perfectly well in there and you couldn't even see it! Then I reached behind my top and wrapped the transmitter around the back strings, just like Bobby did.

"Betty, stop, it's not gonna..." I heard Bobby say, but before he could finish someone shushed him and stopped him from walking any closer. Good, I thought. I was already boiling furious that it was so easy to put the mic on me, after I had let the two of them get great looks at my naked tits and even feel them up. All for nothing! And Ricky had even seen me without my bottoms on! It just made me so angry, standing there waiting for my cue line.  
  
If only I had known what was about to happen, I would have been much more appreciative of Bobby.   
  
When I heard Tyler read his cue line, I started to walk the four last steps toward the stage. On the first step I began to feel my top become heavy, and then the bow suddenly gave way under the mic. The next step I took and my top zipped away with the mic. As I took the final step, the mic and the transmitter caught on my bottom on the way down and tore it off, and I stepped out on stage completely naked.  
  
At first I didn't know what was happening. I said my line, "Mind if I join you?" and I heard a huge gasp from the audience. When I saw Tyler staring at me with a look of total shock I realized that something was wrong. I looked down and saw that I didn't have a stitch of clothing on.  
  
It was all I could do not to burst into tears and run away. It was the most humiliating moment of my life. I'm swear I'm really shy, and here I was, totally nude in front of a huge audience of my friends and classmates. Everyone could see my bare tits and bush, brightly lit by the stage lights.   
  
For an agonizing few seconds it was total silence in the theater. Then, just as I was about to come to my senses and cover up, I heard a deafening roar of cheers and applause from the audience. I looked out and saw everyone whistling and shouting, "Yeah, Betty!"   
  
I didn't know if I should have felt proud or even more humiliated, but it threw me off guard, long enough for Tyler to say his next line and continue the scene. I hesitated for a second. Could I really just do the whole scene naked? But then a small part of me remembered what the director said about me being so confident, and grabbed onto that memory, and I thought, well, everyone's already seen me naked, and if I run away it's going to be obvious this was an accident. I steeled myself and said my lines.   
  
For the rest of the scene I strutted around the stage. My character was supposed to be teasing him, but it wasn't really teasing when I was naked, letting him see my bare boobs jiggle and bounce with every step I took. I don't think the lines made any sense now, but no one could really hear my lines anyway, since I didn't have a mic on, and anyway everyone kept whistling and cheering throughout the scene, especially when I did anything really sexy. At one point in the scene I had to turn and strike a quick pose, which gave everyone a great view of my naked rear. At another point I leaned against a wall and stroked my hands through my hair, which thrusted my bare boobs out and up.   
  
As the scene went on, I felt a more confident, especially seeing the effect I was having on Tyler. He kept stammering out his lines, unable to concentrate while he stared at how my exposed tits wobbled and shook.  
  
I tried to keep my legs tightly crossed most of the time, but I'm sure a couple of times my legs opened enough to give some people a view of my pussy. I guess the front row definitely got their money's worth!  
  
Finally, the end of the scene came, and I leaned in to kiss Tyler. His pecs felt wonderful and firm against my breasts, and I almost forgot to break the kiss to say my last line. Then the lights blacked out. The audience roared again and gave a standing ovation, and I suddenly came back to earth. I had just spent seven whole minutes walking around naked in front of a huge chunk of campus! Any guy who had ever looked at me and wondered what I looked like naked, how high my breasts stood on my chest or the color of my nipples or how trimmed my bush was, now they all knew very well.   
  
I grabbed my tits and ran offstage, as fast as I could past all the cast and crew giving me thumbs-up and cheers, and into my dressing room, where I bit my lip and tried hard not to cry.  
  
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I got another long, standing ovation when I went out for my bow after that performance, which was embarrassing but also felt a little good. The next week of our show was completely sold out, as word spread that I had a nude scene and everyone bought tickets. Too bad for them, though, because I never got naked again. I wore the bikini every time, even though it meant that Bobby got to spend another week seeing and feeling my tits.   
  
So it turned out that only a few hundred people saw me totally naked. Of course, for the next few months I could always tell when a guy had been in that audience, by the way he smiled when he looked at me. Soooooo humiliating!