**Bikini Audition**

by Knickers

“This will be a bikini audition,” Nicola’s agent had told her. “Wear your string bikini, the pink one, it’s the most revealing. Of course, that’s just for starters. They’ll expect you to show some skin.”

“Uh-huh,” was Nicola’s only response to this, as she jotting down the details of the audition. Less than six months ago, she’d been a young model, earning a living in her native Melbourne doing fashion, swimwear and some lingerie work. The thought of “showing some skin” had horrified her. Then she’d found a new agent. Suddenly, nude work didn’t seem so bad. In fact, it was pretty neat! She’d begun shedding her inhibitions, and her clothes for her first nude layout in magazine, when her agent suggested she move to Los Angeles and start branching out.

“The movie’s called ‘Bikini Bandits’. It’s a T and A comedy, the usual stuff. You’ll be reading for the part of Kelly. I’ll send you over a tape of their last movie, ‘Bikini Stewardesses’ with your audition piece- give you an idea of what the part involves.” Nicola already had a fair idea of what the part involved. It was the audition she was nervous about. She stood nude in front of her bedroom mirror, admiring her 20-year-old body. It was flawless, no work done and none needed. She had silky brown hair, and the bluest eyes ever. Her breasts were perfect, large enough to sway gracefully when she went bra-less, but no so large that they sagged. Her nipples, soft and pink, puckered as if expecting a kiss. Her stomach was smooth and trim, not an ounce of fat, the legacy of a model’s diet and exercise regime. Nicola had a rich, all-over tan, also a legacy from the old days, but back then she’d got it through sun-bed sessions, while these days she just saved herself a few bucks and tanned nude in the backyard, not caring who happened to be looking in. Her pubic hair was trimmed into a furry stripe, leading down toward her pussy. Nicola idly slide a couple fingers into herself. The change in her career had heightened her sexual desire. She had sex with far more men these days, and even started masturbating to get herself through the day. “One last thing,” her agent had said. “I’ve called in a favor and got you the last slot in the line-up. It’s a big advantage to a girl, so don’t waste it.” Nicola didn’t quite know what he meant by that. She’d only been in LA for a couple of weeks, and only been to a couple of auditions. Mostly her agent had set her up to “entertain” industry men. Most of this entertainment had involved Nicola performing impromptu strip revues in hotel suites, or giving blow-jobs in limos to horny studio execs, but she didn’t mind. It was helping her career by networking, and, to be honest, she was starting to enjoy it. That night, Nicola had learned her lines and watched “Bikini Stewardesses”. It was actually quite funny, and the girls were very pretty. There was lots of gratuitous nudity, but nothing Nicola couldn’t do herself. There were even a couple of naked guys in there, though of course they didn’t get anywhere near the amount of exposure of the female stars. In fact, Nicola mused to herself, the girls are really the stars of the movie, the guys are only there to add a romantic subplot.

Standing naked in front of her mirror, Nicola began to tie her bikini on. It was, to say the least, brief. The bottom consisted of a small, pink wedge which covered her pussy, and then disappeared into a thin string which slid deliciously between her legs and up between her butt cheeks. It tied together in a bow, which hung conspiciously off the side, daring anyone to strip Nicola nude just by giving it a gentle tug. The top was just as brief, two small triangles which covered the nipples, tied about Nicola’s chest with a thin spaghetti string. Her impressive cleavage heaved precariously outward, and it looked like Nicola’s tits were about to burst forth at any minute. The final touch was a pair of matching high-heels, to showcase her model’s legs. She arrived at the audition, wearing a short satin robe over her bikini, and carrying her handbag. The building was a non-descript office, in one of the quieter areas of Santa Monica. Nicola entered, a little nervous. The receptionist got her to sign a release, and directed her down the hall to the waiting room. There were four other girls, all dressed in bikinis, standing around. Some did their make-up, others looked through their audition pieces. No-one spoke. Nicola smiled nervously to her competitors, but none smiled back. Nicola stripped off her robe and folded it into her bag. She adjusted the strings on her bikini top, tugged at them to make her boobs bounce. It didn’t need adjusting, but she wanted to psyche the others out abit.

A woman entered from a door marked “Private”. She was an attractive brunette, somewhere in her 20s, wearing a sexy but professional blue suit, consisting of a short skirt, and a blouse opened just enough to make out her bra-less breasts. Her face was beautiful, but businesslike, with her gold rimmed glasses and hair pinned back. Still, there was something familiar about her. “Good afternoon, girls. My name is Jennifer, and I’m the production manager for ‘Bikini Bandits’. I know how nerve-racking these auditions can be, so please just try and relax and have some fun.” She smiled at them, and Nicola immediately felt herself at ease.

The five actresses filed through the door Jennifer had just come through. Nicola felt like a champion racehorse on display, a fine young philly. Head up, chest proudly pushed out, she strode in just as she used to do on the catwalk. They entered what must be a conference room. The end they were in was brightly lit by windows and a skylight, and there was a video camera set up near by. The gloomy far end held a circular table, surrounded by chairs. Nicola could make out someone sitting in one of the chairs, but it was too dark to see. She knew from her limited experience it was probably the director, or maybe a producer.

Jennifer put the actresses in a prearranged line up, with Nicola at the end on the right. She guessed this was the “last slot” her agent mentioned, but she failed to see how it helped her. Jennifer looked down the room toward whoever-he-was, and he gave her a nod.

“OK, girls, the movie’s called ‘Bikini Bandits’, a sexy comedy that’s going to need a perky and very uninhibited lead for the role of Kelly.” Her spiel was quickly putting the starlets as ease, and Nicola could feel the earlier atmosphere dissolve. Jennifer had a warm friendly smile, which she beamed at the line-up of near-naked thespians. “Pay will be triple-scale. The part does require some nudity, but it’s very tasteful.” Yeah, right, thought Nicola with a smirk. It’s a real Halle Berry part, right for the character and not just gratuitous. “It can only be one of you,” Jennifer continued, “But I’ll wish all of you the best of luck. So, starting with the girl on the left down here, I want you to introduce yourselves to us all.”

The first girl, at the end furthermost from Nicola, was a short blonde, with a pretty face and the most enormous tits Nicola had ever seen. However, she’d foolishly chosen a one-piece swimsuit that hid most of her body. “Hi, I’m Darcy, an aspiring actress from San Fernando.” “Done much work?” asked Jennifer. Darcy gave a shy smile. “No, not yet. I’ve been to a few auditions, though.” The next girl was also quite short, Hispanic, with good sized boobs and a lovely sweet face. “I’m Carina,” she introduced herself. “I’m spending my vacation in LA, and just trying to get some summer work.”

The third girl was another blonde, very tall and skinny. She had quite small tits, but they pushed her bikini top quite far out. Nicola ruefully remembered that men liked skinny women with perky breasts. “I’m Alison, and I’ve been in a couple of movies already, hoping that ‘Bikini Bandits’ will be next.” “Yeah? What other movies?” “I had leads in ‘Undercover Cheerleaders’ and ‘Kristi Ducati’s Bikini School’, and I just did a video shoot in the Bahamas for a tape called ‘Supermodel Skinnydip party’.” “Good,” replied Jennifer, making notes on a clipboard. The fourth girl was black, with lovely dark skin. She, too, wore a string bikini, cunningly choosing black to make it look like she was naked even when wearing the suit. “I’m Julie, I’m a dancer, but I want to branch out into acting.” “Do you mean stripper?” Jennifer asked. “Uh, yeah,” Julie replied. Silently, Nicola breathed a sigh of relief. She’s blown it now. “Which club?” asked Jennifer. “Headlights,” Julie blurted. Yup, she’d definitely blown it. It was obvious she didn’t enjoy stripping, and was embarrassed by her job. “Hi, I’m Nicola,” she introduced herself, smiling for her audience. “But my friends call me ‘Knickers’”. “That’s a very sexy accent. Are you Australian?” Jennifer asked. “Thank-you, yes. I’m from Melbourne. I was a model back home, but my agent has brought me over here to try movies.” “What sort of modelling work did you do?” Jennifer asked. Nicola smiled, she wasn’t going to make the same mistake as Julie. “Nude modelling. I used to do fashion, but I reckoned my best assets weren’t being fully appreciated.” She gave a naughty smile, which got a laugh from Jennifer. She made some more notes on her clipboard, and then announced, “Alright, girls, let’s get those bikini tops off.” Nicola tugged at the string behind her back, and then pulled her bikini top over her head. She tossed her hair slightly as she did so, ostensibly to free the tangle of bikini string, but also to allow her now uncovered boobs to wobble. Alison, the pro, didn’t bat an eyelid either, and was quickly as topless as Nicola. Julie quickly stripped off too, but in Nicola’s opinion it was a workmanlike performance. Darcy looked momentarily surprised, but seeing the other’s removing their tops, she began struggling to pull her impractical one-piece down to her waist. Carina also took a moment to take in the direction, but was soon out of her top, too, her tawny tits swinging easily.

“Nice, very nice,” said Jennifer as she surveyed the bare-breasted starlets before her. Nicola quickly slipped into a classic model’s pose, chin up, chest thrust forward, hands on hips, one leg slightly forward, and an easy-going smile on her lips. She had a fabulous rack, and she wanted the unseen producer to know it. The other girls stood a little uneasy, with hands at their sides. A silence fell over the room, but this wasn’t a nervous silence, at least for Nicola. She was happily topless, pointing her boobs in the direction of her producer. She breathed easily, her chest rising and falling with each breath. She wanted them to know she loved to be naked, would be perfect for any role that required nudity, would be more than happy to shake her bare tits on cue if the movie required it.

Jennifer moved back toward the dimly-lit conference table. She leaned over to whisper with the seated producer. Nicola noticed that, in their current position, he could probably see down Jennifer’s blouse. Well, that just gave her an extra pair of tits to compete with. She stretched, cat-like, pushing her boobs further forward. After they finished, Jennifer approached the front of room. “Thanks. You can get dressed again now.” All five girls rearranged themselves back into their bikini tops. Jennifer continued: “Next, I’ll have you do a reading one by one, starting with Darcy. If the rest of you will return to the waiting room.” Nicola filed out with the remaining three girls. They sat in silence again. Nicola felt a little odd, sitting around an office in the revealing bikini. It was a bit like being naked in public. Sure, she’d worn bikinis before, even in her old modelling days when she’d been a total prude, but this was different. Back then, she’d been modelling the suit. Now, she was modelling her own body, showing off as much of it as possible in order to get the part. That was what was so good about the change in her career, it made her feel so aware of her own body. She was gorgeous, and she wanted everyone to know it. Her sexuality had been awakened. Nicola shifted her position in the chair, crossing and uncrossing her smooth, tanned legs. The plastic contours of the seat seemed to grope her practically-bare ass. She was getting horny again.

Jennifer would come in every half an hour or so to bring in the next girl. Nicola never saw them exit, so she supposed they were leaving by another door in the conference room. They went in the order of the line-up, leaving Nicola for last. She sat, alone and nervous, thinking about her audition. She needed to do something daring, something really hot to grab their attention. Toss the bikini now, and do the rest of the audition nude? No, they’d want to see her strip. They’d ask her to take it off at some point, but if Nicola could anticipate that, and get herself naked without them asking her, that would impress them. She needed an excuse, some way to “accidentally” loose what little clothes she had on. Nicola was still thinking when Jennifer came for her. “Nicola, come on in,” she said, flashing that warm smile of hers. Nicola entered back into the office. To her surprise, the room was now much better lit. She could see the conference table clearly, and the man who sat at it. He was middle aged, with grey hair. He wore an open shirt, and Nicola could see grey chest hairs peeking out. Jennifer led her over to him. “Nicola, this is the producer of ‘Bikini Bandits’, Mr. Spinetti.” “How do you do, Nicola,” he said, and offered his hand. As he was still seated, Nicola had to bend over to shake it. As she did so, her top hung open, and Nicola realised Mr. Spinetti could see pretty much all of her boobs right down to the nipple. Well, she thought, I might as well give him a show.

“Please, call me Knickers. It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Nicola replied, as he took her proffered hand. She leaned further forward, giving him a better view of her bulging tits. Mr. Spinetti’s eyes flashed from Nicola’s face to her cleavage and back again. Most of the front of her chest was exposed by the bikini, and she could feel his hot breath on her breasts. Nicola gave him a warm inviting smile, letting him know it was OK to look. He got the hint, and returned to staring at the swell of Nicola’s perfect bosom as it threatened to pop out of her bikini top. “The pleasure is all mine,” Mr. Spinetti said without looking up from Nicola’s chest. He shook her hand, causing her breasts to wobble. “That’s a cute nickname. I bet there’s a funny story behind it.” “Yeah,” Nicola replied. “I was 16, at school. We had P.E. one day, only I forgot to wear any underwear. I didn’t remember until I was changing into my P.E. gear. So the girls started calling me Knickers. It kinda stuck with me.” Nicola blushed as Mr. Spinetti and Jennifer chuckled. In fact it was a little white lie, her agent had dreamt up the nickname a few months ago.

“Alright,” said Mr. Spinetti, getting back to business. “We’re going to be taping this audition, if that’s OK?” “That’s fine,” replied Nicola. Mr. Spinetti had reluctantly torn his attention from the show, so Nicola stood up straight to show off her body in a different position. “We’re going to have you read, and then we’ll need to see you dance, and then... we’d like to see you take some clothes off.” “Sure,” said Nicola with a laugh, “I’m practically there already.” She ran her hand down her bare stomach, emphasising her near-nudity. Jennifer led Nicola over to her mark, and then stepped behind the camera. The red light winked on, and it was time for Nicola to convince Mr. Spinetti to cast her. She put on her best party-girl smile and looked down the lens as sexy as the near-naked Australian starlet could. “Hi, my name is Nicola, but you can call me Knickers. I’m 20 years old, and a model and aspiring actress from Melbourne, Australia. I’m 5’9”, and my measurements are 38, 25, 35.” Each number was accompanied by her hands indicating what was what; cupping her breasts, sliding down her abdomen, and ending up on her hips. “Are they real?” Mr. Spinetti asked, eyeing her tits. Nicola giggled, “They sure are!” “Alright, Knickers,” said Jennifer, playfully savoring the nickname. “The scene you’ll be reading is just after Kelly has been robbed by the Bikini Bandits. You’re standing on the highway with your best friend, wondering what to do next.” Nicola, of course, already knew the piece off by heart. For the sake of her career she only had to pretend to be a bimbo, not actually be one.

“’Kelly!’” said Jennifer, reading the other part, “’what happened to you?’” “’I was robbed,’” Nicola replied. “’These masked girls in bikinis held me up, stole all my money, and took all my clothes!’” Nicola mimed trying to cover her body, one arm across her boobs, the other hand on her crotch. She was wearing the string bikini, of course, but it wasn’t hard to imagine her naked. The part required her to try and cover her tits without actually covering her tits. ‘Kelly’ punctuated the words with a casual flick of her hands, which of course revealed the parts she was trying to hide. “’I can’t go to spring break naked,’” Nicola continued, “’I’ll need at least some clothes to take off.’” “’There’s a bar not far from here,’” read Jennifer, “’But with no money, I don’t know what we’ll do.’” “’It’s OK, men always tend to get real generous when I’m naked,’” Nicola quipped. “’It’s a biker bar. Pretty rough crowd.’” “’Well, I’ll do anything to get some clothes.’” Nicola emphasised the ‘anything’ to let the viewer know they’ll what to keep watching. “’Then I swear I’ll get those Bikini Bandits back for what they did to me!’” In the script, Kelly and her friend started to walk down the highway. “’This must be pretty embarrassing for you,’” said Jennifer. “’Nah, it’s OK,’” Nicola replied. “’I’m a nurse. I’m used to people seeing me naked.’” “’Don’t you mean you’re used to seeing other people naked?’” read Jennifer. “’No,’” Nicola replied with a naughty smile. “Cut,” called Mr. Spinetti with a laugh. “Great Knickers, I love the way you play the humor in that.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty funny.” Nicola replied. It was silly, but funny all the same. “You’re playing Kelly as quite witty and savvy,” said Mr. Spinetti. “How about we go through it again, this time with Kelly as quite ditzy and blonde.” “OK.” They ran through the scene again, this time Nicola played Kelly as a bimbo. Her expression became wide-eyed and vacant, her voice became breathless and a bit higher. This Kelly didn’t get the connection between men being generous to her and her being nude, or why nurses shouldn’t be seen naked by their patients instead of the other way round. Personally, Nicola found the first way funnier, with Kelly using her body to gain an advantage, knowing full well the effect of every bounce and jiggle. It was more like Nicola’s own approach to life and her career. Mr. Spinetti was satisfied with the second reading. As Jennifer produced a cassette player, he explained the next part of the audition: “There are some dancing scenes in the movie, so we need to see your stuff. Be sure to give it all you’ve got, if you know what I mean.” Nicola nodded. She knew what he meant.

The tape began to play, a booming house beat. Nicola began to dance. She let the primal throb invade her body, and take over her movements. She channelled the thump of the music into her chest, making it the focus of her undulations. Nicola threw her head back, and shook her chest at the camera. Her tits swung violently, and the inevitable happened. Nicola’s right boob popped out of her bikini top and bounced free.

Nicola stopped for a second. “Oh, I’m sorry,” she said, and proceeded to slip the errant breast back into its cup. “That’s quite all right. Please, continue.” She started dancing again. Of course, it had been no accident. Nicola knew how to get a producer’s attention. She continued with the wild movements, and, sure enough, her left boob also made a bid for freedom, bouncing out of Nicola’s top and quivering gently.

She stopped again. “Would it be OK if I just took this off?” Nicola asked innocently. “Sure,” replied Mr. Spinetti, “Go right ahead.” Nicola untied her top and tossed it aside. That was definitely better. Unencumbered by the bikini, Nicola’s tits stood proudly on display. The lack of tan lines let everyone know that being naked was second nature to her. Nicola’s nipples were hard with excitement. She started dancing again, feeling more natural and relaxed. Nicola shook her boobs wildly, grinning into the camera. The gyrations we a kind of reality test for her tits, in this situation falsies would flap sickeningly on her chest, while the genuine article bounced smoothy, following the natural rhythm of the rest of her body. Nicola’s perfect tits passed the test with flying colors. She switched her gaze from the camera to Mr. Spinetti. He sat transfixed, his eyes shining at the sight of the topless twenty-year-old dancing for him. There was a tell-tale bulge in his pants. Nicola smiled, pleased. She was making good points. “Thanks, that’s enough,” Mr. Spinetti said at last. Jennifer stopped the tape. Nicola was out of breath from the exertion, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she got her puff back.

“Mmm, nice tits,” Jennifer murmured. “That’s wonderful, that really is,” said Mr. Spinetti, clearly impressed with Nicola’s talent. “Thank-you,” she replied, to both of them. “Well, the only thing left to ask you about is the nudity. Do you have a problem with that?” Nicola laughed. She stood, hands on hips, smiling at my Mr. Spinetti, letting him drink in the site of her exquisite body with nothing between him and her pussy but a thin strip of material. “Why not? I’m nude now aren’t I?” She trailed her forefinger between her breasts, reminding him or her state of undress, as if he could forget. “Honey, this is topless. I’m talking full-nudity. To an agent, that’s the difference between and double and triple scale. To an MPAA censor, that’s the difference between an R and an Unrated cert. And to the average slob in the video store, that’s the difference between seeing your tits or seeing your tits and your bush.” Nicola gave a naughty smile. She tugged at the bow that secured her bikini bottoms. They fell at her shapely feet. She stood before them now, fully naked. Jennifer and Mr. Spinetti’s gazes fell upon the enchanting stripe of pubic hair at Nicola’s crotch. It was, like the rest of her, free from tan lines. The only sound was the whir of the video camera. “How’s this?” Nicola asked playfully. She slipped into a model’s pose, bringing her hands up behind her head, which lifted her tits toward the audience. She continued to run her fingers through her long chestnut hair, smiling seductively. She widened her stance abit, opening her legs, giving tempting glimpses of the opening of her pussy. Mr. Spinetti finally remembered what he was supposed to be doing, and starting giving Nicola directions.

“Turn slightly, give us a profile. Nice.” Nicola turned her body, edging her ass toward the camera. “Turn all the way around.” She did so, and looked back over her shoulder with a kittenish smile. “Nice, very nice.” Nicola turned back facing him, hands on hips, standing on tip-toe. Her boobs bounced deliciously as she moved. Her nipples were hard bullets. She couldn’t stop smiling. She loved being naked, loved showing off. How different Knickers was to the Nicola of only a few months ago. She giggled, causing her tits to shake. “Great, thank-you,” said Mr. Spinetti at last. He clearly had enjoyed himself as much as Nicola. “That’s all for now.” Jennifer switching the camera off. “Thanks,” Nicola replied with a laugh. “It was fun.” “Listen,” Mr. Spinetti asked. “How’d you like to have dinner with me, right now?” “Well, all I’ve got to wear is my bikini,” she gestured to her swimsuit, which was still lying on the floor. “That’s OK, we can go to my place. Very private, you can wear whatever you like.” Suddenly, Nicola realised that this was the advantage being last gave her- she was the one he was asking back to his place for ‘dinner’. She smiled, “They’d be great.” Nicola retrieved her bikini and starting to tie on the top. Jennifer knelt by her waist. “Here, let me help you.” She slipped Nicola’s bikini bottoms on her, and tied up the string. Jennifer’s face was so close to Nicola’s bottom that she could feel her warm breath on her skin. Nicola wondered if Jennifer’s interest in her body was entirely professional or, like Mr. Spinetti, she had the hots for her. Finished, Jennifer patted Nicola on her shapely behind. “There, all done.” It was late afternoon as all three walked out into the car park. It was a typically hot LA day, and Nicola felt comfortable in just her bikini. Mr. Spinetti approached a black BMW, with the license plate “TA”.

“Why don’t you ride me? Jennifer can take your car,” suggested Mr. Spinetti. As Nicola’s car was just a Honda, she jumped at the chance to ride in a Beamer. After handing her keys to Jennifer, Nicola sat into the leather seat of Mr. Spinetti’s car. She gave a yelp- it was hot against her bare skin. Mr. Spinetti chuckled. Nicola slid back into the seat, her bare bottom slipping sensuously across the leather. It was rather more comfortable than the plastic chair. She wriggled, producing a few rude noises, but very pleasurable sensations. The string bikini rode up on her, slipping between her pussy lips. Nicola let out a second sound, this one of groan of satisfaction. She didn’t bother to adjust her suit, and she could feel herself begin to moisten. Nicola hoped Mr. Spinetti didn’t mind too much her leaving a snail trail on his leather upholstery.

They rode northward along the Pacific Coast Highway. Nicola still didn’t know her way around LA very well. She sat enjoying the ride, wearing nothing but her string bikini. She wondered what would happen if they got pulled over, but she guessed attire like hers was pretty common on the roads. “How did you feel about the audition?” Mr. Spinetti asked. “It was good,” Nicola replied, then added, “It kinda felt like you weren’t so much as auditioning me as auditioning my tits.” He laughed in reply. “Yeah, I guess we were.” “Well, did my tits get the part?” Nicola asked. “We’ll see.” Finally, they pulled up to a large house that looked to Nicola like a mansion, a beautiful old villa surrounded by desert hills. It lay among a wide sprawl of well-manicured lawns. As Mr. Spinetti parked the car, she stood out front admiring his home. “Wow,” she said. “Impressive, isn’t it?” asked Mr. Spinetti. “It’s huge,” breathed Nicola. “I didn’t realise you made so much money.” “You mean, out of making such low-rent movies? It’s the overheads,” he said, leading her inside. “Something like ‘Pearl Harbor’ costs 300 million. But it won’t even make that back at the box office. ‘Bikini Stewardesses’ cost 300 thousand. It’s made nearly fifty mill world wide so far. Course, not all that money goes to me, but as I’m principal investor, I get the biggest share. And then a big chunk of that is going into ‘Bikini Bandits’. And the profits from that into the next project. It snowballs.” Nicola’s eyes lit up. A slice of $50,000,000. This was the kind of money she wanted to make in Hollywood. If baring her tits in cheesy T & A movies was the way to do it, then so be it.

He gave her the grand tour. Nicola had ditched her heels, and was now padding around the marble floors in her bare feet. As he took her around, Mr. Spinetti was finding more excuses to touch Nicola’s body, guiding her with an arm slipped around her waist. He was also more interested in the view that Nicola presented to him. It was all very casual, and they continued to chat as he groped her ever more adventurously. “I’ll make maybe 5 feature movies a year. Then all the taped auditions for those, like yours this afternoon, get put together in a compilation. I’ll make maybe 2 or 3 of those.” Nicola was beginning to realise that her audition hadn’t ended when the camera stopped rolling. As he held her close, he brazenly peered down her bikini top at her tits. Nicola smiled, encouraging him to go further. “I’m always on the look-out for new talent,” leered Mr. Spinetti. “You’re on the look-out for something,” Nicola replied with a smirk, feeling like one of the characters in his movies. They walked on. “And this is the master bedroom,” announced Mr. Spinetti. Before her stood a magnificent four-poster bed, draped in silk, like something out of an old romantic movie. Nicola felt Mr. Spinetti’s hand slide from her waist down her lower back to rest gently on her ass. “It’s beautiful,” she breathed. Suddenly, someone entered the room. Nicola turned, surprised to see who it was. “Dinner will be ready soon,” said Jennifer. She gave Nicola a sly smile. “Knickers, why don’t you go down stairs with Jennifer,” Mr. Spinetti said. “I got a few things to catch up on first.” Nicola followed Jennifer downstairs to the spacious lounge. “Drink?” she asked. “Um, G&T?” Nicola replied. After fixing the drinks, Jennifer let out a sigh of exhaustion. She unpinned her hair and shook it loose, framing her pretty face in brunette locks. “God it feels good to unwind,” she said. Jennifer kicked off her shoes, and then to Nicola’s surprise, unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Nicola could see she was wearing white lace knickers, barely covered by the white shirt. Jennifer undid a few more buttons, but otherwise left it on. She slumped into a chair opposite Nicola, and raised her long legs to put her feet on a footrest. Nicola should see a brown nipple peaking out at her through the open blouse. Suddenly, she recognised Jennifer. “Hey, you played Melissa in ‘Bikini Stewardesses’!” “Guilty,” Jennifer smirked. “But I thought you were a production manager?” “I was, too, on ‘Bikini Stewardesses’. But three days before shooting, our lead actress got cold feet. Or cold tits, if you’ve ever seen ‘Takin’ It Off’. Anyway, we needed to recast at the last moment. I gamely stepped into the breach.” She took a long gulp of her drink. “I was soooo nervous, it was the first time I’d ever been naked in public. Mr. Spinetti tried to be really nice, schedule all the clothed scenes first, but as ex-production manager I put my foot down and insisted on an efficient shooting order instead. So I wound up with a nude scene on my first day.” She laughed. “It must’ve been tough for you.” “It was at first. But I really got into it. By the time we wrapped, I would forget when I had clothes on and when I didn’t. The director would call ‘cut’, and I’d wander around the set stark naked.” “Do you think you’ll do it again?” “Oh, sure,” Jennifer replied. “Tomorrow, in fact. We’re doing the DVD release of ‘Bikini Stewardesses’. One of the special features will be exclusive galleries of all the girls. So I’ve got a nude photoshoot tomorrow morning.” She giggled. “And ‘Bikini Stewardesses’ was so popular that we’re going to do a sequel after ‘Bikini Bandits’.” As she sipped her drink, a naughty smile crept across Jennifer’s lips. “Do you remember the scene where Melissa and Debbie distract the FAA inspector by making out?” “Yeah?” Jennifer gave a smug smile. “That was the first time I’d ever had sex with another girl.” Nicola sipped her drink, and wondered who was going to get her into bed first, Mr. Spinetti or Jennifer. Or would it be a tie? Jennifer patted the spot on the sofa next to her. “Why don’t you come and sit by me?” Nicola smiled and moved over beside her. The brunette looked at her with soft brown eyes. “Have you ever had sex with another woman?” she asked. “Once, I...” But Nicola trailed off. She was lost in those eyes. She parted her lips and leant forward. Jennifer slipped and arm around her naked waist and pulled Nicola toward her. Their lips met, and they kissed. Nicola obediently opened her mouth, and let Jennifer slip her tongue inside. She was soon probing deeply down Nicola’s throat. It was not like being kissed by a man, gentle and passionate at the same time. Nicola sucked greedily on her tongue. She felt Jennifer’s fingers at her chest, tugging aside the right panel of the bikini top. Fingers danced around Nicola’s nipple. It sprung to attention, red and hot, demanding to be suckled. Nicola was really getting into the mood when Mr. Spinetti entered the room. He’d changed into swim shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. “Come on, girls,” he said playfully, “dinner’s getting cold.” Jennifer stood up and followed her boss into the dinning room. Nicola, a little disappointed, slipped her nipple back into place, and joined them. It was a delicious meal, a simple pasta dish that Mr. Spinetti boasted was his own recipe. As they ate, the conversation remained light, but Nicola could sense her hosts hungrily eyeing up her boobs as they swung barely contained by her bikini top. Nicola now felt perfectly at ease in the revealing swimsuit, it was the most natural feeling in the world to walk around with her ass bare and her tits practically hanging out. They talked about Nicola’s home, which the two Los Angelites were curious about. “Is it true it’s all topless sunbathing in Australia?” Mr. Spinetti asked. “Uh-huh,” Nicola replied. “Along the Gold Coast, it’s nothing but bare boobs as far as the eye can see!” “I’d love to go there,” Jennifer said wistfully. “Try and sunbathe topless here and they lead you away in handcuffs.” “Did you do much topless sunbathing?” Mr. Spinetti asked. Nicola shook her head. “Believe it or not, I used to be really shy.” “But you used to model nude?” “Yeah, but before then I was with this agency in Melbourne. My agent Ally always steered me away from that sort of work. Only catwalk, fashion, swimwear, lingerie. All very tame. I used to be so prissy back then.” Nicola wrinkled her nose in distaste. “But then I got this new agent. He made it clear that I was wasting my talent doing all that sort of stuff. He convinced me I had a fantastic body, and if I showed more of it off, I could make alot of money. So I agreed to pose for a nude shoot. I was really nervous, but it turned out great.” In actual fact, Phil the photographer had known Nicola for some time, and had always been trying to get her to pose nude for him. She’d refused him though, calling him a pervert. When, thanks to her new agent, Nicola had finally relented and agreed to bare all, it was Phil she was sent off to pose for. Nicola ended up really enjoying herself, though, spending a very nice evening cavorting naked around his studio. Afterward, she’d really felt bad about the way she treated him. She’d been a complete bitch, and all he wanted was to see her nude. To make it up to Phil, Nicola had fucked him there on the set. He got some photos of that too, for his private collection. “That set was published in ‘The Picture’, that’s a girlie magazine we’ve got done there. Then I went on and did a set for Australian Penthouse. My agent said I was coming along nicely, and thought it was time I came over here to try my luck at movies.” “And here you are,” Mr. Spinetti said with a hungry look in his eye. “And here I am,” Nicola replied.

They finished up the meal. Jennifer took the dishes into the kitchen and started to stack them in the dish washer. Mr. Spinetti disappeared through the French windows. Nicola gave Jennifer a hand. “So, do you live here too?” she asked. Jennifer shook her head. “I have a place in Pacific Palisades. I just, uh, ‘sleep over’ sometimes.” From somewhere outside, Nicola could hear Mr. Spinetti calling for her. “You’d better go,” Jennifer said. “The final part of your audition.” Nicola padded outside, enjoying the Californian sunset on her bare skin. She wandered down the garden, following a brick path amongst a sea of ferns. Nicola wondered if the others girls would’ve been as eager as she was, if they’d had the coveted last position. She guessed the pros Alison and Julie would, while newbies Darcy and Carina would balk. Or maybe it would be the other way around, with the professionals figuring they didn’t need it, and the beginners desperate for a break. Nicola shook the question aside. She was the best girl for this part. She had the best body, and she was the most willing to show it off. And that was why she was going to get the part. Nicola emerged from the greenery to find herself standing beside a bubbling hot and very inviting jacuzzi. Mr. Spinetti, lounging in the water, grinned up at her. “Why don’t you toss the suit, and come join me?” Nicola smirked, feeling naughty. She wanted to tease him. “I don’t know. The purpose of a bikini is to go bathing in. I’ve been wearing this all day and I haven’t been near water. It would rather defeat the purpose to take it off now.” Mr. Spinetti laughed. “Honey, the purpose of that bikini is to show off that fantastic body of yours. It would fulfil that purpose a whole lot better lying on the ground over there.”

Nicola giggled at the logic. She tugged at the bows on either side of her hips. Her whisper-small bikini bottoms slid to her ankles. She reached behind her, and untied the top. It popped free, baring her tits. The no-longer-needed bikini was thrown into the garden. Nicola stood by the jacuzzi, posing for Mr. Spinetti, much as she’d done before. But this time it wasn’t his producer’s eye he cast over her. It was naked lust. Mr. Spinetti wanted to fuck Nicola, and she wanted to let him. “Well, what do you think?” she asked, cupping her boobs. “Mmm-mm, you are one damn fine piece of ass,” he replied. “You’ll go far in this business, trust me.” Nicola slipped into the water beside Mr. Spinetti. He wrapped his arm around her slender waist, pulling her toward him. Nicola’s hand moved to his submerged lap, and found his bare cock, hard and eager for her starlet pussy. Mr. Spinetti’s mouth went to Nicola’s left nipple, and began to suck greedily. Waves of pleasure travelled up her body. She caressed his cock, trailing her manicured nails across his balls. At her chest, Mr. Spinetti switched his attention to her right nipple. “I want you,” Nicola moaned. “I need you here in my pussy.” Mr. Spinetti complied, slipping two fingers into Nicola. Her greedy cunt slurped them down, and she began to fuck his hand, bucking her hips in the water. Nicola returned the favor, pumping his cock in her hand. It was thick and hard. Nicola was even hornier than she realised, and soon she was moaning aloud in ecstasy, her voice echoing across the neighbourhood.

Nicola felt Mr. Spinetti withdraw his hand from her cunt. He turned her around, and Nicola noticed Jennifer sitting naked on the other edge of the jacuzzi, her legs trailing in the water. Her thighs were apart, and Nicola could she her glistening nether-lips. “Come on, baby,” Jennifer whispered. “Come and get some pussy.” Nicola moved through the water toward her, guided by Mr. Spinetti. Jennifer leant back, resting her head on a towel at the pool’s edge. Nicola knelt on a shelf in the jacuzzi, leaning forward into a position where she was directly over Jennifer, with her ass in the air. Nicola and Jennifer began to make out, their tongues swirling around and then diving into each other’s mouths. Nicola could feel Mr. Spinetti taking up position behind her. Her pussy lips were hot and raw, both from the water and burning need to be fucked. His hands were on her hips, holding her, positioning her. Nicola felt her new producer’s hard cock against her pussy lips. Still kissing Jennifer, she reached behind her to slide him into home. With a slurp, Mr. Spinetti’s cock slid effortless into Nicola’s cunt. She let out a moan of pleasure. Her flat model’s stomach muscles began to ripple with what would be the first of many orgasms that night. Needless to say, Nicola got the part. It was just the start of her adventures in Hollywood.

**Bikini Audition 2: The Wrath of Angela**

Angela Monroe was one angry young woman. For more than half a year her career as a Hollywood starlet had been dogged by a certain Australian ex-model: Nicola Baron. Since that little hussy had appeared she'd been nothing but trouble for the slim, sexy, raven-haired Angela.

To recall their past encounters made Angela furious. The casting auditions, where Nicola had shamelessly flaunted her naked body, getting parts that should've gone to her.

Then there was the party that Scott Keen threw. Angela, Nicola, and another starlet named Dizzy were 'hostesses', serving drinks (and alot more besides) to a roomful of Hollywood producers. Angela and Nicola had made a bet, with the loser being forced to strip naked and walk through the hotel. Even though it was a draw, Nicola had insisted they both had to pay the forfeit. Angela still remembered the embarrassment, made even worse by the fact that the Aussie slut actually enjoyed parading her nude body in public.

Last Christmas, Angela had come up with the perfect gift for the president of the TNA cable-TV network. She had arranged to have herself gift-wrapped and delivered right to his office, so she could surprise him with her naked, tantalizing body. But Nicola had stuck her big nose in and changed the plan. Instead, Angela had found herself in the locker-room of the LA Lakers. She hadn't been able to sit down for a week.

Just when Angela thought she'd finally got Nicola right where she wanted her, the Aussie slut always managed to turn the tables on her. Like the time Angela's movie had beat Nicola's at the 2001 "Woodys". Smug in the knowledge that her win would bring her the fame she deserved, Angela had opened Variety the next morning only to find her press had been stolen by Nicola. On the frontpage where there should've been pictures of Angela with her award, instead there were paparazzi pictures of Nicola fucking Kristi Ducati backstage at the ceremony!

And "The Tony Moroni Show". It turned out her and Nicola's double-booking on the talkshow was just an excuse to get them naked and slippery for a bikini oil wrestling grudge match. That had suited Angela just fine- the buff beauty had easily trounced the big- boobed Nicola. There she was, standing over her naked and humiliated rival. But who was declared the winner? Nicola!

And the carwash promotion! That one really got Angela mad. They'd made another bet, one that Angela had completely in the bag. But, as always, things wound up going in Nicola's favor. Neither of them won, and the two starlets paid the forfeit- they'd had sex on live TV. Once again, Nicola had enjoyed making a spectacle of herself, while Angela slinked away naked and humiliated.

Well not again! The gorgeous dark-haired vixen was determined to get her revenge on Nicola. And she had just the plan in mind...

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Nicola drove up into the sumptuous grounds of a very grand-looking West Hollywood mansion. Parking her little convertible, Nicola stared open-mouth up the beautiful Spanish-style villa she had arrived in. The sexy starlet imagined how wealthy its owner must be and smiled.

Before she got out of the car, Nicola checked her appearance in the mirror. The gorgeous 20-year old Australian ran her hands through her straight brunette hair. Nicola's lovely deep blue eyes shone back at her from the mirror, and she flashed herself one of her devastatingly cute smiles.

Nicola had come dressed for her audition in a hot pink bikini that revealed plenty of her tanned cleavage. Not just any bikini, though, Nicola had personally chosen a cossie that would really put her best assets on display. Tiny spaghetti straps held small triangles of material across her breasts, just enough to cover her nipples but not mush else. Her bosom heaved outward, as if about to pop out of the skimpy garment of its own accord. The bottoms were even more daring- a small v covered her crotch and then disappeared into a thin g-string that slipped between her butt cheeks, held together by a knot that sat high on her smooth naked thigh.

Nicola ran her hand down her naked legs, feeling her smooth tanned flesh. It was hard to believe how much her career- and Nicola herself- had changed in less than a year. Nicola had been a professional model in her native Australia. She smiled to herself at the memory. She'd been such a prude! Only ever doing fashion, or swimwear, or maybe chaste lingerie. Then Nicola got a new agent, and all that changed. She started posing for nude sets. Her inhibitions melted away, and Nicola found she adored taking her clothes off on camera. Hollywood had beckoned, and now Nicola was a starlet.

She mostly did B movies, although 'starlet' was a fairly loose job description, and Nicola often found herself called up to perform all sorts of jobs that required gorgeous girls willing to do more than just flash a pretty smile.

Satisfied that she was looking as hot as possible, Nicola stepped out of her car. With a click-click-clack of her heels on the pavement she strode up the front steps of the mansion and rang the doorbell.

The door swung open and standing before Nicola was too guys who definitely didn't look like they belonged here. They were both young, in their early 20s, good-looking if a bit dopey, and casually dressed in beach shorts and t-shirts. "Whoa!" cried one of them, "\*total\* fox!"

Nicola smiled coquettishly at the compliment. "Uh, I'm here for the audition?" For a moment neither of them answered. They were both staring at Nicola's body. She gave a toss of her hair and repeated the question.

"Uh, audition?" One guy looked at her blankly. His friend elbowed him in the ribs. "Yknow, dude the 'audition'. Sure baby, this is the right place. Come on in."

Nicola had a funny feeling about these two guys. Something wasn't right here. But something also told her that an afternoon of fun lay ahead of her. The guys were still ogling her, their eyes skimming across her smooth stomach and near-naked breasts. Nicola gave a wry smile. She struck a model's pose, hands on shapely hips, boobs thrust forward, chin held high. "Enjoying the view?" she asked.

The guys snapped out of their daydreaming. "Come on in, make yourself at home." Nicola strutted into the mansion like she was parading down a catwalk. An apt simile, as she delighted in her audience of two. Their eyes were still riveted to her body, getting a good look at her perfect ass as she walked through the door and into the spacious lobby.

"Wow, this is quite a place you've got here," Nicola breathed. If there was one thing that got her hot was wealth. The boys looked modesty. "Yeah, well, it's a roof over our heads."

"I'm Nicola, by the way. Nicola Baron. You can call me 'Knickers'." She reached out to shake each of their hands. Both of them stared openly down Nicola's bikini top as their vigorous handshakes sent her boobs jiggling.

"I'm Wayne," said Wayne, "and this is my buddy Wayne."

"S'up," the other Wayne greeted her. Nicola gave them both quizzical looks. "And you guys are...?" she asked.

"Well, I'm the producer," said Wayne. "And Wayne here is the director."

"Dude, that is not cool!" hissed the other Wayne in a not-so-quiet whisper. "I thought we agreed we were both going to be producers." In a louder voice he added, "Actually, I am the director, but I'm another producer too."

Nicola nodded. She was beginning to see where this was going. "I guess I'm the first girl here, right?"

"Yeah, you're the only one so far," Wayne replied.

Nicola threw him a sultry look. "You better do me now then," she said in a husky voice.

Wayne was dumbstruck for a moment, but quickly recovered. "Oh, the audition. Yeah, right. Come on through to the pool."

Wayne and Wayne looked around in slight confusion, as if wondering which way the pool was. They decided on a direction and took it. After a short wander through a games room, a ballroom, and a conservatory Nicola found herself in an indoor pool.

A video camera was set up at one end of the room. The Waynes briefly argued over who was going to tape the audition, with the director/producer Wayne sulkily taking position behind the tripod. Nicola stood before them, waiting for the order to roll. Ever the model, she slipped into a relaxed pose.

Wayne rubbed his hands together and cast a leering eye over Nicola. She'd been in this position before, standing before a camera and strangers wearing very little clothing, and she knew what was required of her. Nicola smiled at the boys, sensually wetting her lips. "Shall we start?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure," Wayne replied absently. He looked around, as if unsure what to do next. Nicola waited patiently with her hands on hips. The other Wayne was hunched over the camera. Nicola heard the zoom lens buzz, and she had a funny feeling he was using it to get a closer look at her cleavage. "Rolling," called Wayne, with a hungry edge to his voice.

An uneasy silence descended, with the only sounds the whirr of the camera and the gentle lapping of the water in the pool. Nicola smiled into the camera, but had nothing to but stand there waiting for the guys to say something.

"Umm..." said Wayne. "Err..." said the other Wayne. Staring at Nicola's body, they seemed lost for words. Finally, Wayne had a brainwave.

"Name?"

"Yeah," said Wayne, "tell us your name."

"Hi," said Nicola down the lens, "my name is Nicola Baron, but my friends call me 'Knickers'. I'm 20 years old, and come from Melbourne Australia."

"Good, good," said Wayne, starting to get the hang of this, "now your measurements?"

"I'm 38 25 35," replied Nicola with a devilish grin as she ran her hands down her tanned body. She could also see the drool dripping from their lips. No one seemed to know quite what to do next.

"Maybe I could read from the script?"

The Waynes looked at each other. "Script?"

"Yeah, yknow, its what the movie will be made from?" Nicola was enjoying playing with these guys.

"Well," squirmed Wayne, "it's still in development right now..."

"Dude, get her to take her top off," the other Wayne whispered. Nicola barely suppressed a smirk.

"The funny thing is," she said, "I haven't been told very much about your movie. No script, not even a title?"

"The working title is... 'The Pool'." Wayne seemed pleased with this bit of improvisation. "Nothing's finalized yet," he added with an airy wave of his hand. "About the only thing that's settled is that the part will require nudity. Do you have a problem with that?"

Nicola had to admire his adroit changing of the subject. "No, of course not," she purred, "I don't have any problems with taking my clothes off."

The boys watched open-mouthed as Nicola reached for the bow that held her bikini top in place. Slowly, slowly she tugged at it, slipping the tiny garment loose. More and more of Nicola's luscious boobs slid into view. Nicola smiled, enjoying teasing the hapless boys. She was giving them just what they wanted.

Finally Nicola pulled her top off, tossing it to one side. Her boobs bounced slightly as she posed for her so-called producers. Nicola's breasts were tanned to a golden brown like the rest of her body- as a former model she was well aware of the benefits of an all-over tan. Her thick brown nipples were slightly swollen with the excitement of her naughty game, and from the hungry looks the Waynes were giving her chest, they were dying to suck on them.

Nicola slipped a finger under the string of her bikini bottoms. "This too?" she asked. The boys nodded dumbly, too overcome with lust to say anything. Nicola was grinning broadly as her delicate hands went to work on the second- and last- knot that stood behind her and total nudity.

Teasingly, she held the string bikini bottoms untied, pausing in mid-strip. "Are you sure?" she asked. Wayne and Wayne nodded vigorously. Nicola complied, sweeping aside the slip of material and letting it fall next to her bikini top, baring her neatly trimmed muff for her drooling audience.

She stood before them totally, gloriously nude. Nicola had always been comfortable with her body, always knew she had a great figure. But it had really only been since she arrived in Hollywood that she became a total exhibitionist, reveling in showing herself off, wearing little or no clothes.

Although forgotten by Wayne, the video camera continued to roll. Nicola turned around, posing from every angle. Her slightly over- sized boobs wobbled and jiggled with the slightest movement, having a hypnotic effect upon the Waynes who stared hopelessly at her tits.

"Well?" laughed the naked Nicola. "Do you like what you see?" She stood with her perfect little bottom facing the boys.

"Oh yeah," murmured Wayne.

Nicola turned back to face them, once again treating them to a full frontal view of her naked body. Their eyes drifted downward to her exposed pussy. Now that she had given them what they wanted, it was time to tease them a little more.

"This is a real audition, isn't it guys? You haven't set yourselves up as phony producers just so you could get me to take my clothes off?"

The Waynes gaped at her for a moment, and then casually protested innocence. "No, no, no... the whole thing's on the level, I swear."

Nicola folded her arms across her chest, partially covering her bare breasts. "So it's not just me, right? There are other actresses coming to read for you today?"

"Sure, sure, you're just one of hundreds..." Wayne replied. "Probably even forget your face by the end of the day," Wayne added with a stupid laugh. Wayne frowned at him and he shut up.

"Oh yeah?" Nicola asked. "Name one of these other starlets."

The boys looked blank. "Well, there's, ah, Debbie..."

"Debbie who?"

"Ziffle," replied Wayne. "Vandelay," replied Wayne at the same time. Nicola raised an eyebrow.

"Debbie Vandelay-Ziffle. Great girl, looking forward to seeing her again," Wayne added hurriedly, before his pal could screw things up even further.

"Never heard of her. Who else?" Nicola asked. The boys squirmed, obviously trying to think up new and hopefully plausible sounding names. Suddenly, Wayne had a brainwave. "Oh, Angela Monroe. You'll be seeing her in here today."

Nicola thought she heard a faint bellow from somewhere else in the house. But at least the boys were able to name one real starlet. Maybe this was a real casting-call after all?

"Would you excuse me for a moment?" said Wayne suddenly. The pair of them whispered furiously to each other for a moment before Wayne departed with a nervous smile. This left Nicola naked and alone with Wayne and his video camera.

This was obviously a situation he enjoyed. He licked his lips, eyeing up the naked starlet. "Let's get some action shots of you, shall we?" he asked. "Sure," Nicola replied. "What do you want me to do?"

His eyes glazed for a moment, contemplating the possibilities. Nicola couldn't stop smirking, wondering how far she would go with this young 'producer', and if he would be up for the challenge. She glanced down at his crotch and detected the telltale bulge that told her she was working her usual magic on him.

After some thought, Wayne said, "Uh, how about you go to the end of the pool, dive in and swim towards me?"

"OK," Nicola replied cheerily. She kicked off her heels and, still nude, padded around the marble swimming pool to the far end. Wayne crouched behind the camera, shooting Nicola's delicious asscheeks as she wiggled away from him.

The busty starlet reached her mark, turning to face the camera. "Ready?" she called out. "Oh yeah," Wayne replied. Poised to dive into the water, Nicola raised her arms, pushing her boobs forward. Wayne grinned.

In a graceful, fluid motion Nicola dived into the pool. For a moment she disappeared under the water, a sensuous shape visible just beneath the surface. Then she burst upwards with a gasp, her mane of brunette hair slicked back against her head.

A born swimmer, the Aussie beauty breast- stroked smoothly through the pool. Bobbing along, Nicola looked up at Wayne with a cheeky grin, before rolling onto her back.

Nicola's naked body glistened. Covered by nothing by beads of water, her boobs pointed proudly up towards the skylight. Her ample charms thus exposed, Nicola kicked her way across the pool towards where Wayne was standing. Her strong, lithe arms chopping through the water, each stroke causing her boobs to jiggle temptingly.

Nicola hauled herself out of the water, emerging like a nymph. Dripping, she posed by the edge of the pool as Wayne continued to shoot more footage of the nude starlet. Time to crank things up a notch, Nicola thought to herself.

She stepped forward, reaching out to Wayne. He gasped. Nicola took the startled slacker in her arms and pulled him to her wet, naked body. They kissed, Nicola slipping her tongue inside Wayne's startled mouth. They necked enthusiastically, their tongues sliding back and forth from starlet to 'producer'.

With a gasp Nicola broke the kiss. Gently she pushed Wayne backwards into the director's chair the boys had left beside the pool. The hapless lad couldn't help but comply. Smirking, Nicola knelt in front of him, tugging down his shorts. Wayne's prick, red with desire, popped up, almost hitting Nicola in the face. At last, said Nicola to herself, something to work with.

The elegant Aussie model stood, the muscles in her sleek thighs flexing. Without saying a word she threw a long, tanned leg over Wayne's lap and effortlessly mounted him. With a slurp of passion, Nicola's pussy engulfed Wayne's penis with a moan of delight from the owner.

Nicola's hips bucked, quickly building up a steady rhythm. She closed her eyes, concentrating on the task at hand. It was a tough job, but someone had to do it.

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Angela's lips curled into a cruel smile as she zoomed the security camera in for a close-up of Wayne's dick slurping in and out of Nicola's greedy cunt. This was too good! The Aussie slut was actually playing up to these two bozos! Nicola's fans always wanted her to do hardcore. Their wishes would come true when this little tape hit the Net!

It had so far been the perfect plan. Angela had first acquired a mansion for her little sting (complete with high quality closed- circuit security cameras). She'd done this by sleeping with a real producer, and then threatening to tell his wife if he didn't take a week's vacation leaving Angela the house. Next, she recruited some confederates to pose as producers. Being something of a bitch, she didn't have too many friends in Hollywood.

Which is why she ended up with Wayne and Wayne, not the brightest sparks, but the best Angela could arrange. Already that'd made one screw-up.

Wayne, having got a little lost, finally found Angela in the mansion's security center. He bounded through the door and greeted her with a casual "Hi".

"Don't 'hi' me," Angela snarled. "Why the hell did you mention my name? She'll be suspicious now."

"No, she won't be..." Wayne trailed off, as he caught sight of what Wayne was up to with Nicola. "Fuck!" he cried. Angela rolled her eyes. "Forget about that. Why did you tell her I was coming in to audition?"

"I had to give her a name, she smelt a rat."

Angela gave a heavy sigh. "Well, I guess I better get down there then, if she's expecting me to turn up. Then we can go ahead with Phase 2."

Wayne snapped her a sloppy salute. "Okey- dokey, chief." He eyed her up as she stood up from the security console. For all her bitchiness, he had to admit Angela Monroe was pretty hot. She was tall, taller than him, with a tight, sleek body that rippled beneath the black strapless dress she was wearing. She had pretty small tits, although that didn't stop Wayne from staring at her perky little puppies with a hungry look. Wayne made a mental note to check out one of Angela's nudie movies when this caper was done.

Then a thought struck him: why wait?

"Uh, yknow this is supposed to be a \*bikini\* audition. If you show up dressed like that, Nicola would know something was up."

Angela stopped. For an idiot, he made a lot of sense. But she didn't have a bikini on hand. There was only one thing to do. As Wayne watched, grinning, Angela reached behind her back, her nimble fingers searching for the zipper. The elegant little black outfit slipped easily off her body, falling into a puddle of silk at Angela's shapely ankles. Trying to maintain her dignity while stripping in front of Wayne, Angela stepped out of her dress.

This left the sexy model dressed in nothing but a very sheer black bra and panties set that did not leave much to the imagination. Certainly more revealing than any bikini! Wayne could clearly see a trimmed thatch of raven-colored pubic hair through her panties, and dark nipples making bullet-shaped dents in the bra. A black pair of pumps on her feet finished the whole delightfully revealing ensemble.

"Come on," said Angela, trying to ignore his eyes roving across her near-naked body. She turned to leave, treating Wayne to the sight of her very cute little ass. He smiled. He was going to enjoy today!

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Nicola had switched places. The naked starlet was sitting back on her haunches between Wayne's legs, leisurely pumping his cock with her right hand.

Wayne lounged back in the chair, gasping for breath. "I'm coming! Oh jesus, I'm gonna cum!" he yelled. Fat chance, thought Nicola with a smile. She knew precisely what she was doing, and he wasn't going to cum until she wanted him to. Her elegant, well-manicured hands kept up the skilful manipulation of Wayne's throbbing organ. For all his gasping and groaning, he was in no danger of achieving orgasm. Crouched over his cock, Nicola's baby-blue eyes threw lusty glances up at the writhing slacker.

"Wayne, honey," she asked in sweetest tones, "you're not really a producer, are you?"

"Oh, god no," he admitted between gasps. "Me and Wayne go to film school at UCLA."

"Sooo..." said Nicola, her hand still massaging his dick, "what's all this about?"

Wayne was still yelping with pleasure. After a moment or two he found his voice to answer her. "That chick (god!) Angela Monroe (fuck!) she (uh!uh!) set this (ooh that feels so good!) thing up (oh yeah!). She's (ooooh!) paying us (fuck!) cos we're (ah!) hard up."

Uh-oh, thought Nicola. Her old nemesis, Angela Monroe again. She'd had it in for her for a long time. It wasn't like Nicola had really done anything to deserve it. It's just that every time they met, Angela ended up coming off second best, and it was usually her own fault too. Nicola sometimes wished they weren't fighting all the time, but Angela could be so competitive.

At least now she knew what was coming. She'd have to keep a wary eye out for whatever that queen bitch was planning. But first, she had her little informant to deal with. During her musings about her archrival, Nicola had unconsciously picked up the pace on Wayne's dick, and was now jerking him off quite rapidly. He was squirming with pleasure, practically foaming at the mouth.

It was scary, the amount of control she could have over men. Oh well, he'd given her what she wanted, it was time to repay the favor.

Wayne's bucking dick gave a series of powerful jerks in Nicola's hand, and a stream of pearly-white cum launched into the air. Nicola carefully aimed his cock at her chest, his furious squirts splashing over her boobs and down her stomach. Wayne let out a sigh of satisfaction as he emptied his balls over the Aussie starlet.

Covering in cum, Nicola stood, turned and with a graceful swoop through the air dived back into the swimming pool. She emerged a few moments later, cleansed of the fruits of her labors. Enjoying herself immensely, the naughty little nymph continued to frolic in the water, and was still doing so as the other Wayne return.

And who should be with him? None other than Angela Monroe herself, dressing in a skimpy little black bra and knickers combo. Nicola smiled to herself.

Wayne was lounging with his flaccid cock hanging out of his shorts, his clothes still damp from cuddling the wet Nicola. He leapt to his feet and stuffed Wayne junior back into his pants as he buddy approached.

"Wayne, dude, I want to meet, for the very first time cos you've never actually met her before, Angela Monroe. Angela, this is my buddy Wayne."

Angela threw a sideways glance at Wayne, silently cursing his lack of acting ability. "Pleased to meet you," she said through clenched teeth. Wayne gaped at the saucy underwear that did little her hide Angela's trim, lithe body. "Angela is here to read for 'The Beach'." Wayne added.

"Don't you mean, 'The Pool'?" Nicola corrected him with a smirk. Wayne and Angela turned their attention to the Aussie starlet, leaning against the edge of the pool staring up at them. "And this is another actress who's reading for the part, Nicola Baron," Wayne introduced her.

Nicola hauled herself out of the pool, streams of water running down her tanned, nude body. Angela's mouth twitched, as the soaked siren instantly drew the boys' attention away from her. "Actually, we've met before," Nicola said. "Let's get on with this," Angela snapped.

Wayne directed Angela to her mark, while Wayne stepped behind the camera. Nicola didn't bother to put her bikini back on, but stood to one side watching, her arms folded against her damp boobs.

The camera rolled. Angela was a little uncomfortable. It was supposed to be Nicola standing here in front of these bozos, dammit! At least she already had plenty of good footage of Nicola making a right slut of herself. And there was still Phase 2...

Angela gave a contemptuous toss of her raven- colored mane. She stared down the camera lens in a sultry pout. "Hi, I'm Angela Monroe. I'm an all-American beauty queen, and my measurements are 32-33-32." She battered her eyelashes and blew her audience a kiss.

"Nice..." murmured Wayne, his eye glued to the camera's viewfinder. Angela threw him a few poses. Although she knew this wasn't a real audition, there wasn't any harm in practising.

"Is that all?" she asked, although it wasn't a question but an order for the boys to finish up so Angela could get down to the business of humiliating Nicola once and for all. But before the Waynes could answer, Nicola spoke out, her sexy, husky accent ringing through the room:

"Don't you want to know if she's OK doing screen nudity?" The Waynes exchanged glances. Maybe they were going to get more out of this than they counted on? "Yeah, Angela, we've got to know how well you can handle the many, many nude scenes that'll be in our movie."

Angela's icy blue eyes flashed with anger. "Of course I can," she replied.

"But," ventured Wayne, "we've really got to see how you look on tape. Yknow, to see if you're right for our movie. We've really got to see you naked in order to make an informed casting decision."

"Right," added Wayne.

Angela glared at them. "Is this really necessary?" she asked. Again, it wasn't a question. But the boys knew, with Nicola watching she'd do anything to keep up the appearance that they were real producers, that this was a real audition, and that they would want to see her nude for the part.

"Fine," said Angela impatiently. She reached behind her back for the clasp that held her bra in place. The Waynes were transfixed with delight. "Would you like a hand?" Nicola asked, trying not to lapse into a fit of giggles. Angela threw the nude starlet a nasty look.

Taking her time about it, Angela removed the bra, dropping it to the floor. She stood in front of the boys, a little shy. She resisted the urge to cover her breasts, but instead held her head up high, her perky little tits pointing out toward the camera. As much as Angela despised stripping for these idiots she was determined to show that Nicola wasn't the only one who could advertise her assets.

And Angela certainly had something to advertise. The boys leered over her naked torso: slim almost to the point of skinny, taunt and muscular but not overly developed. And her boobs! Mouth-watering little cones tipped with thick dark nipples that just begged to be sucked. The two Waynes weren't the only ones enjoying the show. Since arriving in Hollywood Nicola had come to appreciate the female physique, and the sight of Angela stripping got her hot.

Wayne zoomed the camera in to capture Angela's flesh on tape. "And your bottoms?" Wayne prompted. Trying not to show her irritation at this unexpected turn in her master plan, Angela turned her back and without making a fuss slipped her panties down her legs, exposing her ass to the camera. She remained bent over for a second, untangling her underwear from her shapely ankles.

Finally, she stood up straight and turned to expose all her charms to the small audience. Nicola and the boys feasted their gazes upon Angela's exquisite nude body. The bitchy beauty posed with balled fists on her hips.

"Is that enough?" she asked sarcastically, after everyone had had a good look at her bare tits and pussy. "Sure, sure," Wayne replied. "Cut there, buddy," he said to the other Wayne.

Angela retrieved her underwear and started to get dressed again. Nicola wondered what her adversary had in store for her next. Surely getting her to strip on camera wasn't the end of it, there was plenty of nude footage of her already in existence. Whatever was to come, Nicola thought that sticking around to see what it might be could actually be quite fun.

The two starlets were putting their clothes back on when Wayne suddenly asked, "What do we do now?" He was obviously talking to Angela, and as Nicola turned her curious gaze on him, he looked off into the distance and repeated the question again, as if he was talking to himself. The other Wayne looked blank, trying to recall the details of Angela's fiendish plan.

The raven-haired beauty looked like she was about to explode. With supreme effort, she quietly suggested, "Perhaps you'd like to go out on location, shoot some footage of Nicola out there?"

"Just me?" said Nicola sweetly. "Surely you want to get some shots of Angela in the great outdoors as well?"

Angela scowled at her. The boys exchanged glances- clearly this wasn't part of the plan either. But they had a fair idea of where it was leading. Grinning, Wayne added, "Yeah, sure! We won't wanna miss getting get some more great shots of Angela."

"Gee, thanks," she mumbled.

"You've got a great body there, honey, we want to see of much of it as possible... to see if you're right for the movie, of course."

"Let's just get going, shall we?" was all Angela could say.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

They were driving along a bumpy road. In the front seat Wayne was driving, with Wayne next to him navigating. They were lost and arguing.

Nicola and Angela were in the backseat. Nicola was still dressing in her little micro-bikini, with Angela in her little black undies. Nicola glanced over from time to time at the gorgeous model, her eyes lingering on her creamy thighs. The jostling of the car sometimes brought Nicola perilously close to brushing against her naked legs. Angela did her best to ignore her, staring moodily out of the window at the Southern California countryside rolling past.

Finally, the car stopped. They seemed to be in the middle of nowhere, a deserted spot surrounded by scrub. There was no traffic noise, only the occasional chirp of a bird and the sound of the wind in the trees.

"OK, ladies, let's go!" said Wayne, and they all piled out. Nicola felt alittle odd, standing out here wearing nothing but a skimpy bikini. But she had been in similar situations before. At least she was wearing something, and for the moment at least, her tits and ass were partially covered.

And things must be worse for Angela, she mused, whose wispy under-clothes were even more revealing. She was, unlike Nicola, not naturally inclined towards exhibitionism. Angela was only willing to strip off in certain situations, usually when it benefited her most.

"We're looking at this spot as a shooting location, so we want to get some great camera-test footage of you girls." Wayne continued to ogle the two starlets. Angela rolled her eyes and hugged her arms across her body as if trying to cover herself. Nicola, though, smiled sweetly at him, and presented her body for their hungry gaze. She could almost feel her bosom heaving out of her bikini top with the effort to look as sexy as possible.

"I'm game for whatever you've got in mind," she cooed. The boys needed no further urging and they set off across country.

It must've been a startling sight to any passers-by, that warm afternoon. Two surfer- dudes leading a pair of semi-naked startlets on a ramble through the wilds of SoCal.

The girls were wearing heels, and so had to pick their way carefully along the path. Every so often the girls would have to stop, their delicate clothing snagged on a branch. One fortuitously placed piece of flora managed to catch the back of Nicola's bikini top, and before the starlet knew it she was topless again.

Giggling, she retrieved her top from the tree. "I guess you guys aren't the only ones trying to get a peak at my boobs," she quipped. The Waynes laughed at this, but not Angela.

Flash your hooters all you want, slut, she thought. Soon you're flashing will get you into a whole heap of trouble.

They set off again. Nicola noticed that Angela kept glancing at her watch. Obviously she was expecting something to happen. Whatever her revenge was going to be, it was going to happen soon.

Finally, the little party stopped at an enchanting little spot. A small brook wended its way between two boulders, forming a crystal clear pool of water. It was a beautiful, natural spot that Nicola, who really only knew of California as Los Angeles, have never known existed.

"OK, we're here!" Wayne announced. The other Wayne began to ready the video camera. "This is where the pivotal scene of the movie takes place," his buddy explained.

"What pivotal scene would that be?" Nicola asked.

"The nude-bathing-outdoors scene," Wayne replied. "It's an absolutely vital and non- gratuitous moment where the heroine bares her soul and the audience gets a good, long look at her personality."

"And her tits," Wayne added.

Nicola thought about it for a moment. It sounded artistically valid. Or at least as artistically valid as all the other nude scenes she'd done in her movies before.

"Great. So where do you want us?" She took a step closer to Angela, as if reminding her that if there was any stripping off to be done, she would have to do it too.

"Um, well, yknow, Nicola did her screen test before mine, so perhaps she should be first here too." Angela glanced at her watch again, and then looked nervously around. There seemed to be no-one but trees watching them.

"I don't mind if you go first," Nicola smiled. Angela seemed to be getting desperate. She turned on the boys.

"Perhaps your \*financial backers\*, the ones who are paying you (whoever they might be), would prefer it if you shot Nicola first, and if you deviate from the plan, they might not even pay you at all."

Idiots they may be, but they got the message. "Uh, right, maybe we should do you first, Nicola."

She nodded. Wayne turned over the video camera and pointed it at the busty beauty. "When I call action, I want you to slowly take your bikini off and step into the water. And... action!"

Slowly, teasingly, Nicola dropped first one shoulder strap and then the other of her bikini top. No matter how many times the boys got to see her tits, they still wanted to see them again.

Nicola tossed her head back and gave a sigh of pleasure. She pulled off the top, baring her tanned tits to the warm afternoon air. She posed for the camera, before reaching down to untie her bikini bottoms. With a flourish she tossed them aside as well.

Now completely naked, the adorable Aussie stood on the bank looking into the deep water. "Are you guys sure it's OK for me to get into this?"

The Waynes looked at each other and shrugged. Angela glanced nervously at her watch. "Yeah, sure, it looks great."

Nicola was far from reassured. "I know that back home, water-holes can be pretty dangerous..."

Angela suddenly exploded with rage. "Just get in!" she screamed, and leapt forward to give her a push. But Nicola was ready for her. She grabbed the shapely model by the arm as she collided with her.

With a double squeal of startled starlets, the pair of underdressed beauties fell into the water, sending up a splash that almost drenched the Waynes. The girls disappeared under the surface of the water and emerged with a gasp a moment later.

The force of the dive had ripped Angela's bra off, and her small boobs were now bare and glistening with river water. The boys gave a shout of victory, finally getting a good look at her dark nipples. The raven-haired beauty stared down at her naked torso with a look of shock and anger.

Nicola, wet and naked for the second time today, smirked at her.

"What the hell is going on here!?" someone shouted. The foursome looked up in surprise to see two men standing on the opposite side of the pond. They were middle aged and wearing Park Rangers uniforms. One of them was absolutely livid, the other (who was carrying a video camera and shooting the nymphs disporting themselves in the water) looked more amused than anything else.

"I received an anonymous tip that someone was skinny-dipping in this nature reserve. It's just as well I showed up to investigate!" the Ranger yelled. "I'll say," his partner added. Obviously, he was 'recording the evidence', and having a damn good time doing it.

"'Anonymous tip', eh?" Nicola turned to Angela. "So this is what you had planned all along?"

Angela turned beet-red. That Aussie slut had managed to do it to her again! She'd planned this to get her revenge on Nicola, but it was her standing naked in the stream with an irate Park Ranger glaring down on her!

"This is a very serious infraction of the law," he growled. "I'm afraid you'll both have to come along with me!"

There was nothing for it but to do as he said. The starlets hauled their wet, naked asses out of the water. Wayne gallantly returned Nicola's bikini to her. Of course, Angela's top was lost. Her bottoms were totally ruined, a bedraggled strip of black lace that did little to conceal her charms. Neither of the rangers had anything for her to wear, so the slim beauty was forced to hike back not only in custody, but naked as well.

Flanked by their captors, Angela and Nicola trekked through the forest. Angela was understandably in a sullen mood. Nicola marched behind her, partly to keep a tactful distance and partly so she could check out Angela's bare ass.

"Yknow, you should lay off me," the Australian said. "I've been here for nearly a year now, I'm not going to pack up and go home."

Angela made some grumbling noises, but said nothing. Either she was beginning to realize she wasn't going to get rid of Nicola, or she was too tired to argue.

Perhaps, the adorable Aussie mused, this could be the start of a beautiful friendship?

**Epilog:**

Those of you hoping that Nicola and Angela end up in a women's prison with plenty of girl-on-girl shenanigans will be disappointed. The girls got off with an $800 fine and community service.

The Park Ranger Service scored itself a very entertaining little tape, the screening of which was always the high point of their Christmas parties for years to come.

Although Wayne and Wayne didn't graduate from UCLA film school, their first low-budget feature "Hot Starlet Babes Get Wet & Naked While We Videotape Them" became an instant cult favorite on the festival circuit, with critics praising the boys for their clever over-the-top satire on Hollywood's Mulvey-ian male gaze.

The owner eventually discovered the security tapes from the mansion when he returned from his enforced vacation. They passed into his private collection, with a vow to someday meet the busty beauty in the video.

As for the future of the two feuding starlets? Only time will tell...

END