**Dinner and a Show**

by The Technician

*A shy exhibitionist is taken to dinner and a show by her husband.*

*Jerry has decided to give his wife, Janet, the special gift she had requested for their fifth anniversary. First a marvelous dinner at their favorite restaurant, and then a very special show that she will remember for a long, long, time.*

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Janet McCarthy is a "shy exhibitionist" and a "closet bondage freak" at least that is how she describes herself on several bondage sites under her user name of Off\_Broadway\_Barbie. Many of the people who look up her profile laugh, but the descriptions are really very accurate. She truly is a shy exhibitionist. None of her on-line photos ever show her face no matter what else they show, and none are taken anywhere that could be identified with her.

Being shy does not mean she is not an exhibitionist. Janet is truly an exhibitionist she is just very shy about it. For example, on their many camping weekends, it is not unusual for her husband Jerry to spend the day fishing while she goes out deep into the woods to "flash the critters" as she calls it. She will walk to a very secluded area and then spend the day walking naked through the woods carrying her clothing or sometimes hiding it behind a tree, walking away and, after going some distance, having to make her way back before being discovered.

Janet's favorite outdoor treat is to find an overlook that is visible from a far distant highway and stand there totally unclothed and totally dripping as she imagines all the truckers and tourists looking at her naked body. Actually, from the distances involved, only someone with better than an eagle's eyes or a good set of binoculars would be able to see more than just a slight pink blur among the trees. But since she is doing it for herself and her enjoyment, not for them, it doesn't matter. Whether they can actually see her or not, she still receives the thrill of exhibiting her body to strangers.

Janet is also truly a closet bondage freak. She loves being restrained and forced to do things that her strict Baptist upbringing wouldn't allow her to do like enjoy sex and even have an orgasm.

Her husband Gerald got a peek into her closet their senior year of college. After many false starts where she put him off or made excuses, they were well on their way to their first-time sex. They were at his apartment with his roommates all gone for the weekend. He had her down to her bra and panties and was just starting to unhook her bra when Janet suddenly pulled away from him and said, "No, I can't do this. I can't do this." She stood up, faced him and said in a trembling voice, "I want to. I really do... but I can't."

Jerry's immediate reaction was anger. "You're a damn tease! I never want to see you again!"

"No," she sobbed as she burst into tears. "I want to... I really do... I... I... I... just can't." She sniffed and said softly, "... unless you make me."

"What!?" he replied. "Are you telling me that you want me to rape you?"

"No," she said nervously. "Just tie me up or something so I can't resist you." She then gave him a look that was somewhere between a nervous smile and absolute desperation.

"You're serious?" he said. "You really want me to tie you up and fuck you, don't you?"

Janet hung her head in shame as she nodded yes. Jerry still wasn't sure, but when he saw a widening wet spot on her panties that threatened to start dripping on the floor, he said, "Just a minute."

He came back a moment later carrying a small duffle bag. "This is my goodie bag," he said. "I thought I was going to have to throw it all away and give up on one of my favorite pastimes because I had fallen in love with a preacher's daughter." He lifted a length of soft rope out of the bag, smiled, and said, "But sometimes life gives you the lemonade already mixed and sugared."

Jerry looped the rope around Janet's neck and led her to his bedroom. Once there, he secured her spread-eagle on the bed and cut away her panties. Her bra unclasped from the front, so it remained tangled over her arms as he slowly nibbled and teased his way around her body. When she was moaning loudly and thrusting herself upward almost off the bed, he finally entered her. He wished for a moment that he had also gagged her because her screams of passion were loud enough to disturb even his hard-of-hearing, elderly neighbors.

Jerry did gag her before driving her to her second, violent and noisy orgasm. When she had finally calmed down from that, he removed the gag and she said softly, "You can untie me now, but lie here with me and hold me... please?"

Janet ended up spending the night. In the morning they talked and she explained that she couldn't even masturbate unless she tied herself up first. "I've got a remote control vibrator," she explained, "... that has a timer. I set it to start after half an hour, insert it and then tie myself up. That way, I don't really have any control over what it does to me."

Her voice got a little shaky and her face turned slightly red when she said, "And before I can do something especially naughty, like put the vibrator in back rather than in front, I have to punish myself first with a little self-spanking."

She then went on to say that she also punished herself for forgetting to wear underwear when she had classes on the fifth floor and knew that people would be able to see up her skirt on the steps. Or when she would accidently forget that the drapes were open in her dorm room and drop the towel as soon as she came back from the shower.

Janet and Jerry married two months later immediately following graduation. Because of the hurry, Janet's mother and father assumed she was pregnant. They were pleasantly surprised when nine months later there was still no baby.

Once married, Janet no longer had to be tied up in order to have sex, but she found that she was able to let herself go and reach much higher levels of pleasure if Jerry restrained her. She also found that a little spanking foreplay released her even further. Sometimes, as she was walking naked through the woods, she would think of the fact that she would have to tell Jerry to spank her for being so bad. Suddenly she would be gushing between the legs.

How do you punish someone for enjoying being spanked?' she asked herself one day as she was standing on the large rock wall of a vista that overlooked a deep valley. She could barely see several hikers on the trail far below. The area was known as a bird watcher's paradise and a flash of sunlight told her that one of them had trained a set of binoculars on her and could probably see her almost clearly. That thought caused juices to run down the inside of her legs, but when the hikers turned to come up to the high trail, her shyness rose to the surface and she hurried back into her clothing and scurried down the opposite path.

It was now Jerry and Janet's fifth anniversary. To most of the community, they were a typical, young, married couple. They both had promising careers and were both active in several community organizations, including the local community theater where Jerry was on the board of directors.

Jerry had a beautiful voice and a marvelous stage presence, and was often one of the stars in the various performances. He had even directed a couple of performances. Janet, always the shy one, limited herself to bit parts or a place in the chorus.

No one suspected any kinkiness at all in their relationship. No one, that is, except John, one of the techies at the theater. John knew Janet and Jerry from college and knew of her self- bondage masturbation sessions. Janet didn't tell him. She didn't intend to ever tell anyone. But then, she didn't intend to roll off the bed during a self-induced orgasm and wedge herself so tightly that she could not free herself.

She had a private room in the dorm and possibly could have stayed stuck between her bed and the wall for a long time except that it was fire prevention week and all of the smoke detectors on campus were being tested. John was an engineering student with a work-study job in campus maintenance. Janet was afraid to answer when John knocked on the door and he assumed the room was empty, so he let himself in with his master key.

He didn't see her until he was up on his ladder opening the housing of the detector to verify its date of manufacture. He dropped both the cover and his flashlight when he looked down and saw a naked coed trussed up and stuffed between the bed and the wall.

John immediately pulled her free and untied her. He was going to call campus police, but she assured him that she had, in fact, done this to herself, so he let her flee to her bathroom while he finished testing the smoke alarm above her bed.

She came out of the bathroom moments later wearing a robe, crying, and begging him not to tell anyone. He promised to keep her secret, and to this day he had. But Janet still often blushed when she looked up at the control booth during rehearsals and saw John sitting at the board. And even though it was impossible to see him or anything else during a performance because of the lights shining in her eyes, she still blushed slightly knowing that he was up there watching her on stage.

As June approached, Jerry asked her what she wanted for her fifth anniversary. She thought about it all day. At supper that night she said, "We haven't been on a really special date since college. How bout dinner and a show?" Then she added, "But the dinner has to be very special and the show has to be something I will never forget."

Jerry answered only, "I'll see what I can do."

Two days before their anniversary, Jerry told her that he was going to take her to their favorite restaurant for their anniversary. Afterwards there would be a show that she would remember for the rest of her life. He had one request, however. He wanted her to wear the same black dress that she had worn on their first date... and to wear nothing beneath it.

Janet was proud of the fact that she still wore the same dress size that she had in college, but the black dress, itself, was getting almost threadbare. She had often debated throwing it out, and kept it only for the sentimental reason of it being the dress she had worn on their first date.

At first she was going to object and say that she had many other dresses that were much newer... and nicer... and sexier, but the thought of reliving that first date, and especially the thought of going to a very formal restaurant wearing nothing but perfume under her dress caused her to feel that familiar wetness between her legs.

"OK," she said finally, "but my black dress had better be appropriate for wherever and whatever the show is that follows."

Jerry laughed and said, "Oh, don't worry. That black dress is exactly what you should be wearing for this show."

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The day of their anniversary finally arrived. Dinner was perfect. Jerry had arranged everything in advance, and everything was exactly what Janet would have ordered. A tray of oysters on the half-shell arrived at their table shortly after they sat down. The hot sauce, which only Jerry liked, was on the side with a special mild sauce also on the plate.

A wine steward brought a bottle of wine to the table and uncorked it for Jerry's approval. "It's her special meal," he said. "Let her say if the wine is acceptable."

"Perfect," she said after sniffing the cork and taking a small sip. The waiter filled both their glasses and left the bottle in ice on the table.

Her "perfect" applied not only to the wine, but to the entire meal. The melt-in-your-mouth steak was exactly like she wanted it and was smothered in mushrooms in butter sauce with just a hint of onions. Although it wasn't on the menu, Jerry had arranged for chocolate mousse for both of them for dessert just like she had ordered on their first date.

The whole meal couldn't have been better. Jerry even dawdled after dinner and talked. Normally, he was very agenda-driven and would be obviously anxious to go immediately on to the next thing, but tonight, he sat calmly and reminisced with her about their first meeting, their first date, and about all the special things about which she fantasized.

"It's show time," he finally said quietly.

The waitress had already brought the check and returned with the credit card receipt, so there was no reason not to be going. As they walked across the parking lot to the car, Jerry took her arm and slowed her to a stop. "There is one additional thing I want you to wear tonight," he said with a grin. He then handed her a black silk blindfold. "I'll even put it on for you," he added as he turned her slightly so that he could stand behind her.

She could see that they were only steps from the car. It was also very unlikely that anyone would see her, so she didn't object. In fact, she murmured, "Whatever you say," as she held it over her eyes and he tied it around her head.

It is amazing how much more difficult it is to walk in tall high heels when you can't see the ground. Janet was thankful that she had only a very short way to go to get to the car. She could hear Jerry open the door and then say, "Feel the car with your hands, and get in." As she got in, he put his hand on her hair to ensure that she did not hit the top of her head on the car door.

I feel like a prisoner being put into a police car,' she thought to herself. She had never experienced that herself, but she had seen enough cop shows on TV to know that was how the handcuffed suspect was put in the car with the officer's hand on top of his or her head. As she waited for Jerry to go around to the other side of the car to get in, she held her hands together at the wrists imagining that she was handcuffed or bound. She could feel herself getting wetter.

It's a good thing I'm wearing a black dress,' she thought to herself. That way a wet spot in the back won't show.'

Jerry seemed to be driving all over, making random turns this way and that. Janet was totally disoriented. She was fairly sure that they were still in town, but for all she knew they could be out in the middle of nowhere. Finally, Jerry stopped the car and shut off the engine.

He again used his hand to protect her head as he helped her out of the car. After she was standing, he lifted her arms slightly and slipped a loop of rope over her hands. It was a large slipknot and he tightened it quickly. He then brought the rope down between her arms and made two quick circles around the knot loop that held her wrists. Forming her fingers around the long end of the rope as it left her hands, he said, "Hold this. It is your guide leash." He then began leading her away from the car.

From the sound and feel, Janet knew that she was walking on concrete. "We're starting up a ramp," he said, and a few steps later, Janet could feel the incline. A dozen steps later, they reached a small landing. Jerry said, "Turning left," and resumed his climb up the ramp. There was something very familiar about this place, but Janet could not place where she might be.

A heavy-sounding door squeaked and creaked open and Jerry warned, "Watch for the threshold. It's not very high, but it is wide and slick." Her heels made a metallic-sounding click as she stepped through the door.

She knew where she was! It wasn't just the ramp or the wide metal threshold. There is a particular smell to a backstage area at a theater. You can smell rope and paint and makeup and sweat and a thousand other smells that occur together only on stage. She was backstage at the community theater.

"We're at the theater," she said. "I didn't know there was a performance tonight."

Jerry laughed slightly. "That's because this show is strictly by invitation only," he said, "and you are the special guest star who is going to experience every minute of it."

Janet wasn't sure what he meant, but she continued to follow him. Her heels were now making a hollow tapping sound. She was walking across the stage floor. She wasn't sure, but she thought that they were now in the middle of the stage, probably just behind the curtain. She could smell the decades of dust that was trapped in the thick, plush cloth that separated the stage from the audience.

"Let's block out this scene," Jerry said as he loosened the rope on her wrists. "It's very easy choreography. All you have to do is stand here and move with the action."

He bent her slowly at the waist until she was almost at ninety degrees. She felt her neck come to rest on something soft and thick like lamb's wool. Jerry raised her left arm and set it on something alongside her head that was smooth and cool. It felt like it was a curved segment of leather, perhaps held by a piece of wood.

He placed her right arm in a similar leather depression on the other side of her head, and then she felt a slight pressure on her neck and wrists followed by a deep, dull, solid, "clunk." She tried to stand, but her head and wrists were now securely trapped. She was in a stocks of some sort.

"What are you doing?" she asked, more out of curiosity than anger or concern. "Is this some sort of participatory performance art?"

"No," he answered, "It's a solo performance, and I think it's time for you to be quiet and just experience." She felt a ball gag being pushed into her mouth, then Jerry walked away from her and everything was quiet.

She wasn't sure how long she was held there behind the curtain, but she was certain that she could hear an ever-increasing murmur of voices. A large audience was gathering in the theater.

Janet had waited nervously backstage before and listened to the pre-performance buzz of the audience. She was pretty good at judging the size of the house by the noise level. This sounded like a full house, or nearly so, and the theater had exactly 299 seats. She knew that number because 300 seats was the magic level where the royalty payments went up on the performances. To keep the costs down, she and Jerry had helped when the theater members removed several seats from the ends of the front row to bring the number back to exactly 299.

From the noise level, there had to be at least 275 people out there. Janet could feel her legs shaking in fear. What was Jerry doing? What if they opened the curtain and everyone could see her? The theater was a relatively tight-knit group. And almost everyone in town came to the performances. What if all her neighbors and friends were out there? What if everyone saw her bent over like this locked into a set of stocks?

Then she heard Jerry walking across the stage. She knew his walk because, for some reason, he had an uneven stride. She felt a slight puff of air as he walked past her. Then she heard the soft rustle of the curtains as he slipped between them to stand at the front of the stage facing the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said loudly. Suddenly the buzz was gone as the audience quieted for the beginning of the performance. But what performance? I'm the only one on stage,' Janet thought to herself. I have to be the performer. But what am I supposed to do?'

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jerry repeated when everything was quiet. "Tonight we have a very special performance. A closet bondage freak will step out into the light and be recognized. A shy exhibitionist will finally get her chance to show the world... ... everything."

There was a deafening round of applause and Janet heard the chains which supported the curtain clanking as it slowly opened to reveal her to the audience. She could now hear buzzes of quiet conversations from here and there around the theater as people saw her and attempted to speak to each other in low whispers.

The curtains must now be wide open because she could feel the heat of the front spotlights against her skin. The black dress was absorbing the energy from the hot lights and warming rapidly. So was she. She could feel a light sheen of perspiration beginning to form on her brow. Then she felt herself rolling.

Evidently the stocks were mounted on one of the scene platforms. There must have been a small ramp leading up to it because she hadn't had to step up as Jerry led her across the stage. Jerry, or someone, was now pushing her slightly forward and turning her so that she was sideways to the audience.

"Time to raise or should I say lower the second curtain." Jerry said loudly. Then Janet felt something cold against her shoulder. The movement and the slight noise told her that it was a pair of scissors. The cold feel of the scissors against her skin told her that Jerry was cutting the dress from her body.

He cut all the way across the back of the dress at the shoulders and then began lowering the zipper. As soon as the zipper reached her waist, the dress dropped to the floor leaving her naked on stage. Thunderous applause filled the theater.

Janet was mortified, but at the same time she could feel her nipples immediately swelling and the juices starting to flow in her cunt. This was going to ruin her in the community, but her body didn't care. This was what she dreamed of when she stood on the high bluffs exposing herself to distant motorists. Showing her body to a large crowd was her secret fantasy. Now, she wasn't fantasizing that they could see her. The applause made it very clear that she had been presented to them in all her glory.

She felt the platform being slowly rotated. It stopped as her ass was aligned with the center isle. Jerry reached over and smacked her ass cheek with his hand. Then he ran his fingers through her slit. Evidently he held them up to the audience because he said, "See that shine? Wet as a river."

Janet could feel her skin burning in shame, but at the same time the tingle in her breasts and nipples was almost overwhelming. She was rotated again until she faced the audience. She felt fingers at the back of her head and suddenly everything was brilliantly bright. Jerry had removed the blindfold.

She squinted out at the crowd, but could see nothing. All of the front lights and footlights were on and all three traveler spots were trained down on her from the light booth balcony, which ran across the back of the theater.

Janet could hear several people whispering her name. Evidently there were some who did not recognize her until the blindfold was removed. She did not think it was possible to be more embarrassed... or more turned on, but when she heard her name whispered, she could feel herself turning an even deeper shade of red. She could also feel the cunt slime start to drip from between her pussy lips.

"You are being a very naughty girl," Jerry taunted her. "I think you need a little punishment."

He started swatting her bottom. One hand was smacking her right cheek and the other was smacking her left. It sounded almost like he was performing on a set of bongo drums. Janet felt herself swaying her ass to meet his hands. She also felt herself climbing higher and higher.

Oh NO!' she suddenly thought to herself. I'm going to cum in front of all these people.'

That thought, alone, was enough to trigger an overwhelming orgasm. She shrieked and screamed and bucked and writhed in the stocks. Jerry stopped his spanking and began rotating the platform so that she was totally on display to the audience as she rode the waves of passion that were cresting within her. The thought that her bucking, dripping, snatch was turned to the crowd was enough to drive her once again over the edge and trigger a second orgasm.

As her moans and cries started to subside, Jerry again rotated her and announced, "Now it's time for a little mutual enjoyment." He leaned down close to Janet's ear and said, "You have already paid the price of admission, so just totally let yourself go." He then began to lightly caress her breasts with one hand while sliding the other through the wetness between her legs.

Soon, Janet was again squirming and moaning and moving rapidly upward towards another orgasm. She could feel Jerry positioning himself behind her. He slid easily into her, and as his body touched hers, she realized that he, too, was now naked on the stage.

Janet was now directly facing the unseen audience. The brilliant spot and footlights blinded her, but at the same time forced her to acknowledge that everyone could see everything . They were watching Jerry fuck her. It was as if she were having sex with hundreds of people at the same time. That image began to burn more brightly in her mind than the spotlights themselves.

Jerry was now slamming violently into her ass as he bottomed with each thrust. He was rapidly approaching climax and his legs were shaking slightly as his muscles prepared for that final moment of ejaculation. Finally he grunted loudly and slammed against her ass a final time. He fell over her back and shuddered as he went off. Janet joined him in his moment of climax, the audience forgotten for the moment as she became one with her husband.

After a short time, Jerry again stood up and slowly pulled himself out. Janet moaned slightly as she felt his deflating prick slide out of her cunt. She thought she was hearing thunder, but as her mind cleared from the orgasm, she remembered where she was and realized that what she was hearing was applause.

"For an encore tonight," Jerry said as he stepped in front of Janet to address the audience, "we will allow Janet to experience one of her most naughty desires. Of course," he added, "that will mean a more severe punishment."

He was walking around behind Janet as he spoke. He patted her on the ass hard enough so that the smack could be heard throughout the theater and said in a chuckle, "But I am going to wait until she is ready before I do that."

Janet felt the platform rotating until she was once again facing backstage. Jerry stood in front of her and asked, "What would you like to do for an encore?" He paused a moment and then asked, "Do I fuck your face or your ass?"

He knew what she wanted. She didn't really like oral, but anal drove her wild. He knew what she wanted, but he was going to make her say it! He was going to make her ask for it in front of all these people!

Janet didn't think it was possible for her to be more embarrassed or more aroused, but her skin was now almost on fire and spunk and cunt juice flowed copiously out of her and dripped onto the platform as she answered softly, "My ass."

"Project, Janet." Jerry said loudly. "Speak from the diaphragm so you can be heard." His voice sounded just like it did on those occasions when he directed plays and had to correct or encourage the cast during rehearsals.

"Take me in the ass!" Janet heard herself almost shouting. As she heard the force and volume of her own words, it caused her to shudder as a mini-orgasm rippled through her body.

"Then let's get you ready," answered Jerry. He walked back around behind Janet and began sliding his fingers up and down her crack. Bent over as she was, she was sure that both her cunt and rosebud were clearly visible to the audience.

Jerry thrust his fingers into her dripping pussy. They slid in easily and came out just as easily, with a large scooping of cum and spunk. He began rubbing that slimy mixture up and down her crack, pressing on her sphincter each time his fingers passed her nether opening.

Finally, he pushed a single finger into her ass and began pumping in and out. Soon a second finger joined the first, and then a third. Janet could feel her anal ring relaxing to allow him better access.

He withdrew his fingers and she could feel the tip of something pressing against her rosebud. As it slid in, Janet recognized it as a butt plug, but it seemed bigger than anything she had ever put up there before. She was stretched to maximum and still it hadn't seated. It was spreading her wider and wider as Jerry continued to force it into her ass.

When it finally slid all the way in and her sphincter snapped tightly around the slightly smaller shaft, another mini-orgasm caused her to quiver in the stocks. She could feel herself rising up on tiptoe for some reason, almost as if she were raising her ass to receive Jerry's cock. But that was not going to happen as long as she was stuffed full by that huge plug.

"That will keep you stretched while I give you the pain you need to really let yourself go." Jerry said as he wiggled the huge plug lodged securely between her cheeks.

Janet wasn't sure what Jerry had in mind, but when she heard the swish of a belt swinging through the air, she knew what was coming. Jerry had used a belt on her only a few times, and only after she had either egged him on for hours or begged him to use it on her. It was after one particularly intense session with the belt that Jerry had told her, "If you want or need the pain, just ask for it. You don't have to try to piss me off just so I will spank you."

"Open your eyes," Jerry said in a commanding voice.

Janet hadn't realized that she had closed them. When she opened her eyes, he was standing before her swinging a wide, black, leather belt in a small arc. The intense stage lights reflected softly off the black finish.

"What do you want?" he asked softly.

I can't say that in front of all these people,' she thought to herself.

"You have to say it or it ends now," Jerry continued in his soft and soothing voice.

He was going to make her say it. She was going to have to ask him to whip her or this would all be over. She didn't want to say it especially in front of an audience, but she didn't want this night to end yet either. "Use the belt," she said in her stage projection voice. "Beat my behind until I am screaming and then fuck me in the ass."

A loud applause greeted her words and she suddenly thought, That's the best audience response I've ever gotten for one of my lines.'

Jerry walked back around behind her and said, "I'm going to give you twenty with the belt and you are going to thank me after each one and keep track of the count."

He didn't wait for a response, but instead swung the belt as soon as he was in position. It wasn't a perfect stroke, but it snapped loudly and caused a short scream from Janet. She gulped and called out, "One. Thank you, Master."

Why had she said Master? Was it that she didn't want to call out his name? Or, was it perhaps that using that word added to her sense of being helpless and bound?

Snap!

"Two. Thank you, Master."

Snap!

"Three. Thank you, Master."

So it continued as Jerry slowly crisscrossed her ass with welts. The pain and the heat on her asscheeks got greater with each strike of the belt. So did the heat within her. Finally she heard herself calling out, "Twenty. Thank you, Master."

She didn't feel him pull the butt plug out of her ass, but she did feel his prick entering her. She could especially feel it as his body slapped lightly against her now swollen asscheeks as he thrust fully into her.

"Oh God!" she heard herself screaming. She was well above any level of passion that she had ever reached before. The pain... the forbiddenness of anal sex... the humiliation of having sex on stage in front of hundreds of people... the fact that dozens of her friends and neighbors had seen the most intimate parts of her body...c all of this drove her higher and higher as Jerry continued to fuck her ass.

Janet could no longer form words. At best she was grunting in a high-pitched keening wail. Then she totally lost control of her body and her mind. She exploded. The brilliance of the lights within her mind as she frantically bucked back against Jerry was far greater than all the stage lights trained on her naked body.

She didn't feel Jerry stop. She didn't feel him withdraw from her ass. She didn't feel the platform rotating once again so that she was facing the audience. All of this became apparent to her only as control returned slowly to her mind and body as she hung panting in the stocks.

"Time for your bow," Jerry said softly as he removed the top portion of the beam which was holding her in place. He had to support her as he led her, on wobbly legs, to stage front where they stood together on the apron to receive the thunderous applause. He bowed and used his hand behind her back to force her to bow with him.

After the third bow, the applause began to fade slowly away. In the relative silence, Janet was now standing in center stage, naked, facing who knows how many of her friends, neighbors, and fellow workers. With the glow of what she had just experienced also starting to fade, she was now feeling fear and dread. How could she ever face these people again? She would have to quit her job. They might have to move out of the community. How could she have allowed Jerry to do this to her?

"If you knew what the show was," Jerry suddenly asked her, "would you have still come to the theater tonight?"

Janet stood silently for a moment before shuddering out, "Yes. I would have given anything for this night."

"Happy Anniversary," a voice said suddenly over the theater speaker system. The lights began to quickly dim and Janet could see out into the audience. She could still hear the murmur and noise of an audience leaving the theater, but there was no one there.

The work lights over the control booth in the balcony came on and Janet could see John standing there waving his arms at her. "Just me," he said. "... and my magical array of lights and sound effects."

A few moments later he quickly walked up the aisle and stepped onto the stage. "A while back, Jerry asked me how I knew you from college," he said to her. "I told him I met you while I was working on fire detectors in your dorm."

He laughed lightly, "I didn't know that you had told him about that. I didn't give any details of how we met, but I didn't have to. He knew all about it. And from that point on, he knew that I knew about your fantasies. He came to me a couple weeks ago and asked if I would help you live out one of those fantasies in a safe fashion."

He looked up and down Janet's sweat drenched body and smirked. "It looks like you went through at least four or five of them tonight." He then handed Jerry a set of keys and said, "Make sure you lock everything up before you go." As he walked toward the backstage door he called back over his shoulder, "Happy Anniversary."

Jerry pulled Janet close and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "Did you enjoy your anniversary present?" he asked.

"Mmmmm," she answered.

"Your sweatpants and sweatshirt are on a chair backstage." He continued. "We can leave as soon as I shut everything down."

"I would like to do one more little thing first," she said.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Give you an anniversary present," she said, "Turn all the spotlights back on and lay down on your back in the middle of the stage. I'm going to do an on-stage flash dance routine on your pole and ride you like you have never been ridden before."

As Jerry scurried toward the light booth, she yelled after him, "And if you can, turn the sound back on so it sounds like there is a huge audience out there watching us. "

END OF STORY