**Germaine Bares All For Her Art**

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She wanted to bare all before an audience at last she had her chance. A short tale of eroticism and nudity as unhappily married Germaine lives out her fantasy and Germaine bare's all for her art.  
  
Germaine had read the script. It was a little risqué, especially the part of Joan herself, but she really wanted the part. It was a part she had always fantasized about ever since she had joined the small private theatre company. It had all started a few months before when she had been taken to see a show there by Malcolm, her husband. Not one he would have chosen for himself, but his company had sponsored the production and he was attending as the company's representative on opening night.  
  
The play was about misuse of the power of the Catholic Church during the middle ages. In one particular scene, a young country girl was brought before the Cardinals she was accused of witchcraft. She was dressed in a simple white shift which contrasted dramatically with the rich red opulence of the Cardinal's robes.  
  
To Germaine's astonishment and excitement the girls shift was ripped from her body by her guards and she was left standing before the Cardinal's totally naked. There had been a gasp from the audience as the girls shift was cruelly ripped away and she stood there before them totally naked, Germaine felt a wonderful warm feeling spread through her body as she along with every member of the audience looked at the attractive young woman. It was at that precise moment that she knew that this was what she wanted to do.  
  
Life with Malcolm was dull. Sex with him was even duller, but life was comfortable; a nice house, expensive holiday, a large clothing allowance, they did make up in some way for the duller moments in her boring life, but of late she had been feeling restless. She needed excitement in her life something to make the blood course through her veins, she had considered a lover; even in the more desperate moments divorce. But when she looked around her she was loathe to give up the luxuries she had worked so hard for.  
  
But as she watched the naked girl on stage display her body to the eager eyes of the audience she knew she wanted to be up there, standing naked and exposed before a live audience.   
  
She glanced at Malcolm and smiled to herself as she saw that he was trying to avert his eyes from the girl on the stage, glancing around the audience. Looking everywhere but at the stage. My god she thought, he was actually embarrassed by the sight of the girl's nakedness so openly exposed. This made Germaine even more determined.  
  
A week later she had contacted the theatre group, and had been invited to come along for a reading of the new production. She had explained to them that she had some experience of stage productions. She had been involved in helping out and then running her university theatre group, something she had enjoyed for all of her three years while studying for her degree at university, during that time she had become an accomplished actress finding it easy to learn lines.  
  
As a new member she only got a small part in their next production, but she proved herself useful both backstage and front and she got on well with the rest of the group. She made herself particularly available to Conrad, the group's director, going out of her way to help him in any way she could. She also was actively cultivating a growing relationship with Brendon Scholes. He was because of his acting ability, which far outshone the other group members, usually meant the leading male roles.  
  
Brendon was a good looking guy, but he knew it. He was single and loved flirting with the young actresses and had a bit of a reputation. For reasons better known to him self, he had never made a move on Germaine. Maybe he liked the younger more flighty types; maybe they were easier prey for him.  
  
The next production, Germaine's first with the group went well: large audiences and enthusiastic reviews, and at the last night party after the final show had everyone in high spirits. That was the night Germaine had decide to pay particular attention to Brendon. She had especially worn a rather low cut dress which showed of her boobs to their best advantage, but Brendon, although interested, still seemed somewhat in awe of her. Maybe, she thought, his confidence on stage was not matched with his confidence off. But the party went well, and she was pleased with the progress she had made.  
  
The following week, Conrad handed out the scripts for the next production. It was a play about the trials and tribulations of Joan of Arc. They read through some of the parts. The part of Joan was a fairly long one, but when Germaine read through it she discovered that there were three rather risqué scenes two that required some partial nudity and one scene that required almost full on nudity. When she read the part of Joan she knew she must get this part at all costs.  
  
Luckily for her, when it actually came down to the casting, there was only one other person who was willing to do the part of Joan. She was a few years younger than Germaine but she had been with the group longer.  
  
After a couple of readings Conrad cast most of the minor parts and some of the leading ones. Brendon as usual acquired the male lead as Joan's secret lover and trusted lieutenant.   
  
Conrad told the others he would cast the rest of the parts next week. In the bar later that evening, Conrad came over to Germaine. He smiled. "I'd like to have a word with you, it's about the part of Joan," he said.  
  
Germaine looked at him over her glass. "Is there some problem?" she asked sweetly.  
  
He shook his head. "Well, no, not really, but it's about the nudity. If you were offered the part, do you think you can cope with the nudity?"  
  
Germaine smiled. "I don't see why not. I'm not ashamed of my body."  
  
Conrad smiled and nodded. "Would you be able to come to a reading for the part on Sunday afternoon? I have already asked Christine and she agreed to be there. It's the part towards the end of act four, the next to the last act I want to go through it's a rather poignant bit. So if you'd brush up on it"  
  
Germaine nodded. "I can't see why not. I have nothing on," she said with a wry smile.  
  
For the remaining few days leading up to Sunday, she spent every minute learning the lines. It was not a long part, but a very emotional one.   
  
The part called for Joan to be on stage alone in her cell the evening before her execution. She was praying to God asking for his forgiveness for any sins she had committed. The final lines were, "My God, I bare my soul and body to you." With this line, she was to raise her arms. The long cloak, the only thing she was wearing, would part and then fall from her body. She would stand naked center stage for a moment, then a single spot light would illuminate her body before a complete black out.   
  
On Sunday she arrived at the theatre early. She needed time to be alone to prepare herself. There was only a small crew in: just Conrad, his co producer Avril, and a lighting technician.   
  
Germaine was pleased to see that Brendon had also come along. She smiled. Things were getting better.  
  
In the shared dressing room, Christine looked across at her. "Have you managed to learn the part?" she inquired.   
  
Germaine nodded. "Just about; it's well written, so it's easy to learn."  
  
"Does the nudity concern you at all?" Christine inquired.  
  
Germaine shook her head. "No, not at all. You?"  
  
Christine looked a little nervous. "A little. I really wanted the part when I read it. It's a good part and I will do it if I get it, but when I told Ralph, my boyfriend, he didn't seem too pleased."  
  
Germaine smiled. "Funny thing, these guys. They can be very possessive."  
  
"You're married, aren't you?" Christine inquired. "Doesn't your husband mind?" Germaine smiled again. "I haven't told him. What he doesn't know can't hurt him."   
  
Just then the door opened and Avril, complete with her seemingly essential clip board, poked her head in." One of you ready? We would like to start." She stepped in. She had two cloaks draped over her arms. "I've dug these up from the costume department. They are the only props you will need." The girls took them, thanked her, and Germaine smiled as she thought about the cloak she had stuffed into her large bag before leaving home.  
  
"Do you mind if I go first?" Christine inquired. "I said I would meet Ralph straight afterwards in Burger King."  
  
Germaine shrugged. "No, go ahead." Actually, this suited her plans better.   
  
She switched on the intercom in the dressing room and listened as she made herself ready for the part. Christine was quite good: a little hesitant in parts, but she had learned the lines well. Conrad got her to go through it twice. Then he thanked her and Germaine heard him tell Avril to call her.  
  
Germaine was more than a little nervous as she walked out onto the stage. This was it: her big moment.  
  
Conrad smiled. "Right, Germaine. From the bottom of page 42, from the line, 'My lord, I beseech you'."  
  
Germaine picked up the line quickly and then carried on with the speech. Conrad was pleased with the way she stood on the stage confidently and delivered her lines clearly. She really was ideal for the part. He had been a little disappointed with Christine's performance. It was a little lack luster, which was slightly unusual for her as she was usually a good actress.  
  
As Germaine's voice still rang out clearly and confidently around the empty theatre, Conrad's only concern now was the nudity. He knew Germaine was a married woman, and he knew from past experience that husbands could be a problem. It wasn't everyone who was happy to see their wife standing naked before two hundred pairs of eyes even if it was in the name of art.   
  
She was now approaching the end of her speech. Right on cue, with the line 'My God I bare my soul and my body to thee', Conrad saw her hands move beneath the cloak, and then as she lifted her arms, it parted and then it feel back over her shoulders. There was a gasp from the side where Brendon was sitting. She stood there her arms were raised towards the lights and she was standing before them totally naked and exposed.   
  
Conrad could see her large firm breasts slowly rising and falling with her breathing. For a moment he was stunned, flustered. It was something he hadn't expected. She remained standing there, the white spotlight still illuminating her beautiful body, its harsh light revealing every intimate detail.  
  
"Cut the light," he suddenly called. Slowly the light went down, Germaine slowly dropped her arms, and the cloak fell back into place. She was hot and excited. It had been an unbelievable experience, exposing her self like that. Now after that she really wanted the part. She was already imagining what it would feel like when the theatre was crowded with two hundred pairs of eyes on her body. She shivered at the thought.  
  
"That was excellent, Germaine; in fact, superb. You learnt your lines well, but you didn't need too." He shrugged, slightly embarrassed not wanting to say the words, which was unusual for him. "But in a way, I'm pleased you did. It settled one worry I had." He turned to Avril and they spoke together quietly. Then he turned back to her. "I would like to offer you the part of Joan if you would accept it."  
  
Germaine thanked him. Her heart was beating wildly. She now had the part she really wanted. All she had to do was play it. She made her way back to the dressing room, slipped back into her clothes, and joined the others for drinks in the bar. Suddenly, she discovered that Brendon was seemingly friendlier towards her. Was it because of her willingness to expose her self? Was she now seemingly suddenly more available? She was interested to see how things panned out.  
  
Over the next few weeks, rehearsals went well. She was kept busy with the costume fittings. She had several changes during the production, but the costume department was very good, and all her costumes were ready and well in hand before the start of dress rehearsals.  
  
Apart from the full frontal exposure in the forth act, she had two other scenes requiring some partial nudity, the last act before the interval she was on stage with Brendon. In the scene she was seated on a chair and he was standing behind her. She was saying goodbye to him telling him she was giving herself up to God and that they could no longer be lovers. He pleaded with her that they should be lovers one last time. Slowly she relented. He reached over her shoulder and pulled open the lace on her shift and eased it down, exposing her breasts. He caressed them for a moment before making his way around in front of her, sinking to his knees before her, and as the lights faded, he began slowly sliding her shift up her legs before bending to bury his head between her thighs.  
  
Again in the final scene after she had been tried and condemned to be burnt at the stake in that scene she was attired in the tattered remains of a shift that exposed parts of her body.  
  
Now with only a few nights to go before the opening night, things were going well. Everyone had their lines off and there had not been too many problems. Brendon it seemed to Germaine had, had a problem about touching her breasts in scene three, but one night during rehearsal Germaine had grasped his hands and held them around her breasts. "Squeeze them," she whispered urgently. "They won't break." Brendon had smiled as he held her he could distinctly feel her nipples straining against the restraints of her bra.  
  
She made it early to the theatre on dress rehearsal night and was pleased when Conrad knocked on her dressing room door. "Can I come in? Are you decent?" he called out.  
  
Germaine smiled. Such a nice man. The fact was that she was soon going to be seen naked by everyone in the theatre, and here he was asking if she were decent.  
  
"Everything okay?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, fine," she replied. "I think I'm on top of everything."  
  
"I was just chatting with Avril about the nude scenes. You could wear a thong or something if you felt you needed to we have flesh colored ones."  
  
She smiled. "Honest Conrad, it's not a problem; I'm fine about it."  
  
"Okay," he shrugged. "I just thought I'd mention it."  
  
Again dress rehearsal went very well. Germaine was excited about her first nude scene in front of the small audience that had been specially invited. It included friends of the cast and members of the press and local media. Brendon played his part well although she could feel his hands shaking slightly as he caressed her naked breasts for that first time. After the curtain had gone down, she leant over and kissed him lightly on the cheek.   
  
He looked up, his eyes looking hungrily at her still exposed breasts. "What was that for?" he asked.  
  
"For playing the part so well," she said with a grin, and then she pulled her shift back into place and hurried back to her dressing room. She was now getting excited about her next scene, the first time totally naked in front of an audience. Although there were only about fifty or so invited people, she couldn't wait to get out there. She had practiced long and hard with the cloak and now it fell away from her easily.   
  
She stood on the darkened stage alone waiting for the curtains to open feeling excited and extremely conscious of her nakedness, her body covered only by the thin cloak. Would the audience realise that she was completely naked under the cloak? She shivered expectantly at the thought, the curtains fell back the spotlight picked her up she began he speech in a strong confident voice and when the final moment came and she totally revealed herself to them, there was a hushed silence before a loud and sustained applause that continued after the spot light had gone out.   
  
She eased the cloak back into place scooped it up and ran back to her dressing room where Rachel, her dresser, was waiting for her, already holding the tattered shift for the last act.  
  
As she slipped it on, Rachel looked a little concerned. "I think someone's been at this," she said "It looks a lot more revealing than it should be."   
  
Germaine smiled. "I've done a few little alterations. You've got to give the audience their money's worth," she said with a grin.  
  
In the last act she was dragged on screaming and kicking by two guards, and after a struggle in which she again managed to reveal a lot more of herself than the script called for, she was finally secured to the stake. The whole act was about fifteen minutes long, and Germaine stood secured to the post enjoying the scrutiny of the audience in her tattered revealing shift, and when the fire was lit and the crowd around her jeered and shouted, the curtains slowly closed.   
  
The small audience was on their feet clapping and cheering as on stage Germaine was quickly released and joined the other actors for their curtain call.  
  
Back at last in her dressing room, she still felt excited about what she had done, finally lived out her fantasy. She felt aroused and extremely horny, something she had not experienced for a long time, and she was not at all surprised to find her pussy very wet when she touched it. She knew that Malcolm would not satisfy her needs. It would probably be down to her secret draw of sex toys, yet again.  
  
Opening night was an even bigger turn on. She almost orgasmed after her full frontal before a full house. She stopped when she saw Brendon waiting in the wings as she made her way back to her dressing room, clutching her cloak around her naked body. "Please call in and see me after the final curtain," she said. He nodded and smiled as he turned and watched a flash of her delightful naked rear as she disappeared into her dressing room.  
  
She had allowed Rachel to go home after assisting her dress for the final act and now she returned to an empty dressing room she sat awaiting for a knock on her door. Her heart leapt when it came. Brendon poked his head around the door. "You wanted to see me?" he inquired.   
  
Then his eyes widened. Germaine was seated on her dressing stool but she was facing the door. She was still in her tattered shift with one breast totally exposed, but what made him stare and his heart begin to beat faster was what she was doing. Her shift was pulled up around her waist leaving her naked from the waist down. Her legs were spread apart and her pussy open to view. Her fingers were already slicked with her juices and she was smiling as one finger slid slowly in and out of her wet pussy.  
  
"Please, Brendon," she implored, her voice a horse whisper, "Help me, please help me."  
  
Brendon stepped into the room, turned and locked the door, then urgently struggled out of his tunic. His cock was big and long, the veins standing out in thick purple ridges. He lifted her up onto the dressing table scattering make up all over the floor, and then he was thrusting into her with no preliminaries. She groaned as she felt him fill her love tunnel. She pushed herself onto him wanting to feel him deep inside her. They fucked urgently until with a cry she came.  
  
After that dramatic first night, sex became almost a nightly routine for them. She badly needed sex after the show, as each night she did something to heighten her arousal. She deliberately left her panties off one night during the scene with Brendon so that when he laid his head down to kiss her parted thighs, there before him were the delights of her pussy open and available.   
  
She paid the lighting engineer a visit and encouraged him to leave the spotlight on a little longer during her full frontal, and night by night the tattered shift she wore for the final scene became more and more revealing until by the final night there was hardly anything left of it, much to the delight of the audience.   
  
Conrad didn't complain about her actions. It had been a full house with standing room only every night once the word had got around, with many people visiting the show more than once.

There was a polite round of applause when she walked into the rehearsal room for the first reading of the new production. Conrad smiled at her and handed her the proposed script for the new play. "I think you might like this one," he said a smile on his face. She looked at the title, Strippers, by Peter Terson.