**Greek Week: Julie's Tale**

by [DonnerBBQ](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1166809&page=submissions)©

*© 2010 by DonnerBBQ. All rights reserved.

Feedback welcome and appreciated.

In a previous story, Greek Week, I wrote about a college play with a female lead, Julie. It was told from her boyfriend's perspective. This is Julie's version of the events. This version is meant to stand alone, so you don't need to read the earlier story to know what is going on. On the other hand, if you have then there will be a small amount of redundancy. - DonnerBBQ.*

\*

When I was a junior in college, I was invited by my boyfriend's friend John to take a lead role in his play that he was directing for that year's Greek Week competition. The idea behind these play competitions was that fraternities and sororities would pair up and present plays, and sell tickets to the students. There would be four performances of each play on consecutive nights, Thursday through Sunday. In addition, DVDs of the last performance were sold. Each play could set their own ticket and DVD prices and whichever play made the most money won the competition. It was all for charity, but everyone involved took them real seriously. There were all sorts of side bets too between the houses and individual members, so there was a lot of secrecy about the plays along with attempts to spy on others and even occasional attempts to sabotage other plays. It was a major competition.

When John asked me to take a lead role I was ecstatic. Although I had some minor roles in a couple of previous Greek Week plays, I had not had any major roles since high school. However, when I pressed John for details he wouldn't provide any. Apparently he was still working on the script so I had to wait to find out more about the part that he had in mind for me.

We sat down together a couple of weeks later and he told me about the play. It had some crazy plot with pirates hijacking a modern-day cruise ship. Yes, it was silly, but it was meant to be fun. Anyway, mixed in there was a love story about two people, Diana and Steve that meet on the cruise ship. He wanted me to take the role of Diana. He hadn't yet cast Steve, but was working on it and was considering taking the role himself if no one seemed suitable for the part.

As he was describing the play I could barely contain my excitement. I hadn't realized how much I had missed acting! I thought it was pretty obvious that I wanted the role so I was surprised when he said, "Julie, before you agree you need to know a little more about the role."

"Okay, like what?" I asked.

"So you know it's a love story. There'll have to be some kissing with whoever is playing Steve. Are you okay with that?"

That hadn't occurred to me yet, but it made sense. I certainly wasn't averse to kissing, but I wasn't sure how my boyfriend Ronny would feel about it. John observed my hesitation and asked, "Is that a problem?"

"Oh no, I don't have a problem with it. It's just part of acting. My only concern is that I'm not sure that Ronny will understand."

"Well you don't have to agree today. Talk to him first to make sure that it is okay with him."

"Okay, I will," I said.

John then added, "There's something else."

I looked up at John and just waited for him to continue.

"I don't know how to say this so I'm just going to say it. You know that sex sells and selling tickets is what this is all about. To that end, I put in a hot tub scene to generate some excitement. For that scene I want Diana to strip down to a bikini which she'll have on under her clothes, preferably a small and sexy bikini. "

It took a few moments to process what he was saying. I wasn't thrilled at the idea of being on stage in a bikini. I mean, I wear bikinis at public beaches and pools all of the time, but being on a stage in one in front of people who are not dressed similarly is another matter entirely. And again I thought of how Ronny would react.

John then added, "You don't have to give me an answer now. Just think about it and talk it over with Ronny. But you'll need to let me know soon. I'm sure I can find someone else for the role, but maybe not anyone with as much acting experience as you."

I thought about it for a day or so before talking to Ronny. I wanted to first decide for myself whether I wanted the role before I talked to him. The more I thought about it the more excited I got. Kissing some other guy wasn't a big deal to me. But I did feel self-conscious about being on stage in a bikini. Don't get me wrong - I think I look great in a bikini - but the thought of having all of those eyes on me while I'm wearing one kind of freaked me out. I figured though that it was only one scene and that I could just concentrate on the acting and get through the scene.

The next day I had dinner with Ronny. At this point I was pretty convinced that I wanted to do it. But I was nervous about how he would react. I started by telling him about the silly pirate plot and he seemed to think it would be fun. I then told him about the kissing. He took that pretty well, actually. I thought I could detect a little reservation on his face, but I think he understood the need to have kissing in a love story. I then told him about the bikini. Surprisingly, he seemed less concerned about the bikini than I was! I was just starting to relax when he inquired as to who was going to play Steve.

I told him what John told me, that it wasn't known yet but that John himself might take the role. Ronny suddenly looked irritated. I assured him that John wanted to make sure that he was okay with it and had even encouraged us to talk about it before I accepted the role. After a bit of reassurance I calmed Ronny down and he gave me his blessing to do the play.

The cast came together over the next couple of weeks and John did decide to take the role of Steve himself. Ronny sort of scowled at that news, like he thought it was some ploy by John to get into my pants. Granted, I too had a suspicion that John liked me, but he knew that I was with Ronny and they were friends. So John and I were going to kiss some in the name of acting. I just couldn't see getting upset about a few kisses.

We spent quite a bit of time rehearsing the play over the next weeks. I had selected a cute orange bikini for the hot tub scene that fit me well. At some point though, John said that he needed to speak with me about the hot tub scene. He explained, "I think the hot tub scene is good right now. You look great in that bikini that you brought. I'm sure the audience is going to love it."

I couldn't help but blush at the complement, but it was obvious that there was more.

"We're not going to be the only play to show a little skin. In fact, from what I've heard, our play is going to be pretty tame compared to the others in terms of sex appeal." I could see the disappointment on his face as he explained this. I was disappointed too. We were just putting so much effort into this play. He then added, "Look, I think we need to be more competitive. I've made a few changes to the hot tub scene to increase the sexiness of our play. "

He was carefully watching my reaction like he wanted to know what I thought. It was his play and it sounded like a decent plan to remain competitive so I said, "Sounds good!"

It then occurred to me that it involved me. "Wait, wait, what kind of changes?" I quickly asked.

"As you know, the hot tub scene is when the pirates first arrive. Right now, we are just hanging out in the hot tub when that happens. But now Diana and Steve will get a bit more intimate before the pirates run on stage. The scene starts off as usual with Steve and Diana getting into the hot tub and talking. But then Diana will stand up and go to Steve, straddling his lap. They will kiss more and things will get hot and heavy between them and they will end up having sex in the hot tub. Of course the sex will be simulated and the water will cover everything, but we can make it look real."

I think my eyes were bulging out of my head in disbelief. "Wait, you want us to fuck in the hot tub?" I asked.

"No, I want us to fake-fuck in the hot tub. Actors do it all the time. We'll have our bathing suits on and everything. It really isn't that crazy."

It wasn't sounding quite as ridiculous now. But it was still pretty shocking. "I have to fake an orgasm?" I asked.

"What, you've never done that before?" John asked with a smile.

I had to smile too. "That's not the point," I responded, avoiding his question. "I don't know if I can do it in front of such a large audience!"

John thought about it for a moment. He then said, "Well, we can have the pirates run on stage just prior to climax. That way it won't be an issue."

That change definitely helped. I was glad that he was being responsive to my concerns. I nodded my head to let him know that I was okay with the changes. Honestly, I still wasn't sure that I was okay with them and I was apprehensive about how Ronny would react when I told him. Ultimately, I didn't tell Ronny right away about the change in the scene. I wanted to know how the scene was going to play out before trying to describe it to Ronny. Or at least that's what I told myself.

Later, John and I ran through the scene. It felt surreal approaching John in the hot tub. It almost felt like I was cheating on Ronny but deep down I knew that I wasn't. I knew it was just acting. But there I was in a bikini walking towards a half-naked man. After I reached John, I began to slowly sit down onto his lap. John reached his hands up behind me and placed them on my back. I initially jumped at his touch, but I soon relaxed. I put my arms around his neck and we kissed a bit. I could feel my bikini-covered breasts rubbing against his bare chest. Before long I began to feel him thrusting into me and I matched his movements. His hands slid down to the small of my back to help pull me into him. So just like that we were fucking, err, fake-fucking in the hot tub. The water was splashing all over the place but we continued. We kept it up for a couple of minutes and then John suddenly said, "Pirates!" and we feigned surprise.

As we got out of the hot tub I could see a tent in John's shorts. He was trying to hide it from me, but it was rather obvious. He realized that I noticed it and he apologized, "I'm sorry, I don't think that I can prevent that." He looked rather embarrassed.

I just laughed and told him that it was okay. We then talked about the scene. He said, "Jules, I think that went pretty well. We obviously need to practice a few more times so that we don't jump when we touch each other but I don't think it's going to need a lot of work. I also want to make sure that we don't over-rehearse the scene. If we look robotic in our movements it will look awful. I think we should feel free to improvise a bit during the scene with our movements and hand positioning. I just want it to look as natural as possible."

I was really pretty impressed by John. He just seemed to sincerely care about how the play, and particularly our hot tub scene, looked to the audience. Over the next couple of days we rehearsed that scene a few more times. It felt more comfortable every time. The last time I didn't even jump when John slid his hands down from the small of my back to my butt to help with the thrusting. John still got an erection every time and we always joked about it.

After the last rehearsal of the scene, I asked John if he thought that our play would now be competitive. He paused and said that he wasn't sure. He said that he thought that we would be on par with the others, but not over the top like he had been initially hoping. He tried to sound optimistic, but I could tell that he was more disappointed than he was letting on.

The next day John approached me and said that he had an idea. He seemed excited to tell me about it.

"Okay, this is a bit gimmicky, but what if we push the hot tub scene a little further every night. If we let it leak out that we're going to keep changing the play and making that scene sexier every time, maybe we'll create some excitement and keep people talking about the play. People may even come back to see it more than once!"

I was skeptical. It sounded kind of weird, but maybe it would work. I had to ask, "How do you propose to make that scene sexier?"

"Well, I think we can figure out the changes that we want to make after each show. I think that there are plenty of things we can do. We could get a different bikini for you or we could make the sex portion longer or I don't know. I'm sure we'll think of things. It sort of depends on what the audience reacts the most to."

I told him that it sounded good. At the time I really didn't feel like I was agreeing to anything because the changes weren't going to be determined until after the first show. Later that evening I realized that I implicitly had agreed to make some kind of changes to the scene to make it sexier, but I presumed that I would have a voice in the changes.

At some point I told Ronnie about the play. He hadn't known anything about the fake-fucking or the incremental changes, so I needed to prepare him. He planned to be in the audience all four nights and I really did want and need his support.

Opening night was nerve-wracking. The scene that I was most nervous about was the hot tub scene. I still didn't feel comfortable wearing a bikini on stage and fake-fucking John in the hot tub, all in front of a live audience that included my boyfriend. Just before curtain time I peeked out and was a bit relieved to see that the attendance was not that strong. It was a Thursday night which was generally the lightest of the four nights, so it didn't really put a damper on the atmosphere backstage and personally I didn't mind having a smaller crowd for our first show.

The play started off reasonably well. There were a few minor glitches with actors stumbling over lines or not entering on time, but nothing catastrophic. When the hot tub scene came, I tried to put myself into a zone where I just concentrated on the scene and blocked thoughts of the audience out. It worked, but only briefly. When I started to strip off my clothes to reveal my bikini, the audience cheered and it totally knocked me out of my zone. While pictures were occasionally taken prior to that moment, a whole slew of pictures were taken of me standing on stage in my bikini. I tried to block it all out but it was definitely distracting.

John got in the hot tub and I followed, sitting opposite John. We had a few lines of dialogue that we got through easily. Then it was time. I stood up and walked over to John. I looked down at him and slowly sat down on his lap, facing him. I could hear the audience reacting and could see flashes from cameras but I was pretty well focused on the acting at that point. We began kissing and we pressed our bodies together tightly. John's hands went behind my back and I could feel him start to thrust into me. I began thrusting too, and I felt his hands again slide down to my butt. While we continued to fake-fuck, my mind would occasionally drift to the audience, which seemed to be reacting positively to the action. Between grinding into John and thoughts of the audience, I hadn't thought much of the pirates' entrance and I did not have to feign surprise when they came running on stage. Just as surprising to me was the audience's reaction to their entrance. They booed, as if they didn't want our copulation interrupted. I almost laughed at the thought, but I managed to resist the temptation.

John and I were forced out of the hot tub at sword-point. John's erection was obvious and the crowd reacted to it with a mixture of laughter and cheers. The audience also cheered and snapped pictures of me as I got out of the hot tub and stood in front of them in a wet bikini. I did my best to block it all out of my mind, but it was a strange feeling standing up there with all of these people staring at me.

The rest of the play went okay. I stumbled over one line of mine but all in all it went pretty well for the first night. Afterwards, John congratulated us all on a job well done and said that the cast would meet on Friday afternoon to practice a few things and discuss any changes. I later saw Ronny. I think it was a bit shocking for him to actually see the hot tub scene, but he really handled it well.

On Friday afternoon we spent a few hours running through scenes that did not go smoothly. There were a number of places where people forgot their lines, or didn't enter the stage at the right time, etc. It was a far cry from a disaster, but John wanted to iron out the wrinkles. Afterwards, John described a few minor tweaks to the play that he wanted to increase the sexiness of the play. They were all small changes and none involved me. He then said, "Jules and I are going to talk about the hot tub scene to see what we can do to make that more exciting for the audience."

John pulled me aside and said, "Look, I think our hot tub scene went great for the first night. The audience definitely responded to seeing you in a bikini! As we've talked before, we're going to have to raise the bar to keep people interested in the play and to compete with the other plays. The hot tub scene is our best opportunity to sex up the play."

"What do you have in mind?" I asked.

"How would you feel about taking your bikini top off during the scene?" he asked.

I was shocked and I'm sure that it showed. "You've got to be kidding! You want me to be topless on stage?" I asked.

"Well, yes and no. I was thinking that you could have your back to the audience so no one would really see anything. Maybe a few people would see the sides of your breasts, but that should be it. Most people would just see your bare back. It would be really sexy."

My mind was racing. I wanted us to win the competition and I knew that sexing up the scene was the key. But I hadn't imagined that John would propose I get topless on stage. If John was right then most people wouldn't see anything really. If a few people saw the sides it probably wouldn't be that bad. It did sound like stripping the top off would be exciting for the audience and may considerably help ticket sales. I couldn't believe that I was even considering taking my top off on stage.

I stood there for a moment just thinking about it. I was thinking of saying that I'd do it, but making the vocal commitment was real hard. I knew as soon as I agreed that it would be difficult to change my mind.

"So what do you think? Will you do it?" John asked.

I looked at him and I could just see how much he was counting on me. I nodded my head and said "Okay."

"Great, thanks! I'm sure that will really help."

"So what happens after I take my top off?"

"We'll just proceed with the rest of the scene normally. I'll sit facing the audience so when you join me in the hot tub you will still have your back to the audience. We'll do our simulated sex bit as usual. As you get out of the hot tub you can keep your arms across your chest so no one sees anything."

"Okay, it doesn't sound like it will be that bad."

"No, I think everything should be fine. I still think it's important that we feel free to improvise the scene a bit. To the greatest extent possible we should just put ourselves in the shoes of these lovers and do what comes naturally. Remember, this is the first time that these characters have been intimate. If we're a little clumsy, that's okay. Just as long as we aren't moving around like robots I think the scene will be a big success."

"Should we rehearse the scene again?"

"No, I think it's better if we don't. It was pretty smooth last night and I don't want it to look too practiced. Oh, and one other thing, the audience may get loud during the scene. If they get real loud, you need to wait for them to calm down before proceeding. Otherwise, nobody will be able to hear the dialogue or concentrate on the story. So if that happens, just pause where you're at and wait a bit."

With that we called it an afternoon. I went and got a bite to eat with some of the other cast members before returning for final preparations. I thought about calling Ronny to let him know what was going to happen, but I wasn't sure how he'd react and I really didn't need the stress if he freaked out. If I told him that I was going to take my top off on stage he'd imagine, as I did, that the entire audience would see my tits. Rather than try to explain it and then calm him down, I just decided to avoid him altogether.

The audience was definitely larger than Thursday night's, but it wasn't sold out much to John's dismay. Just before the play started John came over to me and asked if I was ready to do this. I looked at him nervously and told him, "No, but I'm here."

John just smiled and told me that I'd do great and walked away. I just thought, "Yeah, that's easy for you to say." I was filled with so much fear and excitement. I knew that a lot of people would be talking about me and the hot tub scene after this performance.

The beginning part of the play went relatively smoothly. There were still a few mix-ups, but not ones that most people would notice, unless they were here the night before. Then came the hot tub scene, and John and I stepped out onto the stage. We kissed lightly and almost immediately began stripping out of our clothes. I still had my bikini on underneath my clothes, so the audience had no idea what was going to happen. John got into the hot tub and sat down facing the audience as he said he would. I slowly walked over to the hot tub and turned so my back was to the audience.

I realized that the time had come. My heart was racing with the knowledge that I was going to take off my top. At this point I had to go through with it. I reached behind my back and quickly untied the knot. Even before I had finished untying it, the audience began to get loud. People were yelling different things out, but I couldn't hear very well what they were saying. I pulled off the top and threw it to the side of the hot tub. The audience erupted with a loud cheer. I couldn't believe that I was standing on stage topless with my back to the audience. I put my arms down by my sides and thought for a second about how many people could see the sides of my breasts. I figured not that many. It wasn't until then that I focused on what was ahead of me. I saw John sitting in the hot tub, staring right at me. I hadn't thought about John at all! While the audience couldn't see much, John was staring straight at my naked tits! I suddenly realized that Ray and Carter, a couple of the stagehands, were also looking my way and had perfect views of my tits.

I couldn't believe that I was showing my tits to these people. At least it was only a few people, but I hadn't thought about it until now. The audience was still roaring, so I knew that I had to wait a bit before proceeding. While I stood and just waited, John and the stagehands weren't taking their eyes off of me.

After a bit, the audience got quieter and I stepped into the hot tub. It felt strange to be topless and sitting in front of John. I had a strong urge to put my hands up and cover my tits, but I resisted it. After our lines, I stood up and crossed the hot tub. John stared at my breasts the whole way. When I reached him I stood over his legs trembling with my tits just inches from his face. As I began to sit down on his legs, I saw John's arms start to rise. I thought he was going to put them on my waist to guide me down. Instead, his hands went straight to my boobs! I was completely surprised by his action and quickly sucked in my breath to control my reaction. The audience erupted with cheer. He placed one hand on each breast and began rubbing them firmly. I was pretty confused and couldn't figure out what the hell he was doing. It then occurred to me that he was just acting the part. Judging from the audience's reaction, it was a smart move to create more excitement. Even so, I was utterly shocked that he was pawing my tits.

I finished sitting down on his legs while he rubbed my breasts for a bit. He then moved his hands to my back and we kissed. His hands slid down to my butt. He gripped it hard with both hands and pulled me into him. Our bodies slapped together harder than usual and we began to pretend to have sex. We were both thrusting our crotches together but John seemed more intense this time. His thrusts were harder and I could definitely feel his cock rubbing against me. John was still gripping my butt and was pulling me forcefully into him. Every time we came together my tits would bounce against his chest and I could feel his cock grind against me.

I was so wrapped up in the scene that I was truly surprised when the pirates ran on stage. Without thinking I quickly turned to look and my breasts swung around, right into the view of half the audience. I couldn't believe that all those people just got to see my tits! I realized immediately and pressed my boobs back into John. I was in total shock that so many people had just got a quick glimpse of my tits. And there were so many pictures being taken that I'm sure that someone got a decent shot of my tits. John nudged me back into the moment, and I realized that the pirates had already told us to get out of the hot tub.

I put my arms across my chest and stood up. I had to turn to face the audience in order to cross the hot tub and climb out. Even though my boobs were covered, I was still topless and facing a large audience. People were cheering, yelling various things, and of course taking pictures. I was just grateful to have my arms covering my tits.

I became concerned as I got to the stairs to get out of the hot tub. The stairs were wet and rather slippery, and while there was a handrail, you still had to be pretty careful climbing out. I realized that I was going to have to use one of my arms to hold the handrail while the other arm covered my tits. The thought went through my head that I really wish we had rehearsed this scene so I would have thought about this predicament earlier! Anyway, I needed to get out of the hot tub quickly to not screw up the scene, so I repositioned one arm to cover both tits and grabbed the handrail with the other. As I started climbing, I realized this was going to be extremely difficult. Each step I took caused my body to move all over the place, including my breasts. My breasts and my arm were slippery from getting wet, so my breasts were continuously sliding around trying to escape my arm. I almost died as I realized what was happening. My left tit slid out from under my arm and was suddenly completely exposed. I quickly moved my arm to cover it, but doing so let my other tit become exposed. They were both sliding all over the place and I just couldn't keep them covered with my one free arm! Not only were all of these people getting to see my tits, but people were snapping tons of pictures too.

I finally escaped the hot tub and was able to use both arms again to cover myself. Luckily I was able to turn and face the pirates for a bit because I'm sure that I was bright red from embarrassment. I swore to myself that I was going to kill John. Really, it wasn't his fault, but I felt like I needed to blame someone for all of this.

The rest of the play went okay. Afterwards I got quite a long applause from the audience, which I did appreciate. While I didn't mean to expose myself like that, I did like all of the attention that it garnered. I later gave John a playful slug to the shoulder, intimating that it was his fault, but I couldn't really blame him. He did apologize, but then raved about how much the audience loved it. He went on and on about it. I hadn't seen him that excited in weeks. I think that he was feeling real optimistic about our chances now.

John also brought up grabbing my boobs. "I hope that was okay and didn't take you too much by surprise," he said. "It just seemed right for the moment. A guy is in a hot tub with a beautiful woman in front of him that just removed her top. Of course he's going to grab her breasts! I think it would look quite artificial if he DIDN'T."

I told him that it was okay and agreed that it made sense for him to grab my breasts if I'm sitting topless in front of him. I didn't say anything about the complement, but I hadn't missed the fact that he referred to me as a "beautiful woman."

While John was happy, I cannot say the same for my boyfriend Ronny. He was shocked that I removed my bikini top and he was rather pissed off that John grabbed my bare tits. I tried to explain that it was natural in that setting and but he remained irritated. He also seemed concerned about all of the picture-taking going on, especially with my accidental flashes of my tits. Personally, I understood that having your picture taken was just a necessary part of acting and tried to explain that to him, but I'm not sure how much comfort that provided him.

On Saturday the ticket sales numbers were released. While we had a slight lead, it was far from comfortable. John was hoping that we would easily sell out now, but seemed to be less confident than the night before. He ultimately decided to raise the ticket price by $5.00.

John and I met privately to discuss any changes to the hot tub scene for Saturday night's show. I was curious about what he would propose. I figured that there wasn't much more that we could do.

"Jules, last night's show was great and I'm sure that the hot tub scene will really help with sales for tonight. So at a minimum, we need to repeat what we did last night."

"So you want me to take my bikini top off again?"

"Yeah, but also be sure to give some good flashes of your breasts to the audience."

"Oh gawd, really?"

"Did you hear the audience's reaction? They loved watching you get out of the hot tub! They're going to expect a repeat of that performance, at the very least."

"Okay," I said, not quite believing that I was agreeing to flash the audience again.

"I would really like to push it a bit further though. Word has gotten out that we're going to make that scene sexier and more exciting each night, so I'd hate to just do the same thing again."

I was suddenly rather scared. I knew he was right, that we had to push that scene further. But I had a hard enough time just agreeing to flash the audience again. I wasn't sure that I even wanted to hear his proposal. It came anyway.

"So I was thinking that we could do two things to spice the scene up. The first change is all on me. I'll remove my shorts after getting into the hot tub. Getting out will be an adventure. If you're going to show a little skin, it's only fair that I do too."

"Well, good!" I said, laughing. It was still a nervous laugh because I knew that the second change involved me. "What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Rather than have your back to the audience when you remove your top, I'd like you to be facing the audience. The audience would get to see your breasts anyway when you get out of the hot tub. It will just be more blatant this time."

I just stared at him in disbelief. It was several seconds before I could even construct a response. When I did, it came out of my mouth almost painfully slowly, "I really don't know if I can take my top off staring into the faces of hundreds of people. John, I really don't know if I can do that!"

I really felt bad. I felt like I was being weak and that I was hurting John and everyone else that had put so much effort into the play. A tear began to form in my eye.

John could see the agony in my face. "Okay, okay," he said, to comfort me. "We don't need to do that. Taking off my shorts will still add something. It will just have to be enough."

He was really being nice about it, but I could see that he was disappointed. I thought about the way the scene was now set to go down, with the only change being John's removing of his shorts. The male members of the audience were not going to be satisfied if they were expecting a sexier scene.

"John, what if instead of facing the audience, I have my side to the audience. They would still see more than yesterday, and I wouldn't have to actually face them while taking off my top."

"Yeah! You'd do that?"

I nodded. I was happy just seeing that John was cheering up, and hadn't really thought about what I was proposing.

"Great, I think that will be a real nice improvement for the scene. I really appreciate all of the hard work you're putting into this play. If we win, it will be because of you."

John was clearly happy now. When he left to talk with other cast members, I was left to contemplate what I just agreed to. I kept trying to comfort myself by thinking how common it was for women to show their breasts in movies, even in serious, Academy Award winning movies. I kept trying to tell myself that it wasn't a big deal that people would be seeing my breasts. I just wasn't that convincing.

The hot tub scene was all I thought about, right up until the start of the play. I managed to not think about it during my first few appearances, and that respite helped to calm my nerves. When the scene came, I could feel myself tightening up again.

The beginning part of the scene hadn't changed at all. Still, when I stripped off my clothes to reveal my bikini, I heard a lot of applause. More so than on the previous night. I couldn't help but think that a lot of people came just to see me.

John got in the hot tub like usual, but sat down with his side facing the audience. I watched as his hands reached under the water and emerged holding his shorts. He quickly tossed them out of the hot tub. The audience reacted with widespread cheers. I heard a bunch of hoots from women. Reaction from the male members of the audience was more mixed. There were cheers and hollering, but also some laughter. Regardless, everyone seemed to be having fun and that's what mattered.

After the crowd calmed down some, I walked over to the hot tub and stood with my side facing the audience. The audience was now real quiet. Many knew from the previous night that I was now going to take off my top, and they were waiting for it to happen. They probably figured I was going to turn away from them before taking it off, but that was not the plan. As I looked straight ahead I could still clearly see half the audience. I realized that they were all about to get a good luck at my breasts. Time seemed to have frozen as I was lost in thought, and then I suddenly realized that I needed to proceed.

I reached behind my back and unsnapped the bikini top. There were a few hollers, but people were still probably expecting me to turn before removing the top. I then just let the top fall off my breasts and into my hands, and tossed it to the side. The crowd cheered louder than I had ever heard it. Suddenly I was blinded by all of the camera flashes going off. It seemed like everyone had a camera and was taking my picture. I fought off a strong impulse to cover my breasts. I was then about to continue with the scene and get in the hot tub when I realized that I couldn't with the crowd still going crazy. So I stood there, with an audience full of people staring at my boobs and taking picture, after picture, after picture.

It seemed like an eternity, but eventually the crowd mellowed out a bit and I took the opportunity to start for the hot tub. John and I got through our dialogue, although I'm not sure how much of it was really heard because the audience was still making a lot of noise. As I approached him, the audience got even louder. We kissed as usual, and I saw him start to move his hands. I thought they were heading for my breasts again, but instead he brought them to my hips. I was rather confused by this and just stared at John, not sure of what he was doing. I started to sit down, but I could feel his resistance as he was holding me up. Suddenly I felt his fingers slip inside the band, and start to work my bottoms down. I sucked in my breath as I didn't want the audience to see the shock and panic that I was feeling. I wasn't sure what to do and so I just froze. Meanwhile John kept sliding the bottoms down until they were at my ankles. I felt him pull the bottoms and I instinctively stepped out of them. I then watched as John tossed them from the hot tub.

The roar of the crowd snapped me out of my trance. Thankfully, the waist-high water prevented the audience from seeing anything besides my boobs, but it still felt extremely strange being on stage completely nude with a large audience watching my every move. I gave the audience only a few moments to calm down before I started to sit down in John's lap.

As I sat down I was thinking about being nude on stage, and having all of these pictures of me and my tits taken. I was thinking about how John was, once again, grabbing my breasts and guiding my body down. I was not thinking about the fact that we were both completely naked and I was sitting down in his lap.

It happened real fast. One moment I was lowering myself down, then I felt some contact, and then I realized that I was sitting on his lap with him completely inside me. I instinctively jumped and lifted myself off of him. I quickly moved about six inches back and sat down on his legs. I immediately realized that I was too far away. The fake-fucking wouldn't appear at all real if I sat so far away from him.

I slid my body forward on his legs. Our crotches met, again, but this time he wasn't inside of me. I could still feel his entire cock against me, from his shaft pressing against my pussy up to his head on my stomach. I felt his hands grab my bare butt as he pulled me into him tightly. We began thrusting into each other to simulate fucking as usual, but this time it was our bare crotches grinding against each other. I then felt him slide his hands underneath my butt and start to lift my body. We were still pressed firmly together so I could feel the length of his cock sliding over my pussy. He raised me up several inches and then lowered me until I was sitting on his legs again. The whole time his cock was in firm contact with my pussy. He then raised me again and I felt his head nearly enter me but he then lowered me down to his legs. While I really didn't have any interest in dating John, I couldn't deny that it felt good. The third time up I instinctively pressed a bit harder into him. At the peak of our motion, I felt his head enter me. As he lowered me back down, he slid deeper into me. I was shocked that he was inside me again. I mean, it felt good but I didn't want to cheat on Ronny. At the same time, I didn't want to ruin the scene by jumping back off him again. I figured that he would slide back out when he lifted me again, but he didn't lift me quite as high and remained inside of me. The next pass was similar and I realized that his cock was going to have to stay inside me if I didn't want to ruin the scene. It was about another minute before the pirates came running on stage, and that whole time I was bouncing up and down on his cock.

After we were ordered out, John stood up to exit first. As he crossed the hot tub and stepped out he tried to keep his cock covered with his hands. But he had the same problem that I did. One hand was needed to hold the railing, which left only one hand to hide anything. In John's case, he had a full erection and one hand just did not suffice. I must admit, I was glad to see that people were taking pictures of him too.

It was then my turn to leave the hot tub. I hadn't anticipated being completely nude when trying to get out but my predicament quickly became clear. One hand had to hold the railing, which left only one hand to cover what it could. Since my breasts had already been seen by all in the audience to some extent, I figured I would just try to cover my pussy. As I got out of the tub, my tits were bobbing all over the place and I could see tons of pictures being taken. But I did succeed in keeping my pussy covered the whole time.

Once out of the hot tub, I turned and faced the pirates for a bit. I thought about covering my butt with one hand, but doing so would look completely unnatural given that there were no actors behind me. So instead I just kept my pussy covered as I turned and let the audience see my bare butt. I looked forward and momentarily became embarrassed as a lot of the pirate actors were simply gawking at my boobs. When I turned back towards the audience I realized that I could now use one arm to cover my boobs, but again it would seem unnatural and really it just didn't seem to matter anymore.

Needless to say, the audience loved the performance and John was real happy with the response. John and I also talked privately about the scene.

"Jules, I hope you're okay with what happened in the hot tub. After I had accidentally slipped inside you a couple of times, I was worried that our constant re-positioning would ruin the scene. It's hard trying to be close and smooth enough to make it look real, but not too close. Ya know? So after it happened the second time I figured it was probably best if I just stayed inside you. That was okay, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," I answered without giving it much thought. "I'm just glad that you didn't come in me. I really don't want to cheat on Ronny."

"I know you don't, Jules. As far as everyone knows, we were just real close in there, okay?"

"Okay," I said and smiled at him. Then I added, "What really surprised me was you taking off my bikini bottoms in the first place!"

"Well, I was already naked and I figured that it would be strange for me to be nude but for you to keep your bottoms on during sex. I really didn't give it any forethought. It just seemed right at the time. Are you upset about it?"

"No, no, you're right. It makes sense given that our characters were getting ready to have sex. It just took me by surprise."

We said our goodnights and I went off to see Ronny. With all of the sexual activity I was quite worked up. Ronny got the benefit and we had fantastic sex that night.

On Sunday we found out that we were still neck and neck with another play. John doubled the price, figuring that Saturday's performance was a knock-out. Sunday's show was quickly sold out.

When I saw John on Sunday afternoon I was rather curious what changes he had planned for the hot tub scene. "What's the plan for tonight?" I asked him.

"In terms of skin, I think the only thing left to do is complete nudity without any attempts to cover anything."

I just stared back at him. He was right, of course. The audience had already seen my boobs and ass, and only my hand was covering my bush. Likewise, the audience had seen John's butt, and while he had tried to cover his cock, he really only partially succeeded. I slowly nodded and said, "Okay."

I was still processing the idea of being on stage completely nude when he added, "I'm also going to have the pirates wait about ten minutes longer before running on stage to prolong the scene. Other than that, I think that's all we can do. The audience should love it."

"Yeah, okay," I responded. John walked off to attend to other matters, leaving me still thinking about standing on stage naked with everyone staring at me. I finally considered John's other change of having the pirates come on stage ten minutes later. Ten minutes? It occurred to me that for those ten extra minutes I would certainly be getting bounced up and down on John's cock, just like last night. I was worried that ten extra minutes would bring John to climax, which is something I did not want to happen.

After eating dinner I returned to the auditorium to see people setting up the cameras. They were, of course, recording this evening's performance to create a DVD, which is something that I had completely forgotten about. There were four cameras. One was in the center aisle, right in front of the stage. A second one was near the ceiling in the back of the auditorium. The third and fourth cameras were in the side aisles on raised platforms. The cameras did give me pause. Not only was I going to be standing naked on stage with a live audience but professional video cameras would be recording every moment of it. I couldn't believe that things had come this far.

When the hot tub scene arrived, I tried to tune everything out. The cameras, the audience, everything. It worked for a bit. When I saw John pull down his shorts and stand, completely nude, facing the audience, it became impossible to pretend that the audience didn't exist because the audience was going crazy. It's not like John was enormously endowed or anything, but people seemed to enjoy the open nakedness. I'm sure some of the audience realized that I may follow suit.

When it was my turn to strip off my bikini, my side was facing the audience. In one way that was good because I didn't have to look straight at a full auditorium of people. However, it did leave me looking straight at one of the cameras. I focused on the task at hand and reached behind my back to remove my bikini top. The audience again cheered loudly and it was difficult to pretend that they weren't there watching me.

I realized that it was time to take off my bikini bottoms. The audience roared when they saw my thumbs slip inside the band of my bikini bottoms. I sucked in my breath and in one quick motion, pulled them down to my ankles. I quickly stepped out of them, stood back up and tossed them to the side. The crowd noise was deafening. I couldn't believe that I was standing completely naked in front of an audience with tons of pictures being taken and video cameras pointed straight at me. As loud as the crowd was, I knew that I needed to wait for it to calm down some before proceeding. So there I stood with my hands at my side with everyone staring at me. I knew it was going to take a few moments before I could proceed, so without moving too much, I started looking at the audience. Without turning my head I could only see the faces of perhaps 50 people. I almost died when I recognized a few of them. In the front row was Tom, a guy that had lived across the hall from me freshman year. A couple of rows back there was some guy from my old calculus study group. And then there was Dave, a guy that had asked me out maybe four or five times over the course of a couple of weeks before finally taking the hint that I wasn't interested. Now he was staring at my naked body.

As I looked at the faces of others in the audience, I started to lose my focus. Person after person was just staring at me and I just needed to stand there and let them look. I finally couldn't take it anymore and let out a laugh before regaining my composure. After another minute or so of just standing there on display for all to see I figured it was time to continue. The audience was far from quiet, but I couldn't just remain there all night.

I got in the hot tub and carried out my dialogue with John. As I started to head over to John, I began to panic. The plan was to have the pirates wait an additional ten minutes before coming on stage. I could see how it was going to go. I would sit down on his lap, he would enter me again and I would be bounced up and down on his cock with him inside me. Only now he would be pumping me, again and again, for over ten minutes while we waited for the pirates to run on stage. Would he be able to hold off and not come inside me? Would he even try to resist coming in me? I didn't want to cheat on Ronny and I was afraid that as soon as I sat down on his lap that it may be unavoidable.

As I reached John I was desperately trying to figure out how to not sit down on his lap while not ruining the scene. Suddenly I found myself pulling John up and out of the tub instead. I hadn't given it any forethought and there was no plan about what we would do next. I just figured that whatever happened would have to be better than getting fucked by John in the hot tub.

Since I instigated the deviation from the plan I knew that I needed to take charge. I pushed John down onto some matting that was intended to absorb water that splashed out of the hot tub. I slowly lowered my body onto his and kissed him deeply, giving us both a moment to think about the change in circumstances. I could feel his hard cock against me and suddenly realized that the entire audience could surely see that our genitals were pressed together.

Suddenly John took command. He grabbed one of my boobs and started sucking on it. I briefly thought of Ronny and how I knew that he wasn't going to like this. But the sensations of the moment quickly made me forget all about Ronny. When John flipped me over onto my back I naturally spread my legs to allow John to be between them. I was getting lost in the moment. I wasn't thinking about the audience, or about Ronny or about what was going to happen next. John began rubbing my legs, and my ass, and my back and finally my breasts. It all felt so good. When he started sucking on my breasts again, I was in another world. He slowly started kissing his way down from my breasts to my stomach, getting nearer and nearer my pussy, teasing me. Finally his tongue hit my clit and I entered another dimension. His lips and tongue were fantastic, sliding all over me. I could feel an intense orgasm ready to erupt from me. I was getting so close.

Then I realized where I was. I was on stage in front of tons of people. People were taking pictures. There were video cameras all around. Ronny was watching. I couldn't come. I wouldn't let myself.

I stopped John cold. He looked confused and then a bit worried. I realized I was on the verge of ruining the whole scene. I again had to take charge, and so I guided him over onto his back. I kissed his stomach to resume the love-making. I was still incredibly aroused; I just didn't want to come on stage. I looked at his hard cock and grabbed it. John inhaled hesitantly as I stroked it a few times. When I saw his cock dripping with pre-come I knew I needed it in my mouth. I brought my lips to his head and sucked on it for a moment. Then I took more and more of his cock into my mouth and sucked him with a hunger I had never felt before. He tasted so good I didn't care if he came in my mouth; I was looking forward to swallowing all I could. I was so out of control.

All of a sudden the pirates came rushing on stage. I didn't want to stop and continued momentarily sucking on him, but John started looking towards them and they were certainly a big distraction. I relented and let his cock flop out of my mouth. I could hear the audience reacting strongly to all of the action, but I was more concerned with getting my bearings. The pirates directed us to stand up and I obeyed instinctively. Before long John and I were both standing at the front of the stage totally naked, but I was still in a bit of a delirium. It wasn't until after the scene ended and I was off-stage before I finally regained the full use of my senses. People were congratulating me on a great scene, but I was both embarrassed and unsatisfied. I completed my remaining scenes in autopilot and was relieved when the curtains closed. John and I received quite an ovation, but I think we deserved it.

When I saw Ronny I expected him to be angry. He had every right to be. Instead he was surprisingly quiet and I think still in a state of shock. I figured it was a good sign though that he wanted a copy of the DVD of the performance.

It was a few weeks before the DVD of the performance was ready. Of course the cast got their copies before the ordered copies were sent out, and we all got together to view the DVD. I was pretty nervous about how I was going to look. I knew that I was out of control and that the result may not be very flattering.

I really wasn't surprised that when I stripped for the hot tub scene, a couple of the cameras zoomed in and provided a long, close-up view of my naked body. On stage, even the front row was at least 20 feet away; on video it was like the view was from just a foot in front of me. One of the cameras kept panning over the audience, which I appreciated as I really didn't get much of an opportunity to gauge its reaction during the live performance. Through most of the scene, the cameras were zoomed in pretty close on our naked bodies. When John started licking and sucking me the cameras zoomed in even closer. Most of the time my genitalia were blocked by either my legs or John's head, but there were a few times when the cameras captured real close-up images of my pussy. I felt pretty embarrassed to be sitting in a room full of people with a close-up of my pussy on the screen. Thankfully there a lot of close-ups of John as well, so at least I wasn't the only one. It was also very embarrassing to have close-up video of me hungrily sucking on John's cock, especially when the video was high quality and the lighting was superb. When the pirates came rushing on stage both John and my reactions were rather hilarious. I looked shocked and in disbelief, while John looked to be in absolute agony over the interruption. The laughter in the room was good; it relieved some of my embarrassment.

John's play did win and I was regularly given credit for that. The DVD sales went through the roof. Ronny and I broke up just a couple of months later. Afterwards, John and I did hook up to finish our unfinished business but it was a major letdown. It just didn't have the same intensity that it had up there on stage. Around campus I was a minor celebrity. Some girls turned up their noses at me but others gave me credit for my bravery. And of course guys were friendlier than ever before. I'm not sure if I'd do it again, but I don't have any regrets and it was definitely my most memorable college experience.