**Jaime’s First Experience**

What a night it had been. Never in her wildest dreams would Jaime ever have believed that one simple night out could have changed her so deeply inside. Up until now Jamie had been what she considered a typical 22 year-old girl. She had attended college immediately after high school and had graduated in June. She still hadn’t made up her mind on quite what she wanted to pursue as a career so she opted to work as a cocktail waitress for the summer. When summer finally ended Jamie still hadn’t made any lifelong decisions so she decided to continue working and living her life as she had done since graduation. Nothing seemed broken, so she figured why try to fix it. She had rented a small one-bedroom apartment after graduation, and lived life day to day enjoying every moment. She loved her job, her friends, and the social life her present position allowed her to have. Her bills were average, consisting of rent, student loans, a car payment and car insurance. All she needed to make a week was $250.00, the rest was hers free and clear. This never seemed to be a problem for her.

Jamie was a very attractive girl, with long brown hair, a pretty smile, and big brown eyes. Her eyes were dark enough that sometimes they could be mistaken as black, yet captivating and inviting at the same time. Her figure only complimented the rest of the physical image she portrayed. She was a relatively tall girl, standing 5’6”, with a slim athletic build. Her measurements were 36-24-34, with long slender legs and firm, perky c-cups. Although physically she was enough to stop a speeding bullet, her personality was the icing on the already perfect dessert. Jamie was the eternal optimist, and always in a good mood. She always smiled, and had a glow people could sense whenever she was nearby. She was very bubbly and silly, yet also very intelligent and confident. Whenever she laughed everyone nearby would feel a release of tension and automatically smile along with her. Everyone loved Jamie.

Jamie’s job was at a local restaurant/lounge that was open seven days a week.

When she was initially hired it was for weekend nights throughout the summer. This was great for the summer, for she had all week to go to the beach and lay out, and never had to get up early. Jamie had discovered by dressing sexy and wearing high heels to enhance her already sexy legs she could easily survive working just these few days a week. Jamie loved the money, yet was disappointed that all of her weekends were taken there. She loved the social aspect of her job, yet wished she had time on weekends to hang with her friends. She loved to go see live bands, and her bar didn’t have them. When summer finally ended, several of the other cocktail waitresses quit to return to college. Jamie saw this as an opportunity to solve her dilemma. She knew the bar would stay reasonably busy all week long throughout the year and put in for a shift change. She was given the option at this point to work either Friday thru Sunday, the busy days, or Monday thru Thursday, the slower shift. Originally her job was just Friday and Saturday. Her boss had given her this option hoping she would choose the first, assuming the enticement of more money would keep her on the shift which he valued her the most. She was by far his most successful waitress and figured she would jump at the chance to earn more money. Unfortunately for him, this was just the thing Jamie had hoped for. Monday thru Thursday - still able to sleep in, and now her weekends free. She put in for the shift change and her boss reluctantly agreed to his previous offer. As of October 1st, she would have her new hours. She had hoped for this change to happen before Labor Day, but accepted the offer. As October 1st approached, Jamie realized she had really made out OK on the deal. It had stayed warm much longer this year and she had much more time to spend at the beach.

As Jamie worked into her new position, she found the money to be as much, or greater than that she had been making before. The transition took her several days to figure out what worked best. The clientele was different than that of a weekend night, so she immediately changed her state of dress for the new position from short sexy outfits to a more professional conservative look, as the other waitresses on this shift dressed. Her first night she wore a pair of tight black pants and a button down blouse. As the night went on she noticed her tips were lacking, so during her mid-shift break decided to try something different. Jamie was a smart girl and knew on the weekend she made tons of cash based on the male clientele staring at her body, and tipping her more based on that.

In her car, she still had the white halter she had been wearing earlier that day when she went shopping. The halter-top had two spaghetti straps over the shoulders and stopped about three inches below her breasts. The top was rather tight, so it definitely showed off her figure. Jamie thought “what the hell” and changed into her halter on her break. She noticed two major changes upon her return. First, the other two waitresses looked disgusted, and secondly, but more importantly, she noticed that her tips tripled. The increase came from two places: new customers, but more importantly, the same customers tipping more.

The next day Jamie returned to work wearing the same conservative outfit she had worn the previous day. She had made a mental note of the day before, so this day she brought a white tube top with her also, and at break changed her top again. She noticed the same results immediately. That night she decided to do the same thing the following two days at work and told herself if the pattern repeated for those two days also, to hell with the conservative clothes. Wednesday she opted for a conservative long black skirt and a similar blouse. At break, she simply unbuttoned two blouse buttons to occasionally flash a bit of her lacy bra with similar results. Thursday she wore the same outfit, but at break changed to a lacy camisole with a strapless bra underneath. Again, the results proved fruitful.

Jamie knew in order to make the money she wanted she had to follow the results her experiment had yielded. Jamie loved the attention she got when she dressed sexy, but knew she had to work it in slowly as to not upset her co-workers to a point of hatred towards her. She decided to continue changing in the middle of the night for a bit longer so the others wouldn’t freak when she walked in, and now they were slowly getting accustomed to her changes. Jamie knew the other girls were not as physically gifted as her, therefore they probably wouldn’t follow her suit. She also knew deep down inside once they got used to it they would be fine with her. Nothing she had ever worn previously on her weekend shift was too revealing, except maybe a miniskirt with a thong under it, but she was careful wearing that not to bend over. She had laughed to herself when she saw girls flash at concerts and always remembered the applause after, but had never gone that far herself.

Jamie Chapter 2

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Her first weekend off was rather uneventful. Jamie was not used to having this free time to have a social life again, so she ended up just hanging at her safe, familiar bar, only this time as a patron. She really wanted to party, but couldn’t get past the way she felt her co-workers would view her. She was well respected there and didn’t want that to change. Her friends there understood and decided that they should make plans to go elsewhere the following weekend. One of her friends mentioned there was a rock band playing at the college arena the following Saturday and that they should all go. She was the first to agree. This would be her first show since spring fling her senior year.

The next week proved successful for Jamie both financially and professionally. On Monday Jamie did her routine top swap at break and the day went on as usual. On Tuesday, one of the other waitresses smiled when she arrived to work and immediately asked her what she would be wearing for her second shift then giggled in a very non-threatening manner. Jamie told her that she had a white tank top today. The girl giggled again and told Jamie both the other waitress and herself only wished they could get away with it also. This conversation was what they needed to break the ice and let Jamie become completely comfortable with her late shift wardrobe. This also gave Jamie the confidence to wear it straight to work on Wednesday. Again on Wednesday the girls all giggled together, realizing Jamie was now working back into her normal comfortable state. Jamie felt her best when she was dressed very slinky and knew she was being undressed in her customer’s eyes. She took this as a compliment and felt very flattered by it. She never showed too much, but painted a picture worth a million dollars, and her tips reflected it. Thursday was to be the last step for Jamie. If all went well today, her job would finally be settled in for her and she could celebrate that this weekend also. Jamie decided to push the limit as far as she dared, that way nothing in the future would seem shocking if this went over well enough. She still chose black and white, but opted for the schoolgirl look. She first chose to wear a white satin blouse. The blouse was rather thin, and actually semi-transparent in the right light, so she wore her favorite lace bra underneath. The bra was more than a half-cup, but not that much more. She loved this bra for it covered her nipples, but barely, and when she bent over it lifted away from her skin slightly. Again, when this happened it still barely covered her nipples, but made anyone who might see it wonder. The blouse was button down in the front. She decided rather than to button it, to tie it in a knot directly below her boobs to leave her tummy exposed. This would show the clasp that latched her bra together visible in her cleavage, and allow it to occasionally lift away exposing her bra.

She decided to wear her favorite short black leather miniskirt with the blouse. The mini was about 10” long and when adjusted properly hung seductively off her hips and barely covered the top of her thighs. She put on her favorite black thong knickers under the skirt. To finish off her outfit she decided on a pair of bright white knee high stockings and her favorite high-heeled black leather shoes. The shoes had about a 2” platform and 5” heel. They had a Patten leather upper that left her toes exposed and a thin strap with a buckle around the ankle to attach them to her feet. The shoes were rather clunky, but resembled something a schoolgirl would wear if you eliminated the platforms and heels. As if Jamie’s legs weren’t stunning enough, the added height and heel articulated the perfection in her calves and thighs.

Jamie looked in the full-length mirror and smiled at how she looked. She applied very minimal makeup and eye shadow to complete the look. She knew something was not quite right, so she sat on her bed to stare at her reflection for a few more moments before she had to leave for work. Finally it hit her. She usually wore her hair straight down, and realized today she needed to tie it with two hair ties on either side of her head, sort of like Pipi Longstocking. She found two hair ties on her dresser, then sat on the floor cross legged in front of her mirror to tie her hair. Once her hair was tied, she stood up to examine her success. Everything looked perfect to her.

Jamie Chapter 3

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She felt that this would be the limit of her antics and seemed completely satisfied with the results. As she took one final glance in the mirror, she noticed that her skirt had risen due to her sitting position as she tied her hair. Her black thong was completely visible between her legs. She grabbed her skirt and adjusted it back to it’s proper position. Now it was perfect……..or was it. Jamie had never to this day considered going out dressed like this with no knickers on and today was no exception, but the fact that they had just been seen flustered her. If she hadn’t been paying attention, she never would have noticed they were showing.

Jamie immediately felt this feeling she was having must be remedied. There was only one option to fix this problem as she saw it. To go out dressed like this and have her thong become exposed accidentally was unacceptable. She was on a mission this day. She could accept that it happened, but not that she missed it. The only solution to this problem that filled the criteria of her mission as she saw it was to change the color of her knickers to white. This way if it happened, by god it wouldn’t be missed, yet it still wouldn’t be showing any more than you would see on the beach. She smiled at her revelation. Jamie immediately lifted her skirt, stuck her thumbs through the waistband of her black thong knickers and peeled them off. She then began to rummage through her top dresser drawer to find her sexiest white thong. After several minutes she had found only two pairs of white knickers, an old pair of full backs, and a g-string. She didn’t expect this. The rest of her white thongs were in the laundry. There was no way she was going to wear full backs, and hadn’t planned on a g-string. The black ones were the perfect pair, but black. She thought for a second then told herself “I wanted to push the envelope”. This was as far as she could go. She leaned down and pulled the knickers up then looked in the mirror at them.

“Why couldn’t things be simple” she thought as she looked down. Things just kept getting more complicated. Jamie kept herself trimmed nicely below, with just a medium sized strip of hair above her lips, but she hadn’t shaved last night or today and realized she had minor stubble. With the black knickers on it was barely noticeable due to the color and their size. This was totally different. She knew she had to shave before leaving now. She had time, but barely. She reached under her skirt and slid both the skirt and her new white knickers off and headed into the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom she turned on the water in the tub. She had a removable showerhead so it should be easy she thought. As the water ran to warm up, she sat on the side of the tub and removed her shoes and stockings, then grabbed a new razor and some shaving crème and set them on the side of the tub. She grabbed a clean towel and set it beside the tub. She realized at this time it would not be worth the chance of getting anything on her blouse so walked back in the bedroom and removed her final clothing also. She returned to the bathroom and sat down on the edge of the tub with her legs inside, grabbed the showerhead and began to spray warm water between her legs to heat up and moisten her skin for a nice clean shave. Once she felt she was ready, she grabbed the shaving cream and lathered up the insides of her loins and her pubic mound.

Normally Jamie did not wear such a small thong, so this worried her about what to leave up top, so she decided to shave that last. She made sure her lips and surrounding areas were baby smooth then decided to tackle her mound. First she just shaved around it. It was normally a strip about an inch wide and two inches tall, trimmed with scissors relatively close, but today that wouldn’t do. As she sat in the tub she tried to picture the small g-string. She knew the bottom of her patch needed to be narrowed, but wasn’t sure about the top, so she lathered up again and began to shave one side off how she pictured. She had figured lose about a quarter inch up top on either side and leave about a quarter to a half-inch down bottom. That would leave just a little V, but she would still feel covered. She knew she had to hurry and had done the math in her head just as that…….lose a quarter up top and leave a quarter to a half down bottom. She began shaving. Her hair there was already trimmed so it wasn’t hard to trim with the razor. She pulled her skin tight and began shaving, rinsing the razor clean every few swipes. Once she had finished the first side she sprayed herself down to see how it looked. As the suds washed away she noticed the initial top swipe was not straight. She actually took off too much about half way down so she immediately straightened the line with a few quick swipes of the razor with the water running over her remaining mound while she shaved. Now she had removed about one half-inch on the top. Right at that moment Jamie felt a huge wave of heat flow through her body and up to her face. “What have I done?” she thought. The math was right, but she had been in too much of a hurry. Yes, she had the nice straight line she had just shaved on one side and nice vertical line on the other. Unfortunately though the vertical line was still straight up and down on the untouched side of her mound, but the nice straight line she had just shaved now went from the middle of her pussy lips to about a quarter of an inch from the unshaven side. Her whole remaining mound was on one side of her pussy. Yes, she could now shave off part of the untouched side to make an even V, but it would not be directly over her slit. Leaving only a quarter inch was on her mind on that first side. Jamie was very concerned with things being right on her aesthetically, and at this point, as much as she didn’t like the idea, she only had one option……..shave the rest off. Jamie had never shaved herself bald, but she had no choice now, so she quickly lathered up and shaved the small remaining patch off in just a few quick swipes of the razor. She sprayed herself clean of the remaining suds then stood up and wiped herself dry. For some reason she felt naughty. She returned to the bedroom and looked in the mirror. She looked like a little girl. For some reason this made her feel like her schoolgirl look was complete. She knew no one would see, or know what she had done, but she knew. She put her clothes back on to evaluate her look in the mirror.

She looked the same as before, but for some reason she felt different. Her g- string was not visible, but she knew how tiny her underwear was, and that gave her a rush. She lifted her skirt slightly to see just how revealing it would be if accidentally exposed. From the front she was covered, but it was obvious to her that she must be smooth under the small patch of material. Anyone would know even if there was any hair left, it would be minimal, and there was no rise in the material to support that. The material met in between her legs to continue up through her cheeks with just a simple string. Her ass was bare. She sat on her bed and spread her legs to take one last look. The material covered where her minimal patch could be, but she realized that the V met just a little closer to the front than where her lips ended. From this angle there was no way possible for her to completely hide her lips. She assessed the situation and noticed that although her lips were partially visible, it was really not that noticeable due to her smooth skin and minimal folds…. besides, unless she was foolish, no-one would see under her skirt anyways. She put on some perfume, grabbed her jacket, and headed out the door to drive to work.

Jamie Chapter 4

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The drive to work was uneventful, but when she arrived at work and turned to get out of her car, she felt as if her knickers had shifted. She lifted her skirt to check them out and readjust. She was shocked at what she saw. Just from the movements in driving to work, her g-string had sunk into her slit and now was just a tiny triangle of material bunched up above her completely visible lips. The only thing still covered was her clitoris. She immediately pulled the material free and readjusted it into it’s former more decent state. The rush she felt was incredible. She knew she would have to be very careful tonight. She finally got out of her car and walked into the bar. As she walked into the bar her co-workers immediately noticed her outfit. She was expecting horrifying gasps, but instead was greeted with compliments on how completely sexy she looked in her little schoolgirl outfit. “If only they knew” she thought as her breathing slowly returned to normal. The first hour of work was the most difficult hour she had ever worked. She was constantly worried about exposing too much, and to make matters worst, it was not that busy, leaving plenty of room for people to see her throughout the bar. As the night went on, the bar got busier and she paid less attention to her outfit and paid more attention to her job. She realized that she was still being visually undressed and felt the charge of knowing what no-one else knew, but once she became confident in her outfit staying put, treated it just like a regular night at the bar, except tonight ended up being her most successful night of tips since her change in shifts. This weekday night yielded her almost what she had been making on her weekend shift nights. Dressing sexy from now on was a must for her. She told herself as she was leaving her tips had nothing to do with what was on underneath, just the sexy girl the patrons saw. Jamie smiled as she drove home knowing what a good week she had, and that now the weekend awaited her. When she got home she immediately got undressed and went to bed.

That night Jamie awoke several times in the night thinking about the risk she had just taken, and the charge it had given her. She had felt as if she had just drank ten cups of coffee all night, and every time she woke and pictured herself at work the adrenaline rush returned. About 6am she finally dozed off for the remainder of the night. She slept until about 11am on Friday then awoke feeling very rested. She yawned as she woke and stretched a bit under the covers to help wake up. Something felt different today. The movement between the sheets was so defined. She slowly reached under the covers to scratch her leg and as she slid her hand down her body she realized she was naked. Jamie was by no means a prude, but she always wore a long t-shirt and knickers to bed. She hadn’t last night. She figured she must have been tired when she had gotten home, but this was definitely a first. Jamie crawled out of bed and walked to the bathroom to start the water for her shower. Once in the bathroom she grabbed her robe, put it on, then went to the kitchen to start her morning coffee. As the coffee was brewing, she returned to the bathroom to shower. The shower felt great, and was very relaxing. Things went as normal, yet as she finished washing up, she realized her private area felt much more sensitive now it was cleanly shaven. Jamie wondered what was in store for her tonight. She was supposed to go hang out with two of her girlfriends at a nightclub tonight as a primer for the concert the following day. She called Beth to ask her what to expect and what to wear. Beth told her they were going to a rock club with a live band tonight, so to dress appropriately. She loused the rest of the day away on the couch then at 8 o’clock began to dress for the night. She knew both her friends were pretty, but neither was as stunning as her, so decided to dress comfortably. She found her favorite chic jeans and a short, pretty pink top with spaghetti straps to wear for the night out. This outfit was extremely sexy, yet not one that would set her apart from her friends immensely. She put on her favorite black leather boots to finish the outfit. She liked what she saw in the mirror, especially the way her black thong that was inappropriate for last night stuck out above her jeans in the rear.

Jamie Chapter 5

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About 9 o’clock, Beth and Sarah showed up at Jamie’s house to pick her up. Beth insisted she would drive that night and that Sarah would drive on Saturday so that Jamie could enjoy her first weekend of freedom away from her regular bar without the responsibility of driving. Jamie was free to party this weekend for the first time in a long while. Jamie hoped in the back of Beth’s car and they were off. Twenty-five minutes and a six-pack of Zima later they arrived at Club Excalibur. The parking lot was pretty full, and they could hear the music pumping through the walls as they pulled in to park. Tonight was a cover band called Rockzone. The band was pretty popular and played mostly alternative rock. This was Jamie’s favorite type of music. The band only had a few songs left in their first set when the girls arrived so they decided to just find a table to sit and have a few more drinks at before hitting the dance floor. As the band ended, the lead singer spoke over the mic mentioning a wet t-shirt contest during the next break. The prize was a pair of tickets to the concert on Saturday and $100.00, and they needed more girls. Jamie’s friends immediately told her she should enter. Jamie had never seen a wet t-shirt contest, let alone thought about entering one before now. She had seen them on TV, and in movies, but that was it. She laughed at them and said no then continued to drink her forth Zima. By now she was a little buzzed and although she had said no, from that point on kept thinking about the contest. The break was about a half hour long, and it seemed about every three minutes her friends kept brining it up. They hadn’t bought their tickets for the tomorrow’s show yet. The prize for the contest would take care of two tickets, and the money would cover the last ticket and their drinking money. How could they go wrong? Jamie looked around the room again. There were a lot of girls, but none she felt were as pretty as her. Her friends kept pushing this point to her over and over again. Finally she agreed. The entry form was on the bar. As she stood to walk over, her legs weakened for a second and her stomach filled with butterflies. She stood at the table for a few seconds while she waited for her blush to subside then walked to the bar. The bartender smiled as he handed her a pen. He told her the girls would change in the bathroom at 11 and the contest would begin at 11:15 during the last break. Jamie returned to the table and ordered another drink. For the following 45 minutes the girls sat at the table and watched the band. Beth and Sarah wanted to dance, but Jamie couldn’t get past the butterflies in her stomach to get up and walk to the dance floor, so they remained at the table with her.

The time had finally come. It was 10:55 and the lead singer announced that the contestants needed to go get changed. Jamie wanted to back out with all her life, but her friends weren’t hearing of it and shooed her off. Jamie knew this would be the craziest thing she had ever done. She had worn tight tops before without a bra, but never soaked. She knew this would not only make her nipples more visible, but also rock hard if the water was cold. She knew they had been hard at work before, but again, never wet. She tried to convince herself that as long as she was covered, it would be worth it if she won as she walked to the bathroom. Upon entering she saw five other girls, and six white men’s tight tank tops lying on the sink. None of the other girls were as pretty as Jamie. A few moments later one of the waitresses from the club entered the bathroom and instructed the girls to change into the tops for the show. She handed each of the girls a small plastic bag to place their tops in and asked if there were any questions. Jamie looked around at the other girls then asked for all the rules.

The waitress smiled and told the girls the contest was very simple. The club would auction off a super-soaker gun to the male customers in the room at the end of the set. The high bidder would win the right to soak down the girls. The auction would take place before the girls entered the room, that way it was a relatively blind auction for the men to keep the bidding consistent every week. No tops could be altered to keep the match fair. Each girl would be sprayed down by the winner, dance for two minutes, then return to the line. The waitress finished by saying all tops must remain on. Jamie felt a sigh of relief hearing this and slipped off her pink top and began to pull over the tight white top. As she pulled the top over her head the waitress began to speak again. This part pertained to the judging. By now Jamie had her top on. It clung tight, so she knew nothing would fall out. The judging would be simple. Each girl would be brought to the center of the stage and introduced again. At this point they had 15 seconds to win the crowd. There was decibel meter in the club to monitor band volume. This meter would be used to measure the peak decibel level of applause for each girl. Again the waitress stressed tops MUST remain on. Anyone caught flashing at this point would be eliminated. The three girls with the loudest applause would continue on to the final round. The waitress continued to explain the final round. In this round the girls only had 1 minute to perform. “Seeing as the final round is so much shorter”, the waitress spoke, ”we’ve made this round clothing optional. Do whatever you see fit in this round, just remember there are several ways to win and nudity is not always the answer. Our license here does not allow any penetration, therefore please stay away from that. The meter judges you during this round, not after like before ”. With that, the waitress disappeared.

Jamie felt a huge wave of heat flow though her body after hearing what the waitress had just said. There was no way she was going to get naked here in front of these people, and felt her chances of winning diminish. Just then the music stopped. She knew in just a few minutes she would be dancing virtually topless in front of these people. Jamie was scared. Five minutes later the door opened and the waitress returned. “Follow me” she said with a smile. The six girls followed her out to the stage and stood in a line as they waited to be wet down.

Jamie Chapter 6

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Each girl performed basically the same routine. Jamie was third to be sprayed. Not only was Jamie much more attractive than the other girls, she also knew how to dance in a much more seductive manner. When the round ended, the girls lined up to be judged. The decibel meter could not lie. The highest applause registered on the meter was 96 db, with the exception of Jamie, who registered 101 db, the winner by a large margin. Jamie scored the highest so she was given the option of going first or last in this round. She assessed her competition, and knew physically she would win, but felt going last would give her an idea of what she needed to do to win if she was willing. She knew she wouldn’t get naked, and hoped the others felt the same way. Jamie’s hopes were instantly shattered when contestant number three began her routine. As soon as the super-soaker began to spray the girl immediately began to rip her shirt in half to expose her breasts. Her breasts were tiny, and she couldn’t dance very well, yet the meter still registered 102 db. Jamie took this in. Contestant number two was slightly overweight, yet her boobs were huge. Again, as soon as the water began to spray she pulled her top over her head and began to swing it like a lasso above her. She also didn’t dance that well, and the meter reflected this with a 98 db reading. Jamie looked around and got an idea as they called her name. As she walked forward she grabbed hold of the front of her jeans and pulled slightly to the side to pop the button and slowly unzip the fly as she approached the front of the stage. She was a vision of beauty standing there and the crowd was already going nuts. She looked at the crowd, as she stood with the front of her black thong visible through her open fly. This thong, although small, was larger than some of her bikinis so she felt safe.

Jamie had a plan she as confident would work. As the water began to soak her shirt she slowly slid her hands up her stomach until they reached the bottom of her breasts. She cupped her breasts firmly with both hands and slowly began to massage her nipples through her shirt with her thumbs and forefingers, while at the same time looking over the crowd with the most seductive look she could devise. The crowd by now was out of it’s seats going wild, but Jamie was not finished. When the gun finished shooting her, she slowly bent over, picked up the bucket of water being used to fill the super-soaker, tipped her head back, and rhythmically began to pour the water over her head and down her body until she looked like a soaking wet mermaid. The crowd exploded. She closed her eyes, smiled, and ran her hands through her hair as seductively as possible as she took in the noise she heard in front of her. She knew she had won. 111 db on the meter….the crowd was louder for her tonight than the band!!!!

Beth and Sarah ran up on stage to hug her, and they all went wild as Jamie was handed the tickets and a fresh $100.00 bill. Jamie left the stage after that to change then met her friends back at their table. They stayed for the remainder of the night and danced the night away with each other. They had no use to be bothered by anyone else at this point, and were just happy to be hanging out like old times again. They stayed until closing then gave Jamie a ride back home.

When Jamie got home she was still soaking wet from the water from the contest and her sweat from dancing. She felt like a nice hot bath, but was too tired for that, so she stripped off her wet clothes, pulled on her favorite long white t-shirt, then crawled into bed. “No need for anything else tonight” she thought as the cotton from her t-shirt felt so good against her body. Jamie smiled as she pictured the events of the night in her head. She was psyched knowing that she had won the contest without showing a thing. She couldn’t believe it, 111 db. As she tried to doze off she felt that adrenaline rush go through her body again, but she couldn’t believe why. This was the same rush she got when she heard the crowd tonight, only stronger. This was the same rush she got when she first noticed her knickers had shifted before work on Thursday, only stronger. There was only one thing she was thinking when she felt the rush, and one thing only.
She had never felt this way before. She had never thought these thoughts before. The only thing she could think about as the rush came in waves was “I wonder what the meter would have read if I actually exposed myself tonight?” Jamie stayed awake for hours that night picturing the events of the night over and over in her head. Each time the thoughts began at the same point……the beginning of the final round. All of the endings were similar yet each ending sent progressively stronger waves through her body. These endings all contained an element that the contest tonight lacked…….nudity. At first it was just a quick flash, but that was not enough. She was becoming addicted to this rush, so the next one ended topless. There was only one direction these thoughts could go from there. Next was just a thong, and then finally she was naked. She pictured these things over and over again. Each time the round went slightly different. She was trying to find a perfect ending, the one she would never dare to do. Each ending drained her more and more until she was finally too exhausted and passed out for the night.