**Kathy's First Striptease Show**

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*I was talked into, kind of conned into stripping at a Bachelor Party*

Well, two years of college was enough for me so at the sweet age of nineteen, I took my degree and headed home. I landed a dream job right out of college with a big advertising firm. I seemed to have the looks and sex appeal the company wanted. A very petite brunette, 5' 2" tall, 94 pounds with measurements of 36C - 20 - 32. My breasts were big, my tummy flat, a hard little ass, and thin shapely legs.   
  
Since advertising was my major, I loved the job. Just two weeks into it I got assigned to help out with one of their biggest clients. Not long after meeting the three owners, they kind of took me off to the side.   
  
Robert asked, "Kathy, how about being in our booth at the trade show next week? We need a hostess."   
  
Very surprised I said, "Wow! I'd love to. But! I... I don't think my boss would allow that."  
  
With an Australian accent he said, "No worries! I'll be back," and confidently walked away.   
  
About thirty minutes later Robert came to my desk. "It's a go, kiddo. You're at the trade show all next week," he said with a big grin.  
  
Obviously he was too big a client for my boss to say no.  
  
I said inquisitively and sheepishly, "Ah… Question… What does a hostess do?"  
  
With a big smile he said, "No worries. Just wear a sexy dress. You know, revealing."  
  
With an even more sheepish grin I asked, "Just how revealing do you want?"   
  
"What ever 'you' feel comfortable in, gorgeous," he replied with a smile. Then he winked and said, "Convention center. Monday! 10AM. Look sexy!" He tapped his knuckles on my desk and walked away.   
  
He said revealing, so that had to be my white lace outfit. A short top that was open all the way down the front with laces. It showed serious cleavage, not always covering my nipples. Plus my entire waist was fully exposed. The skirt was mid thigh, slightly flared and quite sexily hung off my hips. I finished it off with beige lace top stockings and a pair of white three inch heels. I hadn't worn a bra or panties since I was sixteen so I saw no reason to wear them now, right?   
  
I got to the trade show early and when the three owners saw me, their eyes nearly popped right out of their sockets.  
  
"Holy Christ! You look stunning, my dear!" Robert said with a huge smile.  
  
Mike and William agreed with him.   
  
I told them, "I did bring other outfits if this is too much."  
  
"No worries! That's perfect. Every buyer will be at our booth," he said with his eyes running up and down my body from head to toe.   
  
I was nervous at first, smiling and handing pamphlets to buyers but that quickly went away. By mid afternoon I decided to give my feet a little break. I slid into a director’s chair, kind of a folding bar stool with arms and a back. My skirt came up and the tops of my stockings were visible. When I crossed my legs the tops of my stockings and bare thighs were very visible and let me tell you, everyone was looking. I just hummed while slightly rocking my crossed leg.   
  
While reading a pamphlet, the exhibitionist in me was beginning to take over. ‘Should I flash or not?’ kept bouncing around in my head.  
  
This wasn't the Indy 500… this was a trade show - and my job at least for this week. I had gotten so turned on thinking about flashing I just couldn't help myself. As I got out of the chair I spread my legs, no doubt wider then I should have. But you should have seen the look on their faces when they saw my bare naked pussy up my skirt! The look on their faces was priceless. Of course I acted like I had no idea anyone had seen.  
  
Yes, I know I probably shouldn't have done it, but I just couldn't help myself. Oh my God… did it ever turn me on, flashing my cunt like that! After that I was flashing every chance I got. Squatting down with my legs open to get more pamphlets. Bending over showing my lower butt cheeks and cunt. Leaning over giving great down blouse and nipple shots. I couldn't tell you how many times I got in and out of that tall chair. I was having an absolute ball flashing and I was getting paid a lot of money at the same time.   
  
To my surprise, men from all types of different companies were giving me business cards with dates written on the back - of a trade show they wanted me to hostess at. By the end of the week I had enough cards to have me at a different trade show for the rest of the year! Even an agent that books booth girls gave me her card. So it was obviously decision time for me. Should I keep my dream job at the advertising firm or become a professional hostess?  
  
Actually it wasn't that hard of a decision to make, since I was making three times the money being a hostess and I got to flash while working. So I quit my ‘dream job’ and the very next week was in Chicago; the week after that Atlanta, then Miami. The fourth week I was in Atlantic City, again hostessing for those first three guys. This was their home trade show, their business being right outside of Atlantic City.   
  
At that first trade show the three guys were pretty reserved, but that all changed. They started out making comments about my body, and most definitely letting me know that they saw my bare pussy. They were constantly trying to get me to spread my legs wide open, which I quickly did a couple times a day. I had the most fun yet at this trade show, mainly because I got to flash a lot more. It was just after lunch on Saturday, the last day of the trade show, when Robert came over and sat down next to me.   
  
In his oh-so-cool Australian accent he asked, "What are you doing tonight… You know, after the show closes?"  
  
"Oh, nothing in particular," I said while shrugging my shoulders.  
  
He said, "Good! How about coming to my nephew’s bachelor party?"  
  
"Bachelor party! Now why would I want to go to that?" I very truly asked, having no idea whatsoever why he would possibly be asking me that.   
  
Turning both hands up and out he said, "To strip!" like he thought I knew what he meant.  
  
"To what!" I asked while giggling, a very astonished look on my face.  
  
"To strip. You know! A... A striptease." Again he said it like I should have known what he was talking about.   
  
"Ahh… I... I don't think so," I said with a nervous giggle, suddenly realizing he was dead serious.   
  
Seeming quite surprised, he asked with a chuckle, "Why not?"   
  
Stammering I said, "Ahh… Ah… I… I don't know." Giggled and said, "I… I… Don't."   
  
He didn't say another word, but just got up and walked away. I was pretty sure he would be asking me again. But I knew right away why I said no. Hell, I didn't want to do anything that would mess up my hostessing gig. I was having way too much fun and making way too much money to mess this up. Not to mention that I had never stripped in my life. Hell, I had never even seen a stripper before!  
  
Honestly I have to admit that just the thought of stripping in front of a group of young men really turned me on. But as much as it turned me on, I just couldn't do anything that would mess up my trade show career.  
  
Anyway, about an hour later, sure enough, Robert asked me again. After that one of the three brothers asked me about every twenty minutes or so. I just kept smiling and saying 'no I don't think so'.  
  
Finally I asked, "Robert, why do you want me at this bachelor party?"  
  
"Are you kidding… everyone wants to see you naked!" Mike said, as though he couldn't believe I asked that question.  
  
Robert quickly added, "Absolutely! What he said."  
  
"Really!" I said, kind of squishing my face in surprise.   
  
"Hell yes! You’re the hottest ‘Sheila’ in the booths!" Robert said, like I should have known that.  
  
I got a bit serious and said, "Okay. Let me explain something." After a pause I continued, "I love hostessing and I don't want to do anything to mess it up. Okay?"   
  
"That your worries?" Robert said, like he couldn't believe it.  
  
"Well yeah! I love this job," I replied like I thought it was an extremely good reason.  
  
Robert said, "Hell, a lot of the Sheila's do the strip."   
  
"They do?" I replied, actually quite surprised.   
  
Robert stepped up on a box and started pointing at several different girls saying, "She strips. She strips. She does. She does. She does."  
  
I put up both hands to stop him and said, "Okay! Okay! I believe you. I believe you." I followed with a little laugh.  
  
While stepping down he said, "See. No worries!" He paused. "So you'll do it?"   
  
"No! No! No!" I quickly replied with my eyes wide open. "I didn't say that."   
  
Mike asked, "What’s the problem now?"   
  
I was obviously quite nervous and said in a low voice, "Well, to start out with. I... I have never stripped before." I took in a breath. "Hell, I've never even seen a stripper."  
  
"Really!" all three of them said, pulling their heads back as though totally shocked.  
  
After a few seconds of silence Robert blurted out, "You're kidding right?"   
  
"No... No... I'm not kidding," I said with a nervous yet serious smile.  
  
"Ah. No Worries! We will be there," Robert said, pointing at the three of them. "We will tell you everything you need to do."  
  
I giggled, shook my head and said, "Now why doesn't that sound like such a good idea."  
  
"No worries!" Robert said, turning his palms up. "We've been to a bunch of parties. We know exactly what strippers do, right?"  
  
All his brothers agreed.   
  
"Yeah. Hell Yeah! We can do that!" Mike guaranteed me.   
  
While slowly shaking and lowering my head and giggling, I said, "I don't know… I just don't know."   
  
"Come on, Kat. You do owe us," Robert blurted out.   
  
Lifting my head and looking right up at Robert I asked, "*I do*?"   
  
"Sure! Think about it! It wasn't for us, you wouldn't be doing trade shows, right?" he said, insinuating it was payback time.   
  
Taking in a deep breath I said, "I was wondering if you were going to say that."   
  
"And now I've said it." Robert paused. "You do owe us," he said with a glimmer on his face, knowing he had just won.   
  
Cautiously I asked, "The three of you will be there, right?"   
  
Robert said, "Of course. No worries."  
  
Mike quickly blurted out, "Yes! Absolutely!" He gave a little laugh. "Hell, we wouldn't miss this."   
  
Even the seldom talking William spoke up saying, "Hell yes we'll be there."   
  
"You are right. I do owe you." I sat silent for several seconds, took in a deep breath, and said as though giving in, "Alright... I'll do it."  
  
"Fan! Damn! Tastic!" all three of them sang out at the same time. They did that a lot about many different things.   
  
Mike sang out very excitedly, "First thing. You need to wear what you had on Monday. Let's see!" He paused while thinking. "Oh Yeah! Wear a bra and panties. More to strip off." He followed with a little chuckle.  
  
Holding up my hand I said, "Ahh... I don't have a bra or panties. I never wear them."   
  
Roibert said, "We noticed! But no worries. We'll go to the lingerie shop."   
  
The next thing I knew it was seven o'clock and we were all in Robert's big Cadillac driving to the bachelor party. I was getting more nervous by the second. This was not flashing at the Indy 500. Hell, at the races I flashed when and where I wanted. This was a bachelor party and they were paying me (a lot of money I might add) to strip and put on a show. The thing is I didn't have the first clue of how to do it. Hell yes I was nervous!   
  
I can't say the idea of stripping in front of a group of young men didn't turn me on, because I was turned on like you would not believe. I actually remember being happy that I would be in white because so much juice was coming out of my pussy and you couldn't see a wet spot on white.   
  
We got to this huge old building and a big garage door opened; Robert drove right inside. I don't need to tell you how scared I was right then. Hey, I was only nineteen years old and I was totally alone with three men in their mid forties. I had no idea what was going on right about then. I was so nervous that my legs were shaking as we walked through the big empty area of the building. As we got closer to a door I could hear what sounded like a big party going on.   
  
Mike opened the door and we went inside. There were young, college age men all over the place. Not sure, but I'm guessing there had to be at least sixty or seventy of them. There were large TV's all around the big room with a different porno movie on each one. There were two strippers on stage, and as soon as I saw them, I actually felt better. Why? Because both of them were a bit chunky! They both had big breasts but they both had thick waists, hefty thighs and pretty darn big butts. They looked nothing like my little hard body.   
  
Robert escorted me around to a little dressing room. I put on the bra, panties and the two piece white lace outfit - complete with the beige thigh high stockings and white high heels. I peeked out watching the two girls through a bead curtain right next to the stage. It actually seemed like they kind of hurried the two girls up, and before I knew it, they were gone. Neither one of them ever removed their panties. But right then I realized I was the only female in the building with a bunch of young, half-drunk men.  
  
Oh Yeah! My ‘nervous to scared’ factor went back up. I was turned on like you would not believe but I was also shaking more than ever too. This was nothing like flashing at the races. There if I needed to I could just run away. Here I was trapped for the most part in this building. Hell, I wouldn't even know which way to go to get out of there. This was again another first for me.  
  
Robert came over talking fast, "Listen up! He will announce you and when the music starts playing just come out and dance. Okay?"  
  
I said, "Yeah. Okay," like I wasn't even listening to him. It was like I was in a daze, a dream world or something.   
  
"Hey! Are you listening?" Robert asked, almost yelling at me.  
  
"Yeah. Yes!" I said while actually paying attention.  
  
"Look. Just dance the first song. When the second song starts take off your top." He paused a second and continued, "On the third song take off your skirt. Okay?" he paused again then yelled, "Okay!"   
  
I was staring out at all the young men, watching the way they were whooping it up and making comments about the girls getting fucked in the porno movies.  
  
"Yes! Yes. I heard you. First song nothing. Second song top. Third song skirt," I replied like in a complete daze.   
  
"Good! Fourth song, loose the bra. Okay?" he added.  
  
"Okay. Got it," I said, still staring at the young men.   
  
My legs were shaking so much I was wondering if I would be able to walk out there and dance. I was so nervous and so turned on all at the same time. William came out on the stage and quieted everyone down by talking on a microphone.  
  
"Okay, guys. We got a special treat tonight. We got a gorgeous little gal that is doing her very first strip." He paused and said, "So give the girl a break, alright!"  
  
A young guy yelled out, "Oh yeah. We'll break her. Right between the legs!"  
  
This got all the guys laughing and whistling like crazy.  
  
"Alright. Alright. No sense talkin to you fucks. Start the fuckin' music," he yelled out.  
  
Well, it was the moment of truth for me. Would I have the courage to go out there and strip or will I stay back in the dressing room. The music blurted out loud at first and then my absolute best song to dance to came on… ‘Billie Jean’ by Michael Jackson. I couldn't have picked a better song to dance to. I really think that song gave me the extra courage to go out on stage.  
  
Robert said (seeming more nervous than I was), "Just dance over close to me if you need to know anything. Okay?"   
  
"Okay," I nervously replied while nodding my head.  
  
"Hey! Hey! Start in the middle. Move all around the stage. Go up to the edge. Keep moving around. Okay?" Robert blurted out with last second advice.   
  
"Yes. Okay," I said back.  
  
I took in a very deep breath and stepped out of the dressing room onto the stage. As soon as the guys saw me in that lace outfit they started hooting, shouting, clapping and whistling like crazy. I have to admit that helped calm my nerves a little. I danced the first song and at the start of the second song I took off my top. The guys roared as they saw my big breasts and parts of my nipples bulging out of the white lace bra.  
  
About half way through that second song I took off my skirt. Once I took it off I realized I was suppose to wait till the third song, but too late now! I just got too excited I guess. The guys again roared their approval of my body. After the third song started I unsnapped the front of my bra … this was a big one. Trying to put on a good show, I danced with the music, and just at the right beat I lifted my arms straight up over my head with the bra in my hands.  
  
The guys went absolutely crazy when they saw my big breasts and my nipples sticking out so far as my breasts bounced to the music. I can't begin to tell you how turned on I was right then. I was still nervous but really getting into the whole stripping thing. When the next song started, I untied both sides of my panties, spread my feet wide apart, and just let them drop to the stage floor. It was the loudest roar yet. The guys were going absolutely crazy and I loved it!  
  
I later found out that very few of the strippers around there ever strip completely naked. Well, no one told me and it was too late now. For whatever reason it suddenly came to me that Robert never did say anything about taking off my panties. I'm sure that's why the guys all went so crazy when I stripped them off.  
  
Now totally naked, I looked over at the three brothers and they all had smiles from ear to ear. While dancing I moved over closer to them.   
  
"What now?" I asked.  
  
"Move around to different spots. Turn your back to them. Spread your legs and bend every once in a while," Robert instructed.   
  
Mike quickly added, "Spread your legs and squat down a few times too."   
  
I nodded my head and danced back out to the front of the stage. I spread my feet wide apart, actually wider than I should have. My feet were so wide apart it was hard for me to keep my heels straight up. I squatted so far down my pussy lips touched the stage floor. The guys went ballistic when they got their first real good look at my big cunt lips.  
  
Now let me tell you, I was really turned on, so my cunt lips and clit were really swollen; and boy, were they ever hanging down there.   
  
I was so turned on, juice was dripping out of my cunt. The guys went ballistic again when I went right up to the edge of the stage and turned my back to them. I spread my feet wide and bent so far over my hair swept across the stage floor. Oh yeah, they were getting one hell of an ass and pussy shot.  
  
I did the bending and squatting several times first on the right side of the stage, then the left, then the middle. Mike brought a chair out to the middle of the stage and leaned his head close to mine.   
  
"Sit in the chair and spread your legs just as wide as you can," he instructed.   
  
"Okay," I replied.   
  
He grabbed my arm and said, "Move the chair around. Right left."  
  
Nodding my head I said, "Got it!"   
  
I sat down in the chair that was only a few feet away from the middle of the guys. I slowly lifted my legs while bending them. I pulled my feet in until my heels were touching my butt and my knees were up by my breasts. While I lifted and straightened my legs, I also spread them way out to each side.  
  
The guys absolutely roared but they really roared when I grabbed my legs behind my knees. I pulled them way back, spreading my legs just as wide as I possibly could, my pussy popping out right at them. Juice dripped out of my cunt hole at a much faster pace.   
  
I moved the chair several times so all of them got a good look at me spread wide open. I had been dancing for several songs when the guys lifted the bachelor up on the stage and put him in the chair. They put money that was rolled up into a little tube in his mouth. I had absolutely no idea what I was supposed to do, so I moved over by the three brothers.   
  
"Just squeeze your boobs together. Pull the money out with your tits."  
  
"Ah! Okay!" I said. It made perfect sense once he told me.  
  
I moved right in front of him and leaned over, while putting my hands on the outsides of my breasts. I squeezed the inside of my breasts on his face, captured the roll of money from his mouth, and slowly stood up. As I moved away he reached out with his tongue, giving my right nipple a quick lick.  
  
Instantly his friends put another roll of money in his mouth.  
  
Again I grasped my breasts, leaned over and squeezed my breasts on his face. As I backed away, the bachelor again tried to lick my nipple. I stopped still holding my breasts together, making my nipples protrude way out.  
  
He seemed reluctant at first but then stretched out and licked my right nipple. I just stayed there and the lick quickly turned into sucking my nipple. All the other guys were going ballistic, cheering and giving each other high fives. After a few seconds I turned my body so he could suck my other nipple.  
  
A young man with ‘best man’ written on his shirt knelt down on the stage. He put rolled up money in his mouth and he sucked my nipples. Well, after that there was at least five or six guys kneeling on the stage, me taking the rolled up money and them sucking my nipples. This went on for a very long time.   
  
Eventually the best man and a couple others laid the bachelor on his back on the stage floor and again put rolled up money in his mouth. Again I strayed over to Robert to find out what to do. Because I absolutely did not have the first clue what to do with this.   
  
"Straddle his head with your feet, squat way down, grab the money," Robert quickly instructed.   
  
I nodded my head okay and went to the bachelor. His lower legs were hanging off the edge of stage, his head towards the middle. I walked up and put one foot on either side of his head, straddling it. I was facing right out at the group of men my toes touching his shoulders. I spread my feet apart and squatted way down, my big cunt lips touching the roll of money. I reached down, taking the money out of his mouth.  
  
Before I could even begin to stand back up, he started licking my pussy.   
  
Oh my God how great that felt, him licking my cunt! I don't know if I should have stood up right away or not, but I just couldn't and let him lick.  
  
All the other guys went way past ballistic. They were all screaming, yelling and whistling so much I could barely hear the loud music.  
  
I stood up and the guys quickly stuffed several rolls of money in the bachelor’s mouth. It was a lot more money then the first time so I only thought it right to let him lick my pussy longer.   
  
"Oh! Ohh! Ohhh!' repeatedly came from my mouth. I couldn't begin to tell you how fantastic that pussy licking felt.  
  
While squatting down my legs were spread wide, so they all had a good view of my pussy and the bachelor licking it. I was so turned on that before I knew it, my cunt popped an orgasm. Juice poured out of my cunt hole and I couldn't help looking down as I moaned. My juice was running down the sides of his face but he just kept licking. All the other guys were going absolutely berserk saying all kind of things.  
  
"Holy shit she's cumming!" the best man yelled out.  
  
"She's cumming! Un-fucking-believable! She busted her pussy! Lick that pussy!" was said along with many other things by several different guys.   
  
"Ohh. Oh my God... Oh my God..." I kept moaning as I continued to spew juice out of my cunt.   
  
As I stood up, juice was steadily dripping out of my cunt hole down to the stage floor and trickling down my inner thighs. The best man and three others laid on the stage with rolled up money in their mouths. As I straddled the best man’s head, my cunt juice dripped on his face. All the guys were cheering and laughing, almost out of control as the best man opened his mouth trying to catch my cunt juice.  
  
I saw what he was doing and wasn't quite sure what to do at first. Then I thought, I'm supposed to be putting on a show. So put on a show!  
  
I squatted down about half way and moved so my juice was dripping in his mouth. The whole scene, the whole situation suddenly grabbed me, for no better words. My whole body shuttered and my pussy seemed to tingle like little jolts of electricity were sparking into it. Before I knew it, I orgasmed. Juice flowed out of my pussy, going all over the best man's face and yes, into his mouth.   
  
I moaned, "Ohh... God," as the juice flowed out of my cunt hole.  
  
The other guys went ultra berserk at the orgasmic spectacle. I lowered myself down and grabbed the money he had put on his forehead. The best man sucked my entire pussy into his mouth, actually pulling me down. I was so hot and so turned on I wasn't even thinking. All I wanted was to orgasm again, and orgasm I did. My cunt exploded with a huge orgasm, pumping my juice into the best man's mouth.   
  
"Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh!" came out of my mouth repeatedly. "Oh... My... God!" came out of my mouth very loud, as I continued to pump out the juice.   
  
He gagged, coughed, and gagged again while swallowing my cum. That's when I suddenly noticed that it was very quiet in the party room. All the guys were quiet and the music had stopped. The only thing you could hear were girls moaning on the porno movies at a distance. Everyone was locked in watching my pussy cum in the best man's mouth. It was very strange and just seemed to turn me on even more. My pussy exploded again with an even larger orgasm.   
  
"Oh... My... God!" slowly came out of my mouth one word at a time, the orgasm being so big and intense.   
  
My orgasm was so big the globs of cunt juice were more than the best man could handle. He slightly pushed up on my little butt cheeks, pulling my pussy out of his mouth. My juice flooded out all over his face. I wanted to stand up but my orgasm was so intense I couldn't get my legs to move so I could straighten up. The best man turned his head out from under my erupting pussy and just watched me cum.  
  
"Ahh! Ohh! Ahhh!" kept coming from my lips.  
  
I stayed in that squatted position for a long time before I could get my legs to move, leaving a big puddle of cum juice on the floor. As I stood up everyone broke out into applause, cheering, whistling, giving each other high fives and going ‘ballistic berserk’ if there is such a thing. I was actually a little embarrassed but quickly thought, "They wanted a show… and they got a show."   
  
Other guys started laying on the stage floor with rolled up money in their mouths. The monster orgasm had subsided and I got a little control of my pussy. I started moving from man to man, straddling their heads and dropping my pussy on their mouths. I have no idea why, but I started slowly counting to ten in my head - that being the amount of time for each guy to lick my cunt. That is unless they had bigger bills… then I stayed down longer.  
  
Well, this squatting down, grabbing the money and getting my pussy licked went on for more than three hours. I couldn't even begin to tell you how many guys I squatted down on, but it had to be most of them… some two or three times. I also couldn't tell you how many times I orgasmed. I only know I orgasmed on just about everyone of them. I glanced at the clock and it was a little after three in the morning. It had been almost seven hours since I stepped out on the stage!   
  
I couldn't believe it. It only seemed like I had been out there for a couple of hours. They got the bachelor back on the stage and I did a half a dozen final face squats on him, soaking his face pretty good with my cunt juice. Since it was the final squats, I let the bachelor lick a lot longer each time. The bachelor sat up and I leaned over, giving him a long kiss.  
  
"Fantastic! Fantastic. Fantastic," is all the bachelor could say.   
  
"Thank you. Good luck," I replied. I looked over at Robert and he did one of those crossed hand signs meaning 'It's over'.  
  
I gave all the guys one of those little finger waves ‘goodbye’ and went back in the dressing room.  
  
I got freshened up and put on the same outfit I stripped out of, only without the bra and panties. When I came out of the dressing room carrying my little bag, there was only a half dozen of the party guys left. The best man and the other's handed me folded up money and thanked me for a great show. The bachelor jokingly lied down on the floor and put his tip in his mouth.  
  
I think to everyone's surprise I stepped over, straddled his head, hiked up my skirt to my hips and squatted down on his mouth. They also seemed quite surprised that I was not wearing panties. I grabbed the money and he licked my pussy for a good minute or so.  
  
The best man lied down next to him along with a couple others. I squatted down on all of their faces, and they all licked my cunt. They finally stopped; I'm thinking they ran out of money.  
  
We walked back out through the big dark empty building to Robert's car.  
  
Robert asked, "You hungry Kat?"   
  
"Oh God. I'm starved," I replied.  
  
Robert asked, "How's does Denny's sound?"   
  
"Sounds good to me," I replied.  
  
In the car Robert said, "That was un-fucking-believable Kat! Un-fucking-believable."  
  
"Thanks," I said with a little laugh then said, "Being I didn't have a clue what I was doing."   
  
On the drive to Denny's, the three brothers let me in on a couple things. First, very few of the strippers around there strip completely nude; most all leave their panties on. Second, pretty much all the strippers have a no touch rule.  
  
"No touch! You mean they don't allow any touching at all?" I asked in a rather astonished voice.   
  
"Nope! Sorry. We didn't think to tell you," Robert said with a chuckle.   
  
Mike spoke up, "But you didn't seem to mind the touching?"   
  
"Nooo," I said with a cheesy smile. "No I didn't. The touching seemed right to me," I replied while shrugging my shoulders.   
  
"How about the pussy eating?" the little spoken William asked.  
  
I said, pausing between each line, "Yeah! Why not. It seemed cool to me." After a little pause, I said, "Hell, I liked it." I giggled.  
  
"You put on one hell of a show," Mike said, almost like a proud father.   
  
"Would you like to do more?" Robert asked.  
  
"Sure. I had a blast!" popped right out of my mouth.  
  
"Alright, I'll call a few people. Okay?" Robert replied.  
  
"Sure. Just let me know," I said excitedly.  
  
"Give me your trade show schedule. I'll see what I can set up." He paused a second and continued, "There's a whole lot of bachelor parties this time of year."  
  
"*Cool*. Sounds good to me," I answered with excitement.  
  
Well, Robert obviously called ahead to people he knew. Because, for the next four weeks in four different cities I not only did the trade show but stripped at a bachelor party on Saturday night. The fifth week and fifth city, I stripped on Friday and Saturday night. Yes, I stripped totally naked for all of them. Yes, I got my nipples sucked and my cunt licked doing the rolled up money thing at all of them.   
  
It was now six weeks after I did my first strip show and I was back in Atlantic City. I was again hostessing for the three brothers. As it turns out they have more than one business. On Friday night of that week they had me strip for a stag party. After the stag party the three brothers said they wanted to talk to me about another show. Again we went to Denny's restaurant for a late night breakfast.  
  
After ordering Robert spoke up, "We got a special show for you, Kat." He paused a second, and seemed to be cautiously picking his words. "Ah, it's more like an unusual show." He paused again and said while not looking at me, "Actually. It's quite a bit unusual."   
  
"Wow. That sounds ominous," I replied with a joking smile. "But I'll do it."   
  
"No. No. No. Don't say yes yet." Robert paused like he was seriously trying to think of what to say next. "You need to hear everything first, before even thinking about saying yes. Okay?"   
  
Well, needless to say they had my ‘excitement needle’ going up to ten rather quickly. They really had my full attention, that's for sure. Not to mention me thinking, what the hell did they want me to do that was so 'unusual'?