**Kirsty's Nightmare Show**

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Here we go again, Kirsty thought to herself as she approached the entrance to the bar. It was her fourth weekend working as a stripper but the 19-year-old college student still had not quite got used to it.

A petite blonde standing only 5 foot 2 inches tall when not in heals, Kirsty had taken the job with an agency after getting desperately low on cash to keep her going this semester. Fees, rent and food bills had all but exhausted the money she had saved up working as a children's party entertainer last summer. Now it was a whole different crowd she was performing for.

Kirsty entered the bar dressed in sweatpants, a hoodie and training shoes with her long hair hidden almost entirely under a baseball cap. Carrying her costume in a rucksack on her back which during the week she used to transport books for class, she made her presence known to the bar manager who pointed her in the direction of his office where she was to get ready for the show.

As she passed unnoticed through the crowded bar, Kirsty spotted the makeshift stage she would soon be appearing on and shuddered. A naturally modest girl, she did not particularly like stripping but she did like the money it paid her so she took a deep breath and hurried into the office to change.

Kirsty was used to the routine now after around a dozen performances at various bars and private parties across the city. Get changed, do a 15 minute routine, pose for a few pictures with the birthday boy or soon to be married bachelor then quickly put her regular clothes back on, collect her pay and slip off to the next show.

As she stood in the office removing her sweatpants, the history major shuddered again listening to the cheers as the bar manager announced that the stripper had arrived and would be on stage in 10 minutes.

Blocking out the sounds, Kirsty removed the rest of her conservative attire and put on the 'sexy cop' outfit that seemed a favourite with nearly all the customers who had booked her services this past month.

Untying her hair and finally placing the cop's hat on her head, Kirsty took a final look in the full length mirror the bar had provided for her. Here she was standing in a bar dressed in thigh high boots, a tiny blue pvc dress, fake utility belt and, of course, that hat! She briefly wondered what her friends back home would think if they saw her. Then, blocking those ponderences from her mind, Kirsty cracked open the office door and signalled to the bar manager that she was ready.

Moments later her entrance music began and, with one last deep breath, Kirsty flung open the office door. It was showtime. Adopting her now tried and tested policy of avoiding making eye contact with anyone; she strutted as confidently as she could towards the makeshift stage. Climbing the three steps to the platform, Kirsty allowed herself a quick glance at the cheering crowd. There were about 250 people crammed into the bar and without exception all of them had their eyes firmly fixed on her.

The lights were shut off as the music stopped. Kirsty adopted a pose brandishing her toy nightstick above her head and then, with an almost blinding flash, the lights came back on and the music struck up again.

At first the show went much like the previous performances Kirsty had done. She wandered up and down the stage building the crowd's anticipation before tossing aside the nightstick and her belt then slipping out of the extremely tight pvc dress to reveal her matching blue bra and panties.

The crowd seemed boisterous but good natured and Kirsty was starting to relax and maybe even enjoy herself. A man at the back of the crowd started a chant of "off, off, off" and Kirsty cupped her hand to her ear as if to appeal for more volume from her audience.

More people joined in the chant and Kirsty responded by removing her cop's hat and, with a smile, mouthing, "There you go it's off." The crowd let out a pantomime boo and, pointing to her underwear, Kirsty said, "You want these off too?" This brought the loudest cheer of the night so far and, having first shaken her blonde locks free from the ponytail that had previously helped keep that darn hat securely on her head, she proceeded to reach back for the clasp on her bra.

The chanting reached a crescendo as Kirsty unhooked the clasp and shimmered out of the bra allowing it to drop to the floor but keeping her 32b breasts covered with her hands. She strutted back and forth across the stage for around a minute while the crowd hollered and whistled before finally taking her hands away and giving the baying audience their first view of her breasts.

Now it was time for the panties. This was the bit Kirsty dreaded the most but she knew she had no choice and with as big a smile as she could muster she pointed at the last tiny piece of material that remained on her body. Responding to her gesture the bar erupted with cheers and, for the first time, Kirsty could make out a few almost taunting calls of "show us your pussy."

Cringing inside but maintaining her composure and smile, she turned her back to the crowd and reached her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. Bending over as she did, Kirsty slipped down the panties and, making sure not to trip in her far from practical boots, she stepped out of the under garment. With one hand covering what remained of her modesty, she swivelled back around to face the crowd who by this point were in a near frenzy.

Cupping her ear again with her free hand, Kirsty whipped up the noise yet another notch before removing the hand from in front of her pussy. Stretching both her arms into the air and making a deliberate effort to once more avoid any eye contact, she stood on the stage totally naked for all to see.

Allowing what she thought was a suitable amount of time for all who wanted to get a good look at every inch of her body; Kirsty quickly gathered her clothes and headed for the steps. Soon she would be back in the relative sanctuary of the manager's office and, after a few photos if required, she would be dressed in her own clothes and heading out.

Unfortunately a group of very drunk men at the front of the stage had apparently not had their fill of the action and as Kirsty approached the top of the steps one of them grabbed her arm. Growing increasingly used to occasional problems like this, Kirsty slipped back into what she called 'stripper mode' and with a smile and assertive tone said, "Show's over boys." This usually snapped the over eager patrons out of their behaviour but this time it was different.

The man maintained his firm grasp on her arm while one of his friends grabbed her other arm. The pair pulled Kirsty towards them and, dropping her clothes, she suddenly found herself hoisted into the air. Panicking she called out for help but her cries were drowned out by the cheers of the audience who obviously thought this was part of the show.

To her horror, Kirsty found herself passed from hand to hand in a kind of naked crowd surf. Still desperately trying to call for help the student turned stripper could feel every sweaty palm and finger as it touched her body. Apparently not content with getting a good grope of her from behind, the men flipped Kirsty in mid-air and, now face down, sent her back on another lap of crowd surfing round the room this time with her breasts and pussy at the mercy of every hand.

After what seemed like an age Kirsty, who by this time had abandoned all hope of rescue, found herself once more in the clutches of the group who had begun her ordeal. They placed her back on the stage and, just as Kirsty dared to hope that her humiliation was over, she heard a voice on the microphone.

Looking up, she saw the man who had first barred her path off the platform. As the crowd fell silent the man said, "Our gorgeous and kinky stripper has just told us that she wants to put on a masturbation show for us."

As Kirsty shrieked with horror the crowd burst into an almost primal roar the likes of which she had never heard. Shaking her head and frantically looking for help or an escape route, Kirsty was picked up once more by four men and carried to the centre of the stage where a chair had been hastily placed. Finally giving up all hope of rescue, the student who only got into stripping to pay her way through college was unceremoniously dropped on the chair.

Looking into the sea of smirking faces in front of her, Kirsty gave in to her predicament. She parted her legs and reached a hand down to her pussy to begin her humiliating task.

Shocked, but a little relived as it would ease her entry, Kirsty found her pussy was quite wet already. Blocking out thoughts of how many stranger's had probably penetrated her most intermit of areas during her impromptu crowd surfing, Kirsty rubbed her pussy lips. She had been masturbating for years but never in front of anyone.

The crowd fell eerily quiet as Kirsty rubbed at her swelling lips and then inserted a finger. Suddenly an air of belligerence fell over the student and she decided if she had to masturbate with all these people watching she would at least give herself an orgasm. With that Kirsty slipped a second finger into her wet pussy and with her other hand rubbed at the hood of her clitoris.

The crowd too were getting excited and the silence gave way to cheers and whistles as Kirsty continued to pleasure herself. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted the man with the microphone heading up the stage steps. "What's he doing now?" Kirsty thought briefly before giving her full concentration back to her pussy which was pulsating with enjoyment as her fingers did their work.

"Can you squirt?" whispered a voice in Kirsty's ear.

Startled at this she sharply looked to her side and saw the man with the microphone standing beside her. "Squirt for us and it'll be over ok?" he muttered with a grin on his face.

Fortunately for Kirsty she knew she could squirt or at least she had in the past but of course never in these circumstances and certainly never on demand. She nodded her agreement and the man turned the microphone back on. "She's going to squirt for us ladies and gents!" he yelled with a mocking tone.

The man then bent down and held the microphone close to Kirsty's pussy as she worked away with three fingers now plunged deep inside her hole. Bending down further and with his smirking face only inches from her pussy, the man said, "Listen to her juices. She's loving it." Kirsty certainly was not loving it but there was no point arguing.

She rubbed and flicked feverishly at her pussy as the sounds of her juices over the microphone mixed with the ever rising noise of the crowd's cheers.

Then a new chant struck up. "Cum, cum, cum" went the melodic cry from the audience. Thoroughly humiliated by this last insult, Kirsty bit her lip as she plunged a fourth finger into her hole. Her legs began to shake and she knew she was close to giving the crowd what they wanted.

The chant changed to "squirt, squirt, squirt" as Kirsty headed towards a climax. She shifted to the edge of the chair, spread her legs as far apart as they would go and thrust her hips forwards. Then it happened. She felt a wave of orgasmic pleasure sweep over her entire body and as she pulled her fingers from her pussy a huge plume of sticky cum shot out of her hole and into the air.

The crowd roared their approval as a second, slightly smaller, stream left Kirsty's shaking body. Almost polite applause broke out as Kirsty enjoyed the remnants of her first ever public orgasm.

In a final act of humiliation the man with the microphone helped her to her feet and held one of her arms aloft much like s referee does a victorious boxer at the end of a fight.

Recovering her senses, Kirsty looked at the man and snapped, "If you're done with me can I go now?" The man laughed and nodded his agreement.

Kirsty ran off the stage. She pushed her way through the still clapping crowd and, ignoring any of their remarks, she hurried into the office.

Throwing on her street clothes and shoving her sweat sodden hair under her baseball cap, Kirsty promised herself she was done with stripping. She would find another way to pay for her education she pledged silently.

Then, as unnoticed as she had arrived, Kirsty made her way out threw the bar without even stopping to collect her pay. She no longer cared about the money. She just wanted to get home and take a shower to clean off. That would be the easy part. Her memory of that humiliating evening would be much harder to wash away.