**Lisa Learns a New Way to Show All**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Almost a full year after graduation from her graduate program, Lisa had still not been able to find work as a Psychologist; she had been to many interviews, but none of the hospitals, clinics, and agencies she'd met with had offered her a job. A few months ago she thought she was close to getting hired, having been through three rounds of interviews at two places and been told at both that she was one of the last two candidates for the position. Just as she felt like she was finally about to get her career started, New York was hit hard with Coronavirus, putting all hiring on hold at the places where she had almost been hired.  
  
Lisa knew that even with her career going nowhere she was luckier than many people. Her husband's career had taken off beyond their expectations; having enough income to get by was one problem they didn't have. Their choice of a relatively modest apartment in a less than fashionable part of Queens, along with Rob's growing income kept her continued lack of employment from being a problem, at least financially.  
  
At the end of the year, Rob had received what then seemed like a huge bonus and raise from the investment bank he worked for, but a month later that seemed meager once he'd been recruited to join a private capital firm one of his supervisors was starting. The financial upside to his new position was undeniable, but his having to travel three or four days a week to visit the various companies his new employer was considering buying worried Lisa. She didn't like him traveling with the virus spreading as it was; with no friends in their new home, she felt fairly isolated and just plain lonely.  
  
Since going out to museums, movies, plays, restaurants, libraries and pretty much any other place she might go to fill her days was out of the question, Lisa decided that rather than just sitting around their apartment feeling sorry for herself she'd get some kind of short term job, preferably one doing something useful but not putting herself in too much risk of contracting Covid. She found what she was looking for in one of the few employers hiring large numbers of people. She was happy to be hired, after just one quick interview, as a new Contact Tracer for the city Health Department.  
  
The work was fairly simple, at least when the people she called were cooperative, and while it wasn't likely to advance her career, she enjoyed being out in the working world. The office was a former call center, but in its new incarnation about two-thirds of the cubicles were taped shut; even with its occupancy reduced there were almost 100 tracers sharing the space. With breaks and lunches carefully scheduled in shifts to keep the employee lounge and kitchen from being crowded, Lisa never actually met most of her co-workers, but from what she could see and hear they were a fairly diverse group, a mix of ages, shapes, and sizes. Judging by the voices she could hear most of the staff was female, largely from the immediate area with a handful of accents from other countries. She didn't hear any other people with an accent like hers, a sign of her life spent in Alabama until a few months ago.  
  
One day during her lunch break, Lisa had a call from Rob on her cell. She noticed one of her co-workers smiling as she wrapped up her conversation; once the call was over the woman said, "I wasn't trying to eavesdrop, I was just noticing your accent. A few of us in row D have been trying to figure out who the southerner somewhere in row B or C was. We've just been calling you Dixie."  
  
Though startled at first, Lisa was glad to make contact with someone other than over a phone, replying, "It's Lisa, actually. I guess I do stand out a bit in this crowd; and you are?"  
  
"I'm Angela, but most people call me Angie", Lisa's new acquaintance replied, "How did you end up in the City?"  
  
With only a few minutes left on their lunch break, Lisa gave Angie a brief summary of how she'd ended up where she was. In the following days they had many more conversations, with Angie eventually introducing Lisa to a couple of other co-workers, Pam and Beth. It occurred to Lisa that if not for this job she'd probably never have met this group; they were a mixed bag, ranging from her age, 24, up to Pam's 44, with Beth and Angie both in their early thirties. They varied widely in body type as well; Like Lisa, Angie clearly spent some time in the gym, while Pam was a little bit plump and Beth was, as she put it, "comfortable with my size", and didn't appear to believe in exercise.  
  
A few weeks after meeting her new friends, Lisa was asked by Angie if she'd be interested in joining a dance class she and a couple of their group had been going to, "Since it isn't a regular gym, it hasn't been shut down," she explained, "it's run by a free-lance instructor who's managed to rent space in a church basement to teach classes in. Our class meets on Tuesdays and Thursdays."  
  
"I'm more of a spinning class and treadmill type, but sure, it's not like I have anything else going on those nights. Why not!" Lisa replied, more interested in the social aspect than whatever fitness benefit she might get from the class. The next day was a Thursday, so Lisa packed some leggings, a sports bra and a tank top along with her normal gear as she got ready for work. She was fairly excited to have something to do after work for a change, and even more excited to have some friends to do it with!  
  
Lisa found the church event hall easily enough and went in to sign up for class; she was greeted by a woman she guessed to be in her mid-forties, but clearly a very fit mid-forties, "Hi, I'm Yolanda, are you here to join the dance class?  
  
Yes, Angie told me you had room for a newcomer." Lisa replied.  
  
"Sure, you're welcome to jump in, but there are only two weeks left in this class. I won't charge anything for your first night, and if you come back next week I'll charge you for the one-third of the class that's left. If you're interested, I'll be starting a new section after this class, with one week off in between. You can change in the Girls locker room, the door is right over there." Yolanda said, pointing towards a door in the corner of the room.  
  
"Sounds fine, thanks!" Lisa replied, then left to change. By the time she had changed most of her new classmates had already staked out their space; Lisa noticed for the first time strips of tape marking out a space for each member of the class. She found an open spot and went to it, waving at Angie and Pam, who had apparently changed at home or the office.  
  
Lisa was a little surprised that the class seemed to be a basic aerobics class with a tiny bit of specific dance move practice, but even wearing a mask it felt so good to be working up a sweat for the first time in quite a while; she had no complaints. By the time the 90-minute class was over she was smiling and knew she'd be back next Tuesday. She never missed a minute of class in the next two weeks, feeling like she was just beginning to get her body back to the way she liked to feel. She knew she was still a long, long way from the college junior she'd been, who'd run a few 10K races and had thought about trying to do a marathon, but felt good to at least be moving in the right direction for the first time in a long time.  
  
At the end of the final class, Yolanda passed around a clipboard for anyone interested in signing up for the next class section. Lisa signed up as soon as the sign-up sheet made it around to her; she definitely wanted to continue getting back in shape. She wished there wasn't a week off, but looked forward to getting started with the next section. She wrote Yolanda a check for the next section's fee before leaving.  
  
Lisa was so early to class on the first Tuesday she had to wait outside for Yolanda to arrive and unlock the door. She took her usual place as the rest of the class arrived, noticing her co-workers hadn't signed up; every space was taken, but Angie and Pam were not there.  
  
The class started like all the previous classes she'd been to, a solid hour of cardio work, followed by a short break. Yolanda called for everyone to gather (remotely) to go over the focus of this section and discuss her plans for what they would be learning. This was when Lisa first realized that in her eagerness to sign up for the next section after enjoying her first few classes, she had inadvertently signed up for a Beginners Burlesque class! As Yolanda listed some of the topics the class would cover, Lisa thought to herself, "Glove peel? Slow burn? Chair moves? Fans? Feather boas? Pasties? This is NOT what I signed up for!" Except, technically it was.  
  
She decided to wait until the end of class to tell Yolanda she'd be bowing out of the current series. She listened to Yolanda's spiel about how much confidence learning how to put all these techniques to work would give them, even if only in the privacy of their homes for an audience of one. The rest of the class was devoted to following Yolanda's lead in an exaggerated, swivel-hipped type of walking and trying out a couple of techniques for removing gloves.  
  
By the end of the class, Lisa was undecided about whether she should quit or go on with the next few weeks of what still seemed to her to be a glorified course in how to be a stripper. She would miss the cardio workouts and getting out socializing, and thought maybe some of the skills Yolanda was describing might be worth trying out on Rob. She realized she hadn't paid enough attention to the sign-up sheet or she'd have seen what the new class was about. The class being all female meant that even if she tried out all the topics, her level of exposure would still be lower than sharing a locker room with a dozen women. The absence of her co-workers was one more factor which might allow her to go ahead with the class; she could, maybe, imagine herself performing the kind of routine Yolanda was describing in front of a class full of women she didn't really know, but had a hard time seeing herself doing it in front of people she had to see every day at work! She decided to continue, at least for a while.  
  
Despite her initial misgivings, Lisa found herself enjoying the class sessions over the next few weeks. She still thought some of the classic burlesque moves were kind of silly, thinking, "Who ever would make such a big deal about taking gloves off, and who even wears gloves like this anyway?" as she tried to follow Yolanda's lead by using her teeth to make removing an opera-length glove sexy.  
  
The way the class was heading, the basic gym outfit she'd been wearing somehow didn't seem quite right anymore, especially considering the way her cardio workouts and some yoga she had begun to do at home were toning her body. All things considered, she thought she had a great excuse to order some less than practical new lingerie for use in class, and eventually for Rob's benefit as well!  
  
By week 5 Lisa was feeling pretty good about the routine Yolanda had her developing, the way she moved and even, to her surprise, the graceful way she was learning to get out of her clothing while being watched. For the last couple of weeks, everyone in the class had taken a turn at the front of the room going through however much of a routine they'd worked out. At first most of the women simply strutted around before taking one or at most two pieces of clothing off; Lisa was no exception, going no further than taking off her blouse her first two times in front of the class. On her third time up, the cheering, whistling, and encouragement being yelled by her classmates helped her get her skirt off!  
  
Ever the hard-working student, she'd been dancing around her apartment on nights Rob was away, gradually becoming adept at undoing the buttons on her skirt smoothly with only one hand; being more and more confident about both her fitness and her new skill at dealing with all sorts of buttons, hooks and zippers combined to help keep her almost comfortable in front of her classmates as she got down to wearing only a bra, panties and some thigh-high stockings! By the end of her routine she was breathing a little harder than she would normally expect after that level of exertion, but after all, she thought, "what I just did isn't exactly normal."  
  
Lisa's heart rate went up again on her way back to her spot in the middle of the class as she heard Yolanda say, "Great job, Lisa, you're almost halfway there!"  
  
Lisa wasn't sure she shared Yolanda's faith that she'd eventually progress to taking off much more than she already had. That night as soon as she got home she watched herself in a full-length mirror as she took her stockings off; by the time she'd put them back on seven or eight more times to figure out the sexiest way of removing them, she began to feel confident about at least going that far. Since there wasn't a class the next night, Lisa worked on her routine as far as she'd developed it. Though she still was undecided about going topless, she spent a solid half-hour practicing several ways of getting her bra off, reasoning, "If I do end up taking it off in class next week, I at least want to do it well." She eventually decided the sexiest method was to tease the shoulder straps partway down her arms before unhooking the back, then hold the bra tight to her chest while sliding the straps the rest of the way off, finally pulling the bra completely off and tossing it away.  
  
The following week, number 6 of the 8 week class, Lisa was debating whether she ought to show the class her new skill in sultry bra removal when her turn in front of the group came around. Yolanda announced a change from the usual schedule; she had selected a playlist of music she thought would be good to perform to and played a minute or so of ten or twelve tracks for each member of the class to choose from and to try doing their routine to. Being the first time most of the class had heard most of these songs, nobody matched up their dance perfectly to the music, but even the beginnings of working their routines with the accompaniment made a big difference. What had seemed to Lisa like a bunch of tantalizing but unrelated ways to remove various bits of clothing could become connected, becoming more than the sum of its parts.  
  
When her turn came, Lisa picked a song none of her classmates had chosen, "Park Avenue Beat", which she'd never heard before. Yolanda told her the old Perry Mason TV show had used a little of it as an opening theme, then told her this version was a little over 4 minutes long, but not to worry about timing the first time she danced to it. She loved the dramatic, noirish mood it created, alternating between brass and piano with a quieter more lyrical section in the middle. She wasn't sure exactly how to match her stripping to the music, but thought it had potential.  
  
Lisa downloaded a copy of her chosen music and practiced for almost 2 hours on Wednesday night to be ready for Thursday's class, only stopping when Rob called from Denver for their nightly Facetime session. Lisa was tempted to try out her routine on Rob over the phone, but held back, wanting to polish her act and looking forward to the kind of feedback only possible in person.  
  
Yolanda was impressed Thursday by how far Lisa had progressed in only two days in making her movements and the music work together. The whole class was impressed that she'd managed to time her tossing away her bra to coincide with a dramatic point near the end of the song, especially since she'd never gone topless in class before that night! Lisa felt her face warm with a deep blush as she faced the class with both arms raised high as the music ended. Despite being seriously embarrassed standing in front of everyone wearing nothing but some lacy panties, the raucous cheering from her classmates confirmed her suspicion that her act was coming along nicely. "Maybe nicely isn't exactly the word for it," she thought as she enjoyed the applause.  
  
With four days until her next class, Lisa continued working on her routine and spent some time shopping for items to wear over her lingerie, at least temporarily, to fit the feel of her music. She was pleasantly surprised when her purchases were delivered on Monday, allowing her to test them out during Tuesday's class. Yolanda embarrassed her almost as much as her first time being nearly naked in front of the class had, by singling her new outfit for praise. "Look at how well the outfit fits the mood created by the music," Yolanda said.  
  
"Thanks for the compliments," Lisa said to Yolanda as the class was ending.  
  
"You've clearly been working on things in between classes," Yolanda replied," it's always fun to see someone really get into it. Especially considering how doubtful you were the first week!"  
  
"Yeah, I didn't expect it to be as much fun as it's been. Scary at times, but fun."  
  
"It's been fun watching you push yourself to be a little more daring week by week. I do have some suggestions if you're open to making a few changes,"  
  
"Sure, I might not take the advice, but constructive criticism is always welcome!" Lisa replied, "I was already thinking of making a change, adding a little bit of narration to the beginning and end of my act, to make it more of a story. I can give you a copy of my music with the additions; I'd also need someone else to play a small part at the end, nothing racy, the other person would be fully dressed.  
  
"I'd be glad to help; odds are I've already got something in my closet which could work. As for your current act, I have two comments. I think black lingerie would be a better match for the mood you've created and go well with the rest of your outfit, and maybe a style of panties showing a little more cheek. Anyone with an ass as nice as yours should be sure their outfit shows it off. My other comment is more about timing, but might be solved by a wardrobe adjustment. I think things drag just a little before you take off your bra; I think you could eliminate the lag if you moved the bra removal back a little and took off your panties first!"  
  
"My panties? Ohhh, no, I don't think so! Taking them off was never part of my plan, I had a hard enough time flashing my boobs to you all!" Lisa replied, shaking her head.  
  
Yolanda laughed, then said, "I'm sorry, I 'm not laughing at you; I should have explained myself better. I meant you should take off your panties but wear a g-string underneath! Several of your classmates are going that way; they like being able to stretch their teasing a little longer by including the panty removal. Personally, I always feel any step which brings me closer to actually being nude in front of the audience is pretty exciting. For what it's worth, I've never suggested it, but almost every class ends up with one or two ladies going all the way!"  
  
"You mean they get completely naked?" Lisa asked.  
  
"A few do, some just to try it out, and some simply get carried away and don't stop where they had planned to."  
  
"I'll think about your G-string idea, but I don't think you'll be seeing any more of me than that!" Lisa laughed as she was leaving.  
  
Rob had arrived home while she was out at her class, but had crashed on the couch before she made it home, freeing Lisa to browse online for some new black lingerie. Having never owned a G-string, Lisa was intrigued to see what was available, tuning out her husband's snoring as she browsed some truly amazing lingerie. "Who knew this stuff even existed," she thought, "and who buys it?" She didn't think she'd have the nerve to wear it to class, might not ever wear it at all, but one tiny triangle of lace with impossibly thin strings attached caught her eye. It cost less than $8, so she thought since she wouldn't be wasting much money, why not at least try it on and see what she thought. A few minutes later she had at least some idea about who would buy such a thing, shaking her head and laughing at herself even as she was entering her credit card and mailing address.

Lisa enjoyed having Rob home most of the weekend, but also was a little bit glad when he left for the airport Sunday night, allowing her some time to try Yolanda's suggestions. She practiced sliding her panties off while sitting sideways on a chair facing her imaginary audience, then getting her bra off. Even though she was just rehearsing, alone and at home, ending her act completely nude gave her goosebumps; she couldn't even imagine how it would feel with anyone watching!  
  
Lisa's new additions to her wardrobe arrived the following Monday, giving her a chance to test out her new bra, panties, and G-string before the next day's class. All the new items fit and looked like they had online with one exception; the G-string had ties at the sides, which wasn't really a problem once she figured out where to tie them to make them sit on her hips correctly. She knew she'd also need to arrange the ties so her panties covered them, to maintain the illusion as long as possible that there was nothing under her panties! "There practically isn't anything under my panties," Lisa said to herself nervously as she studied herself in a mirror, nude except for the G-string, "I can't believe I'm thinking about letting people see me dressed only in something which was mailed in a standard business envelope with just one first-class stamp!"  
  
She knew the tiny size of the G-string she'd chosen would force her to trim her pubic hair well beyond the fairly neat triangle of dark hair she usually left, but by the time she eliminated any hair being visible when wearing the G-string there didn't seem to be any point in leaving what little was left in place; just a few more careful strokes of her razor left her body without a bit of hair anywhere below her neck!  
  
The first class of week 7 found Lisa wearing her new G-string under her panties, but she decided against taking her panties off when it was her turn to perform. When a couple of her classmates did go that far she wished she'd had the nerve to do so as well, and resolved to finish her act next time wearing only the G-string. The new topic for the night was pasties; whether or not to wear them at all, where to get them, how to choose from the huge variety out there, how to get them to stay in place, and how to get them off when your act was over. Yolanda explained that they used to be required in most places, and still were in a few states, but that New York didn't have any rules about using them. She said that their use now was more of a tradition than a necessity, but noted that keeping their nipples covered did help some women be more comfortable going braless. On a practical level, she compared using double-sided tape as well as a couple of different types of adhesives, one more secure and one more...forgiving... when your performance was over and it was time to get the pasties off.  
  
At home after Tuesday's class, Lisa had yet another late-night online shopping session, searching for just the right pasties to go with the rest of her outfit, even though if she kept to her routine as planned all but a tiny scrap of her outfit would be on the floor by the time her pasties were visible! Her relatively small areola size meant she had more choices than some of her classmates, making choosing that much harder. She eventually ordered a pair in glittery black, from Walmart of all places!  
  
A little disappointed that the pasties hadn't arrived yet, Lisa was still excited to begin class Thursday, looking forward to and at the same time dreading running through her act, determined to strip all the way down to her G-string in front of an audience for the first time. As the end of her act drew near she tried not to show how nervous being practically nude in front of her cheering classmates made her, and was surprised to feel something else stirring in her besides nervousness, tingling all over as she sat on the chair with her panties dangling on one foot, kicking them off just before she tossed her bra away at least ten feet behind her.  
  
As class ended, Yolanda called for everyone's attention, telling them, "I've arranged to have the use of a nearby private school's auditorium for your final class, giving you all the opportunity to show off your moves on a real stage, with a real live audience. The auditorium is pretty darn big, so even with serious social distancing everyone can have up to four guests, so you can show your significant other what you've learned, or maybe just have some friends come to be a cheering section. The audience will be strictly limited to whoever you invite. Obviously, this is optional, but my previous students have enjoyed this kind of graduation ceremony, so I hope you all sign up."  
  
Lisa had definitely not planned on performing with any audience other than her class or Rob; even the idea of doing the act she'd just done in front of a few dozen strangers, both men and women, gave her goosebumps. She passed the sign-up sheet on without adding her name to the list, but noticed that almost everyone else in the class seemed excited by the idea.  
  
Lisa was so eager to get away before anyone asked her if she was going to sign up for the graduation event she left without even changing, simply stuffing her things into her gym bag and putting on the trench coat she started her act wearing. She didn't even realize she was still wearing only her tiny G-string under her coat until she heard her phone ringing inside her gym bag and had to fish through all her clothes, both her regular work clothes and her burlesque outfit, to find it. Even though she was well covered, being practically naked under her coat while talking with Rob as she walked home from her subway stop was unsettling, a bit scary but also unexpectedly exciting.  
  
The arrival of her pasties in the mail Friday prompted Lisa to practice her routine one time with her entire outfit; by now she had her act well-coordinated with the music. She was feeling pretty proud of having learned so much and polished her act so thoroughly, and felt like she was being a bit of a coward by not signing up for the class's final performance. As much as she'd like more of the thrill she'd felt doing her act in class, she still couldn't see herself intentionally showing a random bunch of strangers that much skin. The problem was, she could see it, and now that the idea had planted itself in her mind she actually was having a hard time shutting the image off. "I'll have to be satisfied having Rob be my whole audience," she said to herself as she packed away her outfit until Tuesday.  
  
Lisa slept in Saturday and woke up to find Rob asleep on the couch. "I got in at 6:00 AM and didn't want to wake you," he told her a few minutes later when her puttering around in the kitchen woke him up. They went out for a walk and had a leisurely lunch at home, takeout from a deli they both liked. Lisa was just about to go get her burlesque gear on and give her husband a big surprise when he told her he had a report he needed to finish and email to his boss that day.  
  
"No problem, sweetheart," she said, despite being eager to put on her show, partially because she'd been looking forward to doing this for him for weeks, and partially to chase away the image of her doing her act on a stage with a lot of people cheering her on.  
  
Rob worked non-stop until after 7, took a break for dinner then went straight back to work. Around 10:30 he announced, "Done! Now I'm all yours."  
  
"That's what I like to hear!" she said, "just give me a minute and I'll be right with you." She went to their bedroom and hustled out of her clothes and got her burlesque outfit on as quickly as she could. "Oh, man is he going to be surprised!" she thought to herself as she sauntered out of the bedroom. He wasn't a bit surprised, being sound asleep on the couch, already snoring.  
  
Lisa was seriously frustrated. She just couldn't seem to get the timing right to give Rob the show she had prepared for him. She wasn't exactly mad at him, he'd been hard at work all week, taken a red-eye flight home, and then put in a full day of work at home. She was disappointed, but as she put away her burlesque gear she was comforted by the fact that he wasn't scheduled for another trip until next Wednesday; surely she'd find an opportunity to do her act for him before then. She threw a blanket over her husband and got to bed in a good mood.  
  
Her good mood was thoroughly ruined when Rob told her over breakfast that he needed to travel to fill in for a colleague who had quit suddenly. She held herself back from saying anything but grew angrier by the minute as he told her he needed to pack right away and get to the airport by noon. Rob apologized for the sudden change of plans, but Lisa wasn't feeling like accepting apologies just yet. Rob told her he expected to be back by Wednesday, Thursday at the latest.  
  
Lisa's only communication with Rob between the time he left Sunday and Monday night was a handful of texts. When they finally had a phone call Monday night, Lisa was glad to be able to talk with him, but eventually realized that most of their conversation was him complaining about his day.  
  
She hadn't been sure if she'd even bother with Tuesday's class since she wasn't going to be part of Thursday's event, but brought her gym bag with her outfit to work as usual.  
  
When Lisa arrived a few minutes late for the Tuesday night class, she was surprised to see all her classmates still in their street clothes. She asked, of nobody in particular, "Did I miss something, are we having class tonight or not?"  
  
Yolanda replied, "Sorry for the change of plan, but since everyone has got their act in pretty good shape I thought a visit to our venue for Thursday night might be a better use of our time. Seeing the space, getting used to the lighting, generally getting familiar with the place."  
  
Even though she wasn't planning on being part of Thursday's event Lisa nodded and joined the group as they walked three blocks to an ornate five-story building with the school's name, Maxwell Academy for Boys, carved into the stone arch above the entrance. A man who looked almost as old as the building greeted Yolanda and opened the front door. "Headmaster told me I'm to let your people in and lock up after you're gone, is that all you need?" the ancient-looking custodian asked.  
  
"That's about it, but I'll need you to help me get the lighting in the auditorium set correctly," Yolanda replied.  
  
"As long as you aren't looking for some complicated light show, I can get you set up," he said.  
  
The class wandered around the stage, the spaces behind and in the wings, finding a few rooms which would serve well enough as dressing rooms, then walked down to the seating area.  
  
They couldn't see much in the dimly lit space, but it was clearly large. A minute or two after they reached the seating area the stage lights came on, bright enough to see their way around and bright enough, Lisa thought nervously, to be seen pretty well from the seats. Yolanda yelled from a projection booth above, asking someone to go up on stage and stand right in the center. Since she was nearest to the steps up to the stage, Lisa volunteered, going to a spot that looked to her like the center of the stage.  
  
Standing where Yolanda has asked her to, but not sure why, Lisa didn't have to wait long before her reason for being there was clear. A blinding spotlight lit her up like she was outside at noon on a sunny day while the edges of the stage were in twilight and the seats were somewhere around midnight. She squinted as she tried to see her classmates still down in the seats; she'd been able to see them well enough to recognize them a moment ago, but with the spotlight trained on her nothing beyond the edge of the stage was visible. After a few minutes, Yolanda had broadened the light's beam to highlight the middle third of the stage, around fifteen feet of very bright space, and cut down the intensity enough that Lisa didn't need to squint at all if she didn't look straight into the light.  
  
After an hour or so of Yolanda giving tips to her students on how to connect with an audience you couldn't see, how to adjust your performance to fit into the spotlight, how to do their makeup to look right in the spotlight, and several other bits of her wisdom about what they were planning to do there in two more nights.  
  
As the cluster of would-be burlesque performers strolled back to their practice space, Lisa considered her options one more time. Everyone in her class had already seen everything she'd be revealing if she were to perform on stage Thursday night. While she was still troubled by the idea stripping for the larger audience of whoever her classmates might invite, she reasoned that since she didn't really know her classmates, she wasn't likely to know their friends or family either. With the lighting set up as it was, the audience would be effectively invisible to her on stage. She fully understood that though she couldn't see them, they'd be able to see her. "Would they ever," she thought, shivering briefly despite the night being warm for early May.  
  
On the plus side, she was pretty sure she had come up with an entertaining act, and a sexy one as well; she couldn't help but be curious how people beyond her classmates would react. If nothing else, it promised to be an interesting experience, and memorable. She knew her decision was probably in part a reaction to Rob's neglect of her, but thought her own wishes were most of what was leading her to her choice.  
  
When the group made it back to their practice space Lisa asked Yolanda, "can I see the sign-up sheet? I'd like to add my name to the lineup."  
  
"I'm glad you changed your mind," Yolanda said as she handed Lisa the clipboard holding the sign-up sheet.  
  
Lisa said nothing, but her shaky signature on the sheet said a lot.  
  
Lisa was beyond distracted all day at work on Wednesday, repeatedly finding herself running through each step in her act in her mind when she should have been making another phone call. She texted Rob several times to see if he knew when he'd be getting back home. His replies were slow in coming and vague as far as his return time.  
  
By Wednesday night she had given up on his returning before Thursday, putting an end to one idea she'd come up with earlier in the day; she had thought if he made it home any time at all on Wednesday she could surprise him by doing her act at their apartment and forget about the Thursday night event.  
  
She still believed he would make it home on Thursday, but didn't want to cancel her participation in the class event on such short notice; she decided his surprise would be having her invite him to the show! She knew seeing her performance as just another audience member might be a shock, but thought maybe he'd be less likely to take her for granted afterward.  
  
All day Thursday Lisa expected to get a text, email, voicemail, whatever, telling her that her husband had arrived at LaGuardia and would be back at their apartment by the time she made it home. Nothing came. As she wrapped up her day at work she broke down and called Rob, hoping he had made it back to town and was on his way home but had forgotten to let her know. As soon as he answered she knew he wasn't home; the background noise made it obvious he was at some sort of bar. "What's going on why are you in a bar, isn't it 3:00 PM where you are?" she asked coldly.  
  
"Yeah, I know it doesn't sound like it but I AM working; we're close to making this deal and this is how the people we're negotiating with like to work. Sorry, I won't be home tonight, I'll be back Friday night, Saturday morning at the latest," he replied.  
  
Really annoyed now, Lisa just said, "Okay, we can talk later. Bye." then hung up. She shut down her computer, picked up her gym bag and headed straight to the Maxwell Academy for Boys.  
  
Thirty minutes after leaving work Lisa stood on the sidewalk outside the school, looking at the name carved above the entrance. She smiled as she wondered, "What might the Maxwell Academy boys think if they could see tonight's event?" She had seen some class photos in the lobby Tuesday night, and the students looked like high school age boys, so she was pretty sure they'd have enjoyed the performances if they'd only been invited.  
  
She saw the custodian waiting at the entrance and walked in. Seeing several of her classmates already in the lobby she thought to herself, "no backing out now!" as she said hello. The half dozen women went to the room Yolanda had told them would be their dressing room, finding another ten women there already! There was plenty of space for them all, but both groups were confused by the presence of the other. Eventually they figured out that Yolanda had two classes, one meeting on Mondays and Wednesdays and the other on Tuesdays and Thursdays.  
  
Lisa was a little surprised at the unexpected increase in the size of the show, at first thinking with some relief that she'd attract less attention as one part of a larger show; then she remembered that more performers also meant a larger audience, feeling a shiver as she realized the number of people who would be watching her perform was likely to be double what she'd been expecting!  
  
The number of spectators wasn't the only problem; Lisa spotted her coworkers Angie and Pam among the other group, as well as a couple other women she recognized from the office but didn't know. "God only knows who they've invited, boyfriends, husbands, maybe a half dozen other people from work!" she thought, "and with the lighting setup I'll have no way to know who's watching me. I guess if there are any other people from work out there, I'll hear about it eventually."  
  
There was one other woman in the other group currently getting dressed who Lisa was sure she had met, but couldn't place. She wasn't the sort of person anyone was likely to forget; long blonde hair framing a pretty face, tall and lean but with plenty of curves, including her more than ample breasts. Looking at this goddess, Lisa was glad this was more of a party than a competition. Her suspicion that she 'd met the blonde somewhere was bolstered by how long the woman looked at Lisa, as if she was also trying to remember where she knew her from.  
  
As Lisa settled in to work on her makeup and get her outfit on, Yolanda arrived in the changing area, passing out slips of paper to each performer. "The address on the paper I just gave you is for a live video feed of the show," she announced. Hearing some muttering she continued, "It's strictly voluntary, since it's only available to people you give this address to it's kind of like an expansion of the invitations you handed out already, but if you're not comfortable sharing your performance with anyone beyond these walls just let me know and we'll blank out the feed during your performance. Oh, one more thing, if you do share the address, please make sure you only do so with people you really trust!"  
  
Lisa looked at the link on the slip of paper and wondered, "Should I? What will he think?" She put the paper in her bag and decided to wait before deciding.  
  
At 6:45 Yolanda came through to let everyone know that the show would start in 15 minutes, praising them all and encouraging a couple of women who seemed to be getting cold feet. She handed out programs to the performers and took the names of the handful of students who didn't want to be part of the live feed. Lisa hadn't decided whether or not she dared send Rob the link, so she passed on this last chance to not have her nearly naked performance be available to whoever these other ladies gave access to! She watched nervously as several other performers carefully entered the link on their phones and then sent the link out to someone out in the world.  
  
Wrapping up her preparations by 6:55, Lisa studied the program and saw that she'd been given a slot near the middle of the lineup, allowing her, for better or for worse, to observe a few of her performers in action on stage before her time in the spotlight. She decided that as long as some unknowable number of people might be viewing the show live, it was only fair that Rob be given a chance to see, among other things, what she'd been learning the past couple of months. She carefully entered the link in a text to Rob, adding a short message, " sorry u couldn't b here, hope u enjoy show", She wavered a moment but despite her hands shaking noticeably managed to hit send just as the first dancer was announced.

Thinking she might need some moral support after she went through with this madness, she sent her two best friends from college a text with a short message, "look how crazy living in NYC has made me", along with the link. She wished Brianna and Kerry were with her; she was sure they'd support her, even though she knew they'd never do anything like this themselves!  
  
Lisa watched from a dark area in the wings, well out of the audience's line of sight, as the first few performers were announced and took their turns in the glare of the spotlight. She was encouraged by the encouraging nature of the response from the audience; there was cheering, whistling, clapping and one or two exclamations of, "Oh my God!" from a few women watching as their friend up on the stage got closer and closer to being naked.  
  
Lisa was actually enjoying the show until she saw her friend Pam step out on the stage to perform; Lisa double checked the program and confirmed that she was up next! Pam was moving quickly, already unbuttoning her blouse. As Pam's blouse fell to the floor, the audience cheered, seeing that the curvy redhead was down to a sheer bra and panty set. She watched as Pam slipped her arms out of her bra, willing her to take her time and postpone, if only for a little bit, Lisa's time on the stage. She got her wish, as Pam surprised all her classmates by not ending her act where she had in class; Lisa watched in awe as her full-figured friend hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and began sliding them down. The crowd roared as Pam let her panties drop to the floor and then kicked them away. Standing in the spotlight, completely nude except for some heart-shaped pasties, she took a bow, blew someone in the crowd a kiss, and trotted off stage.  
  
Lisa was dumbfounded; Pam had always seemed kind of shy, but now she'd left Lisa with a particularly tough act to follow. She watched as another performer scampered around the stage picking up Pam's scattered clothing. In less than a minute the stage was ready for the next act. Hers.  
  
Lisa's heart was already racing as she heard Yolanda announce her by her stage name, "Please everyone, give a big welcome to our next artist, Miss Belle Noir!" She was in too much of a daze to notice that Yolanda had used the sound file Lisa had made for her, with an audio clip she'd pulled from an old movie inserted before the music started saying, "Suspect is the victim's wife, last seen wearing a long coat but believed to be changing her appearance." She tried to just focus on the music, strutting to the center of the stage to two early dramatic peaks, pausing between them as planned and looking around as if frightened; reaching center stage she tugged her trench coat's belt in time to the music, opening it and shrugging it off her shoulders with her back to the audience. She slipped her right arm out of its sleeve and swung her left arm around, sending the coat flying to her left far enough to be out of the spotlight. She surprised the audience by moving straight on to unbuttoning her houndstooth pencil skirt, leaving her huge broad-brimmed hat and sunglasses in place for now.  
  
Taking off her coat felt easy enough, and the wobble in her stride she had felt was gone, but Lisa could feel her pulse rising as she gyrated slightly in time with the bold, brassy music; now facing the audience, she popped one button at the right side of her skirt after another free from its home. She could feel the snug skirt losing its grip on her hips and butt a little more with each button undone until enough buttons were freed to allow gravity to take over; with one last shake of her hips, the skirt dropped to the floor! The audience clapped and cheered as she stepped out of the puddle of fabric and kicked it over to join her coat.  
  
Her face still shaded by her hat and hidden behind her oversized sunglasses, Lisa felt at least somewhat anonymous as she began unbuttoning her last piece of clothing that wasn't black, a shiny white silk blouse. She alternated undoing buttons at the top and bottom until there was only one left. Cheers, whistling, and shouted encouragement helped her keep moving at the pace she'd rehearsed her striptease for weeks. Her hands shook slightly as she unfastened the final button and opened the blouse wide, giving the audience its first look at her lacy black bra! The reaction from the unseen dozens beyond the glare of the spotlight told Lisa they liked what they were seeing.  
  
Just a couple of seconds earlier than planned, Lisa reached down and undid the straps on her heels, stepped out of them and sat on a chair facing stage right. As the music slowed and softened she worked her left leg's stocking down, uncovering her thigh, then her calf and finally her foot, drawing out the removal a few seconds as the stocking was just hanging on to her toes. She spun around to face stage left and repeated the process on her right stocking, standing up as it came free. She draped it over the back of the chair and stepped forward a couple of steps.  
  
Standing just a few feet from the edge of the stage, Lisa finally surrendered her anonymity, unpinning her hat and taking it off. She shook her hair loose, then removed her sunglasses. Her face well lit by the spotlight for the first time, she thought, "If there is anyone out there in the audience who knows me, I guess I'm busted now," then shuddered as it occurred to her that the same thing applied to anyone watching her online right then.  
  
Considering what she was about to do in the next 90 seconds or so, she couldn't help but shake a little at the idea that someone who knew her might be watching; she stepped back to the chair and hung her hat on one corner of its back. Sitting down again facing stage right, she briefly raised her butt a fraction of an inch, just high enough and just long enough for her to be able to slide her panties down past her butt to her upper thighs. As thin as the cords at the side of her G-string were, it appeared to the audience that in a few seconds she'd be naked below the waist! The crowd cheered and clapped louder than ever as she slowly, slowly pushed the lace-trimmed black tap pants down beyond her knees, finally letting them drop to her feet. She pulled her left foot out of the panties and kicked her right foot, sending them sailing several feet away.  
  
Pausing a few seconds before making her next move, Lisa soaked up the raucous cheering and applause, thinking, "man, these people are REALLY hoping to see my pussy, I hope it isn't too much of a letdown when they see the G-string instead!" She hopped off the chair and turned her back to the audience; a few of the spectators in the closest seats may have noticed her G-string's dental floss thin strings, but judging by the steady cheering they were more than content to enjoy the clear view of her ass Lisa was now treating them to.  
  
One of Yolanda's tips for the class had been to look out to the audience as if they were making eye contact even though the spotlight made it impossible. Despite having to remember the details of her act, keep track of how much time she had left and the rising level of agitation she was feeling as more and more of her body was exposed, Lisa didn't forget Yolanda's training, looking over her shoulder at whoever might be looking back as she began to tease the bra straps off her shoulders and down her upper arms. She paused to hold her right hand up to her ear, demanding the audience make even more noise if they wanted to see her boobs. The crowd came through as requested, with several viewers shouting, "Take it off!", including a few female voices! Lisa quivered a little as she unhooked her bra, but didn't hesitate, turning to face her audience, holding the bra loosely in place while she slipped one arm, then the other free from the dangling shoulder straps. She felt a wave of heat pass through her as she finally pulled the bra completely off and tossed it away!  
  
Lisa was overwhelmed by the applause and cheering. Any disappointment her audience had in seeing her G-string instead of her pussy was overcome by their enjoyment of their first look at her uncovered breasts. The crowd thought they had seen her entire act, but she knew her music had at least half a minute left before it ended and she didn't want this incredible feeling to end yet.  
  
An alternative ending to her act which she'd planned to use when she finally stripped for Rob but never thought she'd be daring enough to do in public came to mind. She knew he checked his texts constantly, thinking, "He's GOT to be watching me now, no way would he not keep watching once he saw what the link brought to his phone's screen!"  
  
Her mind made up, Lisa stepped back to the chair and picked up her hat. "This is for you, Rob," she said, too quietly for anyone to hear over the music, "and maybe just a little bit for me..." The bold brass instrumental repeating the theme from the beginning of the song fit her new swagger. She held the hat in front of her, just a few inches away from her breasts as she strutted towards the front of the stage, stopping less than three feet from the edge.  
  
With the giant hat covering her from a spot an inch or two above her pastie covered nipples all the way down to her upper thighs, she hadn't been covered up this much since her blouse had come off, quieting much of the crowd. A few members of the audience seated in the front row far to her left or right cheered louder than ever, seeing what Lisa was up to; they had an angle which let them see what was hidden from most of the audience, her left hand pulling off her pasties! She needed to pull so hard to detach them that by the time they came loose she had lifted her breasts nearly high enough to bring her nipples above the edge of her hat's brim. When she finally had the pasties off, she held them up above the brim of her hat and dropped them behind her; enough of the crowd had now caught on to the resumption of her striptease that the noise level in the room jumped up again.  
  
Lisa's pulse jumped up as well as she tried to decide if she could do what the crowd was hoping she would; she told herself that even if she did strip out of her G-string, she could keep covered by holding her hat in front of her as she left the stage. She'd be giving the audience a good look at her nude body from behind, but thought, "kinda late to worry about that, my G-string is useless as far as covering my butt anyway." The fact that she wanted to get the G-string off at least as much as the audience wanted her to worried her a little, she wasn't usually this impulsive and wondered if she was being realistic about being able to keep the hat in place.  
  
Her misgivings weren't strong enough to overcome the rush she felt as she tugged at the thin string at her left hip, releasing the simple knot. The left side of the minuscule triangle of fabric fell away, uncovering half of her pussy. She knew that like it or not, her G-string was definitely not going to cover her pussy again during this performance; there was no possible way she could get it tied back in place with only one hand, and one hand was absolutely needed to keep her hat covering her. "I guess I don't really have a choice now," she thought, "it might as well come off." Deep down she knew she didn't actually want another choice; with her free hand she reached across her body and grasped one of the ties; one quick tug was enough to undo the knot at her right hip and complete the separation of the small patch of cloth from her pussy. She pulled the tiny garment out from behind the hat, and held it up like some kind of prize, making sure her audience knew she was naked behind the hat. She let the string go, sending her last bit of clothing to join the rest of her outfit on the stage floor!  
  
Knowing she had around 15 more seconds to work with before the music ended, Lisa spun around, giving her admirers a full but frustratingly brief view of the entire left side of her body, ending up facing away from the audience. She lifted the hat away from her body, put it back on her head and danced, still with her back to the wildly cheering audience! With less than 5 seconds of music left, she gave in to the urge that had been building in her since she had taken the stage. She spun back around to face her audience one last time, this time hiding nothing at all. She tossed the hat away, finally truly naked, and took a quick bow as the music ended. She thought to herself, "Holy shit, I can't believe I did this, but at least I've only been completely exposed for a few seconds, time to to get the hell off this stage!"  
  
With the crowd making a tremendous noise, Lisa didn't notice at first the voice coming from the gigantic boombox Yolanda used as a sound system. By the time she heard it say, "We have the suspect in sight and will apprehend her" and realized what was about to happen, it was too late to stop Yolanda.  
  
Having slipped in behind Lisa as she was taking her naked bow at the front of the stage, Yolanda, right on cue and dressed in a fairly realistic police uniform, grabbed Lisa's wrists, pulled the startled brunette's hands behind her back and slapped handcuffs on her.  
  
Yolanda had done exactly as Lisa had asked, but when she thought up this scene Lisa had expected to be wearing at least her G-string and pasties when Yolanda handcuffed her. She'd thought it was quite possible she'd still be wearing a lot more if she lost her nerve her first time stripping this way for an audience and only got down to her lingerie; instead she was now utterly exposed only a few feet from the audience in the first row. Having her arms pinned back made her already full breasts jut out even more than normal and her nipples felt like they were on fire. As humiliating as her situation had become, Lisa somehow couldn't make herself speak; she couldn't remember ever being so helpless, or so embarrassed. Yolanda continued with the plan, loudly pretending to talk with a supervisor on her radio, complete with pauses to listen to the other, unheard side of the conversation.  
  
"No, sir, she's not disguised."  
  
"Check for concealed weapons?"  
  
"No, she doesn't appear to be hiding anything."  
  
"Okay, I'll bring her in for questioning."  
  
Finally, after what seemed like hours to Lisa, Yolanda led her prisoner backstage.  
  
Lisa had to wait for Yolanda to introduce the next performer before they reached a quiet spot backstage, " I completely forgot you were going to do that," Lisa moaned, "I'd never have gone completely naked if I'd remembered!"  
  
"Then why didn't you say anything?" Yolanda asked, smiling wickedly, "Maybe you like being my naked prisoner? Maybe just a little? It WAS your script, after all."  
  
"I couldn't speak. Or move. It was like some kind of out of body experience," Lisa whispered.  
  
"I don't know about out-of-body experiences, but you definitely had an out of clothing experience," Yolanda laughed, then, looking more serious, added, "So what should I do with you now?"  
  
"Do with me? You should take off the cuffs!" Lisa said nervously.  
  
"Are you sure? I think you should have to earn your freedom," Yolanda replied, lightly brushing Lisa's lower lip with her costume's nightstick! "Think about it while I go introduce Angie."  
  
Waiting helplessly for Yolanda to return, Lisa's thoughts were a jumble of outrage, fear, embarrassment, and surprisingly, more than a little arousal. She thought she was too far from the stage to be heard above the music and all her fellow performers were in the wings near the stage watching Angie.  
  
As soon as she returned, Yolanda asked with a leer, "Have you decided what your sentence for being so naughty should be?"  
  
"How about one kiss?" Lisa mumbled, blushing deeply.  
  
"I wasn't expecting you to suggest that; I was thinking you should go pick up the clothes the next performer leaves behind; as you are, minus the handcuffs of course. I suppose a kiss would be acceptable if you make it a good one! I'm fine with either option, I'll leave it up to you to decide while I go introduce Ava.  
  
Lisa considered her options as she heard Ava's music begin; the classic "The Stripper" by David Rose, which she remembered was a fairly short song. Since Lisa had no idea who Ava was, she assumed she was a student from Yolanda's other group; not knowing exactly how many pieces of clothing Ava might be leaving on the stage, she imagined how gathering up the abandoned garments in her current state might be a long and mind-blowingly embarrassing task. Kissing Yolanda would have the advantage of being more private, and possibly even enjoyable. "Enjoyable might be a bad thing," she thought, "the way I'm feeling right now there's no telling where that might lead!"  
  
However humiliating, at least the naked stage cleanup option wasn't an open-ended invitation to a whole new type of trouble, and Ava could only have left so many items behind. Knowing the audience had already had a good long look at everything she'd be showing them, Lisa chose the option to go back onstage. She told Yolanda what she'd decided as soon as she returned, already halfway through Ava's act. Yolanda frowned and said, "I shouldn't have offered you the choice. Maybe some other time. Turn around and I'll unlock the cuffs."  
  
With her hands free again just as Ava's music was about to end, all sorts of thoughts ran through Lisa's mind. She wondered if she could really make herself stroll out on the stage already totally nude. She wondered if it was healthy for her pulse to be pounding in her skull the way it was. She wondered why she should even go through with her new task; she was already free, so she could simply refuse to do it. She even wondered if she should have chosen her other option.  
  
Whatever her reason, she didn't back out of her agreement. The gorgeous blonde she'd noticed before the show passed Lisa, headed off the stage as Lisa headed on, both women completely naked and both blushing from head to toe, "So SHE'S Ava!" Lisa thought. She hadn't realized how hard it would be to locate the various discarded pieces of clothing in the glare of the spotlight; she found a short, pleated plaid skirt, a pair of shiny black platform pumps and a semi-sheer white button-down blouse fairly quickly, but some smaller items took longer. She found a really skimpy thong and one white stocking without much trouble, so she knew there must be another stocking somewhere, but had to wander all over before finding it. She was about ready to give up and dash backstage when she finally found the missing stocking well outside the beam of the spotlight, near a plaid tie and a pink demi-bra. She began to regret missing Ava's act, apparently some sort of naughty schoolgirl routine, then remembered that Yolanda was streaming the whole show, so she was probably recording it as well.  
  
When she remembered that this extended naked tour of the stage was also being streamed, Lisa abruptly ended her search, thinking, "screw it, if Ava was wearing pasties or a G-string someone else will have to find them, I think I've put on enough of a show!" She trotted offstage clutching Ava's clothing. As mortified as she was to be doing cleanup duty in the nude, Lisa still got a thrill from the audience giving her a hearty round of applause as she left the stage.  
  
After pausing at her own changing area long enough to put on her skirt and blouse, Lisa brought Ava's pile of clothes over to her. The statuesque blonde was already fully dressed and was just finishing up what sounded like a tense phone call. Lisa hung back until the call was over, then approached the visibly upset Ava, saying, "Um, sorry to bother you, but I have your outfit here, or at least most of it. I missed your act, so I didn't know if I couldn't find a G-string and pasties because you didn't use them or if I just couldn't find them because I was in a hurry."

Ava smiled, saying, "I didn't see the point in wearing pasties when they only cover like 10% of my boobs, and I didn't bother with a G-string because I had no intention at all of taking off my thong out there. Something about the spotlight and the crowd egging me on got to me, I guess. Or maybe it was because of my boyfriend. My ex-boyfriend, I should say."  
  
"You mean you didn't want to get naked, but you did because he wanted you to?" Lisa asked.  
  
"No, he actually said me going topless was okay, but showing my pussy would make me some kind of slut. Kind of ironic since he convinced me to take the class in the first place!" Ava replied, "and then after all the work I did the last couple of months to let him have some sort of fantasy about being with a stripper, the asshole volunteered for an extra shift at his fire station tonight and then had the balls to tell me I shouldn't perform tonight since he wasn't coming! I think maybe I went all the way to send him some sort of message."  
  
"Wow, he sounds like a tool! But wouldn't just sending him a fuck off text have been sufficient?"  
  
Ava laughed and said, "Yeah that would have been a lot less work, but to be honest, after rehearsing during class I was curious how it would feel to do it once in front of a real audience. Especially after we visited here last week and I spent a few minutes on the stage in the spotlight."  
  
"I know what you mean," Lisa replied, "I wasn't even planning on being here tonight, but some time standing in the spotlight Tuesday night helped convince me to come."  
  
"Let me guess," Ava said, "the spotlight experience combined with encouragement from someone close to you, either a boyfriend or a husband, got you up on the stage tonight; am I right?"  
  
"Sorry, you're way off, my husband had no idea I was going to do this. At least he didn't before I sent him the link to the live stream! I guess he was an influence in a way; I was going to skip tonight's show and show him what I've learned in private, but he's always on the road. This week alone he's pushed back the time he's promised to be home twice."  
  
"Looks like we both misread how the others subconscious motivations led us to end up stripping naked for a bunch of horny strangers!" Ava laughed. Seconds later her expression became serious as she looked at Lisa's face. Very serious.  
  
Lisa's smile faded a few seconds later as she caught up to Ava in remembering why they each had a nagging feeling they'd met somewhere before this night. "Oh my God! Park Slope Rehab Associates, you were..."  
  
"I was on the committee interviewing you for a staff Psychologist position back in February!" Ava said, her voice rising, "if you take the job I'll be your direct supervisor!"  
  
"If I take the job? Is it going to be offered to me?"  
  
"Sometime in the next week or two, yes..."  
  
Both women fell silent for a minute or two before Ava began laughing, eventually pausing long enough to say, "Aw, fuck it! So we know a little bit more about each other than new colleagues usually do, it's not like either of us can criticize the other about what we did tonight."  
  
"Agreed!" Lisa replied, "except maybe about the messy way you left your clothes scattered all over the stage."  
  
"Okay, don't bring that up during any staff meetings." Ava said as she laughed.  
  
The two Psychologists heard Yolanda calling for the performers to each come out on the stage for one final bow. They took their final well spaced turns in the spotlight along with the rest of their classmates, then headed backstage for a celebratory glass of some champagne Yolanda had brought. Lisa waited until the gathering broke up to look at her phone, working her way through the long list of texts from Rob before moving on to his four voicemails during her cab ride home.  
  
The first few texts were clearly sent before her performance, with Rob actually thanking her for the entertainment. She chuckled as she read them, amazed at his lack of curiosity about why she had sent him the link. The time stamp on one text near the end of the series had to be less than a minute after the moment in her act when she had revealed her face; WTF!! was all it said.  
  
The voicemails followed a similar pattern, with Rob starting off clueless and sounding somewhat drunk. During his second call, he even gave a sort of running commentary on the show put on by the first half dozen dancers. His tone on the third message was way, way more agitated, along the lines of, "What the hell? Why didn't you warn me? Oh, shit, not your panties, really? Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" though she couldn't make it all out between his slurred speech and the noise in the background in the bar. He sounded even more drunk during his final message, but calmer, simply saying, "Call me. Please."  
  
Thinking maybe she'd gone too far and had really angered Rob, she called him as soon as she was home, prepared to get an earful from a furious, drunk husband. He did still sound drunk, but was calm and asked to hear how she had ended up doing what he'd seen. She explained her behavior, gently pointing out that he'd been neglecting her for months. They both agreed they needed to communicate better in the future.  
  
Rob said, "As long as we're being more honest, you should know that before I realized you'd be part of the show I shared the link you sent me with a few people at the sports bar we were at, mostly the executives of the company we're pursuing, and a few of my co-workers too. I think pretty much the whole bar ended up watching after one of the guys we're negotiating with got the bartender to put it up on a few of the big screens; your event was way more popular than the three year old football game they'd been showing! By the time you came on the stage, there was no way I could stop it. I kept quiet about the fact that we were all watching my wife stripping, but I practically passed out when you did that thing at the end with the hat!"  
  
"Oh. Shit." Lisa said quietly, "I never thought about the possibility you'd share the link with anyone else, let alone a whole bar. I should have given you more warning, but sending you the link was a last-minute thing, and I was pretty nervous and distracted. I guess other than making me not want to meet your co-workers anytime soon, there's no real harm done. Why the hell are bars even open there, anyway?"  
  
"Yeah, bad luck there, they just re-opened bars in this state a couple of days ago," Rob continued, "by the way, before I forget, you were amazing. Easily the hottest woman on the stage!"  
  
"Thanks for the compliment, if you're good I'll give you a more private performance sometime."  
  
"There is one more thing - the owner of the company we're after is nearly as crazy as he is rich; he's offered to drop his price by $250,000 if we arrange for a few of the dancers from your event to perform a few dances for him and his upper management at their headquarters to celebrate closing the deal. I know it sounds insane, but that works out to only around a third of one percent of his asking price, so he can afford to indulge his fantasies!"  
  
"I'm afraid to ask," but who..." Lisa began.  
  
"He specifically asked for the tall blonde who did the school girl act, the plump redhead, and you. He assumed that since I provided the link I'd be able to contact you all."  
  
"What did you tell him?" Lisa asked, her throat getting a little tight.  
  
"I couldn't tell him about you being my wife, so I stalled; I told him I'd try to contact you all. In a few days, I'll explain that the one he called the hot chick in the handcuffs either can't be found or isn't interested. If you think the other two are up for it, you could let them know there's a good payday available for one day's work, counting being flown out and back on the company jet."  
  
"How good a payday, exactly?"  
  
"I hadn't thought about it, maybe $10,000 each since he requested them specifically."  
  
"What if they hold out for more?"  
  
"I guess as long as my company comes out ahead we'd cough up more."  
  
"$50,000 would be a great payday."  
  
"Who said anything about $50,000?" he asked, confused.  
  
"I just did. After all, I'll definitely need to buy a few more outfits!"