**Liza's First Time: Surprise!**

by daddyo46

The River Smoke House had once been little more than a shack perched on the Mississippi river bank, until the Great Flood washed it and everything south of Memphis away in a rush of water. The Beale street River Smoke House was the third such rebirth of the old famous eatery. Dave held the door as the two girls, Liza and Tracey, now chatting like BFF's, entered the smoky den.  
  
"They say if you smell smoke it's authentic!" Jeff quipped.  
  
"Where there's smoke there's... BBQ!" Liza answered.  
  
They were greeted by a pretty young thing, named Jesse if you believed her name tag. There was live music and low lighting and a real swanky-ness that reached out for the two couples. "There's a ten dollar cover, but I'll knock off 5 if you're all together," Jesse explained.  
  
"We're here for the contest," Liza rejoined, nudging Tracey. The blonde nodded and Liza went on, "I'm Liza, I called you earlier, but I spoke to Calvin?!"  
  
"Oh, great. Ok, so I have a table for you already but I thought it was for two."  
  
"Well it was until we ran into these guys down on Beale," Liza smiled, nudging Tracey, who nodded and smiled. "I guess they're with us now."  
  
Dave turned to Jeff and shrugged then they both broke out in grins. Dave walked over and put a $20 on the counter. The hostess smiled and stamped both the guys hands.  
  
"So Calvin will hook you up with costumes unless you brought your own... which it seems you did?!" the hostess said noticing Liza's outfit. "You two get wristbands and whatever beer or well drinks at the bar," she explained to the girls.  
  
"Contest?" Jeff asked Tracey, who nodded and smiled then turned to point to a poster tacked to the smoke darkened wood. "Beale Streets Blues Babe Contest! Win $2000 Grand Prize and Appearance on Beale Street Parade Babe Float! Many will Enter, Few will Float!"  
  
"Did You..?" Dave asked Liza who shushed him with a finger to his lips.  
  
"I just called ahead to make sure we had a table," she replied then winked and kissed him. "Fasten your seatbelt lover, it's going to be a fun ride!"  
  
There are a couple of really great BBQ places in the entire Midwest, and River was in the top four. Pretty soon the couples were satiated and a great pile of bones and napkins littered their table. Liza set down her fork and checked her cell phone, it was twenty minutes to ten o'clock. "We should see what Calvin has for "costumes" Tracey," she said to the blonde.  
  
So Liza is a busty brunette, tall enough for her man but next to Tracey... The blonde was all legs. And the little sundress bared them to just above mid thigh. A pert pair of breasts, just a handful, jut out excitedly at what Liza had just suggested.  
  
"Jeff, I have to ask you something, Liza says you probably don't remember what I wore on our first date and if she's right I have to do a dare. Do you remember what I wore that night?" Tracey asked.  
  
"Yeah sure babe.. let me think. You had on a really cute... gold chain with a heart. Yeah, I remember cause it was the only thing you had on!" Jeff laughed, poking Dave who suddenly got the joke. The guys were laughing and clinking their beer mugs; Liza and Tracey abruptly stood up smiling.  
  
"No, it was a blue polka dot dress, and you loved that it was backless cause you rubbed her back and tried to put your hand in to grab her ass," Liza surprised both the guys with her revelation. "So I guess you're coming with me," she said to Tracey and the girls walked over to the bar.  
  
"They're not kidding?" Jeff looked at Dave over his beer.  
  
"They're not Kidding!" Dave looked at Jeff surprised.  
  
A line of women was now forming at the end of the bar where a guy was handing out Tee shirts. "Ok ladies," a voice exclaimed over the bar's speakers. "Ya'all need to get ready for the Contest if you've entered, and if you haven't, Why the Hell Not?" Liza and Tracey finally got to the bar to get their shirts.  
  
"You're good" the guy ogled Liza's D-cups preposterously suspended in the barely there halter. He handed over a Tee to Tracey who nodded and smiled.  
  
"Is there any place to change?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, anyplace at all," Tee-Shirt guy answered.  
  
"Well, I guess I don't need a Tee," Liza pouted.  
  
"Everyone seems to agree on that," Tracey pointed out.  
  
A line was forming for the Ladies room, so the girls headed back to where the guys sat at a rear table. "This looks like fun!" Jeff quipped as Liza and Tracey sat back down. He grabbed the Tee from his blond honey, "This looks fun and exciting and... fucking WOW, Trey!"  
  
"Hang on to your hat, honey. Momma's going dancing tonight!" she exclaimed. "I don't think I can wait for that line to the bathroom so..." and then Tracey pulled her dress over her head. Pert brown nipples popped over the top of the soft peach toned demi bra now displayed in warm contrast to her tanned skin. She stood and finally showed everyone the tiny matching peach thong that snuggled in her snatch.  
  
"Wait." Liza shouted as Tracey tried to put on the new Tee shirt. "Turn and Bow!"  
  
Tracey pouted at Liza, then turned and bowed, ass up face down to the rest of the room. Tracey's tanned tush was displayed with a nice peek of her lovely labia. "I always hoped but I..." Jeff babbled. He reached out and stroked the bare bottom down to the soft junction between Tracey's thighs. The blond gasped and she leaned into the touch letting his fingers dip inside. She let out a soft moan, then pushed his hand away.  
  
"Later Lover," she told him. At a nod from Dave, Liza stepped beside her new GF and bowed reminding them of her panty free pussy.  
  
"This is just great, amazing," Jeff said breathlessly. "Tracey you are so.."  
  
"Fucking hot, I'm melting in my seat!" Dave interjected. The girls then broke their pose, softly kissed each other and sat down on their partners laps.  
  
"How'd you ever get..?" Dave asked bewildered.  
  
"Story time is later, it's almost Show Time!" Liza answered. With a few minutes left before Ten O'clock, Liza and Tracey returned to the bar to order some liquid fortification. Tracey was still carrying the Tee over her shoulders, her tanned body glowing from a nearby blacklight. "You should just forget the shirt and go as you are," Liza suggested. "It looks like you're wearing tan lines and a big smile."  
  
"Ok, I got an idea," Tray responded, and started tearing the flimsy shirt into strips.  
  
"Got it, we just kind of tie you up, like a bit of bondage baby?" the brunette squealed.  
  
As they coiled and wound the transformed Tee around the shapely form of the blond, they ordered Jaeger shots to warm them. "To us, a toast!" Liza offered.  
  
"Here's to those we love the best, we love them best when they're undressed." Tracey responded clinking her shot glass to Liza's.  
  
"I love you honey." Her new gal pal smiled.  
  
"The feee-ling is MU-tual," Tracey answered.  
  
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Onstage the lights came up and the Tee Shirt guy appeared with a microphone. A bevy of beautiful babes lined up beside the stage, all in some form of the Tee shirt. Girls are of course awesomely creative when it comes to stretching a bit of material over their skin. Some had created scanty crop tops with exposed under-boobage and tiny skirts. A few had strategically slit the Tee with peek a boo cut outs; Liza and Tracey joined the line and the hotness meter blew it's top.  
  
"Ok Ladies, I'm Calvin your Emcee. Y'all get three songs to do whatever you think is necessary to get the most applause." he explained. "That's right, anything goes, No Limits, No Hoes barred!"  
  
The girls all clapped, the rest of the restaurant erupted in cheers and catcalls: "Lets see some tits!" "Twerk it baby, Twerk it!"  
  
A tiny redhead bounced out of the line, flipped off a cartwheel putting her bottomless assets on view. She ended up in the line with Liza and Tracey.  
  
"You two need a redhead, we'll make a terrific trio! I'm Kara!" the redhead said. "They're going to pair us off anyway so.."  
  
"I'm Liza and this is Tracey." Liza introduced them.  
  
Jeff and Dave sat admiring all the lovely ladies displayed erotically before the stage. "So, how'd you two meet?" Dave asked his new best buddy.  
  
"Uh, yeah. Well we've known each other for a bit, On Line, met thru a Dating site. This is our second date."  
  
"Seriously?!" Dave blurted incredulously. Jeff nodded and smiled. "Wow, dude you are too fucking lucky for one man," Dave continued.  
  
By the stage the contestants passed around clipboards, the usual photo releases and legal agreements; as Kara had said the contestants were grouped into two's and threes. When Calvin came to Liza, he handed them numbered badges attached to a ribboned garter. The girls immediately pulled them on one leg to the thigh. Kara caught sight of Liza bare nakedness under the mini skirt. "Looks like we only have one thong panty between three of us. So you headline the third song, blondie!" the redhead informed Tracey.  
  
Music erupted from the bar speaker and the first two pairs of girls went on stage. A video cameraman worked his way carefully spotlight each girl in turn. When Calvin came on stage with a sprayer, things got a lot hotter and wetter. Liza, Kara and Tracey went back to the table where Jeff and Dave waited. Tracey nodded to Liza who pushed her tush onto Jeff's lap, then sat herself on Dave's. Kara pushed away the other chairs and slid a barstool over to sit with her legs open just about at eye level of the two couples. "We've got to get these boys in the mood for some loud cheering and yelling!" The guys nodded and smiled, dumbfounded.  
  
"Well, we have a basic strategy for Blondie here," the redhead said.  
  
"I think Liza should go last though, maybe me first," Tracey said volunteering. Jeff's jaw dropped. "Breathe honey," Tracey chided him.  
  
On stage the first pairs were into their third song. Two of the girls were naked but for their jewelry, shoes and

tasteful tattoos. The other two clung topless to each other, barely in the show at all. The song ended and the girls were hustled off stage as the next group was introduced. There were another two groups, then the trio of Blonde, Brunette and Redhead would go on.  
  
"If you go first blondie, you'll be naked for the last two songs, OK?" Tracey smiled and nodded. "Then they'll be screaming for Liza to pop the big guns out. So you have to keep them under wraps til the third song," Kara said smiling.  
  
"They're not exactly under wraps now," Jeff interrupted, gazing at the "bigguns" just a handbreadth away. Liza giggled and squirmed on Jeff's lap. Jeff looked at Dave, "What do you think big guy?"  
  
"I think Red and Blondie got the strategy session. You and I are the cheerleading section, and it wouldn't hurt if we got another round of drinks."  
  
"I'm with you," Jeff answered and lightly lifted Liza to her feet.  
  
Tracey stood up, bent over to kiss Jeff, "So just call me Blondie now, right!" With his right hand still on Liza's bare midriff, he reached over to lightly stroke his GF's nipple which still peeked over the top of the demi bra.  
  
"Blondie, yeah, that'll work. Y'all are making it hard for me and Dave to get the drinks."  
  
"Lotta things getting hard around here," Kara observed from her perch; "But I still need that drink you guys haven't brought yet, so better make mine a double!"  
  
The contest played out on stage, the guys went to the bar, and the girls huddled around Kara. "So where's your date, honey?" Tracey asked.  
  
"Well she's gotta work tonight at Pinkies' club down on Route 61. I'm here with y'all now, hope you don't mind too much."  
  
"No, three's never a crowd for Dave," Liza responded  
  
"Well, I've never seen Jeff so excited. This is our second date," Tracey explained to Kara.  
  
"Wow, what a lucky guy!" the redhead said.  
  
"Yeah, he doesn't know how lucky he is, yet!" Blondie beamed back.