**Megan and Jessie #4: Sleeping Beauty**

by Jappio

**Part 1**

I was lost in my thoughts as I sat around during our drama club's meeting. It's a small club, just a few of us girls who needed a few extra credits. Now of course I'm not usually one for being out on stage, but I was sort of the director in the group, so it worked out. I was comfortably only dealing with the background work

Well, I suppose I wasn't in the class for the credits. I really was in the club for Jessie. See, Jessie really does like being on stage. She loves being the center of attention, and she definitely has a knack for some level of improv, so it works.

When Jessie asked me to join, I really couldn't say no. The position wasn't bad though. To me, just some simple organizing plays, coming up with ideas, working on the script, and all that.

So the group came together one day to just come up with a plan. We were hoping to come up with something to top the couple of small ones we put on already.

The truth was; the weaker half of my brain had control that day. You see, Jessie had decided to wear a tight tank top and a pair of tiny shorts to the meeting. I figured she probably had rushed from her room here and only put on what she had to.

The outfit was of course not the most modest. The tank top especially showed off her... features well. I can't exactly lie; I definitely noticed how the thin cotton did little to hide her nipples. Even with the cotton in the way, I could picture exactly how the rosy little spots looked.

The shorts also left a lot of legs on show. I had to stop myself from ogling her too much when she first entered the room.

So there I was sitting at the desk, not really paying much attention to what the other girls were discussing.

I was sort of working. I was thinking about plays, just not so productively. In my mind, I was picturing Jessie and I being part of a story. I was picturing being the damsel in distress, Jessie my knight in shining armor, coming to save me. I was imagining a scene from sleeping beauty, but I was the one sleeping, and Jessie was kissing me awake.

"So, have any ideas Megs?" Jessie suddenly cooed.

Without thinking, I instantly answered "Sleeping Beauty." I don't know why I said it. Jessie's soothing voice I'm pretty sure just caught me off guard. The fact everyone was silent for so long made me feel like it was a dumb suggestion.

"So like, you're saying we should get a guy to join our next play? Tackle a classic?" One of the girls asked.

"No, I think I know what's she's getting at!" Another girl, by the name of Courtney, responded. "We keep it just us." Some of the girls looked at her, wondering what the big deal is. "Tell me what guy on campus wouldn't want to come see a play with the promise of two girls making out on stage?"

My eyes shot wide open. That had not at all been my idea. Well yes in my vision it was two girls kissing, but I hadn't been serious about the idea even. I wasn't so sure about using sex appeal just to sell some extra tickets.

"Not a bad idea Megs!" Jessie said, giving me a pat on my back. That instantly shut me up from objecting. I figured if Jessie liked the idea, it might not be so bad.

"Isn't it a bit boring though, I mean that's a bit tired of a story," one of the girls criticized.

I thought about it. If Jessie liked the idea, maybe there was a way to make it work. "Well, what if..." and I thought about it for a second, "Well it probably isn't too original, I'm sure it's been done, but we could modernize it. Instead of doing like medieval styled stuff, we could instead make it take place at college."

"Would definitely help us save on costumes" one of the girls joked. Everyone laughed.

"An all-girls production of `Sleeping Beauty' taking place in modern times at college. Definitely has a fresh spin on the idea," The girls all seemed really big into the idea. Suddenly the whole group was coming up with ideas, and I was doing my best to piece it together. That night, I went right to work on figuring out the plot and details for everyone.

I was pretty proud of myself, for getting the whole idea to work so well. Who knew from such a small mistake I could come up with an idea that everyone else seemed to like so much.

Well, sadly things didn't work out too well for me, on a personal level. Well, it didn't seem so at first. The very next meeting, when I presented my plan, everyone began to pick the rolls they wanted.

Jessie was especially keen on being Sleeping Beauty. It took awhile to work up the courage to say it, but I finally did, "I think you'd be great for it," I complimented. That however was more of a mistake than I realized.

It sank in only moments after. Sleeping Beauty is awoken with a kiss! I just basically OK'd something that would allow some other girl to kiss Jessie!

I had definitely a huge pang of jealousy then. I know in my fantasies I had wanted her involved in the kiss, but I was just the director, I wasn't going to be able to be the one with her.

Yet the mistake was made, and there was no way I could object really, Jessie really wanted the roll.

It was sort of painful from then on, at all the rehearsals. Every time we would practice the lines, and get close the kissing scene, I would worry that our `princess charming' would kiss her. Luckily all we did were line rehearsals at first.

When the dress rehearsal came up though, a new problem began to show.

We were going to be putting on our show, and we were ready to give the whole thing one full shot. We were using costumes and everything. We finally got to the scene where Jessie would be put to sleep. We had a pretty night gown all set for Jessie, but she had other plans.

As she acted out the scene of her falling asleep, she began to disrobe. Thing was, she didn't have her costume prepped for getting into. She also revealed to the rest of us that she had gone commando under her first costume.

All the girls' jaws dropped. Some had never seen just how... `free spirited' Jessie could be. One or two close friends have, so they began to snicker at Jessie being such an air head.

Jessie didn't once act as if what she was doing was funny or some kind of trick. She was taking the scene perfectly seriously as she climbed into the bed to fall asleep.

With the scene over, I of course called out, "cut." Everyone held back some laughter as Jessie merrily hopped out of the bed and over to me and a few of the girls.

Jessie didn't think to put her clothes back on or find some cover of course. She pranced completely naked over to us. I wanted to tell her to put something on... but her body sort of had me hypnotized.

When she was finally there, she asked me how she did. I didn't have the heart to tell her she did badly. I thought she was more beautiful than the princess she was supposed to be playing! I wasn't about to act like her nudity was a bad thing. Yet at the same time, I couldn't let her think that's how the scene goes either. I wasn't going to let her strip in front of the audience!

"Well, it was definitely a very liberal take on the story!" Courtney joked. Jessie didn't seem to catch the joke.

"A little improve? What's with the costume change?" One of the other girls asked bluntly.

"Hm? The scene calls for changing into my night clothes? I mean this isn't Elizabethan ages, girls don't wear anything in bed anymore!" Jessie reasoned. I think everyone wanted to tell her that she might be one of the few people at the dorms that did that, but no one could, all for different reasons I'm sure.

I had to stop her somehow though, I just had to. Yet to ask her to cover herself up seemed difficult too. I didn't want to embarrass her, or make her feel bad.

Yet it had to be done. Before I could say a word though, Courtney stepped in "I think we should go do a few more scenes. You got this scene just perfect, but we have to get going if we want to be ready for the show!"

Just like that, I lost my chance to say anything. I didn't know what to do; there was no way the school would even allow us to put on a peep show on school grounds!

"You agree, don't you director?" Courtney asked. I wasn't sure what she meant. "That scene was perfect? Like you wouldn't change a thing about how Jessie did it?"

That was a really heavy question to ask. I didn't know what to say. It was obvious what was wrong, but Courtney seemed like she was trying to cover it up.

"It was really great, but," I was trying to say.

"But what? You don't' think her outfit shows off just how much of a true beauty she is?" Courtney asked.

I saw the way Jessie was looking at me, as if for some type of approval. "Well, I mean, Jessie is definitely perfect for the roll," I squeaked out. I almost added, "She's the most beautiful girl I know," but I was able to stop myself.

"So it's agreed, the scene is good as is!" Courtney said, taking Jessie away to practice the next scene. I couldn't believe it; I had just let Courtney bully me into letting Jessie practice the play naked!

It was just us girls though. I knew Jessie was the type of girl who wouldn't mind. I also wasn't going to complain about seeing Jessie walking around stage with nothing on, it was a welcome distraction from the stress of setting all this up.

Well, the very next day, advertisements began going up for the play. The ones posted around school seemed fine. There was some interest buzzing it sounded like, a lot of tickets selling already. This was definitely going to be a success it seemed.

Well, that's what I thought until I noticed a text I received. It was the same advertisement for the play, but this one was a lot riskier! The image attached was taken during practice at some point. It seemed normal, except it was very clear that Jessie was totally naked! It was a shot taken just as she was getting out of the bed. The picture didn't show any actual explicit detaisl thankfully. It was thanks to how a blanket was draped over Jessie at that very moment.

I realized that it had to be from Courtney. She was custom sending it to just students, probably to avoid detection from college staff. She was trying to use the sex appeal of Jessie to sell tickets!

Well, there was no denying that Courtney's plan was working. It definitely seemed like ticket sales were going up. The risqué nature of the play was definitely turning heads at least.

Yet this really opened up another issue. Courtney clearly was Ok with exposing poor Jessie to the entire school. Jessie didn't seem to mind the text image, but she was technically covered in it. I was starting to think Courtney definitely planned to let Jessie be naked during the play.

However, Courtney would be busy acting in the play. She'd be unable to control Jessie the whole time. As the director, I'd be able to make sure Jessie wears her nightgown costume.

So I was a little worried, but I'd be sure to save Jessie's modesty!

Well that's what I thought at least. However fate was really conspiring against me this time.

**Part 2**

It was time for the big day. Everyone was getting together, and we were all pretty confident in how things would go. Yet panic set in as our princess charming didn't show.

When we finally got a hold of her, we found out that she was unable to make it. She had some kind of family emergency, and that was the end of that.

We were all pretty bummed out. The play was going to be ruined without one of our main stars.

When trying to figure out the best way to fix thing, it was Jessie who spoke up actually. "Megan, what if you play the role?"

The question seemed too innocent, but I quickly said, "No way, I couldn't!"

Courtney chimed in next. "Well, you do know the lines though. I mean you wrote the script," All the girls were looking at me now.

"I don't know guys, I'm not much of an actor," I tried to explain.

That's when I saw Jessie. Her eyes were big and round. Her hands were clasped together. "Oh please Megan! You're the only one who knows it. You just have to. You know it from the start of the play, to the different lines, from all the scenes from me falling asleep, the princess running to my rescue, and all the way to the big finale kiss!"

My heart suddenly stopped. The kiss! If I played the role of the princess, I'd be able to kiss the person playing Sleeping Beauty!

All the other girls wanted me to save the day. Jessie really wanted me to not let them miss the chance of putting on the play. It was also my chance to actually kiss the girl of my dreams!

"I'll do it," I said, my face a little red at the thought that my fantasy was almost coming to life, although the roles were obviously switched now.

So that's how I ended up in a starring lead in a play, in front of over a hundred people.

I have to say, it scared the hell out of me. I really wasn't comfortable, but I did my best to at least act like it wasn't bothering me.

So although a bit of a chaotic start, the play started.

As I was changing from one costume to my next, Jessie was free from the stage as well. She had to get ready for the curse scene. As Jessie undressed down to nothing, I had to stop her and make sure she didn't do anything too extreme.

"Jessie... you can't just wear just the outer clothes, you need some underwear," I explained. She didn't seem to understand why. I had to put it in terms she'd understand. "Well... you have to. I mean it'll look more... well I mean it'll leave the audience in more suspense! You know, prolong you changing."

"I don't get it, but if you say," Jessie explained. I suppose she didn't understand what I meant. I don't think Jessie would know the first thing about a strip tease ironically enough. Luckily she trusted my judgment.

The plan was a bit a flimsy. I know her wearing underwear wouldn't stop her from stripping naked, but it gave me time to try and get her covered up. With the added time of Jessie having to also get out of her underwear, I'd be able to close the curtain before the audience saw anything. Jessie would still end up naked, but at least under the blanket by the next scene.

Jessie managed to get dressed fully for once, and even did so before her scene was up. I was still taking off my clothes, which was a bit embarrassing with her right next to me. I got down to my own set of underwear, ready to grab the outfit I'd be wearing next.

"No, no! You can't wear that kind of bra with that top Megs!" Jessie suddenly said.

Before I knew it, I felt hands at my back. Jessie was removing my bra!

"Jessie!" I hissed as she was trying to strip me. I was not intending to go braless at all! I looked around, and saw some of the other girls look my way.

I tried to calm myself. I couldn't go making a scene. Jessie and I were both girls, no reason I should be overacting about her taking my clothes off.

Of course in my mind, it was a little bit more. It was so intimate having her hands touch me so close.

Once Jessie had my straps loose, I finished the job. I wasn't going to fight with her in the middle of all this. I hugged my chest to hide it from her, still overly shy.

"Oh, I better go!" Jessie said, running off onto stage for her scene.

I watched as she took her seat at what was supposed to be her dorm room's desk. She pretended to do some homework on the page. I still stood topless, a tad distracted by watching her. My heart and mind were racing at thoughts of her undressing me, at thoughts of our future kiss I would finally get.

Jessie took out the `cursed' pen she had received from her evil team member from the cheerleading squad. I'd written the play so that the fairies that gave her gifts on her birthday were people from the cheerleading team, and that the evil one was the one that wasn't' invited. As Jessie would do her homework, she'd prick herself with the pen, and that would put her into a cursed sleep.

Jessie yawned, and stood up. She stumbled towards her bed, seeming to be tired. The idea was, as revenge, the curse was meant to put her to sleep, so Sleeping Beauty would miss her morning exams, and fail out of college. It was a tad silly, but I figured it would be cute. Jessie was already peeling off her shirt to change into her nightie...

Jessie was stripping on stage!

Oh my god, I was so scared. I'd been so lost in thought that I forgot that was coming up.

I didn't even realize that she didn't have her nightie to change into there. Courtney must have made sure it wasn't even around for that. Courtney really did want to have Jessie strip on stage! Then again, it wasn't like Jessie would have used it anyways.

Well I thought that'd be OK, I still had my main plan; just close the curtains before she got naked. However, I realized the flaw in that quickly.

Although the curtain was pulled open on the stage where I was, the pulley that controlled it was actually on the other end.

That's when I realized I could pull the curtain shut manually by actually pulling the curtain itself.

Before I could run out onto to stage to pull it shut, I realize my predicament: All I had on was my shoes and pink panties! I couldn't run out onto stage like that. I quickly grabbed my shirt and threw it on. However I wasn't going to have time to get my skirt on over

my shoes at the rate I was going!

I really was going to put my skirt on, but Jessie was already sliding out of her shorts! The whole audience was totally enthralled as my hot friend Jessie was stripping down to just a pair of bra and panties.

I couldn't wait any longer! Any second Jessie would be completely flashing everyone. Underwear was excusable, but total nudity would surely get us in trouble and humiliate Jessie!

So while buying my fear, I quickly ran to the curtain end, and began to pull it across the stage.

The first thing I noticed is that it was large and heavy. As I pulled it, most of it trailed behind me. Only what I had clumped in my hands kept up with me. I knew for the first few feet I was still off stage, but I realized I would be unable to keep my body hidden from the audience! My legs were completely bare though, I couldn't just go streaking out in front of everyone like that!

That's when I saw Jessie was reaching for the clasp on her bra. I had no time to waste. So with a final breath I just pulled at the curtain, holding it high to hide my face, so I wouldn't be recognized, and dragged the curtain across the stage.

Adrenaline proved to help me a lot as I got to Jessie. I knew I could only hide my face with the curtain, my pink panties and bare legs were exposed to the whole crowd. I was barely able to get to Jessie in time. Just as I passed her, her bra came loose off her body, she was now topless on stage.

I kept pulling the curtain along, and finally got it to the other end. I was out of breath. I was completely embarrassed, having shown my underwear to over a hundred people. I at least had protected Jessie's modesty and my face hadn't been seen too.

Courtney was laughing a good bit. You could hear some people in the crowd cheering. The lingerie show definitely seemed to get the crowd going. A few people were cheering for more too; apparently they thought Jessie was going to go all the way. I couldn't believe they thought a girl would actually get naked on stage for them.

Then again, Jessie did fully strip. Even with the curtain shut, she pranced back stage with us naked as we got the next scene ready. She would have really exposed herself to everyone out there. She always found new ways to surprise me with how little modesty she had.

I was happy to be able to get into my skirt and be at least decent again.

The next scene was me, the dashing princess, discovering her being cursed. I was to be the good friend checking in on her studies.

I entered the stage, and looked down at her sleeping body. She was definitely playing the role of a sleeping beauty very well. The scene was supposed to be a gentle and calm scene. I was supposed to be the friend appreciating just how beautiful and peaceful the girl beneath the sheets was. I think that might have been one of my best acting moments of the night, as it was completely sincere.

I noticed the sheet over her was pretty light really. It was thin, and I could make out a lot of her body. Luckily the crowd was too far away, but I could make out almost every curve on her. I could even make out small details like her clean shaven state, or perhaps that was just my memory filling in the blanks.

I sort of lost track of time, and I wasn't ready for what was next. What was scripted was for the evil cheerleader to make her entrance.

**Part 3**

The fake door behind me burst open, and a sudden blast of wind shot across the stage. I hadn't planned that part, but apparently someone thought it would make for a good entrance for our evil cheerleader. There was a fan blowing off stage, making it so the evil cheerleader's costume would flutter a bit, giving a since of powerful magic from her.

I let go a small yelp though. I could feel my skirt begin to lift and flutter. The thing was much too small for the powerful fan's wind. I had to hold it down before I flashed my pink panties again.

"Oh ho, look who it is!" The evil cheerleader called. I tried to fight back my blush.

"This was you, wasn't!? Why won't she wake up!? What have you done to her!?" I asked her.

As the evil woman began to monologue about her revenge, I noticed the fan was still going. It gave a dramatic feel for sure, but I realized it also was having an effect on Jessie's blanket!

I looked down, and saw it begin to bellow and move. It was going to fly away any second!

Improvising the best I could, I quickly held the blanket down with both hands, as if trying to protect her, which I technically was. "Stay back evil witch!" I declared.

Jessie was just below me now, our bodies close. The sheet pressed down into her body really showed off her body. The blanket had slipped so far that they were just a few inches from her nipples. I tried to ignore it, continuing the scene.

I had to stop myself from yelping again. With both hands on the sheet, my skirt began to flap around again. I wanted to cover it, but if I let go of either side of the sheet, I knew it would flip up and expose Jessie.

I hated that Jessie had to be so carefree. She didn't even need to be naked under the sheet. Then again, looking down, I didn't exactly hate it either. I really just wished that fan would be shut off.

So there I was, bent over Jessie, and my butt pointed out behind me. I couldn't do a single thing as the fan pushed it up and around. I knew the entire time that the audience was seeing those pink panties of mine come into view.

The evil cheerleader kept going with the scene though. I could see her hiding a smile. She was probably trying her best to play it off as the cocky villain.

"How do I wake her back up!?" I demanded. My voice was a bit weak; I was totally embarrassed by my unforgiving skirt.

"She'll never wake up!" The evil cheerleaders said, cackling as she walked from the room.

The fan finally shut off, and the curtain closed. I could hear a lot of cheers from the audience.

I had to admit that there was some good acting and effects, but it did worry me that maybe some of the cheering was for my panties being on show. My face felt like it was on fire, I was sure every inch of my face was bright red.

"If you would Ms. Charming, I'd like to get up," Jessie suddenly called out from under me.

In that moment I looked down. Jessie was rising from her bed, the sheet sliding down her body. My hands were still on either sides of her shoulders. It was like we were in a close embrace. There on the bed, her naked, and me over her. I felt my heart melt as she smiled at me.

"Come on love birds; get ready for your final scene!" One of the stage girls called. I quickly jumped off the bed, realizing I was perhaps staring for too long. No one seemed to really be paying attention to us though, and Jessie was her usual oblivious self. I was hoping the term `love birds' was reference to our roles in the play alone.

"Here, I don't have to be on for awhile, I'll help you change for your scene," Jessie offered.

Again we were in the changing room. A few of the girls were stripping down to their underwear and putting on towels. The next scene would be me hearing a rumor of how to wake Jessie up in the dorm showers. They were already wheeling a large screen out onto the stage, one that would show the silhouettes of anyone behind it. The other girls thought that it would be another way to drive the crowd nuts if they thought we could be naked. It would be hard to tell the difference between a naked girl and a girl in her underwear just by the silhouette.

I slowly peeled my shirt off and got my skirt off. I hugged my chest, looking around for my bra. It seemed to have disappeared from before.

"Here, let me help you," Jessie said as I began to look. I felt relieved I'd have a second pair of eyes helping me. It was funny how embarrassed and exposed I felt, even though Jessie was the most exposed.

Well, she wasn't the most exposed for long. In a blink of an eye I felt my panties get pulled down my legs!

I turned around quickly, placing a hand between my legs to cover myself. The person, who was crouched at my feet, steeling my panties away from me, was none other than Jessie! I froze up instantly, allowing her the perfect chance to steal my pink cotton.

"There, now you're set!" She said.

"What are you doing? I need those!" I said, trying to snatch them back. I heard the curtain opening, the next scene being announced. I didn't have time to argue, not that I could with Jessie being the one who just stripped me!

"Getting you set. You don't have much time, you just needed an extra hand getting dressed for the scene," Jessie explained. I grumbled at the thought that she was undressing me, not dressing me.

Next thing I know though, I have a towel thrown over my shoulder, and she's pushing me towards stage!

I knew Jessie was probably just thinking that a shower scene wouldn't make sense with underwear. I was willing to believe she didn't realize the other girls were wearing their underwear instead. Perhaps she couldn't tell since they had their towels on already as they walked onto stage.

She probably was so insistent to help and push me along because she knew I was shy. I don't mean in the ways of exposure, but more so in general she knew I didn't like being on stage. She probably thought forcing me forwards was helping me.

I just knew I couldn't fight it. If I tried to stay behind, the scene would be messed up. I had to brave it for the time being.

I quickly took the towel and got it around my body and barely in time too. I was pushed out onto stage, and there, to my side, were hundreds of people. I tightly gripped my towel, knowing I was essentially naked on stage, the towel hardly counting as a piece of clothing.

It was a short walk thankfully to the screen. Once behind the pseudo-shower-curtain, I was a bit relieved.

Some of the other girls took their towels off. I was envious of the fact that they had their bras and panties still. The crowd didn't know that necessarily, the bras were strapless and the towels were plenty modest.

The girls weren't shy either how they walked around and posed. They seemed to purposely face the screen with their legs spread, or standing sideways while washing their chests. They were purposely trying to make their silhouettes seem naked.

Me on the other hand, I didn't know how I was going to take my towel off. I desperately needed it, or else I'd be completely exposed on stage.

However, that wasn't how the scene was supposed to work. Some of the girls gave me weird looks, wondering why I wasn't hanging my towel up like they did. One of the girls had a sly smile on her face. She quickly grabbed my towel, and I didn't even have the time to think to stop her.

I was suddenly naked in front of them all, and I quickly covered up.

The girls giggled, most not expecting me to be naked. I think the one who stripped me saw what Jessie did, and probably assumed I was just being pranked. The other girls may have thought the same, although maybe they thought my nudity was due to dedication to the play. Perhaps they thought I was either as lacking in modesty or common sense as Jessie though too.

I tried to roll with it though, playing along with their fooling around. I told myself that with or without my underwear, the crowd thought I was naked, and that was just part of the plan.

A few fake shower noises began to be played, and the scene went mostly as normal. I tried to sound as confident as I could, but I knew all my fellow actresses could see my face was completely red. I was having a fake shower, completely naked, in front of all of them.

The scene went on though, and eventually my character found out about the curse, and that it could be awoken by a kiss.

The scene was now coming to an end, and it would be time that it moved to the next. I grabbed my towel and hid myself in it, walking along with the screen as it was rolled off stage.

As we moved the screen off stage, I could hear behind me the next scene being brought out. The old squeaky wheels of the bed were there. I looked back, seeing Jessie lying in it already. Hopefully this would all end soon.

"Now my minions, we will go off with her to my castle, where no one will be able to save her!" The evil cheerleader commanded.

I had a horrible feeling all of a sudden. At this point in the play, the evil cheerleader would have minions help her carry Sleeping Beauty to her own room, but on the way, I was to catch them after my shower.

The thing I worried about was that Courtney was one of the minions! She was the one who was hoping to expose and embarrass Jessie on stage!

The evil cheerleader was still going on about her great revenge. I had only a bit of time to think of something. I could picture it, Jessie being lifted up, the sheet cast to the side. Courtney holding Jessie up in all her naked glory. Her full breasts for everyone to see. Her smooth legs and butt to be displayed. I could even picture her legs being opened and shown to everyone.

Ok, it's embarrassing to admit, but I really could picture most of those things in detail. Thanks to those thoughts, I was losing time.

I was frustrated. I couldn't call out to them to stop. I wasn't supposed to be in this scene at all. It was a big moment too, I couldn't try the curtain stunt again either.

I was supposed to be Jessie's knight in shining armor, and yet here I was standing around doing nothing!

I had to save her! I couldn't accept any other option. I would do just as I was supposed to in the play, come to her rescue!

**Part 4**

Grabbing the sword prop next to me, I turned and looked at the scene unfolding. Courtney was bending over the bed to pick Jessie up. I could swear I saw her hands already curling on the sheets, waiting for the evil cheerleader's orders.

I ran out on stage at that moment. "Stop evil doers!" I shouted as I ran at Courtney.

I swung the sword at her, as if cutting her in the back. She quickly fell down to the ground, luckily having enough sense to play along with my sudden changes to the scene. Hidden by the side of the bed, I could tell she was confused. The evil cheerleader was shocked too. She also played along with it though.

"You! How dare you. Get her my minion!" She said to her second lackey. I quickly took her out, just like the scene was supposed to be played out in the hallway.

I quickly rushed the cheerleader. I started to battle with her. As we were closer, she was able to mutter out a "what are you doing?!"

I gave some quick answer that we were short on time and we had to combine the scenes a bit.

She still seemed perplexed, and I think I know why. There, on stage, battling with her, I was wearing only that towel!

Surely she'd seen me from backstage how I was naked under that towel. Surely she thought why I would even dare risk something like getting on stage in only it. Fake fighting and having to hold my towel up was definitely stressful.

I hadn't even thought of it at first. Originally I of course planned to change, but as I explained, I had to save Jessie.

Unlike my character, I didn't have my life at risk. However for my beautiful sleeping beauty, I was risking my total exposure for her! Any moment, if I let go of the towel, and it fell off, I'd be naked on stage.e

The audience really seemed to eat it up. I don't know if it was the titillation, or if my real feelings were making the whole scene seem a bit more intense. However I went through every step as it was supposed to, and finally slay the evil woman!

The crowd cheered. I knew what was next though.

On the bed, lay Sleeping Beauty. Jessie really fit the roll so well, she looked so peaceful there. I approached the bed, and leaned over it. I said my lines, wishing she'd come back.

"Oh Sleeping Beauty. I hope that you will not mind that I take such an honor. I do it for you," I start to lean down.

My face is only inches from Jessie's. I stopped and stared at the serene image in front of me. This was finally it. I was finally going to be able to kiss Jessie!

I finally dropped my head down just a little more, and our lips finally touched.

It was all so soft and gentle. Time came to a halt for me, I was burning the memory of this moment into my mind. It seemed even for a second we were completely alone, the audience, other actors, and everyone disappeared from my thoughts.

I knew it would be wrong to take too long though. Jessie was only letting the kiss happen for the sake of the play. I opened my eyes one last time to look into Jessie's.

Jessie was only now just opening her eyes. I think she may have actually dozed off! I don't know if it was a show of her acting skills, or if she was just really that out of it sometimes.

Then I realized Jessie was rising. She was supposed to after all, that kiss was supposed to wake her.

However, that's when I realized the flaw with the scene entirely. I don't know how I forgot about it. Even during rehearsal I noticed how the sheet was too light to stick to her body. Sitting up meant it would slide down!

Jessie was going to be topless on stage!

Again, acting on impulse, I did the one thing I could think of to stop it. I embraced her.

I swear, it really was just instinct. I didn't want to do that. Well I mean I was sort of happy I did...

There, in front of everyone, I quickly pressed forward, prolonging the kiss. Jessie's body stiffened some. She really must have been asleep, only just realizing she was in the middle of a kiss with me.

As for her breasts, I had made it just in time. I had my chest up against her own, the sheet just an inch or so below her breasts. I had thankfully hid her chest from everyone just in time.

I felt a little bad. Here I was, kissing her and acting so brazen in front of everyone. I hadn't intended to make Jessie a victim of my fantasies. I'd have never dreamed to do something like this, at least not in front of so many people and without her permission.

Yet I was the next to be shocked. I felt Jessie's hands wrap around my body. I could feel pressure be pushed back against me as she rose from the bed more. Then, what I thought was a moan, signaled a tongue entering my mouth!

The crowds cheering for the big kiss scene only increased all of a sudden.

It was like fireworks were going off in my mind. This wasn't just a kiss anymore. Jessie was making out with me!

I didn't do anything. No longer was I the one doing the kissing. Jessie was in total control of the scene now. Her hands slid along my back, playing with the towel.

I could feel her legs wiggle and wrap around my own. She had wiggled a knee between my legs, angling it up so I could feel a smooth bare leg slide up to my thighs.

Her sheet slid down between our stomachs, her embrace still holding her bare front side to me.

My arms fell a bit loose to her sides. One of my hands felt around till it found a bare hip. The sheet she had was getting all tangled. No longer on her breasts, and even one of her legs had slipped from it.

That's when I really thought about it. We were both naked on stage. The crowd could easily see Jessie had nothing on. They probably assumed I didn't have anything besides the towel.

My towel was pushed around. Up top, it had come loose; a lot of my bare back was on show. Jessie's leg, that was dangerous close to my lips, had pushed the hem of my towel up my legs, showing a lot of bare skin down there as well.

So we were two naked women, making out, and nearly exposed completely on stage!

Yet even with that knowledge, and my face growing red and the want for everything to stop, I still let it all happen. I was actually kissing, no, more than that, with Jessie! It was maybe a little foolish, but I couldn't stop.

Eventually though, Jessie seemed to sober up some from her nap. She slowly broke the kiss off, and looked around. She'd have pulled away from me, but I made sure to hold her close.

Again she looked in my eyes.

"My sleeping beauty, you are finally awake!" I announced.

"My prince in shining armor, you have saved me!" She declared.

I distinctly heard some chuckling from the crowd. I was so clearly not in armor at all.

She then again kissed me, and the curtain drew closed!

Once we were cut off from the crowd, I quickly got off the bed. I felt out of breath. I had thankfully avoided either of us being seen completely. I'd had a few close calls, and a few of the other girls had seen a lot, but I was happy we didn't go too far in front of the audience.

I nervously looked back at Jessie. I was worried that Jessie would think I went too far. The kiss was supposed to just be one small kiss.

"We got kind of lucky there, huh?" Jessie asked.

"Yeah, that was close!" I admitted. I was fixing my towel now. Although it seemed odd, she never cared about her exposure before.

"Sorry about it though. Thankfully it worked out I hope," She asked. I wasn't sure what she was getting at.

"The kiss," she said. My face went red again in an instant. "I fell asleep and almost messed it up. So when I woke up, I wasn't so sure what was going on, but as usual, I just went with it."

It sort of made me a little sad to hear that the kiss was more out of instinct for her. I think I'd have died of happiness had she admitted something like wanting to kiss me like that. However at the same time, I felt good that she was the one who felt she went too far.

"Yeah, it's Ok. It was really nice... you're an amazing kisser," I said without thinking. "I mean the crowd seemed to like it and you did a great job improvising!" I covered up. The earlier compliment seemed to have gone over her head, because it didn't faze her one bit.

We walked together to the side of the stage. I was relieved to finally get some proper clothes on.

"Now, if our actors would come on stage for a bow!" I heard. Jessie, still naked, was about to turn and walk right out there!

"Jessie!" I yelled as I grabbed her arm. "You have to get dressed!"

"Why?" She asked. I couldn't believe her.

"You need to be in your princess dress, that's why!" I said, making up a reason. I'd had too many close calls today, and was fed up with her risking her modesty. I came up with the first thing I thought of.

"OH, ok" she giggled as she got dressed. For once it seemed to work.

And that's how the play went. The audience seemed to love it. There was endless amount of cheering.

Jessie and the cheerleader got some big applauses of course; they were pretty much the stars. I was a little surprised that I got so many too. Even still, I was going to make sure I didn't have to actually be in the next play.

On the college website, there was even a review posted. I was happy to hear all the good things it had to say, but I really had to blush at the line near the end "All capped off with a very passionate kiss between Sleeping Beauty and her `knight in not so much armor!"

The End