My Nude Performance

By NICOLEA11

I had been a member of an amateur dramatic society for some time when the director of the club asked me if I would like to play the lead role of Josie in a play called “Steaming”. It was about a group of women who used to go to a local sauna and the part of Josie involved some on-stage nudity. This was a few years ago, and I wasn’t so much of an exhibitionist at the time, but I wasn’t particularly shy either, so I agreed. After all, it was the first chance I had had to play a lead roll.

It turned out that the nudity for me would involve coming on stage fully dressed and undressing completely on stage and wrapping myself in a towel. I had to do this four times altogether during the course of the play. Most of the other time I was on stage, I was wrapped just in a towel.

There were two other girls who had to undress on stage just once each. They had major reservations and so the director suggested to us all that we undress and wrap ourselves in the towel with our backs to the audience so that all they would see would be our bums. He also said he would get us some good long towels. We all were happy to go along with this.

Eventually, the rehearsals were over, and the day for the first performance arrived. The other two girls who had to go nude had been busy dieting and getting suntans. I hadn’t bothered with any of that. My stats are 34C-25-37M, so, I’m a little overweight with quite chunky legs and full hips and bum. Also my skin is very pale. I don’t tan easily and so I don’t bother to try. I was very nervous and excited; I guess the usual first night feelings were exacerbated by the prospect of taking my clothes off in front of an audience. It was quite a small theatre; seating about 100 – it was also very intimate with the front rows being very close to the stage – the people in them would be able to see every pore and blemish on my body.

After all the usual panic there I was on stage at the start of the play and I had to undress in the very first scene. I was supposed to have just arrived in the sauna on a cold day and was chatting to an attendant. I took off my coat that was easy. Removing my skirt was harder. It indicated what was going to happen to the audience and took me past the point of no return. Then off came my top and there I was in my bra and knickers.

I turned my back to the audience and realized as I went to unclip my bra that my hands were shaking with nerves and excitement. As it came off I heard a few muffled gasps; then I took a deep breath and skimmed down my panties – the reaction in the audience was more audible – whispering and awkward shuffling in seats. I could feel one hundred sets of eyes burning holes in my bum. I was so carried away that I almost forgot that I was supposed to take a towel from the attendant and wrap it round my self. She had to nudge me gently. Then I was covered again and had to concentrate on my lines and the complications of moving around on stage and playing a part wrapped only in a towel.

It turned me on no end knowing that the audience had seen my bum and that they were going to see it again; it made the normal adrenaline run even higher. The next few times I undressed I wanted to turn towards the audience so they could see more but I didn’t because I knew it wasn’t expected of me.

Anyhow the show went pretty well and certainly the audience seemed to like it. Afterwards the director caught me when I was alone and said well done. After we had talked about a few points he said, “Did you know you showed the audience more than just your bum?”

“No, how did that happen?”