**Nicola: Live & Uncensored**

by[**Knickers**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=250202&page=submissions)©

Nicola stood naked in her dressing room admiring herself in the mirror. The 20-year-old Australian beauty had a stunning 38-25-35 body, and in her bare feet stood 5'9". She had a golden all-over tan, a legacy of many a nude sunbathing session. Nicola had the trim, sexy figure of a model- which is precisely what she was. The Aussie stunner had, only months before, arrived in Hollywood from her native Melbourne to start her movie career, and had recently finished work on her second movie *Bikini Stewardesses 2*.  
  
Now her agent had arranged for Nicola do some publicity work, to help get her some exposure. First stop was here on the late-night talk show, "The Tony Moroni Show". 'Exposure' was the right word for this program, as Nicola had only found out after agreeing to appear. Tony had something of a knack for convincing his gorgeous female guests to shed their clothes, much to the delight of TV audiences. Nicola was in no doubt that she would be baring herself tonight! Which led her to her current dilemma- what do you wear when you're about to strip naked on live TV in front of thousands of cheering men? This is why she was standing around nude, waiting for the wardrobe girl to bring her the outfit she would be wearing (for a while at least) on the show.  
  
Nicola looked at the reflection of her face in the mirror. She had long, chestnut brown hair that draped across her shoulders, and deep blue eyes. Nicola smiled. She had a charming, toothsome smile that some men said reminded them of model Linda O'Neill, with those full pouty lips and cute little overbite. Nicola leaned forward and cupped her bare breasts, offering them to an imaginary audience. Her smile became a naughty smirk. She tweaked her nipples, causing them to pinken and swell as if in anticipation of their public appearance. Nicola turned to admire her ass in the mirror, and only then did he notice the man standing behind her. She gave a squeak of surprise.  
  
He chuckled. "I see I'm not the only one that likes to check out a gorgeous naked broad."  
  
Nicola smiled sheepishly. Her admirer was a heavy-set man, with an Italian accent that made her think of Tony Soprano. She made no attempt to cover her naked body, even as he continued to cast a lustful eye over her figure. "Um, hi," she said. "I'm Nicola Baron, but my friends call me Knickers." She offered a delicate hand, and he gently shook it. "Yeah, I know. I'm Tony Moroni, this is my show."  
  
Nicola grinned broadly, immediately feeling attracted to this important man. "Mr. Moroni! It's a pleasure to meet you."  
  
"The pleasure's all mine, toots," he replied with a lick of his lips. "Is that what you're planning on wearing tonight?"  
  
Nicola glanced down her nude body, remembering that she was still in her birthday suit. "Oh no!" she giggled. "I'm just waiting for the wardrobe girl to bring me some clothes."  
  
Nicola lowered her eyes and took a step toward him. Her voice took on a husky quality. "I'm really looking forward to being on your program tonight, Mr. Moroni," she breathed. "I understand it should give a real boost for my career."  
  
"Please, call me Tony. Yeah, I think you can count on getting plenty of exposure tonight. I take it your agent has talked to you about the um, 'content' of the show?" Nicola was now standing so close to him she could feel his hot breath on her tits. His eyes burned with lust as he stared at the stark naked starlet standing before him. Nicola reached out and placed her hands on his shoulders. In return, Tony placed his hands on Nicola's hips. The touch of his fingers on her bare skin sent sparks of pleasure racing through the adorable Aussie. Holding his gaze with her deep blue eyes, Nicola nodded. "Uh-huh. I'm familiar with your 'interview' style. You can count on me to be a good sport. I'm more than willing to join in on the fun."  
  
Tony smiled, no doubt looking forward to the evening ahead.  
  
"So, do you think I'll be a hit tonight?" Nicola asked. He was stroking her now, running his fingers up and down her sides.  
  
"Honey, our ratings are going to go through the roof!" Tony laughed. Then he added, "Yknow, before every show I like to get to know each and every one of my star guests very intimately."  
  
"Oh?" Nicola replied with a teasing smirk. She reached forward and brushed her hand across the bulge in his trousers. "And I was beginning to think I was the only nude starlet whose dressing room you'd slipped into."  
  
"No," Tony replied, "but you're certainly the prettiest."  
  
Nicola blushed and playfully swatted his arm. "Oh Mr. Moroni! I mean Tony. If I had any pants on right now, you'd be charming them off me."  
  
They were playing a game that Nicola had learned to play well in the few months since she arrived in Hollywood. It wasn't just about sex. It was a game of tease and promise, to draw the moment of arousal so that her 'mark'- the producer, director, executive who had something she wanted- was practically begging to fuck her. And it wasn't just them who enjoyed it, the erotic dueling of words got Nicola horny too. Tony's hands had moved up from her sides, and were gently caressing the undersides of her bare boobs, strokes that climbed up the swell of her bosom to the nipple on the summit and back down again in a soothing, regular motion. Nicola shivered in delight. Time for her to make the next move.  
  
"This could be quite a break you're giving me, appearing on the show," Nicola breathed.  
  
"Yep, it could well be," Tony replied.  
  
"I feel so obligated to do something for you in return." Nicola gave him a doe-eyed look. "Is there anything you'd like me to do for you?"  
  
"Well," said Tony, making himself comfortable in the only chair in the room, "you're a smart girl, Knickers. I'm sure you'll figure out what it is I really need done for me- or*to*me." He opened his legs wide, inviting Nicola to slip between them. With a naughty smile, the starlet complied, settling her bare bottom on the floor. She began rubbing his thighs, causing a considerable amount of motion in Tony's crotch, inches from Nicola's face.  
  
"How's this Tony?" she asked.  
  
"Oh that's great, great. But it's still not really enough of a thank-you, is it?"  
  
Nicola slid her hands together to meet at Tony's crotch, and began to directly massage his dick though his trousers. Her delicate fingers gently traced along the monstrous swelling that throbbed beneath the material. Tony gave a moan of pleasure. Nicola was getting pretty turned on herself. The game of seduction had turned into outright foreplay. Time for Nicola to take things in hand and see that Tony gets the fuck he deserves. She pulled down his zip and reached inside. Tony's hot and eager penis leapt into Nicola's cool hand. She hauled it out into the open air. Erect and pulsing, it poked up out of his pants like a flagpole. Tony was panting now, his eyes closed. Nicola gently stroked his cock, coaxing it to perform for her.  
  
"How about now?" Nicola asked innocently. "Good..." Tony replied, reaching down to run his hands through Nicola's silky brown hair. Nicola added, "Is there anything else I can do for you while I'm down here? Anything at all?" She was almost absently mindedly jerking Tony off with slow strokes.  
  
"Well...," Tony was breathing heavily from the sheer pleasure the skilful massage Nicola was administering to his penis. "I understand you're one hell of a cock sucker. I'd love it if you could give little Tony here a good tongue bath."  
  
Nicola smiled at the compliment. She*was*good at this, and was pleased word was getting around Hollywood. "It would be my pleasure," she replied. He was uncircumcised, what Nicola thought of as a 'lipstick dick'. She rolled down the foreskin, exposing the helmet. It glistened enticingly in the light. Nicola's tongue flicked out, and she licked his penis like an ice-cream, her tongue slithering across the smooth, sensitive head. Tony shivered with delight. Her soft hands weren't idle during all of this, and Nicola continued to wank his shaft. Lovingly, she popped Tony's cock into her moist, willing mouth and began to practice her skills on him. Nicola's head was soon bobbing up and down in his lap, as she fucked Tony's cock with her mouth.  
  
Tony relaxed back in the chair. He was in seventh heaven. All his life, all Tony had wanted was for beautiful women to fuck him. When he got his own top-rated talk show on the TNA network, that dream had come true. The power that he had overcame his less than attractive physique, and now gorgeous young starlets like Nicola here were more than willing to use their nubile bodies to pleasure him. He gasped in delight, as her silky mouth and tongue brought his cock to the heights of ecstasy never felt even by him. Nicola was a champion, a blow-job princess without peer. He'd have to get her back on the show again. Maybe a regular guest spot. Her own private dressing room, right next to his, where they could fuck at their leisure right before going on. Tony began to move his broad hips slightly back and forth in the chair in time with Nicola's delicious strokes.  
  
Nicola could feel the nearness of Tony's orgasm. She'd only been sucking him off for a short time, and it was a little disappointing that she'd have to wait her turn, but there would be plenty of time after the show for a nice long screw, back at Tony's place. Nicola's purring pussy would have to wait till later to be pumped by the dick currently being serviced by Nicola's lips.  
  
Not for the first time Nicola was amazed at the changes that had overtaken her in the past few months. Not long again she had been a professional model back in her hometown of Melbourne. Although gorgeous, she had been something of a prude. But since getting a new agent, and coming to Hollywood to launch her acting career, Nicola's sex drive had leapt into warp speed. Whereas back then she would only model modest and tasteful swimsuits and lingerie, she was now fully prepared to strip naked on camera. In fact, in a very short time the man whose cock she was slurping on would entice her to shed her inhibitions, and her clothes, before an audience of millions of cable TV viewers. Nicola purred with pleasure at the thought.  
  
But first, there was the little matter in hand. Or rather, not so little. Nicola's expert blowjob skills were bringing Tony to climax. She used her free hands to caress his heavy balls, coaxing the cum out of them. Nicola could feel the violent spasms within his flesh. Tony's cock was becoming a bucking bronco, with Nicola just the cowgirl to ride him.  
  
Just then the dressing room door swung open and the wardrobe girl returned with Nicola's outfit for the show. The surprise caught Nicola off-guard, and for a moment she nearly lost her rhythm, but recovered nicely, with Tony feeling nothing but pleasurably more of his manhood sliding down Nicola's bottomless throat. The girl didn't bat an eyelid as she laid out the clothes on the dresser and Nicola guessed it was an everyday occurrence for Tony Moroni to be serviced by his delectable guests before the show.  
  
"Hi Tony," said the girl. "Hiya Debbie," Tony replied. He gestured toward the brunette head beavering away at his crotch. "Debbie, this is Knickers. Knickers, Debbie."  
  
"Hi there Knickers," Debbie said cheerfully. Her mouth full, Nicola's reply was a friendly, if muffled greeting.  
  
With a grunt Tony came, spurting cum down the back of Nicola's throat. She swallowed eagerly, slurping down his seed before he had a chance to pull out of her mouth and spray the sticky stuff all over. Nicola knew from experience it was not a good idea to let a blow-job ruin her make-up or hair right before she went on camera. And the only way to do that was to gulp down every last drop, with an extra swirl of her tongue under Tony's foreskin to get clean him off.  
  
Tony let out an appreciative sigh as he stood and buckled his pants. "Sorry to cum and run, but there's another guest on the show tonight I gotta go 'attend to'." Nicola felt a twinge of jealously, but of course Tony wouldn't devote a whole show just to her. "Who is it? Anyone I know?"  
  
"Maybe," Tony replied with an enigmatic smile as he walked out the door.  
  
"OK," said Debbie as Nicola picked her naked bottom off the floor. "I've gone for something a bit glitzy and glamorous. Try these on."  
  
Her outfit consisted of a strapless boobtube top, covered in blue sequins. It sparkled as Nicola held it between her fingers. The bottom was a silky strip of black material, a daringly-short miniskirt.  
  
"No underwear?" Nicola asked. Debbie laughed. "Not on this show!" With the attractive girl's assistance, Nicola slipped the revealing ensemble on. The top fit snugly around her superb body. Her tits were covered by the sparkly blue costume, although plenty of Nicola's cleavage was on display. Also on display were her tanned shoulders and upper chest, as well as her bare midriff and bellybutton. The skirt was just as daring. It was so short, more like a wide belt than anything else, revealing plenty of her sexy long legs. Nicola plucked at the hemline, wanting to show off as much as possible, trying to find the happy medium between exposure and decency. But then again, on this show there was no decency. Nicola knew that at some point she'd be taking the skirt off and showing the cheering audience what was under that hemline.  
  
Nicola posed in front of the mirror, satisfied with the outfit. Debbie looked her over as well, examining Nicola's fine curves with more than just a professional glint in her eye. Uh-oh, thought Nicola. Another girl-on-girl encounter, perhaps? Nicola had been strictly straight before she came to Hollywood (well, there was*one*time...), but since her friend and*Bikini Bandits*co-star Jennifer had seduced her at an audition, Nicola had developed a roving eye for the ladies as well. She and Jennifer were still good mates, and after partying together often wound up in the sack gently nibbling on each other's clits well into the night.  
  
But before Nicola could pursue Debbie's interest further, there was a sharp rap on the dressing room door. "Come in," Nicola called. The door opened, and a be-spectacled, acne-scarred face poked inside. It was Scooter, the Assistant Assistant Floor Manager. "Miss Baron?" he asked, his yet-to-break voice skipping through several octaves, "you're wanted on the floor."  
  
"Coming," Nicola replied, and followed him as her led her around behind the set. Not quite 'led' though, as Scooter lagged behind, obviously entranced with the sight of Nicola's bottom wiggling with each step in her tight little skirt. Nicola smirked. Tonight was going to be fun.  
  
They were right behind the red stage curtain. "We'll just have to wait here for..." Scooter's voice trailed off as something caught his eye. His mouth opened, and he looked for all the world like a stunned mullet. Nicola turned to see what he was staring at- and her jaw dropped too.  
  
Walking toward them was one of the most gorgeous women Nicola had set eyes on. She was very tall and statuesque, even taller than Nicola herself. She had long blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. But what grabbed Nicola's attention was the fact that she was naked from the waist up, revealing an enormous pair of tits. Huge whoppers, topped with luscious pink nipples, they bounced with every step she took across the backstage area. She wore a sparkly, silver-sequined skirt that ended just below her navel, and Nicola easily imagined the reason she was topless was because no garment could ever restrain that rack. The well-endowed girl grinned as she spotted Nicola and sauntered over.  
  
"It's Nicola, isn't it?" she extended a hand. "I'm Kitten Magee, the show's co-hostess." Still a little stunned, Nicola shook her hand, causing her stupendous boobs to jiggle.  
  
"Scooter..." Kitten addressed the AAFM, but he didn't hear her. He was still staring down at her chest. Nicola didn't blame him! Kitten gave a sigh of exasperation and pushed Scooter's chin up so that his eyes were finally looking up into hers. "That's be all Scooter. Please go and check on our second guest."  
  
"Right away, Miss Magee!" he replied, and dashed off, nearly tripping over a cable in the process. Kitten shook her head and laughed. "No matter how many times we do the show, he always acts like this is the first time he's seen these puppies."  
  
"You mean you always go on like this? Topless?" Nicola asked. She was having the same problem as Scooter, unable to stop staring at Kitten's tits. If she minded, though, she didn't show it.  
  
"Yup," Kitten replied. "Tony and I always do a 'bit' about it. Here, you can watch on the floor monitor." She pointed toward a TV screen nearby.  
  
"You must have phenomenal ratings," Nicola murmured. Kitten noticed her staring and smiled. She slipped her hands under her boobs and bounced them playfully for Nicola. "You like them? 46DD, all natural, not an ounce of silicone. Go ahead, have a feel." Nicola gave her a surprised look. "Go on," Kitten urged her, "they won't bite." Nicola reached and gently squeezed Kitten's generous helpings of boob. They felt so soft beneath her fingertips. She trailed her nails across the sensitive aureoles, causing Kitten's nipples to stiffen. Like many women with outsize tits her aureoles were large saucers the size of Nicola's palm, and the nipples tasty little nubs that cried out to be sucked. Utterly fascinated, Nicola continued to grope Kitten until she finally interrupted her.  
  
"Ahem, if you've finished, we can start the show," Kitten said with a playful smirk. Nicola blushed alittle, and withdrew her delicate hands, but continued to eye up Kitten's rack. Nicola noticed that the red 'on air' lights were now on, and everyone backstage was quiet. Kitten raised a microphone to her lips and spoke. The show had begun!  
  
"Filmed live on videotape from beautiful West Hollywood before a studio audience, it's 'The Tony Moroni Show', TV's most outrageous half-hour! Now please put your hands together for the man himself, Mr. Tony Moroni!"  
  
Suddenly, from the other side of the curtain came a burst of whistles, hoots, and yells backed by wild applause. Nicola jumped, realizing for the first time that she standing just a few yards from a rather large audience of men, all of them here to see her get up to some late-night hi-jinx. Nicola suddenly felt the flutter of butterflies in her stomach. Be brave, Knickers! she told herself. It's not like you've never done anything like this before.  
  
As Nicola was mildly panicking Tony continued with his opening monolog. She could see on the floor monitor he was standing on the other side of the curtain. Wearing a leisure suit and slacks, Tony seemed to be playing up the similarity between himself and a certain TV gangster. The show was pretty much like 'The Tonight Show', although the joke Tony was telling was far racier than anything Johnny ever told.  
  
"A deli owner hires this broad who likes to wear really short skirts. One day, a guy walks into the deli, glances at this chick, then glances at the loaves of bread behind the counter. 'I'd like some raisin bread, please,' he says. The broad has to climb up a ladder to reach the raisin bread, cos its way up on the very top shelf. The guy, standing right below her, gets treated to one hell of a view up her skirt. What Canadians call 'beaver spottin'. Anyway, as she gets the bread, all these other guys come in and they twig to the situation pretty quick. Pretty soon, everyone is asking for raisin bread, and she's climbing up and down. After a few trips, this broad is starting to get pissed off. She stops at the top of the ladder, glaring at the men standing below. She notices an elderly man standing amongst the throng. 'Is your's raisin too?' she yells.

'No,' croaks the old man. 'But it's startin' to twitch.'"  
  
The audience roared with laughter. And it wasn't just the jokes that made this show really stand out. As the applause died, Tony continued.  
  
"And now it's time to welcome a very special lady, she's the hostess with the mostest, except when it comes to clothes when she's the hostess with the leastest, a big hand for Miss Kitten Magee!"  
  
Kitten whispered to Nicola, "Just come on when you get the cue. And relax! This is the most fun show on television." With that she pushed through the curtain. On the monitor, the nervous Nicola saw her emerge on the other side, smiling a little shyly to the madly cheering audience. She raised an arm and waved to them, setting her titanic tits wobbling. Nicola noticed how much Kitten was enjoying herself, as she basked in the glow of male adulation that was being heaped upon her bare boobs. Here was a kindred spirit. Kitten was blowing them kisses now, grinning at her cheering fans. Finally, she demurely trotted over to stand next to Tony.  
  
"That's a real nice outfit you're almost wearing there, Kitten," Tony remarked, with a laugh from the audience.  
  
"Why, thank-you Tony," Kitten replied. "The funny thing is that there used to be alot more to it. If I didn't know better, I'd swear someone snuck into my dressing room, and stole the top part of my costume just so I'd have to go on the show tonight topless." She placed her hands on her hips and gave Tony an accusatory look. He gave a shifty look, and winked to the camera. "Yeah, funny that," he murmured. "Funny that it happened last night, too."  
  
"And the 83 nights before that," Kitten added. They were both playing the routine for laughs, and the audience was eating it up. "Yknow, Tony, when you hired me to hostess the show, you said I wouldn't have to show my boobs unless it was absolutely necessary."  
  
"Well, let's put it to the audience, shall we. How about it, guys, is it necessary for Kitten to show us her tits?!"  
  
"YES!" they roared back. Nicola giggled.  
  
"Now, Kitten, leaving aside your knockers for a moment," (a drum sting from the band) "we've got some really great guests on the show tonight, haven't we?"  
  
"That's right Tony," Kitten replied. "Our first guest is a gorgeous twenty-year-old actress and model who comes all the way from down under."  
  
"Down under, huh? That figures. Right before the show, she went down on me."  
  
Another drum sting, followed by a collective groan from the audience. Nicola blushed deep red. If only they knew Tony wasn't joking!  
  
Kitten continued. "Although she's only been in Hollywood a couple of months, she's already racked up leads in two movies,*Bikini Bandits*and*Bikini Stewardesses 2*. Please welcome, Miss Nicola Baron!"  
  
Nicola swallowed. It's showtime! she told herself, and with that stepped out to meet her adoring fans. A wave of cheers greeted her entrance. Nicola stood blinking under the studio lights, unable to see them properly, but certainly hearing them. Noise and heat buffeted her. Nicola felt hot and sweaty, her small amount of clothing uncomfortable against her perfect body. She smiled and waved, uncertain of what to do next. Kitten appeared, and guided her by the arm toward the interview area. "You're doing great, sweetheart," she whispered. "Just remember to relax and give the folks out there the show they want to see."  
  
From behind his desk, Tony arose, giving Nicola a chaste peck on the cheek, and a not so chaste grope of her boob. Then Nicola settled down on the couch, crossing her smooth legs and smiling coyly into the camera. Kitten sat next to her, wrapping her arms around herself to make a shelf to rest her massive boobs on.  
  
"So, Nicola," Tony began, "I understand you have a cute little nickname that you've come to be known as in Hollywood. Would you care to share it with us?"  
  
Nicola rolled her eyes theatrically. "It's Knickers."  
  
"Knickers?" asked Tony. "Panties, as you Americans would say," Nicola replied. Tony laughed. "How do you get a name like that?"  
  
"Well, it started when I was at school, getting changed for gym. Anyway, I was just taking my skirt off when I realized I wasn't wearing any underwear. All the other girls noticed and started laughing at me. From then on I was 'Knickers'." Nicola blushed 'remembering' the incident. In fact, her agent had dreamt it up for her when she came to Hollywood.  
  
Tony laughed. "So, 'Knickers'. Tell us a little about yourself."  
  
"Well, I was born in Melbourne, Australia. I was a professional model there, starting when I was 16. A couple of months ago, though, I got a new agent and he suggested I come over to Hollywood to become an actress. So I took the plunge and here I am."  
  
"Now, I understand that there's a slight difference between the kind of work you did back home and what you're doing here in California."  
  
"That's right, Tony. You see, I used to be such a terrible prude. I would never've dreamed of taking my clothes off for a photographer."  
  
"But all that's changed now?"  
  
"Oh, you betcha. I work nude, I model nude, I act nude. I should pretty much stop buying clothes."  
  
The audience chuckled. The shy Nicola was melting away, replaced by the exhibitionist Knickers who always wanted to be the center of attention. Knickers, the gorgeous Aussie starlet with the killer bod who couldn't wait to show it off. Nicola sat back in the couch, thrusting her chest forward and casting sultry gazes down the camera lens. She crossed and uncrossed her legs, quickly flashing her bare pussy, and eliciting a gasp from her audience. Nicola giggled to herself, enjoying the tease. Even Tony looked flustered.  
  
"Well... perhaps you'd like to tell us what your measurements are?" he asked.  
  
"Sure," Nicola replied. She stood up, and leaned toward the camera, causing her top to fall open to give the craning audience a peak at her luscious tits. "I'm 38," she cupped her boobs, "25", her hands slid down her bare stomach, "35", ending up on her shapely hips, barely covered by that scandalously short miniskirt. She smiled to her audience, and was seated again. This time, she sat with her knees just a little further apart.  
  
"Not bad," murmured Kitten beside her, running a hand over Nicola's arm.  
  
Tony was really surprised by now. Perhaps he was unused to his guests being quite so forward. "Perhaps we should move on... you've recently finished your second movie,*Bikini Stewardesses 2*."  
  
"Yes Tony," Nicola replied. "I've brought along a clip tonight which really shows off my um, 'acting talent.'" She gave the camera a wink.  
  
"Let's roll that, shall we?" said Tony.  
  
The lights dimmed, and all eyes turned to the big overhead monitor. It was the 'recruiting' scene. Onscreen, Nicola was dressed in a skimpy halter top and very short shorts, standing in a lineup with a number of other gorgeous young women. Nicola's friend Jennifer, as Bikini Airways founder Melissa, was dressed in the traditional Bikini Stewardesses outfit- blue bikini, little blue cap, collar and cuffs, and a pair of gold wings clipped to a bikini strap. 'Melissa' was giving the new recruits a stirring speech.  
  
"So you wanna be a Bikini Stewardess? Well, we don't just take anyone. My girls are the best of the best, always willing to do whatever it takes to ensure our passages enjoy the best flight ever." She paused in front of Nicola. "What's your name, sweetheart?"  
  
Nicola snapped to attention, thrusting her impressive cleavage forward. "Kelly," she replied. "Well, Kelly," asked Jennifer, "do you think you've got what it takes to be a Bikini Stewardess? A sky-bunny? A cabin-cutie? A mile-high maid? A First-Class Filly? An all-action, all-smiling, don't-know-the-meaning-of-the-word-no one-woman inflight entertainment center?"  
  
Nicola thought about it for a moment, and then snapped back, "Will all due respect ma'am, you can bet your pretty little ass on it."  
  
Jennifer raised an eyebrow. "And what do you think makes you qualified?"  
  
Nicola smiled. "These." With that, she reached behind her back and popped the clasp on her halter-top. Her impressive boobs bounced into view. Grinning, 'Kelly' stared out at her audience, pushing her tits together.  
  
The studio audience clapped. On the couch, Nicola gave a shy smile to their compliment to her obvious talent.  
  
"Wow," said Tony, "that sure is a nice set of hooters you were flashing there."  
  
Nicola blushed. "Thank-you Tony."  
  
"Yknow," Tony continued, "as much fun as it was seeing you up there on the big screen, I'm sure we'd all enjoy seeing your 'acting skills' displayed here in the studio."  
  
It took a moment for Nicola to realize what he was asking. She smiled, playing it coy. "Oh, I don't know about that Tony. Taking my clothes off on live TV in front of an audience? I don't know if I could do something \*that\* risqu ."  
  
"Sure you could," Tony entreated her. "A gorgeous young woman like you's got nothing to be ashamed of." Tony turned to his audience. "How about it guys? Who wants to see Knickers give us a bit of a show?"  
  
There was a roar of affirmation for the eager crowd of men, many of them waiting on the edge of their seats in anticipation. This is what they had paid to come see, a beautiful Hollywood starlet giving her all, and Nicola wasn't about to disappoint them. This was her true moment of glory. She pretended to think about it for a while longer. "Well..." She slipped the tip of her finger into her mouth and gave a wicked grin. "OK."  
  
Nicola stood up from the couch again. She stared down the camera lens, seducing the audience with her hypnotic blue eyes. Slowly, she began to undulate. Nicola closed her eyes, moaning softly. The camera was glued to her body, following her every move. Nicola was grinding her hips in the air, making love to an invisible partner. Once again, she felt a mysterious power of lust and desire to be the center of attention take over body, casting off her inhibitions. She wanted to be naked, she wanted men- and women- to see her stark naked, to ogle her bare tits and glistening pussy. Nicola wanted to be wanted to fuck. Arching her back and pushing her boobs forward, Nicola reached behind her, feeling for the zip on her boob tube. She pulled it down in a single motion. The garment fell off, but Nicola caught it and continued to dance, teasing the audience, using it as a screen to cover her luscious tits. Finally, she tossed it aside, baring her magnificent chest to her adoring fans. Next came the skirt. Nicola grasped the hem, pulled in up, so that it bunched together into a thin band of material riding high on her shapely hips. It really was just a belt now, as Nicola tugged the hem up more and more of her muff was revealed to the camera. She stopped, with just the bottom V of her crotch exposed. She cast a naughty teasing look down the lens, and then slipped the skirt down. It slid effortlessly down her legs, and lay like a puddle of silk at her feet.  
  
Nicola was now completely naked, except for her high-heels and the look of absolute pleasure on her pretty face. She stopped moving and assumed a classic model's pose- leg slightly forward, hands on hips, boobs out, chin high. As enchanting in video and print as she was, Nicola nude in person was quite a sight to see, and many of her audience would remember for a long time. Staring out into their see of lust-crazed faces, Nicola wasn't about to let an opportunity slip by.  
  
"Remember guys, that's*Bikini Stewardesses 2*, starring me, in your local video store from next month. Don't forget to rent it."  
  
Her heart pounding, Nicola sat back down on the couch, feeling its soft velvet tickle her bare bottom.  
  
"Well, with that, I think we better go to a commercial break. But stay tuned, cos we'll be right back when you can see even more of Nicola- if that's possible- and we'll meet our next guest."  
  
The Floor Manager shouted "Clear!", and they were off the air. Kitten put an arm around Nicola and drew the nude starlet close to her, her enormous left boob rubbing against Nicola's arm. "You were wonderful," Kitten purred. "Thanks," Nicola replied. "You were right, this is fun!"  
  
"Honey, there's more to come yet," replied Kitten. Was that a wicked glint in her eye, Nicola wondered. Was there a surprise in store for me?  
  
"Back in 1!" yelled the FM. Kitten gave Nicola a quick peck on the cheek. "Wait here, sweetheart, we have to go introduce the next guest." With that, Kitten stood and joined Tony standing back in front of the red curtain. Nicola wondered who it could be. Someone famous perhaps?  
  
The studio lights came back up. The FM called the countdown into the show, and they were back on air.  
  
"Welcome back, you're watching 'The Tony Moroni Show'. Wow Kitten, that Knickers is one hot broad," said Tony.  
  
"Mmm, you can say that again Tony," Kitten replied. "I wouldn't mind finding her after the show in my dressing room with a pair of flying goggles and a stick of wet celery." Tony scrunched up his face trying to picture \*that\*, and the audience chuckled.  
  
"Well, thanks for sharing that Kitten," Tony said at last. "Who's our next guest tonight?"  
  
"Our next guest is also a rising young Hollywood starlet. She's been a professional nude model since she was 18. She's appeared in several videos, including*Supermodel Skinnydip Party*and*Undercover Cheerleaders*. Her new movie,*Bikini Quantity Surveyors*hits the stores next month. Please welcome, Miss Angela Monroe!"  
  
Nicola's face fell. A tall, slim, raven haired beauty strode out from behind the curtain, dressed in an elegant, if rather short, black cocktail dress. It was Angela "Angel" Monroe, Nicola's bitter rival in Hollywood. Since the day they met Angela had been cruel and nasty toward Nicola. Angela practically threw herself at Tony, French kissing him with an enthusiasm that drew howls of delight from the audience. Nicola scowled. This was not going to be fun after all!  
  
Kitten led Angela onto the couch, while Tony sat behind his desk. Angela cast a scornful glance at Nicola before sitting down next to her. Nicola, still naked, squirmed, feeling distinctly underdressed next to the sophisticated Angela.  
  
"Angela, I understand you have a little nickname too?"  
  
"Yes, Tony. All my men friends like to call me 'Angel'." She looked into the camera and fluttered her eyelashes, eliciting a collective "ahhh" from the crowd.  
  
Nicola gave a snort, but said nothing. Angela pretended not to hear her.  
  
"You're a model, and an actress, just like Knickers here. I bet it's a real tough profession."  
  
"That's right Tony. Ysee, our industry is full of*foreigners*, so Americans have to compete for jobs with them. Plus there are so many girls who are total sluts who will do anything to land parts. It's hard for an honest, American girl to earn a living." She cast several glances over at Nicola, who was silently beginning to fume.  
  
Tony had obviously twigged to the situation. He smirked and asked, "It sounds like there's some real competition going on here in Hollywood."  
  
"Not really, Tony," Angela replied, with a casual flick of her hair. "It's just no contest. The lucky few of us with talent get the leads, while the bimbo sluts just fuck their way to bit parts. For three months at any rate, before they get deported back to where they came from." Angela turned to Nicola for the first time. "You've been here for almost three months now, haven't you?"  
  
Nicola gave a forced smile. "Talent is something you're born with, Tony. You've either got it..." she arched her back, emphasizing her 38 natural tits, "...or you don't." She gazed at Angela's chest. The dark-haired beauty had much smaller boobs than Nicola, a sore point between them (or rather, two sore points). Angela gritted her teeth, but didn't rise to the bait. She took a deep breath, puffing out her perky, but petite bust. "Unfortunately some actresses have all their talent in their tits."  
  
"I guess that means no tits, no talent," Nicola retorted. Angela was furious. Forgetting she was on TV, she rounded on Nicola and screamed, "Slut!"  
  
"Cow!"  
  
"Bimbo!"  
  
"Bitch!"  
  
"You've never worn underwear in your life,*Knickers*."  
  
"You can talk," Nicola retorted. "You're still wearing the training bra your mum bought you when you were 12."  
  
Angela gasped, her face a mask of shock at such an insensitive jibe. Nicola realized she'd gone too far. Angela turned pink, then bright red. With a scream she leapt across the couch at Nicola, grabbing her by the hair. Nicola squealed in pain, and seized the front of Angela's dress. It tore easily, her perky tits popping into view. Angela's hands were scrabbling at Nicola's chest now, but as she was naked, her nails dug into Nicola's soft tits.  
  
"Ladies, ladies, please," Tony said. "Remember where you are."  
  
The two starlets stopped. They turned to look at the studio audience and the cameras, realizing they were catfighting on live TV. Tony smiled.  
  
"I'm afraid we've got a little confession to make, haven't we Kitten?"  
  
"That's right, Tony," she replied with a shrug.  
  
"Ysee, we knew all along about your little feud, and that's why we invited you both to be here tonight."  
  
"What?" hissed Angela.  
  
"We thought we'd help you settle this once and for all. And what better way to settle an argument between two women, audience?"  
  
"BIKINI OIL WRESTLING!" the crowd roared back. Nicola jumped in surprise. Bikini Oil Wrestling? That's why they wanted her on the show?  
  
"So what do you say, girls? You wanna strip down and oil up for us, and get alittle payback at the same time? Winner will be whoever gives the best show."  
  
The feuding starlets were lost for words. Nicola finally found her voice. "Sure. Why not? I said I'd be game, didn't I?" She turned to Angela. The beautiful if bitchy model still sat with her small tits hanging out of the front of her dress. She wore a viper's grin. "It would be my pleasure."  
  
The audience applauded. But Nicola was worried. That was an awful glint she spied in Angela's eye.  
  
"OK, we're gonna take a quick commercial break, but stay with us cos we'll be right back with more fun, plus the bikini oil wrestling grudge match of the century, Knickers Baron versus Angel Monroe. You*do not*want to miss that!"

Nicola once again stood naked in her dressing room, trying very hard to ignore Scooter as he covered her body in oil. Why did she get herself in for this? Bikini oil wrestling against her mortal enemy Angela Monroe on live TV? Would that really catapult her to stardom?  
  
At least Scooter was enjoying himself. It was hardly surprising. Nicola was completely nude, and standing on a plastic sheet. Scooter had a dopey grin on his face and a large tent in the crotch of his trousers. This particular part of his job required him to personally make sure Nicola was oiled up for the match. Excitedly, Scooter squirted more oil across Nicola's already slick chest, and began to massage her bare boobs. As unattractive as Scooter looked, Nicola had to admit he gave a great oil massage. His fingers squeezed her tanned tits, skimming across her erect nipples. A familiar tingle was dawning in her loins. It was not what Nicola needed right now.  
  
"Could you do my bum please?" Nicola asked, turning to present her rump to Scooter's magic fingers. "Ah, sure, Miss Baron!" Scooter replied, his hands now massaging her ass cheeks. Nicola was pretty well greased up by now, Scooter's eager hands had roamed across almost every nook and cranny of her gorgeous body. She could see on the monitor that they were out from commercial and Kitten was performing a comedy sketch. Still topless, she was dressed as a chef in a supermarket, her enormous knockers hanging over the front of her apron. Evidently, she was trying to get passers-by to sample a particularly revolting brand of cheese-in-a-can.

Suddenly Nicola let out a gasp. Scooter's hands had found her labia and were now oiling that up too. He gently held the tenderest part of her anatomy between his thumb and forefinger, stroking it. Nicola looked down in surprise at his buck-toothed grin. Who would've thought that geeky Scooter knew exactly what to do with a woman's joy department? Nicola couldn't help herself, she opened her legs to allow Scooter to probe deeper inside her. Scooter leapt on the opportunity, his digits slithering deep inside her pussy. Nicola moaned. The oil burned her sensitive cunt, but that was nothing compared to the desire burning inside her as Scooter finger fucked her. She was grinding her hips, fucking his hand back, her greedy pussy trying to suck more of his fist inside of her.  
  
Nicola came, her juices rolling down the inside of her bare legs, mixing with the oil to create a musky odor of sex. Scooter, satisfied with a job well done, sat back to admire his handiwork. Nicola's beautiful tanned body was darkened further by the oil. She glistened in the light, her perky nipples and full breasts, smooth stomach, and inviting crotch. Scooter handed Nicola a white string bikini to wear. Nicola tied on the top to (just) cover her boobs, while Scooter (his face inches from her pussy) tied the bottoms on.  
  
"It's time now, Miss Baron," Scooter told her. Nicola adjusted the bikini. It concealed very little of her body, the top consisted of small triangles that covered her nipples but allow generous amounts of boobflesh to hang free, whilst her bottom was displayed by the g-string that disappeared between her ass cheeks, and reappeared as a tiny wedge of material that made Nicola truly appreciate the ultra-close bikini wax. Nicola admired herself in the mirror, and noted with satisfaction that she was devastatingly cute. On the monitor the sketch was winding up. Kitten had hit upon the idea of squirting dollops of cheese on her nipples, and male customers were lining up to lick it off. Nicola steeled herself. It's showtime!

Tony was wearing an awful paisley jacket and sitting at his desk with an old-fashioned microphone in front of him. He was going to play commentator tonight.  
  
"Alright sports fans! It's the Bikini Oil Wrestling match you've all been dying to see! In the white trunks, weighing in at 38-25-35, all the way from Melbourne Australia, 'Knickers' Baron!"  
  
At the other end of the studio a spotlight flicked on to reveal  
  
Nicola dressed in her white bikini. She had been completely nude in front of this audience just minutes ago, but now that she was wearing tiny swimsuit she felt even more exposed to their lustful gaze. They were no doubt hoping that Angela would soon tear Nicola's bikini off her glistening body. She gave a nervous smile and waved. The audience clapped, whistled and even barked in their excitement.  
  
"And in the black trunks, weighing in at 32-22-32, from Trenton New Jersey, 'Angel' Monroe!"  
  
Another spotlight came on, revealing Angela wearing a black bikini and also slippery with oil. She growled and flexed her biceps. Nicola noticed with some alarm that Angela's slim body bulged with muscles. The audience again went wild, though there were a few hisses and boos among the clapping. Evidently Nicola wasn't the only one who saw Angela as the badgirl.  
  
Between the two starlets was an inflatable children's paddling pool, as oily as they were. Standing next to this was the referee: Kitten, dressed in a cutoff black and white stripped shirt that barely covered her boobs, and a black pair of hotpants. The busty beauty waved the combatants over to the 'arena'.  
  
"Alright girls," Kitten instructed them, her amplified voice filling the studio, "I don't want a good clean fight. I want as dirty a fight as can make it. Winner will be whoever puts up the best show. Now I want you to kiss and go to your corners, then on the bell come out catfighting."  
  
Both girls looked startled. Did she say kiss? Couldn't they just shake hands? Awkwardly the two starlets leaned their heads together, their faces almost touching. They hesitated, no-one was sure which way to go, and neither wanted to bump noses with their nemesis on live TV. Finally Nicola broke the impasse by kissing Angela on the cheek. Angela murmured in her ear, "In a few moments, slut, you'll be kissing my ass."  
  
"In your dreams, Little Miss Mini-Tits," Nicola whispered back. Then they parted, taking a few steps back to the opposite ends of the paddling pool.  
  
The bell wrung! Nicola put on a stern face and stepped forward to meet her enemy. Both girls adopted a fighter's stance, hands out ready to attack. They circled each other, looking for an opportunity to attack. All around them was the roar of the crowd and the babble of Tony's voice as he called the fight.  
  
Nicola's eyes roamed across Angela's near-naked body. She looked so good, dressed in little more then a sheen of oil. Steady Knickers, this isn't the time to be thinking about that! However, she noticed the knot holding her bikini bottoms in place rode high on her shapely hip, the end dangling temptingly down her thigh. Nicola narrowed her eyes, and made a grab for it. With cat-like speed, Angela's left arm lashed out and blocked her, while her right arm grabbed Nicola's wrist. Nicola squealed in surprise. Angela was holding her tight with one hand, and with the other fought to tear at Nicola's bikini top. The adorable Aussie panicked, Angela was much better at this than she thought. Unable to dodge away, Nicola did the only thing she could. She leapt forward, and grabbed Angela around the waist. The two near-naked bodies slithered against each other. Nicola felt Angela's small boobs pressed against her own, and for a brief moment she knew what it was like to have four tits. Despit  
  
e the torment Angela had heaped upon her, Nicola felt an erotic charge as they held each other close. Angela wriggled frantically in Nicola's grasp, unwittingly grinding their crotches together. Nicola suppressed a moan. She reached behind Angela's back, searching for the knot that held her bikini top in place, her fingers sliding across the bitchy starlet's oiled flesh.  
  
Angela quickly twigged to the tactic, and with a shove pushed Nicola backwards. She stumbled, falling to her knees. Angela stood over her, hands on hips, her modest tits quivering with deep breaths. "Come on, you no-talent Aussie bimbo. Come and get me." With a squeal, Nicola launched herself at Angela. It was a mistake. Angela grabbed her by both arms, pinning them to her sides. Nicola fought to break free but Angela was surprisingly strong. Too strong. The momentum of Nicola's charge sent the pair swinging, and with a painful thud Nicola fell face down on her boobs in the pool. Angela's fall was more controlled, and she landed on top of Nicola, pinning her to the floor. Nicola squirmed desperately, but with a knee in her back it was no good. She was helpless and at Angela's mercy, all on live TV.  
  
The crowd roared their delight. The studio cameras crowded around the hapless Nicola, catching every angle of her predicament. She could see on the floor monitor an evil grin of delight on Angela's face. "OK, you win! Get off me!" Nicola squealed. From behind her Angela coldly replied, "It ain't over yet. You heard the lady- we're supposed to fight dirty." Angela suddenly released one of Nicola's arms. She flailed wildly, but uselessly. Angela's free hand untied Nicola's bikini top, and with a good tug pulled it out from beneath the pinned starlet. Nicola yelped. She looked up at the audience. They were laughing now, applauding her dilemma. Kitten circled the pool, but did not intervene. This was a fight with no rules. Nicola, helpless, was humiliated. She started to blush, a deep red bloom on her cheeks that spread down across the exposed top of her chest. But it seemed Angela was far from finished.  
  
The raven-haired beauty grabbed Nicola's one free hand. Nicola could feel her tying something to the wrist. It was her own bikini top! Angela yanked the captured hand across and began to bind it tightly to the other. Nicola's hands were being tied behind her back with her own bikini top! She continued to writhe, but with her hands bound it was an even more futile gesture, as she wiggled like a worm in the oil. She could still kick, but Angela sat back on her legs, pinning them to the ground as well.  
  
Again, Nicola felt Angela's fingers loosen the knot that held her bikini bottoms together. "Okey-dokey now, here we go," she said with an evil smirk. There was nothing Nicola could do as her archenemy stripped her naked in front of the jeering crowd. Angela tugged the remaining half of her bikini free, and used it to tie Nicola's ankles together. Nicola was now completely helpless. This was without a doubt the most humiliating moment of her life. But still, Angela wasn't finished.  
  
"How about a show, boys?" Angela called out to the audience. The reply was an incoherent roar. Angela knelt down, hauling Nicola over her knee. Her exposed bottom glistened enticingly under the hot studio lights. Cackling with glee, Angela raised her right hand in the air.  
  
SMACK. She brought it down on Nicola's backside. She let out a squeal, more of shame than actual pain. Her face burned with embarrassment as she choked back tears. Again Angela raised her hand, and brought another blow down on Nicola's poor bottom. The audience was going wild- this was beyond what they had hoped. Angela continued to spank Nicola at will, raining down blows. At last she stopped, panting. Nicola's face and bottom were both bright red. She peered out at the audience from behind strands of hair plastered to her face with oil and sweat. "I think we know who the real winner is tonight," Angela declared. She stood up, facing the crowd with a victorious grin.  
  
Kitten helped Nicola to her feet, pulling free her bonds. The Aussie starlet's eyes were red and moist. Tony had come down from his desk and now stood near the pool, regaling the audience with how wonderful a match they'd seen tonight. With Nicola untied, Kitten stood between them, holding each by the wrist. In a loud voice, she cried: "I declare the winner and champ-een Knickers Baron!" With that, she raised the startled Nicola's arm above her head.  
  
All hell broke lose. The audience was cheering, vocal in their approval of Kitten's choice of winner. Angela was enraged and stunned. "WHAT? Her???"  
  
Tony led Nicola to the front of the stage. The naked starlet, still slick with oil and a little red from the spanking, gave her fans a stunned smile. "Thank-you, thank you all!" She cried, throwing them kisses.  
  
"What the hell is going on here?" Angela demanded. "I won!" Kitten gave a thin-lipped smile. "I believe I said the winner would be whoever puts up the best show. Nicola definitely did that tonight."  
  
Angela was stunned. "We'll see about that," she murmured through clenched teeth. She took a step toward Nicola, but Kitten grabbed by the wrist and spun her around. "We got one rule around here, sister, show your tits and show 'em with a smile. I notice you're the only one still covered up." Angela gave a snarl, and brought her fist back to punch Kitten.  
  
The busty hostess didn't bat an eyelid. She gave an exaggerated shrug of her shoulders. Her massive boobs swung up with considerable force and crashed together on either side of Angela's head. She went down, knocked out cold. Kitten smiled and patted her tits. "Good work, girls."  
  
Oblivious to the fracas behind her, the naked Nicola basked in the adoration of her fans. How many of them would rush out next month and rent Bikini Stewardesses 2 she wondered. How many of them, their appetites whetted by tonight's entertainment, would be salivating to see more of Nicola's body? And willing to pay for the pleasure? She smiled, as she waved out at them. Yep, she was pretty sure tonight had been a good move for her career.