**Holiday Auction**

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If you've read the previous story about me called "Community Theater," you know how auditioning for a local production of Gypsy gave me the opportunity to indulge my fantasy of stripping in front of a group of strangers. Me, 19-year old Nikki Morales, full time college student and part time exhibitionist! But after Gypsy's performances ended, I found myself not only missing the friends I had made in the theater group but also dying to do something exciting and daring.

Meanwhile, I had to work really hard on my classes, which I had kind of ignored while I was in the play. But that just made things worse -- it was so boring studying all the time that I barely had time to hang out on campus. Plus I still wasn't sure how to let my college friends know about my little escapades on stage, and that left me even more restless and distracted. So, when I saw an email show up in my inbox from Lorraine, the very successful 40-something businesswoman who heads up the board of directors of the community theater, I literally cheered out loud.

"Dear Nikki," the email began, "I hope you're well and that classes are drawing to an enjoyable conclusion. I imagine you'll be heading home for the holidays, but before you do, I wanted to ask if you would be willing to help out with our annual holiday party and fundraiser. Every year we host a cocktail party and auction, with all proceeds going to the theater. It's a tradition that we ask former cast members to volunteer to serve as waiters and waitresses and I'm wondering if you might be interested. If you're too busy or you're going to be out of town, I completely understand. But if you'd like to join us, we'd all love to see you again."

I have to admit I was disappointed that this seemed to be a general request that was going out to everyone from the show, although I did wonder just a little bit if there was any special meaning in her last line. That brought a smile to my face as I remembered just how little I was wearing the last time Lorraine and everyone else had seen me! I checked the date and realized I'd be finished with exams by then and wouldn't be heading home for another two days. Plus, I really was eager to reconnect with the theater group, so I immediately hit the reply button and started typing. "I'd love to help out. Just let me know when I should be there and what I should wear! After my last appearance in front of you, I want to make sure I'm properly dressed." I hit the send button, giggling to myself, a warm feeling spreading throughout as I remembered that my final strip in Gypsy had left me naked in front of hundreds of peoples.

A few minutes later, I got a reply. "We ask the volunteers to wear black pants or skirts and a white shirt. I know that's a little more than you've worn on some occasions, so I hope you won't object. And I do have an additional assignment in mind for you, if it's not too much to ask. We'll need someone to assist with the auction, and Michelle has spotted a Santa outfit that we think would be perfect for you for that portion of the evening. Willing to give it a try?" I could almost hear Lorraine's voice saying all this as I read through the message.

Now Michelle was the costume designer for Gypsy, and she had helped to pick out some of the sexy gowns I had worn in the play. So when Lorraine mentioned her name, I got even more excited and typed back immediately. "Count me in. I just hope it's not going not be some big only baggy costume with a long white beard and padding that makes me look fat!" I replied.

I realized Lorraine must be on her computer at that very moment because she responded as soon as she got my message. Somehow the thought that this important businesswoman was sitting there chatting with me felt good -- I love being the center of attention and it made me feel special that she had thought of me for this extra role at the fundraiser. "Don't worry, Nikki. Michelle told me that the costume is called Naughty Miss Santa, and the dress is barely long enough to cover your panties. It is not going to make you look fat."

Now the butterflies kicked in big time, as I realized this would give me a chance to show off in front of a group of people. No stripping this time, but I was sure I could find a way to tease them a bit. "Sounds great," I replied. "I can't wait." And I truly meant it.

Later that day Michelle called and we agreed to meet the next day at a costume store where we had picked out several of my outfits for Gypsy. We both arrived at the same time and gave each other a big hug right there on the sidewalk. It was great to see her and it made me realize just how much I missed the whole theater group. After a few polite questions from Michelle about how school was going for me, we got right down to business.

"Let's see, you're about 5' 7" and 130 pounds, if I remember correctly," she asked.

"Only 125 pounds now," I said. "Too busy to eat much with all the studying," I laughed.

"And a B-cup, right?" she continued. "I've already asked them to order a strapless bra with underwiring that should go well with this outfit. It'll help accentuate your cleavage," she added, but then paused, noticing the puzzled look on my face. "That's right, you haven't seen the costume yet! Lorraine said I should wait and surprise you." She grinned from ear to ear, and continued, "Well, I don't think you'll be disappointed. Come on, let's go inside so I can show you."

Well, Michelle was right -- I immediately fell in love with the outfit. The Naughty Miss Santa costume was a dress of red velour trimmed with white fur at the top and bottom and a big black Santa belt around the waist that showed off my 34-24-35 figure perfectly. It came with a white lace petticoat, the kind that puffs out at the bottom of the dress making it look like a ballerina's tutu. Above the waist, the dress was skintight and showed off every curve. The fur on the top barely covered my nipples, and even dipped a little between my boobs, where a little red bow served to call even more attention to my cleavage. Two slender straps on the front of the dress went up and over my shoulders, tying behind the neck just to make sure that nothing slipped out of place. But the best part was that it looked like the dress stopped at least eight inches above the knees, and that if I bent over at all, the petticoat would tip up with and you could catch a peek of my panties.

The outfit came with a pair of white thigh-high stockings topped by cute little red bows that matched the bow on the dress. And to complete the costume, I'd be wearing red velour opera gloves with white fur trim at the top as well as a Santa cap. Now I could see why Michelle had suggested the strapless bra, but I was glad she left the choice of panties and shoes to me. I had a pair of three-inch black heels that would work perfectly, and I was already thinking naughty thoughts about buying a new thong especially for the occasion.

Since my role during the auction was to hold up the individual items as people bid on them, I couldn't wait to figure out ways to parade through the audience showing off each item as well as myself! With such a short dress and with the petticoat to hold the fabric up and out, it seemed certain that anytime I leaned forward to give someone a close-up look at whatever I was holding, the people behind me would be getting a peek at my ass cheeks sticking out of the thong. I grabbed Michelle's hands and exclaimed, "It's perfect. I can't wait for the auction."

The next two weeks flew by. Between cramming for final exams, writing papers, and trying to get some Christmas shopping done, I hardly had time to think about the fundraiser. But as I was heading back to my apartment late Friday night after finishing my last exam, I realized I wasn't even worried about what grades I was going to get. All I could think about was the Miss Naughty Santa costume that I'd be wearing the next night.

Now, I don't want you to think that everything about the event was me enjoying myself and getting to show off. I had to be there at 4:00 to help them set up tables and chairs and carry trays of food from the kitchen to tables that were placed around the sides of the large hall where the auction was going to be held. The kitchen was at back of the hall, and at the other end there was a stage where there the items to be auctioned were already on display. It was stuff like a set of skis, a bulky hand-knit sweater, and a picture of a cottage (which I assume meant they were auctioning a week at someone's summer place). Apparently the big item was a picture painted by a famous local artist, which was proudly displayed on a stand in the center of the stage. About two thirds of the hall in front of the stage was set up with round tables, leaving some open space for standing at the back and for a makeshift bar that was set up right next to the doors that led into the kitchen.

By 6:30 the first guests arrived. The event was 21 or older, which meant we had to be ready with plenty of drinks. Ten of us had volunteered; I know that sounds like a lot until you realize there were somewhere close to two hundred people who had purchased tickets to attend. So, we were kept really busy going back and forth with trays of wine and champagne, occasionally circulating with plates of hot hors d'oeuvres from the kitchen. I was wearing a simple white shirt that buttoned in the front and pleated black pants. The pants fit kind of tight across my butt, but knowing what I'd be wearing later, I decided to dress conservatively for now.

However, that didn't stop some of the guys from making comments as I served drinks. I noticed that the wine and champagne was going about twice as fast as the food, and that also seemed to be having an effect on their remarks. Several of them made lame jokes about having trouble recognizing me with my clothes on, while others were much more polite and simply said how much they had enjoyed seeing me in Gypsy. I felt like replying, "Well I enjoyed being seen!" but I didn't think it was entirely appropriate to say that.

Finally, after Lorraine and the board of directors decided everyone had consumed enough alcohol to guarantee that people would bid more than they might otherwise do, Michelle pulled me aside and led me to a little bathroom off the back of the kitchen. "We've set this up for you to use as a changing room," she said. "The costume is hanging on the hook on the back of the door."

"Great," I said, holding up a small duffle bag that I had left in the kitchen. "And I've got my shoes and underwear in here." With that, I stepped into the bathroom room and quickly stripped off my shirt, pants, and bra. "Maybe I should just go out just like this," I thought, giggling to myself as I stood there in only my thong. Up until that moment, I hadn't really thought of anything more than flashing my butt, but as soon as the idea of appearing in just a thong popped into my head, I felt this warm tingly feeling and I realized I was going to have to find a way to take off at least some of my costume before the evening was over.

I quickly slipped into the strapless bra and pettitcoat, then pulled the dress over my head. It took a few minutes to adjust the petticoat, which was really just a broad elastic band with several layers of lace gathered at the bottom of it. Eventually I got things arranged so the dress flared out evenly below the waist, ending just a couple of inches below my ass. Fastening the big black belt, I looked in the mirror and said "Ho, Ho, Ho," in my best Santa voice. Then, I slipped on the white thigh-high stockings, put on the opera gloves, and quickly brushed my hair. "There," I said, as I positioned the Santa cap, "Ready to go."

I opened the door and could hear that the auction was about to begin. One of the board members, a very distinguished guy in his mid-fifties named Alex Farber, walked to a podium on the side of the stage and pounded a gavel. "Please be seated," he announced, "the bidding is about to begin."

The hall quieted down and almost everyone sat down at their tables. "I'm very fortunate this evening," Alex continued, "to have the assistance of one of our stellar cast members, Nikki Morales, who will bring each item down to the floor for your inspection as we commence bidding." As he was saying this I slowly walked through the kitchen, a slight sway to my hips as I moved. A number of people were still working on cleaning up dishes, and I got a lot of stares as I waltzed through in my Naughty Miss Santa costume. As soon as Alex mentioned my name, I started to make my way from the back of hall, around the side of the room, and up the stairs on the left to the stage. Most people didn't even notice me until I was climbing up the steps to the stage. But then I got a big round of applause and a few whistles, so I did a polite little curtsey and took my place next to the podium.

"We'll begin the bidding," our auctioneer said as he handed me an elegant piece of glassware, "with an antique cut-glass vase from Germany. I'm looking for $50 to start things off." Now, my instructions were to spend a few minutes passing through the crowd so people could see what was being offered, and I quickly caught on that part of my role was to provide a little incentive for people to ask to see the items since that meant they would be able to inspect my Naughty Miss Santa costume. As I descended the steps with the vase in my hand, a hand shot up. I moved over toward the bidder, while Alex called out, "I have fifty. Will someone give me $75?" He was good at this, I could almost feel the stares as I walked around the hall. At one point when I leaned forward slightly to let an elderly lady get a good look at the vase, I was sure that I heard a gasp from a table in back of me. I must have bent forward just enough for the petticoat to tilt up and give the guys a peek at my ass cheeks on display in my thong. I could feel my excitement growing.

After a couple of passes through the crowd, I returned to the stage. The bidding had slowed down and very soon, Alex rapped his gavel and announced, "Sold for $175." With that, I picked up the next item, which was the hand-knit sweater. Altogether, we had eight items, so this went on for about another twenty minutes or so. I loved parading through the audience, and by the time we got to the final item, I think quite a number of people had had a peek under my petticoat at my thong. And I had loved every minute of it.

The last thing to be auctioned was the painting by a local artist, and before things got started I had heard Lorraine say that they were hoping to get $5000 for it. So I was very careful when I picked it up and made my way through the crowd for the last time. Citing the fame of the artist, Alex asked for an opening bid of $1000, and somebody's hand popped right up. But after a few quick jumps to $2500, things started to slow down. At first, Alex was asking for increases of $500 but now he was adding only $100 each time. By the time I returned to the stage and put the painting back on the stand, the bidding was only up to $2700.

"Come now, ladies and gentleman," Alex announced, "It's a steal at this price. I'm sure you'll want to display this proudly at home, so I'll throw in the picture stand as well. Do I hear $3000?"

There was silence, and then a woman called out "$2800."

"Very well, madam," the auctioneer replied. "$2800. Do I hear 3000? Three thousand dollars?" he repeated. Suddenly I realized there might be a way to show off a little more of myself, and almost without thinking, I blurted out, "For $3000 I'll throw in this Santa's hat!" With that, I pulled the red cap from my head and held it up.

A number of people in the audience chuckled, and I saw a gentleman near the back stand up and say, "Who can refuse such a gallant offer? I bid three thousand dollars."

"Thank you, sir," Alex replied, and the crowd politely applauded. "Now , do I hear $3100?" I was pretty surprised to hear a couple more bids from the floor, getting the total up to $3300. Then things grew silent, and I saw Alex pick up the gavel as he began to say, "If we have no other bids..." when he was suddenly interrupted by a voice.

"Don't stop there, Nikki," someone shouted from the back of the room. "Put something else up for auction." An electric thrill shot through me and I could feel the butterflies going crazy in my tummy. I tried to look somewhat shocked, but this was exactly what I had hoped would happen. So, I shook my finger at the audience and kind of made a little frown, silently mouthed the words "naughty, naughty."

Again the voice boomed out from the back of the room, "$3500 if she throws in the gloves." With that, things got really quiet and I could feel the wave of warmth and excitement sweeping me. This wasn't a part in a play. They were talking about me, Nikki Morales. And I was standing in front of almost two hundred people wearing a skimpy outfit and someone apparently wanted to bid for my clothes. It wasn't just my tummy that was tingling; it felt like my entire body was on fire. This was more sudden and intense than anything I had felt before, even when I stripped down to nothing in Gypsy. And I immediately knew that I would go along with whatever the crowd wanted just to keep this feeling going. I guess that's when I realized I really was an exhibitionist!

These thoughts were racing through my head, so I hadn't even seen Lorraine coming up on stage until she was standing next to me and I heard her whisper in my ear, "It's okay, Nikki, you don't have to pay attention to him."

"No, that's all right," I replied to her while still staring straight out into the audience. It felt like I had been in a trance, and somehow making myself speak to Lorraine broke the spell. I shook my head slightly, turned to face her, and smiled. "Really, it's fine. Why not have a little fun with him? And if I can help raise some more money for the theater, well it's all for a good cause, isn't it?"

Lorraine put her hand on my shoulder, chuckling softly. "Why am I not surprised?" she said, "I'm sure you can handle this. But I'll be standing by in the wings just in case you need me."

With that, I took a step forward and peered out into the audience. "Well, someone has a big mouth," I said teasingly, walking slowly back and forth across the stage. The crowd was still quiet, and I could hear my heels clicking with each step. "Now let's see if you'll back that up with your money. Here goes." With that, I extended one arm and slowly began tugging on the fingertips of one of the gloves. They were almost exactly like the opera gloves I had worn for Gypsy, so I had actually practiced this a lot and knew how to prolong the tease. Once the fingers had been pulled loose I slowly rolled the glove down my arm, pulled it off, and stretched it out to its full length before draping it over the corner of the painting. I then turned to face the other side of the audience and removed the second glove. But with that one, I twirled it around my head several times and then let it go out into the audience.

"Oops," I said, "I hope you're not going to take back your bid?" I said with a giggle, and I saw the guy emphatically shake his head "no." With that, I moved back to the center of the stage next to the painting, placed my hands on my hips and looked over at Alex. I noticed he had just been conferring with Lorraine when he turned and looked over to me as if to ask, "what now?"

Taking his lead, I gestured to the broad black Santa belt that was around my waist and said, "Well, if you guys insist, I guess I could throw in the belt."

There was a spontaneous cheer from the crowd, as it dawned on them that I was prepared to keep auctioning off more of my outfit. I swayed my hips back and forth a bit, grinning as the auctioneer announced, "That's the painting, the hat, the gloves, and now the belt. Surely that's worth another $100. Do I hear $3600?" and immediately acknowledged a bid from the front of the audience. The bidding moved more slowly this time in increments of $50 but eventually Alex got it up to $3800, compliments of an older gentleman who up until now had shown no interest in the auction at all.

"Well now, folks," Alex announced, "this is more like it. Nikki, is there anything else we're bidding on tonight?"

As he spoke, I stepped out of my shoes, which took a good three inches off my height, and sidled up next to him. Leaning into the mike, I breathlessly said, "How about these stockings?" and ran my hands down my thighs to call attention to the white thigh-highs held up by little red bows.

"How about those stockings, ladies and gentleman?" the auctioneer asked. "Certainly worth an additional $100 for the pair." The bidding began and quickly jumped up to $4200. At that point, I thought of something I could do to keep the bidding going, so I pulled up a chair from the back of stage, sat on it, put one leg up, unsnapped the bow, and slowly started to roll the stocking down my thigh. I turned and smiled to the audience as I pulled it down the rest of my leg and teasingly draped it over my shoulder. The bids reached $4400 and then stopped. I walked over to Alex, handed him the stockings, and then positioned myself next to the painting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the evening is getting late and I know we're eager to bring the auction to a successful conclusion. We would love to get $5000 for this painting," he said, then paused and looked over at me. I smiled at him and nodded, and he continued, "I will accept one final bid for $5000 for the painting, the cap, the belt, the gloves, the stockings....."

"And the dress," I chimed in from center stage as I turned my back to the audience, looked teasingly over my shoulder at the crowd, and untied the straps from around my neck and reached for the top of the zipper.

"Who can resist such a generous sacrifice from our Nikki?" Alex asked, "Literally giving us the clothes off her back. Do I hear $5000?"

The same loud voice from the back that had started the bidding on my costume boomed out, "$5000, but I insist on the pleasure of helping Nikki remove it." I nodded at Alex and he banged his gavel, "Sold to the gentleman for $5000. You may come up and collect your painting."

The guy practically ran from the back of the room, bounding up the stage steps and almost tripping over the podium. I turned sideways and held my hair up so it wouldn't get caught in the zipper, then gave him some quick instructions. "Just pull the zipper slowly and stop when you get to the waist." He quickly assented, took hold of the tab of the zipper, and started to pull.

The dress started to part in the back as the zipper lowered, and I wrapped one arm across my front to hold the material in place. When he reached my waist, I stepped away from him so the audience could see everything clearly. Then, keeping my back to the audience, I let the front of the dress drop and slowly wiggled out of it while making sure to keep the petticoat in place. The elastic band at the top hugged my hips several inches below my belly button, so when I turned to face the audience, they were treated to a nice view of my smooth, flat tummy. The elastic itself was solid white, but the lace was pretty transparent and about the length of a tiny miniskirt, so anyone looking closely could easily see my white thong and ass through the material.

I handed the dress to the winning bidder, and took a little bow as the audience burst into applause. "Thank you, Nikki," Alex concluded, "and thank you to all of our bidders tonight." A few people started to stand up to leave, when suddenly Lorraine took the microphone from Alex and said, "Wait just a minute," The audience looked somewhat confused. "I was hoping to have a chance to bid on Nikki's petticoat." With that, a round of applause went up from the crowd, indicating their approval of the suggestion. In fact the man who had just bought the painting rushed back to his table, carelessly putting the picture down, and raising his hand. "I'll start the bidding at $100," he yelled.

"Then I guess I'm going to have to bid $150," Lorraine responded good-naturedly. The man started to say something but then abruptly stopped speaking. He seemed to realize that all he really wanted was to see me take the petticoat off, which was going to happen whether he kept bidding or not. So, he gallantly gestured to Lorraine and said, "I yield to our Madame Director."

Making sure I had everybody's attention, I began to slowly inch the waistband of the petticoat down. I could feel my excitement growing as the top of my thong came into view, and as the petticoat inched down my thighs, I was relieved to see that no damp spot was visible on the front of the thong. As the petticoat fell to the floor, I stepped out of it, bent to pick it up, then turned to walk over with it to Lorraine.

I was glad I had kept my heels on, because I could feel my cheeks jiggling which each step I was taking, and I knew the shoes were helping to push my ass out and maximize the effect. I felt like I was in a daze, knowing that my butt was completely on display and that even the small amount of clothing I still had on would shortly be coming off. It felt like a dream, with me living out one of my favorite fantasies.

Lorraine took the petticoat from me, giving me a quick little hug and whispering in my ear, "thank you, Nikki. You've gone above and beyond the call of duty." Her praise meant a lot to me, and I'm sure I blushed when she said it.

"Well, it's not over yet, is it?" I said in a voice loud enough for Alex to hear, grinning at them both devilishly. Alex took his cue from that and turned back to the audience.

"The time is late, and I find myself in an extraordinary position as an auctioneer. "There are two more items of apparel that Nikki is willing to donate to our auction tonight," and with that, he was interrupted by loud whistles and applause. "But bidding will not really work. So, I will set the price and we'll see if anyone agrees to meet it. If not, then I'm sure Nikki can hold onto the items for another time." A disappointed groan went through the crowd. "So, let us begin."

"For the strapless brassiere currently being worn by our own leading lady, Miss Morales, may I hear an offer of $1000?" Immediately two hands shot up, then both went back down, each hoping that the other would spend the money in order to get me naked. But Alex quickly realized what was happening and proposed, "Then it's $500 from each of you two gentlemen, and you can fight over the article of clothing later?" They both readily assented, but Alex wisely requested that they come forward and write their checks before I removed the bra.

As they approached the stage, I reached behind my back and unsnapped the bra, holding it against my chest but allowing it to move around slightly. I continued to tease the audience with glimpses of the bottom curves of my boobs until the checks were signed, at which point I kept one arm strategically placed across my breasts while taking the bra away from my body with the other and handing it to the bidders. I stood there for about ten seconds, then I slowly dropped my arm to my side as I proudly displayed the now quiet erect nipples on my breasts. There was almost no applause, I think because half the audience was in shock while the other half was waiting to see what would happen next. In fact, almost without thinking I began to fiddle with the strings of the thong on my hips, causing the small white cloth triangle that was covering my pussy to shift back and forth slightly. That quickly got everyone's attention, and I couldn't help but tug the thong slightly to the left, almost daring the small bit of material to disappear into my slit. Then, with the entire audience staring at me, I pulled it back into place and folded my hands in front of the thong.

"And now," Alex said, "the moment we've all been waiting for. We will find out whether or not a generous donor will bring our event to its most successful conclusion ever. Nikki will remove her thong if we receive a bid of $5000. There was a number of gasps in the room, including one from me. I couldn't believe Alex thought we could get that much money. There was no way I wanted this to end with me still wearing my thong, but no one was going to come up with five thousand dollars.

In fact, the hall remained silent for well over a minute, and I thought I could hear some grumblings. There were still plenty of people staring at me, but I noticed a couple of small groups gathering in very intense conversation. That's when Alex walked over to me and softly whispered, "Don't worry, Nikki. I would never put such a beautiful woman as you in a position where she would be made to look foolish. Someone is going to bid on your thong. They're just haggling over how much each of them is willing to contribute to reach the amount I've set."

That's when it dawned on me what a shrewd judge of people Alex was. He had figured out that some of the tables would get together and pool their money to come with the $5000, and he was just giving them time to work out the details. And he had me completely figured out; he knew that I wanted to go all the way with this auction. I couldn't restrain myself -- I gave him a big hug right there in the middle of the stage, my boobs pressing into him as I squeezed. He was surprised, almost embarrassed, and gently tried to push me away. But then something else dawned on me -- he didn't want me to realize that he had a very noticeable hard-on. I could feel the bulge in his pants as I pressed against him, and I glanced down just long enough for him to realize that I knew, and then whispered to him, "Bad boy."

He smiled, and in a voice I could barely hear, said, "Good girl." Then he quickly cleared his throat, picked up the mike, and resumed his role as auctioneer. "Gentlemen, I'm afraid I really must bring things to a close. I know we don't want to disappoint our group tonight, so may I ask who has the honor of making the bid of $5000?" With that, the older lady who had bought the glass vase earlier in the evening, stood up and announced, "On behalf of our table, and in appreciation for Miss Morales's devotion to our theater group, I have the privilege of offering $5000 for the undergarment."

This speech was greeted with warm laughter and even greater applause. I simply nodded at her, in my best stage voice said, "Thank you," and without hesitation stepped out of my thong. The crowd sprang to its feet and the cheers and shouts thundered through the hall.

My clean-shaven pussy was practically throbbing at this point, my slit on display for everyone in the room to see. I felt it was only fair to stand there while Alex offered the final good night to everyone, but it was all I could do to keep my hands away from my sensitive little button. As soon as he concluded, I quickly descended the stairs and walked over to the table to present them with the thong. Walking totally naked through the audience, I felt like I was on fire, wanting it to never end but knowing I had to get out of sight before I completely lost control. The cheers and whistles continued as I made my way to the back of the hall, through the kitchen, and into the little room where I had originally changed into the Naughty Miss Santa outfit. I locked the door and collapsed on a chair, no longer able to resist the urge to touch myself.

I was amazed at how wet I was already. Spreading my legs I ran a finger up and down my pussy, flicking my fingernail against my lips as I softly moaned. I watched as my finger easily disappeared into my slit and I started probing deeper. Inserting first one and then two digits, I rhythmically moved them in and out, at the same time carefully teasing my clit with the circular movement of my thumb. Already I was nearing the edge of an orgasm and I couldn't stop. With my other hand, I pinched my breasts, tugging on my nipples as I rocked back and forth on the chair, feeling the muscles inside of me spasming against the fingers I now buried deep inside myself trying to reach my g-spot. Doing my best not to scream out loud, I moaned as a succession of shudders swept over me, climaxing in one huge orgasm as my eyes closed, my back arched, and my juices coated my fingers and my engorged pussy lips. I couldn't believe how turned on I had gotten, beyond anything I had felt doing the strips in Gypsy.

I was completely out of breath, the inside of my thighs were sticky, and I had even managed to get some cum on the chair. Slowly, as I started to focus again, I realized there was someone knocking at the door, a voice asking me if I was all right. Somewhat distractedly I responded, "Uh yes, I'm fine. Just getting dressed. I'll be fine."

I tried to stand up but my legs were weak. "My god, girl," I thought to myself, "that was amazing." I felt this tremendous warmth radiating throughout my body as I slowly pulled up my pants and put back on the white shirt I had worn for waitressing. I could still feel the stickiness on my inner thighs as I sat back down and decided to wait a few minutes to catch my breath. Even then, I noticed that my nipples could be easily seen poking against the front of the shirt and I hesitated to go back into the hall.

"What the hell," I thought, standing up and opening the door as I made my way back through the kitchen. "They've all just seen me naked anyway," so I began to make my way back into the hall where just a few people remained.

"Oh, there you are, Nikki," Lorraine called over to me. Before I could stop her, she grabbed hold of both of my hands and stood facing me. "You were so brave tonight. And sexy, I might add. Thank you," she paused, and then added, "for everything." She let go of my hands, adding, "Now get home safely."

I couldn't think of what to say, so I started to walk away, then turned to see her and Alex talking with the few remaining people. From across the room, I saw Lorraine put her fingers to her lips and blow me a kiss good night. But then I saw her raise her fingers back to her lips, and I knew she had caught the musky and unmistakable scent of my sex. Before she could see me blush for the second time that night, I simply shouted out, "Merry Christmas," then turned and headed out the door, jumped into my car, and drove out of sight.