**Nikki's Encore**

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"Returning to our local stage in the lead role is Nikki Morales," the review in the local newspaper began, "and what she may lack in acting skills is more than made up for by her courage in appearing naked on stage for half of the production." Well, I want to tell you, that's a big fat lie. I wasn't naked half of the time, although come to think of it, that's not a bad idea. I had only scene where I was completely nude, and the rest of the time I was wearing something -- maybe not much, but something. And I thought I showed great acting skills. After all, I'm playing my favorite role, Nikki the exhibitionist. But let me tell you the whole story, and then you can decide.  
  
You may have already read a couple of my stories, so you know that I'm a college student who joined a community theater group last fall when I had a chance to play the lead in Gypsy. Somehow, each time I performed the big strip scene in the show, I managed to lose a little more clothing and by closing night, I ended up completely nude in front of the audience. And then there was the holiday fund-raising event where I decided to auction off my sexy Santa outfit and wound up naked again. I know what you're thinking -- I must be a very naughty girl to do these things. But I'm not! I didn't really plan any of this -- it just sort of happened. I love the attention and I do find it exciting to have all those guys looking at me. And, it turned out that my performances have raised a lot of money for the theater, which led to the proposal that I star in their next production, a play about the secret life of a call girl. Me, 19-year old Nikki Morales, full time college student and part time exhibitionist!  
  
I couldn't wait to start rehearsing for the new show. I guess you could say I had been bitten by the acting bug, but I also was looking forward to the thrill of showing off to an audience, knowing that I was deliberately exposing myself to the prying eyes of all those people. And I was intrigued by the idea of playing a call girl, hoping that meant plenty of skimpy outfits and sexy situations.   
  
Just before the holidays, I got a copy of the play from the head of the Board of Directors of the community theater, Lorraine Manning, with the request to meet with her and the director, Rob Laine, shortly after New Year's. Because of the nature of the play, there wasn't going to be an open call for casting. Lorraine and Rob decided to approach people privately who had appeared in other productions in the past. I guess some of the women were uncomfortable with the subject matter, but most of the roles were for guys. And Lorraine told me that all of the men had only one question -- who was going to play the lead role of Crystal. Once they heard it was going to be me, none of them turned her down.  
  
There were four major roles for guys -- Darrell, Stanley, Steve, and Josh. Darrell and Steve were chosen to play two older guys who are Crystal's clients -- one is a rich businessman and the other is a local politician. Steve was cast as a gay character who's Crystal's best friend and confidante. And Josh, who I already knew from Gypsy, was going to play the part of a guy that Crystal meets through the politician and eventually -- spoiler alert! -- the two of them fall in love.   
  
Rehearsing with Steve and Darrell was fun and easy. Although I hadn't met them before, we hit it off immediately. Neither of them seemed concerned about the nature of the play; they were totally cool about it and didn't even mention some of the scenes we'd have to do together. Darrell was particularly sweet -- kind of protective of me but still really respectful. I wish I had him for a teacher in college. Now Josh is good looking and he's not at all stuck on himself, plus he's got a good sense of humor. We're almost the same age and I got to know him a little when we were in Gypsy together. But I think he never recovered from seeing me prancing around backstage in a c-string and pasties; he's always been a little shy and awkward around me, which I think is kind of cute. So when it turned out that my big nude scene was going to be with him, I never missed a chance to tease him about it.  
  
It was different with Stanley, who could be a little weird and creepy. The first time the cast got together, he pulled me aside to say that he completely respected what I was doing and that although he would be doing what the script required him to do, he just wanted me to know that it was just acting and not what he felt. But then I'd catch him during rehearsals staring at my ass and think "sure, Stanley, it's just acting." I began to understand why he had been cast as the sleazy politician!  
  
Rob turned out to be a terrific director and easy to talk to. He encouraged me to take chances that really helped to bring the character to life. "Nikki," he told me, "when you're on stage I want you to remember that you're a call girl and your customer is the audience. You're acting out their fantasies, both the men and the women. So be spontaneous and play to them. Anything goes when you're on that stage."  
  
I could feel that familiar tingling feeling as he told me this. "Anything?" I asked, in a teasing, little girl voice. He smiled and added, "Well, almost anything."  
  
Rehearsals for most scenes were straightforward. We'd go over the basic stage movements, which were usually pretty simple, and then run through the dialog. The one intense scene comes at the end, when there's this big confrontation between me and my boyfriend, the part played by Josh. He's mad at me and I have to convince him that I really do love him -- that my "secret life" has been my love for him, not my career as a call girl. And I realize that I now want to live that "secret life" and be with him. I start off angry and then deliver a big long speech. Throughout the scene, Josh is sitting on the bed facing the front of the stage, and at the end, I turn towards him with my back to the audience. I undress, then take off his shirt, unzip his pants, and get on top of him. We embrace and the lights go down. That was going to be my nude scene -- nothing new for me, I thought, after my closing night strip in Gypsy where I took everything off.  
  
Rehearsing for the play made me realize how much my confidence had grown -- or maybe I should say, how much more I had embraced my exhibitionist impulses. When we were rehearsing for Gypsy, I found myself wondering about whether or not I'd be able to follow through and do a revealing strip. It was exciting and a little bit nerve-wracking. But as we began work on the new play, I had no doubt I could wear the skimpy outfits and handle the scene where I would appear naked --- in fact, I couldn't wait for the performances to start. So, I decided to come up with some ways to make rehearsals more fun.   
  
One evening during the third week of rehearsals, I arrived early for a meeting with Michelle, the costume designer, so I could try on some of the lingerie I'd be wearing in the scenes when I entertain my clients. The play has a lot of humor in it, especially with the businessman who was being played by Darrell. He's supposed to be into all of these fantasies so I'm dressed up like a school girl and a French maid and he chases me around the stage. But the scenes with Stanley, the politician, are creepier because what he really wants is someone who will treat him like he's completely worthless. For those scenes, the director wanted me to wear as little as possible, taunting him with my body but never letting him even touch me.  
  
Michelle pulled out the first outfit, a sheer full length black dressing gown trimmed with fake fur and with a belt across the middle. And when I say "sheer" I mean it was completely transparent, designed to be worn with lace-trimmed black underwear -- a filmy black bra that barely managed to contain my breasts and a transparent set of black bikini briefs that offered just the smallest opaque triangle covering my pussy. Trying on the panties in the dressing room, I could see that my butt crack was completely visible through the fabric stretched across my ass. As I fastened the bra and tied the gown around me, a familiar warm feeling spread through my body.   
  
I was about to call out to Michelle, "Can you come in here a minute?" when I stopped myself. "Oh, Nikki," I thought, "wouldn't it be more fun to go see her?" I opened the dressing room door and took a few steps out into the corridor that led to the backstage area. Looking down the hall, I could see Rob and a couple of the crew bent over some sketches of the scenery, with Michelle standing close by talking to them. I had forgotten to put my shoes on, so I was able to silently tiptoe down the hall to a spot about ten feet from where they were all standing. I could feel the butterflies fluttering as I waited for someone to look. They didn't notice me at first, but after about thirty seconds, one of the crew (a guy named Fred, a retired carpenter in his sixties who had volunteered to help with some of the sets) glanced up from the diagram and stopped mid-sentence. He just stared at me, while slowly the rest of the group turned toward me.  
  
"Sorry," I called out, "I didn't mean to interrupt. When you're free, Michelle, I just wanted to have you take a look at this." And with that I casually let my hands move downward brushing against the robe, which had the effect of causing the sides of the gown to flutter apart and offer a brief glimpse of my panties and legs before the fabric shifted back in place.  
  
Rob was the first to speak. "Well, Nikki, seems like we've all had a chance to take a look,"" he said with a smile. "I'm just getting Michelle's opinion about some color choices for the background. Give us a minute and she'll be right with you."  
  
"Oh, okay," I said, in a very offhand manner. "No rush," and with that, I just leaned against the wall, which allowed the front of the gown to part and reveal my calf and most of my right thigh. I could see that the carpenter was trying hard not to look, but he kept glancing up when he thought the others weren't noticing. And I just looked back at him, smiling sweetly as if this was how I dressed every day.  
  
After a couple of minutes, Michelle strolled over to me and in a low voice said, "Having fun, Nikki?"   
  
"Oh, I don't know....maybe," I grinned. "Just kind of getting into my character."  
  
"Well just don't give Fred a heart attack," she joked, linking her arm in mine and walking me down the hallway. "Now, let's take a look and see if I need to make any adjustments." With that, we ducked back in the dressing room.   
  
A little while later there was a knock at the door, and Rob called out, "Mind if I come in?" By that point we had finished with the lingerie and I had just slipped into the French maid outfit that I wear for one of scenes with Darrell. Michelle looked at me as if to say "okay with you?" so I shouted out, "door's unlocked." Rob entered, closing the door behind him and seemingly not noticing the flared black miniskirt that barely covered my ass and the form-fitting top that pushed my boobs up and out, making my breasts look more like 36Cs instead of the 34Bs they actually are. "You like?" I teased.   
  
"Looks perfect," he replied. "In fact, Nikki, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'd been talking over the weekend with two of our volunteers who are going to handle the publicity for the play. They're going to be taking some cast photos to use for ads and other posters. But seeing you now made me realize it would be good to have everybody pose in costume rather than just street clothes. Could make for some pretty memorable shots if you're up for it." He paused, then continued, "Would you be okay with that?"   
  
"Ready for a chance to be photographed in some revealing lingerie?" I thought to myself. "Is this some sort of trick question?" But I noticed Michelle was already grinning at me, so I calmed down a bit and carefully answered, "Sure, I'm willing to give it a try if you think it will help the show."  
  
"I'm sure it will," Rob replied with a grin. In reply, I just stuck my tongue out at him. "Let me see if we can set up a photoshoot for later this week. Just let me know when you've got some free time. And oh," Rob continued, turning to Michelle, "I'm thinking we'll stay with more subdued backgrounds for the set, so if you've got more black and white lingerie items, can you get them ready for Nikki?"  
  
"No problem," said Michelle. But as soon as the door closed, she looked at me and smiled. "Why do I think it won't matter what outfits we pick out?"  
  
"Whatever do you mean?" I said, trying my best to look slightly confused and completely innocent.  
  
"You know exactly what I mean," she said. "You'll find some way to wiggle out of some of them." I sat there and smiled, giving my best "who, me?" look.  
  
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Rob emailed me to say that everything was set up for the photo session, and he gave me a time to meet at a local photographer's studio, saying he'd bring along the girl who was going to do make-up for the show as well as two volunteers from the publicity team. I had to drive about 20 minutes to get there and I was kind of distracted thinking about posing for the pictures so I got lost and arrived late. I rushed in and was surprised to see that Michelle and Lorraine were there along with the photographer, his assistant, Claire (who was going to do my make-up), Rob, all six members of the publicity and sales team, and the rest of the leads from the cast! It looked like I was going to have quite an audience, something that served to heighten my excitement. I could feel myself blush slightly but I think Rob assumed I was just a little embarrassed at being late.  
  
"Well, we're just about ready here so why don't you go with Michelle and Claire and get into one of your outfits and we'll continue working on the lighting," Rob offered. "We brought along most of the wardrobe, so you may want to start with the black dress from the party scene." Looking at Josh, Steve, Darrell, and Stanley, I realized that they were already in costume, so I hurried over to the two women and followed them into a small dressing room.  
  
"What's going on?" I whispered to Michelle. I thought they were just going to be taking a few pictures of me. And I had assumed that Rob would want me to pose in some of the lingerie."  
  
I guess my disappointment must have been obvious, but both of them smiled while Claire patted my arm. "Don't worry, Nikki," Michelle responded. "Rob suggested that you might want to start with the dress you wear in the first scene just to make sure you didn't feel embarrassed in front of the photographer. But I'm sure no one would object if you were comfortable posing in a little less clothing."  
  
A smile spread across my face and a tingling feeling started in the pit of my stomach. "Well, you know me," I replied. "I'll do whatever it takes to help sell some tickets."   
  
Michelle chuckled, adding, "Yes, and whatever allows you to parade around with as little on as possible." She started pulling out some of the costumes and said, "Now, let's get to work and pick out something for you to wear."   
  
We looked at several outfits and I finally selected the baby doll, which just happened to be shortest one. The top was black satin trimmed with a sexy black lace, cut out to reveal the inner curves of my breasts. The lace trim extended almost to the center, with the satin providing cover for my nipples. Lace extended down the sides and across the back, with the garment ending at the very tops of my legs, thereby ensuring that with every step the bottom curve of my ass cheeks barely covered by the bikini panties would bounce in and out of view. And that was the outfit that Michelle was now handing me to put on. "I don't think it will take me long to get into this," I said, taking it from her hand and stepping behind a curtain to change.  
  
Five minutes later, I walked back into the main part of the studio and headed over to Rob. I had picked out a pair of four-inch heels to make sure my butt and legs were shown off to full advantage, and the clicking of the heels on the studio floor had the effect of causing everyone to turn in my direction. The black satin material shone in the lights, and I was hoping that the cute guy helping with the lights had managed to catch a glimpse of my panties as I had approached the group.  
  
"Reporting for duty," I said to Rob, and folding my hands demurely in front of me and playing with the lace trim at the bottom of the baby doll.  
  
"Looks like you ignored my suggestion about the black dress," Rob commented. "But I think this will work nicely," he continued with a sly grin. "The contrast of having everyone in evening clothes and you in lingerie should work well. After all, this is a play about a call girl."   
  
"Here's what we'll do," he continued. "Let's start with a shot of you alone stretched out on the sofa." As I stepped up onto the raised platform and moved toward the furniture, Rob provided more directions. "That's right, just lie down, prop yourself up on one arm and roll over on your hip so you can look directly that at the camera. After a few shots of just you, we'll have the guys stand behind the sofa."   
  
And that's how the photo shoot began. They played with the lighting as I adjusted my position. I noticed that the baby doll had a tendency to move around as I stretched out, making the nipple on my right breast clearly visible through the lace. I made no attempt to shift the fabric but simply looked straight ahead as if I was completely unaware of what had happened.   
  
Alex, the cameraman, started snapping pictures, and in a little while Darrell, Steve, Stanley and Josh joined in and struck various poses behind me. Then, they had me stand up pose with the four other leads standing next to me while they moved the sofa away.   
  
As usual, Stanley was acting creepy. It seemed to me he was always making a point of positioning himself directly behind me, putting his arm around me, or rubbing up against me. So, whenever I could, I'd try to make sure I was standing between Steve and Darrell or Josh.   
  
After a while, Alex said he had enough shots for now, and Rob called a break. He suggested that we all change outfits, with the men getting into the clothes they'd wear in Act Two (which for the older guys meant suits and for Steve and Josh meant just regular street clothes). I had several costume changes in the second half of the show so Rob suggested that Michelle and I pick out whatever I felt most comfortable wearing.  
  
As soon as we got to the dressing room, I looked at Michelle and said, "What about the Stanley outfit?" There's a scene in the play where I'm in a hotel room with Stanley and I'm supposed to totally humiliate him by making him crawl around the floor while I stand over him in a skimpy black lace bra, garter and stockings, v-string and stilettos and make him lick my shoes. I couldn't resist the temptation of reminding him of that scene. And, I guess I also thought it would be fun to be photographed wearing even less than what I had on now.   
  
The bra was underwired and was a big help in emphasizing my cleavage. And in case you don't know, a v-string is a little bigger than a G-string in the front, so that meant it would cover the cute little dark brown landing strip that I had been grooming over the last few weeks in preparation for my nude scene. But it also meant my big old butt would be hanging out there, something that made me feel a little excited. And I guess Michelle figured that out, because she smiled and shook her head as she handed me the outfit.  
  
I was fumbling a bit with the garter belt, and Michelle explained that it was easier to put it on with the snap in front and then spin it around my waist rather than struggle to snap it from behind. "Who knew," I said with a giggle. "I guess I don't have much practice with this."

"What, Michelle replied in mock surprise, "you mean you don't dress like this for your boyfriend?"  
  
"What boyfriend?" I responded wistfully, "I'm too busy with school and this silly play."  
  
"I don't know, I thought maybe you and Josh had something going."  
  
"Josh? I have to keep reminding him I even exist."  
  
"Oh, he knows you exist, Nikki. But I think he's totally intimidated by you."  
  
"By me! No way. He's a total natural on stage, he goes to a much better college than me, and he's kind of hot. Why should I intimidate him?"  
  
"Well, I'm just saying. He's not confident like you. You're the star right now, and he's not going to make the first move."  
  
I finished pulling up my stockings and fastening them to the belt. "So, maybe I'll just have to take the initiative." I batted my eye lashes and reached for a dressing gown. "But right now, I guess we better rejoin the group."  
  
I went back into the studio and grabbed a bottle of water while Alex and his assistant finished adjusted the lighting. "Okay," Rob called, let's try a few shots with Nikki and each of you guys individually."   
  
Wouldn't you know it, he picked Stanley first, maybe because Michelle had alerted him to the outfit I had selected. So, I decided I wouldn't take my robe off right away; there was no reason to give the pervy old guy any more of an eyeful than I had to. And I made sure to stand behind him.  
  
"I like that, Nikki," Rob responded. "Maybe you can just lean your arm on his shoulder and look over him. Oh, and you can take off the robe now."  
  
I nonchalantly let the robe slide off and then kicked it to the side. It seemed to get pretty quiet for a moment, but then Alex broke the silence by turning to Rob and saying, "So, looks like you're saving on the costume budget this time?" Everybody chuckled, and I could see that Stanley was trying to turn around to look, but Rob immediately caught him and said, "Stan, I need you to keep facing forward....eyes on the camera."  
  
I think Rob was picking up on the same creepy vibe that I felt because he only did a couple more shots and then had Darrell pose with me. After that Rob asked Josh to step forward, and I couldn't resist teasing him just a bit. I started off standing a little bit in front of him and to the right, both of us facing the camera. But with each shot, I inched my way a little closer, saying to Rob, "what if we had Josh put his arm around me since he's my boyfriend in the play?" And as I said that, I made sure to push my butt right up against his right leg as I picked up his arm and draped it across my shoulder. "Don't worry, I won't bite," I told him in my sexiest voice. "I promise."  
  
"Nikki, stop kidding around," Josh replied. "We have to do what Rob tells us," he said, getting all serious. Rob signaled that he thought we were doing fine and made a few suggestions that I liked -- he had me stand in front of Josh while he hugged me around the waist, which let me grind my cute little butt against what felt like a growing bulge in his pants. Then he suggested that I kneel down with both of us facing the camera, so I made sure that I tossed my head a bit with my hair brushing against Josh's crotch.  
  
I noticed that as soon Rob called for Steve to step in, Josh immediately turned away from the camera before I could stand up. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see him sneaking out into the corridor so none of us could see him.   
  
By now, I was feeling completely comfortable standing in front of all these guys in my skimpy outfit, so I started playing it up a bit more. Also, Steve had confided in me during the first days of rehearsal that he felt he really understood his character because he himself was gay. However, he hadn't come out to most people so it was kind of our little secret. But ever since that conversation, I felt totally free around him and knew I could get away with just about anything. So, when Rob started posing us, I immediately turned sideways and faced away from Steve, bending a little at the knees and pushing my butt against him with his leg on my crack. "How's that?" I said to Rob, making sure the camera could get a nice view of my ass cheek.  
  
"Not sure we can use that pose in the advertisements, Nikki," he said good naturedly. "Let's try something a little different for the last shots." With that, he directed the assistant to bring over a small table and chair and handed me a pocket diary that he kept for making notes in."  
  
"You're supposed to be a call girl, so let's get you seated at the table looking through your little black book. Steve can stand over you with a protective look."  
  
It took a few minutes to get everything settled, and then Alex started shooting again. Steve tried various poses, and at one point, he inadvertently brushed his fingers against one of the bra straps, sliding it just off my shoulder.  
  
"That looks good, Nikki. Can you hold that for a minute?" and I heard him asking Alex to shoot from a different angle.   
  
Just then, I noticed Josh had come back in the room and was talking with Darrell. "Hmmm," I thought to myself, "he can't sneak out easily now." And just like that, I decided to play out a little scene for my captive audience.  
  
"Rob?" I called out and I started to slide off the bra strap off my other shoulder, "any chance this diary is big enough to cover my boobs?" And before he could answer, I unsnapped my bra and let it fall on the table, picked up the book, and tried to use it to cover my breasts.   
  
Steve immediately started to laugh as I opened the book as wide as it would go and earnestly tried to get it to cover my chest. First, I moved it in front of my left boob, then my right, trying to keep my two nipples covered. But no matter how I placed it, it wasn't wide enough to cover both.  
  
"Nope, guess that won't work," I said innocently with a big smile.   
  
"No," Steve whispered to me. "But you seem determined to pose this way, so why don't you just cross one arm over your chest and hold the book on the table with your other?"  
  
"I knew actors were good for something," I said quietly and immediately followed his suggestion. Then, in a louder voice, I asked Rob, "Is this better?"  
  
I saw Rob's bemused smile as he answered, "Well, at least we won't get arrested now." And Alex snapped a few pictures.   
  
"Okay, little girl," I heard Steve say as he leaned closer to me. "Now I dare you to lose the panties."  
  
"Ha," I replied. "They're not panties; it's called a V-string." And with that, I stood up, faced directly to where Josh was standing in the back of the room, and called out, "Steve says I'm still wearing too many clothes." Before anyone could respond, I pulled down my v-string, stepped out of it and sat back down. I demurely crossed my legs, repositioned my arm across my boobs, and smiled. "I think it's best to keep the garter and stockings on, don't you?"  
  
I heard Michelle laugh and some good-natured whistling from some of the guys, but Josh seemed to be turning away. Alex quickly took some more shots, making sure that nothing too naughty could be seen, and then Michelle handed me my robe.  
  
I immediately slipped it on and almost ran to the back of the room, trying to intercept Josh before he left. "Hey, going so soon?" I called to him.   
  
"Yeah," he said in a subdued voice. "Got some work to do. And you'll probably want to hang out with Steve, so I'll just catch up with you later." And with that, he left before I could say anymore.  
  
"Oh, good work, Nikki," I thought to myself. "That completely backfired." Michelle came over and put a sympathetic arm around me.   
  
"You're crazy, you know," she said.   
  
"Just having fun," I said wistfully. "But don't worry, I don't give up easily."  
  
"I don't doubt that at all," she said as she led me back to the dressing room.  
  
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The last couple of weeks leading up to our first performance were pretty intense, with rehearsals almost every night. By that point, the sets had been completed, so we had to work hard on getting all our movements down. That's what they call "blocking," and it's important because you want to end up in the right place in relation to the other actors and you don't want to run into a wall or trip over a piece of furniture that wasn't there when you were rehearsing on an empty stage. And with this play, it was especially crazy for me because it was time for midterms at college and I had a lot of extra studying to do. All of that meant was that I didn't really have much extra time to devote to my new special project -- Josh!  
  
But we did get to spend hours going through our lines together, including practicing the scenes where we kiss. He was great to be with, and I could tell that he liked me. So finally it dawned on me, if I wasn't going to be able to find time to see him outside of the theater, I was going to have to make things happen right there on stage. Like I said, no matter what that stupid reviewer wrote, I can be a pretty good actress.  
  
Now, it's important to understand that even though Josh played my boyfriend, we only had a couple of scenes where we kissed -- at the end of Act One when the two characters first get together and a couple of quick kisses in Act Two. At the very end, we had our big dramatic scene where I'm talking about how I really do love him, and that ends as we start to embrace. At first, the kisses were quick with our mouths closed. But I made sure that each time we ran through the scene, the kisses lasted a little longer. And each night, and I was pretty sure Josh was enjoying them more.  
  
We were starting to run out of time -- the play was going to have on preview on Thursday night followed by three nights of performance on the weekend and three nights the following weekend. That meant we'd do a complete run-through of Act one on Monday night, all of Act Two on Tuesday, and a full dress rehearsal (or in my case, un-dress rehearsal!) on Wednesday. And that's when I finally changed Josh's mind about me.   
  
On Monday night, I made sure that I messed up the blocking at the end of Act One, which meant that Rob kept asking us to run through the last few minutes of the act multiple times. And each time, I put a little more into the kiss. But the time we got to the third try, our mouths were open and I had my tongue halfway down his throat. Like I said, I'm a good actress!  
  
Rob was really helpful, too, whether he intended to be or not. He kept encouraging us to make that scene as romantic as possible, since that's how the audience starts to understand that Crystal really does love this guy. So, in addition to holding the kiss longer, he had us do more with our hands, actually encouraging Josh to grab my butt and pull me close. I made sure that my hands roamed a little too, sliding down his ass and threatening to sneak my fingers between his legs.  
  
When Rob finally decided we had it right and called a break, Josh pulled us off into a corner and rather awkwardly tried to apologize to me. "I hope that didn't make you too uncomfortable," he said, sincerely worried that he had somehow offended me.  
  
Facing him, I took both his hands to draw him closer. "Josh, let's get several things straight," I said, quickly glancing down at his crotch with a smile. "We're doing exactly what the roles demand. And furthermore, I'm enjoying this. You're an excellent kisser."  
  
His face turned bright red, and for a moment I thought he was going to run away. But I wouldn't let go of his hands, and he finally said, "What I mean is, with you and Steve, well I keep thinking he should be taking my place."  
  
"I think Steve is a great guy," I explained, "and I love him dearly. But if anything, in that scene he'd be more interested in taking my place, not yours."  
  
Josh looked thoroughly baffled for a moment, but then his eyes opened wide and he broke out in a big smile. "You mean that he's...."  
  
"I mean that we both need to respect his privacy and keep a secret."  
  
"Oh my god, I totally will," Josh stuttered. "It's just that I'm so...." He paused, took a deep breath and in a calmer voice continued. "It's just that I can be so stupid sometimes."  
  
What could I say -- most guys are. So I just nodded and squeezed his hands. "Just wait," I whispered, giving him a big smile, "until we get to Act Two."   
  
Act Two, in case you've forgotten, is where I tell my boyfriend I love him and I'm giving up being a call girl. It's also the scene where I appear nude. It's set in our bedroom, and I've just come out of the shower wearing a terry cloth robe. I enter from the right and Josh is sitting on a big double bed on the left side of the stage and facing forward. I sit next to him, try to kiss him, but he's really angry with me because of my secret life as a call girl. So, he pushes me away and I walk to the front of the stage and deliver this long speech. I'm angry at first, but then I almost cry as I confess how much I really love him. He realizes he's been a jerk, so I push him back on the bed, take off my robe, straddle him and lean down to kiss him as the lights fade.  
  
Well, you can probably guess what I didn't like about that seen -- I don't get naked until the very end of the scene and even then, the audience only really gets to see my ass because of the way Josh is facing. Also, I don't get to fool around with him that much. So, when we went through it on Tuesday night, I managed to convince Rob to change the blocking a bit. As I entered, instead of standing in front of Josh with my back to the audience, I went behind him on the far side of the bed and reached around him and started unbuttoning his shirt. Then, I moved in front of him, pushed his legs apart, and knelt down to unzip his pants before he pushes me away. I knew things were going well with Josh because he didn't object to the changes, and Rob thought it helped to show that I was still treating him like I did my clients.  
  
I also knew how I could make sure I had more time being naked on stage, and just before the dress rehearsal on Wednesday, I got Rob to agree to that as well. Instead of keeping my robe on for most of the scene, I decided to take it off and drop it on the floor next to the bed when I first approach Josh from behind. That way, the audience gets to see me naked even before Josh's character realizes I've stripped, and I get to spend the next five minutes completely nude. Judging by the fact that entire cast and crew gave me a round of applause at the end of the rehearsal, I think they approved of my changes.   
  
All of this helped me make some real progress with Josh. At the end of the dress rehearsal, when I leaned over to straddle him with my boobs dangling just a few inches from his mouth, I pulled him close and lingered just an extra few seconds with our kiss, my hips pressing down against his semi-erect cock. We could hear the sounds of the cast assembling on stage for the final curtain call, so I knew I had to end the kiss. As we did, I whispered in his ear, "I just love doing this scene with you."   
  
"Me, too," he replied as we both stood up, without any hesitation or stammering. I hugged him even tighter, then stood up and slipped back into the robe that was still lying on floor next to the bed. With both of us smiling, he took my hand as we walked to center stage to practice our final bows with the rest of the actors.  
  
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The show turned out to be a big success. Usually the dramatic plays that the community theater group put on don't sell as well as the musicals. And we sold only about half of the seats for the preview performance. But once word of mouth got around, we sold out every night, with the seats near the front in particularly high demand. I wonder why?  
  
It may have had something to do with my last five minutes on stage. It certainly was my favorite part of the evening. After stripping off my robe and rubbing Josh's crotch -- I even bent in and ran my tongue along his zipper in a couple of shows, but I don't think the audience could see that -- I would walk to the front of the stage and deliver this long speech. I loved standing there in front of a packed theater, hundreds of people watching me, with some of them only a few feet away. I knew that anyone in the first few rows could stare directly up at me, and with my discretely trimmed landing strip, they had an unobstructed view of my pussy lips.   
  
At first, I'm supposed to be angry, so I don't even want to look at Josh. That meant I was staring out at the audience, and although it was hard to see with the bright lights focused on me, I could sometimes make out individual faces. While some people would be turning uncomfortably in their seats, most of the crowd -- men and women -- were looking directly at me the whole time. I noticed there were at least half a dozen guys who managed to get seats in those first couple of rows for almost every show, so I started to think of them as my honorary fan club. I also recognized a couple of people from some of classes. And on the final night, I was almost certain I spied my college English teacher front and center in the audience.   
  
The first time I thought I recognized someone from school, I got so distracted by the thought of my body being on display in front of them that for a second I almost forgot my lines. It was like a bolt of electricity ran through my body and I felt on fire all over. I managed to push the thought of them being in the audience out of my mind so I could continue. But as the scene went on and I turned away from the audience to deliver the rest of my speech facing Josh, I found myself thinking again of guys I knew from school sitting there looking at my ass. A big smile spread across my face, and I'm sure Josh wondered what the hell was going on. But as the warm feeling spread through my body, I started to almost unconsciously moving my hands across my hips and stomach and up to my breasts. By the time I moved next to the bed and began to straddle him, my nipples were so erect that I couldn't resist rubbing them against his lips before I pushed him down on the bed to straddle him. I think that some of the audience could see that because I heard a few gasps just before the lights went down. See, I told you I was turning into a complete exhibitionist!  
  
I knew I was going to be sorry to see the show end, and I was already thinking about what I might do next to indulge my little fantasies about displaying my body to strangers. I loved doing the play, especially since everyone got to see me in all those sexy little outfits. And I think the audience liked it to, because every night I got a standing ovation. So, it seemed only right that I do something special for closing night, and I got permission to change things up a bit. For my scene wearing the long transparent robe, I forgot to wear my bra and panties under it, which gave the audience an even clearer view of all my...um...charms. And for the scene where I was wearing the French maid costume, I accidentally forgot to wear my panties. That meant that every time I bent over to pick something up or ran across the stage, the audience got a peek at my ass and maybe even my sweet little pussy.   
  
Then, for the final scene, I decided to skip the robe altogether and just came out on stage completely nude. That gave the audience a little more time to admire my acting skills. Plus, Josh also had a nice surprise for me that night. When I unzipped his pants at the end of the scene and pushed him down on the bed to straddle him, I discovered that Josh had gone commando on me. When I reached out to pull down his zipper, instead of seeing a nice bulge in his underpants, out popped his very yummy-looking seven inch cock. I broke into a big smile, and I was glad the audience couldn't see my face at that point. It was all I could do to stop myself from leaning over and sucking him off right then, but like I said, I really am a good actress.  
  
So, I stayed right in character and proceeded to straddle him, feeling his shaft rubbing along my slit. Then I started rocking my hips back and forth with his cock head pressing against me. His eyes were half closed, and he moaned softly as he leaned up to embrace me for our kiss. I thrust down with my hips, and I could feel him slip into my moist hole as I clenched my inner muscles around his engorged dick. This incredible feeling washed over me -- I was on the verge of being fucked in front of hundreds of people who had no idea what was going on.

But I knew that was one fantasy that would have to wait for another time. The lights were already starting to fade and I could hear the curtain beginning to close. We kissed quickly and I whispered, "It's just not fair to tease me this way. If you don't come home with me tonight and finish what you've started, I'll kill you."   
  
Josh didn't have to say a word; the look on this face told me everything I needed to know. Reluctantly, I relaxed my muscles and I felt his cock slipping out of me. Finally, with the sound of movement around us, I lifted myself off of him, climbed off the bed, and reached for my robe. It was only then that I realized that since I'd come on stage naked, my robe wasn't waiting for me next to the bed.   
  
I heard Josh groan with pain as he tried to quickly zip up his pants while the cast rushed by us, one or two definitely giving us a suspicious look. "Looks like I'm going to have to take our curtain call 'au naturel,'" I whispered to him.   
  
"I certainly won't object," he said brightly, "and I'm sure the audience won't." He took my hands, the lights came up again and the curtain opened. With Josh by my side, I took my bows while the audience got to see me one more time in all my naked glory. Not surprisingly, I got the biggest round of applause ever!