Strip Tease by Lady Grey.

I looked up surprised as Tom, my husband, swore and brushed the papers

he was working on onto the floor. "There's no way I can work this out."

He sat back in his chair holding his head in his hands.

I went over and put my arms around his shoulders. "Surely it's not as

bad as all that."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid it's very bad and it's going to get

worse. We are two payments behind with the mortgage, the credit cards

are at their limit, and the car insurance is due at the end of next

week."

I hugged him. "I will just have to try and get more hours at the supermarket."

He smiled and squeezed my hand. "For what you earn an hour, you would

need to work twelve hours a day, seven days a week to make a difference, but thanks for the offer."

The latest global recession had hit us particularly hard, especiallywhen Tom had lost his job, and although he tried to find another position, it was always the same. Firms were cutting down on staff, not hiring them.

Probably we were to blame. We had gone into debt never thinking that Tom

would ever lose his job. Jobs with banks were always said to be secure

for life. Not any more; well, not in 2009 at least.

The mortgage on the new house had stretched us so I had gone back to

work three days a week at our local supermarket. It fit in well with

the children, and I got a discount on my food shopping.

But now we were in a mess; not only a financial mess, but also a

personal mess. Tom was stressed out, grumpy, and always tired because

of so many sleepless nights, and it was reflecting on our relationship.

It was at least three months since we had made love, and this was

affecting me. Before the trouble, we had always been a loving couple.

Maybe we didn't make love every night like we used to when we first got

together, but we still did it, maybe more like every other night. But

now nothing. I tried to encourage him, but he would shrug me off and

turn away. "I'm sorry, I can't," was all I got from him.

It was a few days later. I was having a coffee with Rachel, another

mother I had met at the school gates. We had become good friends, and I

often called in on the way back home after picking up the children. Our

children played together in her garden while we had coffee. That

afternoon she had commented that I was looking down and had asked me in

for a chat. I didn't really want to tell other people of our

predicament, but once I had started the whole thing came out. When I

had finished, tears were running down my cheeks. Rachel handed me a

tissue just as Ralph, her husband, came in from work.

He smiled at Rachel and kissed her, then turned and looked at me. "You

don't look a happy bunny," he said.

"She's not. Tom has had no success getting another job, and things are

getting tight for them."

Ralph shook his head. "Things are getting bad for everyone."

I smiled and wiped my eyes. "I know; that's the problem, so if you can

find me a job that pays me £300 a week for a few hours a night, I will

be indebted to you forever."

Ralph grinned. "You would have to strip or go on the game for that sort

of money."

Rachel looked at him. "Ralph, how could you!"

"Well, it's correct. You women are sitting on a goldmine." With that, he

smiled, picked up the evening paper, and went through to the lounge. I

heard the TV come on.

Rachel and I continued to chat. I told her that I was going to ask for

some extra work at the supermarket, and she kindly offered to mind the

kids for me if I needed it.

Just then Ralph returned to the kitchen smiling. He held the paper out.

"Here you are; read this," he said, dropping the paper on the table in

front of me and pointing to an advert for Cinderellas, a local night

club. It read: Amateur Strip Tease Competition, £500 in prize money. It

went on to say that there would be four local heats and a final. The

heat prizes were £250 £150 and £100 and the first prize for the final

would be £1,000. I read the advert and passed it back. I shook my head.

"I couldn't do that; take my clothes off in front of a room full of men."

He smiled. "With a figure like yours, you'd win easily."

I felt myself blushing. It was nice to feel somebody thought of me that

way,

Ralph picked up the paper and returned to the TV. I finished my coffee,

thanked Rachel for listening to my problems, and calling the kids in,

made my way home.

Tom was in a mood when I got home. He had had a letter from the building

society saying that if we didn't pay something on our mortgage, steps

would be taken to repossess the house. I made tea for the kids, but Tom

said he could not eat anything. He was now beginning to worry me. I

could see he was sinking into depression.

That night in bed I lay awake, wondering just what we were going to do.

Then suddenly I remembered the advert in the paper. Was Ralph right?

Could I win? More to the point, could I do it: get up on stage and

strip naked in front of all those guys? But desperate times need

desperate actions. More to the point, what would Tom say, or should I

tell him? I hardly slept that night thinking about it, and was thankful

when Tom said he would take the kids into school as he needed to go

into town to look at the job situation.

After they had left, I got up and made myself some breakfast. Then I

went up for a shower. I was just soaping down my body when I remembered

last night. I held my breasts; yes, they were still firm. I fingered

the nipples always ready to rise to the occasion. I moved my hand down

over my flat stomach and down into the soft hair of my pussy. The

thought of stripping had excited me. I ran my finger down my pussy

lips, easing them apart; then I could not resist slipping one finger

inside. I groaned as my finger touched my G spot, and I squeezed my

thighs together trapping my hand. I felt my body responding as I worked

my fingers harder inside me. Then I gasped, clutching onto the shower

rail as I suddenly orgasmed for the first time in weeks.

I stepped out and dried myself, then went through to the bedroom. I

looked at myself in the long wardrobe mirror. Yes, I had a good body:

long legs, firm high breasts. I stood there in front of the mirror

looking at myself; then I closed my eyes and tried to imagine what it

would be like to stand there totally naked on the stage in front of all

those men and display everything to them.

All day I thought about the pros and cons. If I won the money, great, it

would help out, but could I do it without telling Tom? But need he

know? If I didn't win, there would be no need to tell him. I had tried

and failed and he would never know. Then there was the actual

performance. I had never seen a strip show. I had seen some on TV, but

I had never seen one for real. One thing in my favor was I had been a

dancer when I was younger. That should stand me in good stead. But I

realised that I needed to see a show to know just what went on and how

good the competition was. I could not see me going to a place like that

alone, and I couldn't really ask Tom to take me.

It was Rachel who came to my aid again. We had just dropped the kids of

at school and I asked her if she would like to go for a coffee on the

way home. I said I needed to talk to her. In the coffee bar over

steaming coffees, I told her much to her surprise that I had decided to

go in for the strip tease competition.

She looked at me aghast. "Really?" she said. "Have you told Tom?"

I shook my head. "No, I've decided to do it and then tell him. Well,

I'll tell him if I win, but If I don't, he won't need to know."

Rachel looked at me and shook her head slowly. "Well, you are a very

brave girl. I don't think I could do it however badly we needed the

money." I smiled. "I'm not keen myself, but I have to do something. If

we lose the house, I think I will lose Tom as well. I don't think he

can take much more."

Then I went on to tell her that I needed someone to go to see the first

show with. Like me, Rachel had never seen a live strip show before, and

she was a little reluctant. "Give me some time to think about it," she

said, "and I will let you know."

The following morning I was pleased when she told me that she would come

along, but Ralph would also be coming as she didn't fancy just the two

of us on our own in a place like that. I didn't really have any

objections, and I could see her point.

The first heat was on the following Wednesday, and I told Tom that I was

going over to Rachel's to baby sit. He didn't seem to mind. He wasn't

very good company at the moment. Ralph drove us down to Cinderellas,

and I was surprised by the number of cars in the parking lot. I was

even more surprised at the numbers of people that were inside. Ralph

found us a spot where we could see the action and went to get some

drinks. He had only been gone a couple of minutes when two guys came up

to us and started chatting us up. One inquired if we were competing

tonight. We shook our heads. The other who had been eying me up nodded.

"You ought to get yourself up there, lady. With what you've got, you

could steal the show."

I smiled at Rachel. She nodded and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, you

have got two fans already." she said with a smile.

Ralph returned with our drinks and the two guys lost interest as the

compère (master of ceremonies) came on stage and announced the start of

the show. "We have eight lovely ladies for you to choose from tonight,

guys. The top three get the money and go through to the grand final in

four weeks time. So with no more ado, let's give a big Cinderellas

welcome to our first competitor, Mandy"

The music started up and a tall blond came on stage. I watched her

performance with interest as she slowly shed her clothes. At the end of

the first two tracks, she was naked. Then the third track started, a

slower number, and she began a slow sensuous dance, moving around the

front of the stage giving everyone a blatant display of her most

intimate parts. She toyed with her breasts, stroked her hands over her

pussy, which I noticed was totally shaven, and even lay down on the

stage and spread her legs wide.

I was now feeling hot. Was this what I would have to do? Anyway, the

crowd seemed to like it and cheered wildly when she finished her act.

The others followed in quick succession. Some were good, some were

poor, and a couple were awful. One, a woman in her mid to late forties,

was booed and jeered. She might have done better keeping her clothes

on. Another, a young girl of around eighteen, seemed nervous from the

start. She was even hesitant about removing her bra, and panicked

totally, running off stage amid loud laughter from the crowd rather

than remove her panties.

The compère came back on and said there would be a short intermission.

Then the girls would come back on for the voting. Ralph, who seemed to

have been enjoying the show, went off to the bar for more drinks.

"Well, what do you think?" Rachel asked.

I shrugged. "It was certainly an eye opener. I didn't realise that I was

going to have to show so much. But from the reaction of the crowd, the

more you show, the more they like you."

Rachel smiled and nodded. "There's no way I could get up there and do

it," she said.

Ralph was back in time for the voting. The compère introduced each girl

as she walked on stage. This time they were all wearing Cinderellas T

shirts with their numbers on. And by the look of it, very little else.

Then the girls took their positions in line.

The compère explained that he would bring each girl forward and the

applause of the crowd would be monitored by the sound engineer. The

girl who got the loudest applause would be the winner, and so it would

be for the second and third places.

He brought the first girl forward and there was loud applause which got

louder when she suddenly pulled off her T shirt and displayed herself

naked again. Yes, I was right; they were not wearing anything under the

T shirts as they all showed when they followed suit with the blond and

displayed themselves naked again. Well, that was apart from the

youngest of them, the one who had run off. She still had her panties

on. In the end, the tall blond, number one, won the night and was

presented with her cheque and the compère took pleasure in placing a

winner's sash around her naked body.

The second and third place winners joined her and they, too, received

sashes. Then after the other girls had left, the three winners were

kept on stage for a photo opportunity. When the girls had finally left

the stage, the compère thanked everyone for their support, and said

that any ladies wanting to take part in the next few weeks should pick

up entry forms from reception.

On the way home in the car, I was deep in thought. I was glad we had

been there. I had learned a lot, not just about what I needed to do,

but about costumes and music. I needed things that would come off

easily; maybe alter some and make Velcro fasteners instead of clips and

hooks, and the music: a good beat for the first two numbers and

something smooth and sexy for the last one.

They dropped me off at home and I thanked them. Ralph smiled. "It's been a very interesting evening. I'm looking forward to next week already." I was a little surprised by this. Had Rachel told him I would be competing, and did I really want my best friend's husband to see me naked?

For the next six days, every time Tom was out and I was alone in the

house, I worked on my routine. I made a disk for my music and worked on

my costume, and as each day passed, I got more nervous, and on Tuesday

night, I never slept a wink. Rachel had been very helpful. We chatted a

lot, and although she had said that she could never do what I was going

to do, she helped me to feel more confident about my ability. On

Tuesday I was again having coffee with her while the children played.

Ralph suddenly appeared. He smiled. "How are you feeling?"

"Very nervous," I said with a grin.

You'll be okay. Don't know what the competition will be tomorrow, but

you would have done well last week." He smiled. "Anyway, we'll be

cheering for you." He made his way through to the lounge.

After he had gone, I looked at Rachel. She shook her head. "I told him I

didn't think he should come, but he's set his mind on it."

I smiled. "Well, I guess one more seeing me naked won't make a lot of

difference."

Again on Wednesday I told Tom I was baby sitting. I had already hidden

my costume and music in a large shopping bag telling him it was clothes

for Rachel's kids. Ralph was waiting for me, and we were soon on our

way. The nearer we got to Cinderellas, the more nervous I became. I was

now wondering if I could really go through with it, but I knew I had

to. There was no turning back.

I showed my form to the doorman and he directed me to a door that led

back stage. Rachel kissed me and wished me good luck. I knew I was

going to need it. Backstage, most of the other competitors had arrived

and were chatting together. They were a mixed bunch, much like last

week, some older, some younger, some looking confident, some looking

extremely nervous like me.

The compère made himself known to us. He was accompanied by another man

who he introduced as Grant Power, the owner-manager of Cinderellas. He

welcomed the girls and told them to put on a good show. Then the

compère asked us to draw numbers for position. I drew number five. At

least I was in the middle. I had dreaded having to go on first. Then

the DJ came down and collected our music. For those who had not done

any, he took their selections promising he would do what he could, but

could not promise them that he had all the tracks.

We sat around getting changed. The club had laid on some wine, and a

large glass made me feel a little more at ease. Then the compère came

down and said that they would be starting in ten minutes. At that

moment, I was panic stricken. What had I gotten myself into? At last

the music started, and the first girl went up on stage. We could not

see what was going on, but we could hear the cheers, whistles, and

shouts of the audience.

Just before the first girl came off, Grant reappeared with a box of T

shirts, and when she came down off stage, I saw him eying her naked

body before he handed her a T shirt. Grant hung around in the dressing

room chatting to the girls. Just before it was my turn, he came over

and wished me luck. "You are a very attractive woman," he said in a

quiet voice so that the others did not hear him. "You should do well."

At last I heard the cheers and whistles as number four completed her

act. I was waiting at the bottom of the stairs when she came down, her

naked body glistened with perspiration. She grinned at me. "Best of

luck, and keep away from the front of the stage; there are a few

gropers."

I went up the stairs and stood behind the curtain. My legs were shaking

as the compère announced me. "Number five tonight is a local girl.

Let's have a big cheer for Terry." I took a grip of myself; this was

it; I was going to win. I stepped out on the stage smiling, although

inside my tummy was churning. I began to move around the stage, now

feeling a little more confident and actually enjoying the applause. By

the end of the first track, I was on schedule. I had lost my top and

skirt, and as the second track started, I stood legs slightly apart

facing the audience which was a mass of hungry male faces. I was now

wearing spiky high heels, lacy topped hold ups, a black thong, and a

lacy black bra.

I started to tease them, cupping my breasts, running my hands down over

my thong, easing the sides down, and then pulling them back up again. I

was working them well, but now it was time to show them something. I

turned my back on them and undid my bra. I eased it off and cupped my

breasts in my hands. As I turned, there was wild cheering when I

dropped my hands and displayed my breasts. I licked my finger and

rubbed it around my already hard nipples.

Suddenly, I was beginning to enjoy myself. My lack of sex over the last

three months was making me feel horny now that I was displaying myself.

I could feel the warm sensation deep between my thighs as my juices

started to flow. I gripped the thin strap of my thong, and amid loud

applause, eased it slowly over my hips. There were more whistles and

shouts as my pussy came into view, smooth and clean shaven. I tossed

the damp thong into the crowd, and smiled as I saw them fight over it.

Now I was naked in front of hundreds of men. I could feel the lust in

the air, and as the last track started, I went into a slow acrobatic

routine I had learned in my dance school days. I knew it was extremely

revealing in some positions with my legs spread wide, and I knew my

pussy lips were open and the pink wetness would be visible to everyone.

I finished the routine with a back flip and went into an eye watering

splits. The audience went wild as I slowly got to my feet, and I smiled

and waved as I left the stage.

I wished the waiting girl luck as I passed her at the bottom of the

stairs. Grant was still there. He smiled at me, his eyes wandering over

my naked body. Reluctantly he passed me a T shirt. I pulled it over my

head. I walked over to the table and found there was still some wine. I

filled my glass, gulping it down greedily.

We sat around waiting for the rest of the girls to perform. At last all

of them had completed their act. Now we had to wait to go up for the

vote. Grant had suddenly disappeared from the dressing room. The

compère came in and came over to me. "Mr. Power wants to see you in his

office; It's down the corridor, first door on the left."

Puzzled, I made my way down the corridor feeling a little venerable in

just my T shirt. I knocked on the door and voice told me to come in.

Inside, Grant was sitting behind his desk. He smiled at me. "I think

you did well tonight," he said. "I have heard some good comments about

you. According to my sources, you could be in line for the big prize."

I looked at him; how would he know that? There were still two more weeks

to go. He got up from his desk and came around to where I was standing.

He stood close to me. I could smell the heady scent of his after shave;

Aramis, I thought to myself.

"You are a very attractive woman and a great dancer. You have a great

body and you could go a long way in this business with the right contacts."

I thanked him, still wondering why he had sent for me. Then I jumped

slightly as I felt his hand on my thigh. It slid gently over the firm

swell of my bottom; I didn't dare move. I know I should have objected,

but I was still feeling horny, and I had only this thin T shirt

covering my nakedness. Then his fingers were moving over my pussy. I

felt the lips being eased apart and a finger slipping inside; I groaned

slightly. "My, you are rather wet," he said in a low voice. "I would

like you to come back here after the presentation." I nodded slowly. He

withdrew his probing finger. "Go now and collect your prize." He walked

around his desk and sat down. I didn't say anything, just turned and

left the room.

Back in the dressing room, the compère was getting the girls organized.

"Come up as I call you and stand in line," he told them. "Then step

forward when I call your name and number." One at a time we walked out

onto the stage amid cheers and whistles. Then as the names were called,

each one of us stepped forward. Numbers two and three flashed their

bodies, pulling up their T shirts, and when I was called, I could hear

the applause was louder than ever. It went even higher when I pulled

the T shirt up over my head and tossed it into the crowd, and again

there was a brief fight for it. I moved back into line now naked apart

from my stockings and shoes.

A couple of the remaining five stripped for the crowd, but I was crowned

the winner. I stepped forward to receive my sash from the compère. His

hand gently brushed across my hard nipples as he adjusted it into

place. I smiled at him. After the second and third places had been

announced, we had to pose for pictures, and at last we were allowed to

leave.

Back in the dressing room I wondered what Grant was expecting of me.

Should I just go in wearing my sash? Well, why not? I guess that was

what he wanted.

I made my way to his office and tapped on the door before going in. He

smiled when he saw I was naked. "You made a wonderful winner," he said.

"Congratulations."

He looked me up and down slowly. "Now I am going to get my prize." I did

not say a thing. He came around, gripped my arms, and turned me around

so my back was to the desk. Then he eased me backwards until I felt the

desk against my legs. I guessed what he wanted and eased myself up onto

it, spreading my legs as I did so. I knew this was wrong, but I was

horny and hot. Three months of deprivation welled up inside me. I

needed to feel a man inside me again. I needed to feel like a woman.

He unzipped his pants and eased out an interesting weapon, already

erect, its large purple head already glistening. He held it with his

hand and rubbed it over my slightly open pussy. My juices covered it.

What a wonderful feeling as it slowly slid inside me. Oh, how I needed

to feel that. He gripped my breasts as he began fucking me, caressing

them roughly and pulling on my nipples. I cried out, but still pressed

my body urgently up against him. Soon I was pleading with him to fuck

me harder. He willingly obliged, and moments later I came with a cry. I

felt his cock swell and felt the sensation of his juices flooding into

me. I felt the warm wetness as the escaping juices ran down my thighs.

I clung to him, kissing and thanking him.

Afterwards he told me to call him after lunch the following day. "I

might have something that will interest you." I made my way back to the

dressing room. Everyone else had gone. I cleaned myself up as best I

could and dressed. Outside in the club, a few stragglers were left,

including Rachel and Ralph. They congratulated me on my winning. I saw

Ralph looking at me. I guessed he was still imagining me naked. I

smiled at him.

As we drove home, Rachel inquired if I were going to tell Tom as I would

now have to explain the winnings. I smiled. "Might leave it till the

morning," I said. She smiled and wished me the best of luck as I got

out of the car.

Hope you enjoyed this story is so read more of Terry's adventures in my

next story, add me as one of your favourite authors and you will be

notified when the next part is published.

Love to everyone Laura.