**The Band Ch. 01**

**by [theband](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1184338&page=submissions)©**

I used to play in a band. The members were me (drums), Alan (guitar), Sara (vocals / guitar), and Mark (vocals, keyboard, bass). We were basically Mark's band. He did most of the song writing and all of the planing. Alan and I were in it because we liked to be in a band and Mark did everything for us. We'd sometimes write a song or suggest something, but basically we were too lazy to disagree with Mark. Sara was Mark's girlfriend - probably the most talented of all of us, but she also always followed Mark's lead.

Mark had a lot of good ideas and worked really hard to "get a break". We tried all kinds of things - different promoters (usually guys working for almost nothing and we got what we paid for), varied our musical style, our stage performance ... . Mark also tried to add a fifth member to the band. We tried different people but for various reasons they never stayed around for too long. Once Mark tried to bring in a new lead singer with great stage presence - the guy was very good but missed most appointments and even showed up late for shows.

At some point Mark decided we needed a female who could play the keyboard and either the sax or the clarinet (preferably both) plus she should be able to do background vocals. He also wanted her to be attractive and have "erotic stage presence". We all new there would be no way that we would find this person. If she really existed why would she want to join us. We auditioned a few girls (and in fact a couple guys) but nobody was really a fit. Eventually Mark even tried ads on craigslist. To our surprise we (Mark) actually arranged to meet with a couple of girls. One of them was Elizabeth.

She showed up with her clarinet and told us that she payed the piano and had some experience with the sax. We played a few songs with her. She was clearly a well trained musician. Later we found out that she had majored in music in a very good program. She seemed quiet and we were not quite sure why she wanted to join us. She didn't have "erotic stage presence". She seemed a little tense, was wearing baggy clothes and glasses, her dark hair was short, and she didn't move much while playing. She looked like an English teacher - actually she was a graduate student. She told us later that she wanted to try something different - a new life experience, outside her known environment. I think in her mind were something like a primitive tribe in the rain forest with strange rituals. Well, she was a really good musician and she ended up joining us.

At first Alan and I were not too thrilled - we liked the relaxed interaction with the known roles for everyone, and were afraid that adding someone new might change that. In fact, the atmosphere became a little more serious with her, which was good for our music. For the next four months we practiced once or twice a week and had a show on most weekends. We always played very small venues, frequently opening for some other unknown band. As usual Mark tried to constantly change things and look for new opportunities. We made our music more "recognizable" and developed a "distinguishing stage presentation". Basically that meant that we had to buy new clothes - Mark did all kinds of things to his hair, Sara started to wear push up bras and tops that were lower cut and boots or shoes with high heels. Elizabeth wore nice but not really sexy clothes - she looked always a little to serious for our band.

To Mark's credit he got us the opportunity to open three times for a better known band. We were one of two opening acts - the other "band" was some kind of a DJ and two girls mainly dancing while singing little. Apparently part of the deal was our "distinguishing stage presentation". Sara got a tight black leather pants, pointy red heels, and a tight white leather tube top that emphasized her cleavage. Alan and I were supposed to wear tight shirts. Elizabeth was supposed to look for something "stunning" - I think Mark was afraid to use the word sexy with her. Still she understood and she got a new outfit. Shoes with a little bit of a heel, a white skirt that ended a couple of inches above her knee - she actually had nice legs, a tight black long sleeved top - showing of her slim body and (when looking very carefully) revealing the outline of her bra, plus a lightweight gray blazer - she proudly told us that she could take off the blazer during the show. I remember wondering why I never had realized that she actually had a very nice body. She still had her hair quite short and but she was always wearing contacts during the shows.

The first to night went really well. We were the first act to go own - still we had larger audiences than usual and the crowd was fun. The next day Mark told us that they considered taking us on a tour for 5 weeks. No tour bus, we'd have to drive ourselves but they'd pay for expenses and some extra. We were really excited - even though Alan was not sure if he could get off work. Mark was ecstatic - he saw our glorious future right in front of us. In the days until the next show he called us constantly and made us meet almost every night.

At the next show we were the second act - the venue was slightly bigger but not quite full. The DJ and his 2 pieces of eye candy in short, tight dresses still got the crowd going a little. I thought we played a good show and we kept the crowd alive. The next show was the following night. We were again the second act. This time in a small packed bar. The DJ and his girls did their thing on the small stage. One of the girls wore a tiny blue leather miniskirt, a small gold bikini and a leather vest (which she took off almost right away). As we were waiting for our turn, Mark came in. He looked like someone just had told him that he was about to die. We'll for him the news he had to share was probably almost as bad: It was not clear whether we'd be on the tour. It was either us or the DJ. Apparently, they favored the DJ because 3 people were cheaper and they liked the stage presentation (i.e. the slutty dancing).

I felt for Mark - he put so much of his heart into this. I looked at Sara - she wore her tight pants and the leather tube top - she looked sexy but a lot less revealing than the two dancers on stage right now. Mark looked so bad I was worried he'd throw up on stage. I looked at Elizabeth - she stared into space trying to avoid eye contact. Alan looked at her - he said: "She could take off her bra." - I am not sure if Elizabeth heard it - she didn't react, Sara and I gave Alan a disapproving look. The DJ was done - we had to set up.

We tried to focus on the performance - still, I could see that Mark was upset and Sara seemed a little helpless. The stage was quite small - and the crowd was right there. The athmosphere was great - some people in the crowd kept dancing while we set up. We started - the crowed was willing to have some fun but our second song somehow did not hit the nerve - maybe we were thinking about the tour that was all but lost. Third song - as usual Elizabeth took off the blazer - she played the keyboard - the song slows down a bit in the middle, Sara is singing, then it picks up again - right before we got ready to pick up the speed, I saw Elizabeth pulling her top over her head and as I dove into my drums she twirled it over her head and dropped it next to me - she played in her bra - a simple black bra - clearly not chosen to impress but for comfort - this is very sexy I thought and I could tell that Marks body language was changing - the song really hit the nerve. The crowd got into it - we followed up with another fast paced song - Elizabeth was actually dancing behind her keyboard - some of the audience members were standing on tables - I saw a girl on a table taking off her top and dancing in her bra. Next song, Elizabeth with the clarinet - she moved to the front of the stage - very close to the audience - I saw another girl taking off her shirt and dancing in her undershirt, two guys took off their shirts as well. Mark took off his shirt - he should work out. We played a few more songs, Elizabeth, in her bra behind the keyboard, at the clarinet, or with her little hand-held synthesizer. At the end we all had really enjoyed our performance and so did the audience.

If you like the story I can tell you what happened next.

**The Band Ch. 02**

After our show we had to rush to get our stuff off stage. We knew that it went well. Elizabeth had immediately grabbed her blazer, put it on over her bra and buttoned it up. She avoided eye contact with us and nobody found the right thing to say to her. She seemed embarrassed. We quietly cleared the stage - I could tell that Mark thought we had a shot at the tour. He told me he didn't think the fact that we had a girl in her bra on stage was important, but Elizabeth being into it and giving it all somehow made us all better.

We did get to go on the tour. I think that we all had the feeling that our performance with Elizabeth in her bra made this happen. Later, we were told that the decision was made regardless of our final performance. We never mentioned her little show in her bra to Elizabeth - somehow we sensed she didn't want to talk about it. Actually we only talked about music with her - Alan sometimes talked about politics or social issues with her. We had less than two weeks to get ready. Mark frantically worked on our program. He added one of our old songs to the very end - Elizabeth had nothing to do during the song - maybe to compensate he proposed that she should be the lead singer for another song - we practiced but she was hesitant and asked to wait before she would do the lead singing. The tour was exciting for us - but not really a glorious event. We played in small venues and sometimes at strange times. We drove with two cars. Mark and Sara in Mark's van with our equipment. Me, Alan and Elizabeth in Alan's car. Alan got off work even though his boss was not happy. We'd stay in cheap Motels. We rented 3 rooms: Mark and Sara - me and Alan - Elizabeth.

Our first show was on a Thursday in a former warehouse - most of the crowd arrived during our show. Elizabeth was dressed in the same outfit as last time - but she did not take off her top. After the show we were a little disappointed and we felt that the headliners were also not happy.

Our next show was Saturday, for the next two days we frequently talked about our last two performances. I am not sure what Elizabeth thought - she was quiet as usual. Every day, Elizabeth got up before the rest of us and ran 5 miles - every day!! She also told us that she did yoga for at least 45 minutes every day in her room. The rest of us was just lazy. She basically didn't drink anything on our off nights. This surprised me, she always downed a couple of drinks before our shows - I guess to calm her nerves.

Saturday night we played in a generic bar in a strip mall. Elizabeth wore high heeled half boots and a tight black skirt that came to mid thigh. She wore a light beige blazer under it I was able to see a white sweater. I thought: She does have very nice legs: slim, long, toned, smooth, and lightly tanned. It was cool outside and her bare legs stood out. At the beginning of the third song she took off her blazer, to show her short sleeved, knit, white top. The top was not especially sexy or revealing - loose and no cleavage, but still she looked good and somehow I could tell that she is excited. I thought the show went well and the crowd was into it.

Two or three songs after Elizabeth had dropped her blazer we played a fast paced song, "Fly Fly", with Elizabeth behind the keyboard. I saw her lift up her sweater a couple of times before she removed it over her head. She now wore: 2 inch black half boots, a short black skirt and a white one-piece swimsuit. The suit covered her stomach, split right under her breasts and tied behind her neck. Basically completely exposing her back and her sides under her arms. The material seemed dense but it fit very tight and revealed every curve. Her upper body was as expected slim, her back is quite toned - all the yoga obviously - one could still see the faint tan lines from last summer. One was able to see that her flat stomach was a little toned as well - and she seems to have small breasts, a B cup maybe?

The amount of skin she showed clearly stood out - the crowed was dressed in dark colors and long sleeves. I thought: She had planned to take off the sweater and felt the swimsuit was covering more than the bra. To me it was even sexier because I was able to see the shape of her small breasts. She covered up after the show and nothing was mentioned.

She wore the swimsuit (or a similar one in black) for the next shows and always took of her sweater or shirt. I could tell that she became more comfortable.

Mark kept asking Elizabeth whether she wanted to try a song as the lead. Eventually she agreed. - But, right before the show, she told us that she wasn't able to go through with it. She was clearly upset - I noticed that she put her hand between her legs while she told us. The show started half an hour later. I was concerned about her. She seemed agitated as we started. As usual she took off her blazer and shirt. She wore her skirt and the swimsuit. She was really wound up and kept zipping from a beer bottle. I saw her stroking her right hand down her stomach and slowly sliding it into her skirt - only for a few seconds. Later she touched her upper body with both hands and slid her hands under her top and rubbed her breasts. I could tell that the audience noticed and I think they liked it it.

The night after the show I heard her on the phone crying.

The next day she told us that she wanted to try singing the lead for her song that evening. She seemed very tense.