**The Gig**

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**The Gig Pt. 01**

The ad was a simple photocopied sign pinned to the bulletin board in the cafeteria:

*"Model / waiter(ess) needed for fashion show. Age, size, gender not important. Paid."*
A phone number and the address of the local Art's college were listed below. Pat hadn't been a model since a brief stint in the pages of the local mall's catalog, many many years ago. But the waitressing bit she could nail without breaking a sweat. Too many gigs in too many greasy spoon diners had taught her to hate the service industry. But the ad did say "Paid." And Pat did need money.

She wrote down the number.

The Art College was a few blocks away from the campus of the University where Pat was currently finishing her studies. It consisted of a single building, a vaguely modernistic cube owing more to the brutalism of cheap manufacturing than any esthetic sensibility, though the small park behind it was lovely. In the middle of the park was a large fountain, and behind that fountain was a large white tent. The lady on the phone had instructed Pat to head there.

The tent barely contained the chaos within. A series of temporary changing booths had been set up in the middle of the tent, just poles and black fabric draped over the shaky horizontals. Around them were folding tables, make-up stations, and bright lights. And everywhere people were running around, chasing or being chased, waving papers and bits of fabric as they shouted at each other across the large space.

Pat froze in the entrance. A bubbly blonde with a clipboard rushed up to her.

"Hi! Are you one of our models?" she exclaimed, a bright smile plastered on her face.

"Yes", said Pat, "I spoke to someone on the phone. I don't remember her name."

"That's okay, at this point we just need bodies. You DO have waiting experience? Good. I'm going to assign you to Joshua, he's Fan-tas-tic! His stuff is, like, wow. You'll love it."

The blonde with the clipboard led Pat to a corner of the tent where a small gaggle of people were busily dressing a smaller group of either stunned or bored models. In the middle of it all was a small man, or a tall boy, Pat couldn't decide which, who busied himself by pointing and yelling and generally telling people what to do. He turned to Pat, frowning. His face was partially obscured by a fashionably cut curtain of black hair, leaving Pat still confused as to his age. Probably early twenties, she decided.

He looked her up and down, one finger on his chin, appraising her.

"Yes. Number 3" he said to no one in particular.

A young man dressed in black rushed forward and lead Pat to the dressing room.

"Just take your clothes off and I'll bring you the dress you'll be wearing. DON'T try to put it on, it's very delicate, we will do it for you. Just leave your stuff in a corner."

He pointed in a vague direction, and left, leaving Pat in a small dressing area. It was just three walls, with one side open towards the corner where the designer was still busy yelling at people. The dressing area was big enough to hold several people, and a few folding chairs were scattered about. Piles of clothes and bags were tucked to the side.

"Well, I guess that's that." thought Pat.

She dropped her bag on the floor against the curtain wall and, hesitantly, started to take off her clothes. She didn't hesitate much, she knew she had a nice body, shaped by swimming and a life-long love of the outdoors. Though she was only five foot one (and a half, she automatically added), she had a lean look, making her legs look long and her hips curvy. With her long brown hair, no one ever mistook her for a young girl or, God forbid, a boy. Stripping in this public place was a bit of a thrill, actually, a pleasant tickle in the back of her mind.

She peeled off her jeans and T-shirt, dumping them over her bag, leaving her in her bra and panties. Thank goodness she had worn a clean pair of sturdy cotton briefs. She folded her arms over her breasts and waited.

The young man returned promptly, a large bundle of grey fabric in his arm, which he carefully placed on the floor. He looked Pat over, one eyebrow arched.

"You have to take it all off." He said. "Here, wear those."

He tossed her a small pair of grey panties. Pat caught them, suddenly feeling a warm blush spread over her. Did he really expect her to strip naked in front of every one? In front of him?

She looked down at the panties in her hand, partially to avoid looking at the young man, but mostly to hide the nervous smile that curled her lips. Truth was, she loved being in these situations. She loved being naked where she shouldn't be, loved the thrill of being seen, even though she was usually too shy to do anything about it. But to be told to be naked, in public, in front of these strangers. That pushed all the right buttons.

The panties in her hand were barely a G-string. They would barely hide the heat that was now rising up her thighs and nestling deep in her womb.

Staring into the distance, she reached behind her and unclipped her bra. She let it slide down her arms and dropped it on her pile of clothes. Her breasts bounced free, her nipples already hard. They looked full on her small frame, though they were small enough to stand proudly firm. She hooked her thumbs in her panties and, watching the young man from the corner of her eye, pulled them down over her hips.

He did not look interested at all.

She stepped out of her panties and straighten up, taking her time figuring out the G-string she was supposed to wear. She could feel the cool air brushing against the shaved lips of her sex, making her blush a deeper red. She knew that anyone looking over would see her, see her naked breasts, the tight curve of her ass, and, guided by the small triangle of dark pubic hair, her pussy. She didn't dare look around, secretly enjoying the buzz of her exhibition.

She finally stepped into the G-string and pulled the fabric snug against her. It barely covered her pubes, and she could feel the string split her sex. She wondered if she was leaving a wet spot on the grey fabric.

The young man guided her to the pile of fabric on the floor, showing her where to put her feet so that he could pull up the whole thing over her hips and shoulders. He then lead her to join the other models who were being prepped.

There were about six other models, four women and two men. They were obviously not professional models, just regular students who had answered the ad. All were wearing variations on the dress that Pat was wearing, grey-ish white sacks held up by thin spaghetti straps. The designer was moving around from model to model, and doing complicated things to the fabric.

Pat caught the eye of the model standing next to her and smiled. The other model was a statuesque young woman, almost six feet tall, broad shouldered and beautiful, with the build of a volleyball player rather than a model. Her dark blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail, accentuating her high cheekbones and square jaw.. She had a little smirk on her full lips, and a knowing look in her eye.

Pat immediately assumed that the young woman had seen her stand naked in the booth. She blushed, as only a shy exhibitionist could.

"Do you know what this is all about?" asked Pat, trying to shift the focus to something else.

"It's the end-of-year fashion show. The graduating students show off their collection and we serve drinks to the parents. it's kinda fun. The clothes are cool and the night is short." said the young woman.

Pat looked down at the grey sack she was wearing.

"I don't know about cool..." she mumbled.

"Wait until he does his thing. Apparently it's a whole origami thing, where he folds the fabric and it all takes shape. He had to have it special made. It's actually some kind of paper mixed with cotton or something. Word of advice, don't spill water on yourself, cause I'm not kidding when I said it was made of paper."

"Aren't we supposed to be serving drinks in these?" said Pat, slightly panicked.

"Yep. It's going to be an interesting night!" she said, grinning. She extended her hand. "I'm Amanda."

Pat shook her hand. Amanda smiled.

The designer spent a few minutes fussing over Pat, folding and tucking the fabric of the dress. Pat had to admit she was impressed. The grey sack she had been wearing turned into a sharp-edged, multi-layered paper sculpture. It was very light, and Pat felt very conscious of her near-nudity underneath it. It was like wearing a paper lantern. It was also fairly fragile, forcing Pat and the other models to use slow, stiff movements as they walked around.

Finally everyone was dressed and the evening started. Pat was shooed down a low stage and out into the garden. As she emerged form the tent she was briefly blinded by the lights but found her footing and strutted down the runway in her best impression of a fashion model. She was guided off the runway and unceremoniously handed a tray of drinks. So much for being a model. Now the waitressing part started.

Night had settled by then, the park now lit by hanging lanterns and the glow of the underwater lights in the fountain. The tent had become the backdrop for the runway, with a video screen hanging above it. Models in various outfits were steadily emerging from the tent, a video above their head announcing the student responsible for the design and whatever interesting bit of bio they could gather together. The crowd of proud parents lapped it up, clapping at the appropriate times.

Pat found herself cruising the crowd, tray of drinks balanced in one hand. Her other hand was busy keeping people from bumping into her. Her dress was already slightly crumpled at a corner where some doofus had backed into her. She had watched in horror as a few drops of liquid from her tray had sailed through the air and landed on her dress. Three round holes, half the size of a penny, had slowly formed under her eyes, the fabric melting away. Luckily the complicated pleats of her dress hid most of the damage. But she was nervous, and her feet were starting to hurt.

The show had been over for an hour but no one had left. She kept serving flutes of cheap champagne to more and more inebriated parents and professors, wondering when they would let her go home.

She spotted Amanda in the crowd. She was laughing with a group of middle-aged men, her tray delicately balanced on her shoulder, her other hand holding the top of her dress. The men seemed fascinated by what she was saying. When Amanda turned and walked away from the men, Pat had a sneaky suspicion that the men didn't care one whit about what she was saying. The back of her dress was a mess of half-dissolved fabric, revealing the sweeping curves of her muscular shoulders. The dress had dissolved all the way to her lower back, revealing the beginning swell of her ass. To top it off, she was physically holding her dress up with that one hand. If she let go, her dress would fall to the ground.

Pat quickly made her way to the catering station where Amanda was having her tray refilled by the bartender. Up close, Amanda seemed even more naked. The dress was perforated by hundreds of tiny holes through which her skin could be seen. The curve of her ass was almost subliminally revealed by her movements. Stare at it and nothing could be seen, but as she moved the holes revealed shapes and shadows that confirmed that yes, beneath that dress was a firm and naked ass. To top it off the curve of her breasts could be clearly be seen from the back, two pale crescents of flesh that curved past her rib cage.

Pat approached her, laying her tray next to hers on the table.

"You need to get a new dress, yours is falling apart" said Pat, keeping her voice low.

Amanda turned and smiled when she recognized Pat.

"I know! I stood too close to the fountain! But oh well, the night is almost over. No need to make a fuss." said Amanda.

"I could get someone to repair the strap at least" continued Pat as their trays were being filled with more champagne.

"Nah. If you want to know the truth..." and Amanda lowered her voice conspiratorially, "it makes the evening kinda fun. And I get better tips."

"You're getting tips? I didn't get any tips all night!" said Pat, now indignant.

"I don't think we're supposed to be getting tipped. But for some reason those guys over there keep putting bills on my tray and asking for more champagne. Who am I to say no?" Amanda said, a wicked smile on her lips.

Amanda picked up her tray and turned away.

"Oh look," she said " they're waving me over. These guys have a mighty thirst..." Amanda waved at Pat and headed back into the crowd.

Pat grabbed her tray and followed.

Amanda was presenting her tray to the semi-circle of middle aged men in bad suits. Every time she made to move away, one of them would throw a bill on her tray and engage her in conversation. Pat circled the group but no one paid her any attention. All eyes were on Amanda, and on her dress that was always a few inches from falling down.

Pat could see the lust behind the men's eyes and a part of her was howling to be looked at in the same way. She was too shy to be brazenly seductive, and anyway in the dress she was wearing there were no possible moves she could try to draw the men's attention. She told herself to move on. Another part of her brain pushed her forward.

Pat made a quick run through the rest of the crowd, offering champagne here and there. Almost innocently, accidentally, Pat kept getting closer to the fountain. It wasn't until she felt the drops of water on her skin that she snapped out of it. The spray from the fountain had covered the front of her dress. Not daring to look down, Pat walked to Amanda and her group of admirers, pretending not to notice the stares of the other guests as she made her ay through the thin crowd. Once at the semi-circle of men, she boldly presented her tray, holding it with two hands. All eyes turned to her.

Pat stood there, a smile on her face, the picture of innocence. She saw the men's eyes scanning her body, watched them watch her, watched as their eyes kept dropping to her chest. A slight tremble started in her thighs. She wanted to look down, to see what they were seeing, but she didn't dare. She stood there, protected by her ignorance. As soon as she looked down, they would know that she knew. She was too shy for that. But she could feel her clit swell, her pussy moisten at their gaze.

She briefly wondered if she would get so wet that her panties would dissolve too, leaving her truly naked. The thought made her wetter. Behind the men, Amanda sported an amused smile.

The gathered around Pat, taking their time getting the flutes of champagne off of the tray. The flutes were soon replaced by dollar bills, and requests for more champagne.

"Make sure you bring us back some more, honey!" said one of the leering gents.

The lust in his eyes was obvious, his eyes laying a coating of slime across her body, like two horny slugs. HIs toad-like appearance in his cheap suit, the boozy smile across his lips, all made Pat feel dirty and incredibly horny.

She turned away before the flush that was spreading across her chest could blossom over her face. She rushed past the catering station, out the back and into the tent. She found a deserted corner and finally, shaking, she looked at herself in one of the mirrors.

The front of her dress was pierced with hundreds of tiny holes. She had been prepared for that. But the paper had also shredded under the pull of gravity, leaving long tears in the fabric. A single thick and hard nipple was poking out from one of the tears.

The rest of the dress was just as revealing. Her skin was clearly visible through the fabric, as was the shape of her breasts. The darker shade of the areola of her other breast was like a soft shadow behind the thin fabric, obvious in it's shape. Even her belly button was exposed, as was a long stretch of her side and hip. Her shoulders were now bare, and the straps had dissolved completely. That hard nipple and the swell of her ass were the only things holding her dress up.

She had a vision of herself as seen by the men; a young woman, half naked, exposing herself, a turgid nipple aimed right at them. They would have been hard, all of them. All they had to do is say the word and she would have dropped to her knees and serviced all of them, in a row or in a circle, a dozen hard cocks she would have gladly swallowed and licked and drained of cum. She saw herself in the center of a ring of men, a dozen cocks aimed at her naked body, her mouth full of whomever was the closest. Her dress would have dissolved under a shower of semen, leaving her naked in the ring of staring men. And what terrified her is that she would have done it. Her shyness was dwarfed by her submissiveness, and had one of those men had told her, directly , to suck all their cocks, she would have done it and proved to them, and her, what a good little slut she was.

The vision was driving her mad. Her clit was on fire, begging to be touched, rubbed, pinched, anything. She looked around for something, a table corner to press against, but suddenly realized that there would be no relief. Trapped in her fragile paper prison, she could not reach her own sex without ripping the dress further. She clamped her fingers over her exposed nipple, sending shocks through her body that made her knees almost buckle.

Wide eyed with lust, her face red, her nipple pinched between her fingers, she turned and saw Amanda., standing there, looking at her, a slight smile on her lips.

"Are you coming back out? The guys are asking for you." she said, her little smile never leaving her lips.

"I'll be right there" replied Pat, desperately trying to get a hold of herself. She could feel a single bead of her juices ooze out of her pussy and slowly slide down her inner thigh.

Pat walked towards the exit, every nerve on fire, aware of the slickness of her inner lips as they slid against each other at every step. Amanda didn't move our of her way. She stood there, looking down at Pat, her arms crossed in front of her, that smile still on her lips.

"That really turned you on, didn't it" said Amanda.

Pat could not bring herself to look up at the woman standing in front of her. Keeping her eyes pointed at the ground, she mumbled an apology.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to take away your tips. I just thought I'd help..." her apology trailed away to silence.

"I don't care about the money" said Amanda, "I just didn't know if you had it in you. But obviously..."

She reached out with one hand and held Pat's hard nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Pat gasped. Amanda squeezed, hard. Pat moaned, almost falling to the ground. Amanda let go of the nipple.

"...you sure do. Let's go back out there, together. we'll take their money and give these guys something to jerk off about. Waddaya say" said Amanda.

Pat kept her head down, but she nodded her assent. Amanda looked at her for another second before turning on her heels and heading back out.

"Come on!" she yelled out over her shoulder.

Pat followed, her throat tight with fear but her thighs slick with the steady stream of juices that had been flowing from her pussy.

The walk back towards the group of men seemed eternal. They had paused at the catering station long enough to refill their trays. Pat had not dared to look up at the young man behind the table who was stacking the champagne flutes on the tray. But she was sure he had stared at her exposed breast. Now, walking through the thinning crowd, she kept her eyes locked forward.

The men cheered when the two women arrived. Pat made a show of offering each a flute of champagne, keeping her attitude professional. But her insides were boiling as one after the other, the men stared at her. Most dropped a few bills on her tray.

She noticed that Amanda was talking to one of the men, a tweed-clad and slightly portly gentleman in his late forties. He was nervously checking the time on his phone, a nervous smile on his face. He glanced at a small group of middle aged women who were talking on the other side of the fountain. They were paying him no mind.

He dropped a bill on Amanda's tray. He pulled his lip nervously. watching for her reaction. Amanda's expression barely changed. She was smiling, looking pleasant and professional with her tray balanced on her arm. Her eyes dropped to the bill on her tray, then back up to his eyes. Keeping her eyes locked in his, she let her other hand drop, allowing the fabric to fall slowly, revealing her large and perfect bare breast, crowned by a pink and hard nipple.

Even on her large frame that breast seemed large. It was the size of the man's head, the man who was now sweating, turning pink, his eyes locked on this single massive and perfect example of female breast. As slowly as she had let the dress fall, Amanda pulled it back up, covering herself.

She glanced over at Pat and smiled. With a smirk and a little wave, she stepped away from the still dumbstruck man. She sashayed over to Pat.

"I need to know right now if you are in it all the way. I can get a couple bills out of that guy. Are you in?" whispered Amanda.

Pat hesitated a second. she lowered her eyes, staring at the ground. a familiar heat was growing in her.

"I'll do whatever you tell me to do" she whispered back.

Amanda smiled. She turned away and made the rounds, serving the other men, chatting them up. Three men were around Pat, trying to engage her in inane chit-chat while staring at her bare breast.

Pat kept an eye on Amanda, trying to figure out what she had in mind. Her guts were liquid with fear, with a rising shame at what she was about to be asked to do. But her clit was throbbing, aching, pulsing between her thighs, keeping her rooted to the spot.

Amanda finally made it back to the tweed wearing man she had exposed herself to. She spoke a few words to him, then turned to look at Pat. He followed her gaze, and he and Pat locked eyes. Pat quickly dropped her head, unable to hold his stare.

But she could see that he was dropping bill after bill on Amanda's tray.

Amanda grabbed Pat's arm, leading her away.

"Sorry guys, evening is coming to a close!" she announced loudly, drawing boos and jeers from the men.

Before Pat had a chance to protest, they were behind the big tent. Amanda had not stepped inside the tent, as pat had thought they would do. Instead they were standing outside, in the back of the gardens, the big tent shielding them from the rest of the party. In front of them rose the dark side of one of the school buildings, dark and silent at this late hour.

A sound made Pat jump. It was the tweed-wearing man making his way towards them, anxiously looking over his shoulder. When he finally made his way to them, he just stood there, sweating and nervous.

"Tell her what you want" said Amanda.

"I already paid you" he replied, nervous.

"No, you have to TELL her" said Amanda again. Pat could only stare at the ground. Her legs had started to shake. What was he going to ask for?

"I want..could you please.." stammered the man.

Amanda cut him off' "No. Tell her. Order her."

The man stiffened.

"Suck my cock. I want you to suck my cock" he finally said.

Pat almost moaned. He had said the words, and she had to obey. These were the rules she followed, the secret game she sometimes played with herself, indulging her sluttiest and most submissive fantasies. She would pick a random day and declare it Slave Day, a day she willingly submitted to any order. Those days had the potential to turn into a humiliating and thrilling adventure. She had to obey if any man ordered her to do something, no matter what it was. So many times the men around her didn't even notice when she did this. They were so used to being served that no one raised an eyebrow when she agreed to fetch a co-workers coffee. But knowing that if that same co-worker had told her to take her clothes off, she would have done it just as readily as she had fetched that coffee, left her shaking.

Today was not one of those days, but it was impossible to resist. The whole evening had placed her in this moment. A man had told her, directly, to suck his cock. She could not say no.

She knelt in front of the man, uncaring of her fragile dress, and parted his tweed to unzip his pants. She fished his cock out, its length rapidly hardening in her hand. She loved watching men's cock grow hard. She took it as a tribute to her service, thrilled at her power to turn them on.

She bent forward and took the tip between her lips. It was not a big cock, which she liked. It allowed her to take the full length in her mouth and made the whole process far more pleasant. She parted her lips and slowly moved her mouth down the length, letting it fill her until the tip touched the back of her throat. She swallowed and took it a little deeper, deep-throating it. She took it all until her nose brushed across his pubic hair.

She heard him gasp and curse unintelligibly. His hand grabbed the back of her head. For a second she thought he might cum right there and then. His hips started moving, pulling his cock out an inch before pushing her back down. Pat let him fuck her mouth until she started to run out of air. She pushed back, gasping.

Amanda was standing beside her, watching. She had let her dress drop, her one breast exposed, heaving, her nipple hard and tight. She had pushed her dress up and was slowly running her fingers in tight circles over the tight patch of fabric that covered her crotch. The material was already dissolving from the wetness oozing out of her, revealing a perfectly bald pussy.

Pat was pushed back down and suddenly could only see tweed. The man held her head again and started thrusting in her mouth. Pat relaxed, letting the man's cock fill her. He was not going to last very long. She reached down to her own pussy, ripping her dress, and found her own clit. she pressed it, flicking it with a finger. The pleasure was so intense she almost fell. For a few seconds the only thing holding her up was the man's hands on her head.

The cock in her mouth grew tight. A salty stream of pre-cum covered her tongue and her lips. Eyes closed, her focus intent on her clit and the finger that strummed it, she relaxed her throat and readied herself to swallow his cum.

He grunted and tensed. Suddenly Pat's mouth was full of hot and musky liquid. She let it flow down her throat, her tongue pulling at the cock, draining it. she slipped a finger in her boiling snatch, pushing herself over the edge. She rocked and spasmed with pleasure, her scream muffled by his cock. He pulled her off of him roughly, letting her fall to the ground, her hand still buried in her cunt.

He quickly put his softening cock back in his pants and shuffled away.

"Bye!" yelled out Amanda " see you next time!"

Pat slowly came to her senses, still laying on the ground. Amanda stood over her, towering. She was still softly stroking her pussy.

"You're not into girls, are you?" said Amanda.

"Not really." replied Pat.

"But you do what you're told, right? Because fuck that was so hot watching you deep throat him" said Amanda, her voice husky with desire.

Pat just lowered her head.

"Lick my pussy" said Amanda.

Amanda pushed Pat back onto the ground before straddling her head. She pushed what remained of the g-string out of the way before planting her very wet pussy right on Pat's face. She grabbed hold of a fistful of hair before starting to rock back and forth, crushing her clit against Pat's lips.

"Stick your tongue out, lick my pussy" said Amanda hoarsely.

Pat obeyed, driven by instinct. She opened her mouth, letting the musky juices flow into her mouth and mix with the sperm that coated her throat. She stuck her tongue out into the mass of wet, warm flesh pressed against her lips, finding a deeper and warmer place. Amanda moaned. Pat couldn't see anything, lying flat on her back with Amanda's massive thighs on either side of her head, with Amanda's dress flopped over her eyes.

Suddenly her thighs were pushed apart and something was shoved in Pat's pussy. Two fingers, sliding in and out of her. Amanda was finger-fucking her as she rocked on her face. Pat raised her hips, unable to resist the wave of pleasure. She grabbed hold of Amanda's hips, pushing herself deeper into the exploring fingers. Driven by instinct, she found Amanda's small clit and started sucking on it like a tiny cock.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck..." chanted Amanda.

Pat started bucking and writhing, riding a long wave of orgasms, one after the other. Amanda exploded into her mouth, flooding her with her juices. Pat screamed again in pleasure, and this time it was a pussy and not a cock that muffled her sounds. Amanda finally stopped moving but still held on to Pat's head, trying to catch her breath.

Finally Amanda got up off of Pat. She looked down at the small woman lying in the dirt of the garden. Her dress was ruined, bunched and torn, hiked up over Pat's hips. The g-string was long gone. Pat was laying there half naked, legs open, her pussy raw and pink, her body streaked with dirt and cum. Both her breasts were exposed now, moving rapidly up and down as Pat tried to catch her breath. She looked radiant and sexy, thought Amanda, naked in the dirt under the stars.

Pat started to get up. She let the dress fall to the ground as she stood up, only now realizing that she was essentially naked.

"Are you okay?" asked Amanda.

Pat shyly nodded yes, a slight smile on her lips. She was feeling fantastic!

Amanda cocked her head to the side.

"You really like being told what to do?" said Amanda.

Pat nodded, not daring to look up at the tall woman standing in front of her.

"So...if I told you to walk out like that into the crowd, you'd do it?"

Pat, again, nodded yes. Her stomach fluttered at the thought. She thought this evening was over! A delicious fear gripped her.

Amanda took her time straightening up her dress, which was far less destroyed than Pat's. Pat just stood there, naked, waiting for Amanda to say something. On the other side of the tent, the party was still going on strong.

Finally Amanda said "not tonight. Tonight you are just going to walk like that into the tent and grab your clothes and get dressed."

Pat let out a small sigh of relief.

"I have a deal for you though." said Amanda. "I know this dude, he runs a catering company. it's all pretty girls who aren't so shy. I've made a ton of money working for him, doing stuff like tonight. Keeping his customers happy. You think you'd be interested?"

Pat answered quickly, "I'm not fucking any dudes for money."

"But you'll blow them?" said Amanda with a grin. "Tell you what, I'll give you his number, you can tell him I sent you. Come on."

Amanda grabbed Pat by the hand and led her inside the tent.

Pat blew a sigh of relief when she saw it was empty. She quickly made her way to her clothes, leaving Amanda to go in another direction. She was starting to pull her shirt back on, her pants still on the floor, when Amanda appeared in the changing area. She was holding a business card and a few dollar bills.

"Here" said Amanda. "His card and your share from tonight."

Amanda folded the dollar bills around the business card and was about to hand it over to Pat. But she took a quick step and drew closer. Slowly, she ran the card along Pat's inner thigh. Pat froze.

Amanda pulled the card all the way up Pat's leg, until the cardboard edge bumped against the lips of Pat's sex, making Pat gasp. Amanda teased her open, slipping the card between the still swollen lips. Pat gasped. amanda pulled her hand back, leaving the card there, held by Pat's pussy.

Amanda smiled. She leaned forward and very gently kissed Pat on the lips.

"See you later" she said, then turned around and headed back towards the party.

Pat stood there watching her leave, bare-assed with a business card stuck in her nether regions.

All and all a pretty good night. And maybe a new job!

Pat felt pretty good about it all. She smiled.