The opening night at "Pussy Galore"

Hello, there. My name is Laura. I work in a busy bar in the city centre.

But today it was one of those slow days, as there were only a few

customers in. I was idly flicking through a trade paper. In the

situations vacant column, I came across this interesting notice asking

for applications for bar staff for a new bar that was about to open in

the town centre. The line in the advert that caught my eye was,

‘Applicants must be attractive and willing to work in the nude.'

I could not believe what I was seeing, so I read it again. Yes, that is

what it said. I don't know what made me do it but I picked up the phone

and rang the number immediately. The phone was answered by a lady who

called herself Carol. She asked me some details about age and

experience and then asked me if I had read the part about working in

the nude. I told her that I had, and that was one of the reasons I was

applying for the job. After a few more questions, she made arrangements

for me to attend an interview the following week.

After I had put the phone down, I realized what I had done. I smiled to

myself. I couldn't believe that if I got the job, I was going to be

able to live out one of my wildest fantasies. For in the many years I

had been doing this job, as a barmaid, I had many times experienced an

exciting sensation when I saw punters looking at me up and down, their

eyes literally stripping the clothes from my body. I had often wondered

just what it would feel like to actually be totally naked serving

behind a bar.

The day of the interview at last arrived, and I have to admit, I was in

a state of nervous tension. Had I done the right thing? Could I

actually go through with it? Could I even attend the interview? If I

did, what would I have to do? Who would be there to see me? All these

questions and others had been flashing through my mind all night as I

tossed and turned in my bed.

I finally got up. It was still early but I could not sleep. I took a

long shower and wrapped myself in a towel. I made myself some breakfast

but only nibbled at it. I called and arranged for a taxi to come and

pick me up as I did not want to be late. As I sat at my dressing table

taking extra care over my make up and hair, I wondered just what I

should wear for the interview.

I also wondered who would be doing the interviews. I guessed, a man or a

woman or whoever it was, would want to see me naked, or at least in my

undies. I stood in front of the full length mirror and slipped out of

the towel. I looked at my naked body, and yes, I did have to admit I

was attractive. I still had a slight tan from my holiday in Spain, and

it was a full body tan, apart from a small white triangle that

highlighted my neatly trimmed pussy. My breasts were firm and I felt

my nipples stir as I caressed them. My stomach was almost flat and a

jeweled pin flashed in my navel. From my drawer, I selected my most

attractive set of bra and knickers, a matching white lace set. I smiled

as I eased them on, noticing that the lace did not completely obscure

the dark rings of my nipples nor the dark patch of pubic hair above my

pussy lips. I completed my outfit with dark tan hold up stockings, a

colorful skirt, and a smart white blouse.

The taxi driver knew the location of the place. He smiled in a knowing

way when I told him I was going for an interview, but he did not say

anything. I wondered to myself if he had also seen the advert. Pussy

Galore, for that's what the club was called, was situated in a new

building development. In fact, when we pulled up outside, workmen were

still putting the finishing touches to the outside. A large notice

across the front of the building announced that it was opening soon

with totally naked bar staff. I smiled at the workmen who stopped work

and watched me as I made my way inside.

Inside, it was a very modern looking place with stainless steel, glass

and nice subdued lighting. At the reception desk, an attractive young

lady took my name and picked up a phone. Almost at once a tall good

looking blond came out and greeted me,. She introduced herself as

Carol. She was the person I had spoken to on the phone.

She took me into an office that was untidy with papers and strewn with

items of clothing. "Sorry about the mess," she said, "but as you know,

we open tomorrow and I have not been able to get around to tidying

things away." As I sat down, she offered me a drink of orange which I

accepted gratefully, as already my mouth was dry. I passed her my CV

details and as she glanced through them, she went on to explain about

the job.

"The first thing we need to get straight, Laura, is that while you are

working here in the club, you will expected to be completely naked at

all times." She looked at me and I nodded. "Good," she smiled. "You are

a very attractive young lady, just the type we are looking for. The

hours we are open will be from 6pm to 2 am, and you will be required to

work at least 6 hours per night." She then went on to explain about the

pay and other conditions, and the extras we could get for selling

champagne and other expensive bottles of wine.

Usually we would be behind the bar, but we also would be expected to do

waitressing. We would be allowed to socialize with the punters if they

asked us to have a drink with them, but there would be no contact. Any

punter caught breaking this rule would be evicted from the club.

"Well, Laura, that's all the details. Now l will take you through the

club to meet Mr. Donaldson, the club's owner, and Peter Jackson, our

manager, who are conducting the interviews. Just one more thing," she

said, "during the interview, you will be expected to undress. Is that

OK with you?" I felt a little shiver of excitement go through my body

as I nodded my acceptance.

She then took me through to the club itself. It was quite a large

circular room with a large well stocked bar in the centre. There were

piles of tables and chairs against the wall waiting to be set out, and

at one table two men were seated. They were both watching intently as

in front of them an attractive all but naked blond of about my age was

just in the process of removing her brief knickers. She dropped the

knickers on the top of her other discarded clothes and stood there

completely naked in front of the two who nodded their approval to each

other.

Carol pointed out a chair to me and then went over and joined the two

men at the table. I sat down and watched with butterflies in my

stomach as the girl was asked to walk across the floor in front of the

group. I then noticed that the trio sitting at the table were not the

only ones in the room. Two other guys who were supposed to be stocking

the bar were leaning on the bar watching the naked girl with interest

as she walked slowly across the room before returning back to the

table. Also, there was another guy, probably a cleaner from the look of

him, leaning on a broom, a smile showing on his black face.

I heard Carol thank her and tell her that if she decided to take the job

she needed to let them know as soon as possible. The girl thanked them

and started quickly slipping back into her clothes. Well, at least that

was one of my questions answered. I was going to have to take all my

clothes off.

When the girl had left, the woman called me over, introducing me to the

two men. Mr. Donaldson was a smart looking man with grey hair,

probably in his fifties. Peter Jackson was a much younger, attractive

guy. He smiled at me. "Thanks for coming along Laura. Has Carol gone

through the details with you?" I nodded.

They inquired about my previous experience. I told them that I had

worked in a bar in the city centre for the last four years. Mr.

Donaldson asked me how I felt about working naked. I told him that it

was something that I had never experienced before, but if I got the

job, I was more than willing to give it a try. Carol thanked me for

being so honest and then asked me if I would mind undressing. "You

realize," she said, "for this job, we do need to see what you look like

without your clothes on." She smiled.

I must say I was feeling a little nervous when I stood there in front of

the table and with slightly shaking fingers, began to unbutton my

blouse. The two guys were watching me with interest and I felt a little

embarrassed by their close scrutiny. I removed my blouse and skirt

slowly, but when I got down to my bra and knickers, I was getting a

little excited about showing my naked body to these perfect strangers.

That was not including the two guys behind the bar and the guy with the

broom. They had again all stopped work and I knew they were watching me

as I removed my clothes.

I unclasped my bra and I was pleased when I heard Peter make a

complimentary remark to Mr. Donaldson about how firm my breasts were. I

dropped my bra on top of my other clothes and quickly slipped off my

brief knickers. I stood there in front of them naked. They sat there in

silence and had a good look at my body and then nodded. Carol asked me

to turn around. I did so slowly, displaying the twin globes of my firm

bottom for their close inspection. Then like the young lady before me,

I was asked to walk around the room. It was a strange erotic sensation

walking around a room naked in front of a group of total strangers and

I felt my body start to becoming quite aroused. My nipples were already

hard and I was also a little embarrassed to feel my juices beginning to

flow.

I was pleased when they told me that they found me very attractive and

that they would like to offer me a job. They asked if I would like time

to think about it. I said that I did not have to think, that I would

like to accept their offer. Mr. Donaldson smiled at me. "I think we

will all drink to that," he said. "Would you like to go over to the bar

and fetch us a couple of whiskies, and a vodka for Carol? Oh, and get

yourself one." I was just about to pick up my clothes when I saw him

shake his head. "No, go just as you are," he said.

I slowly walked across to the bar. The two guys smiled at me and moved

aside. Now, both were getting a good close up eyeful of my exposed

charms. I poured out the drinks, placed them on a tray, and walked back

to the table. Mr. Donaldson smiled and thanked me. "You are just the

type we are looking for," he said. "Totally at ease with your body."

Little did he know, I thought to myself.

At last I got back into my clothes. Peter informed me that they were

opening the following Friday, but there was a special preview night on

Thursday for invited guests and the press. He asked if I could be there

by six o'clock to take part in a photo session and meet the other

girls. I promised to be there.

I now couldn't wait for Thursday to arrive. I booked in at my local

beauty salon for a massage and a facial. I wanted to look my best. On

Thursday I even arrived at the bar fifteen minutes early. All the

workmen had now left and everything was looking neat and tidy. Another

notice had been added to the one about naked bar staff. It now

announced Grand Opening, Tomorrow, Friday.

There were several people already in the bar. Carol saw me and came

over. She introduced me to an attractive colored girl called Erica, one

of the four girls I would be working with tonight. The blond girl who

had been interviewed before me came in and joined us. Her name was

Jill, and just before six, the last girl, a petite Asian girl, rushed

in, apologizing for being a little late. Carol smiled and said that it

was OK. Her name turned out to be Susu.

Carol showed us all through to a dressing room at the rear of the bar.

There was a door from it leading straight through to the bar itself.

She explained that this is where we would change when we started work.

It was a well set out room with toilets, showers, a hot drink machine,

and a row of lockers lining the wall, one each with our name on it.

Carol handed us each a set of keys for our own locker.

She suggested that we got ready straight away. They were running a

little late due to some last minute problems, but if we were ready,

then they could get started as soon as they were ready for us. It was

a strange and exciting feeling stripping that first night, knowing that

I was about to spend most of the next eight hours naked in the presence

of a crowd of men that I had never met before.

When we were all naked, Carol checked us out. She complimented us on how

good we all looked. I have to admit, dressed the other three girls were

attractive, naked they were stunning. Erica's dark skin, large firm

breasts and black protruding nipples were striking. She was slim with a

flat stomach. There was just a hint of a dark vee where her pubes had

been almost trimmed away to expose the dark lips of her pussy. She

contrasted well with Susu who had long black hair, olive skin, and firm

but not too large breasts with sharp nipples. She too was slim, and

like a lot of Asian women, there was not a trace of hair around her

pussy which seemed almost to pout. Jill I had already seen naked at my

interview. The shapely blond had large breasts with just the hint of a

droop. They moved interestingly with the movement of her body and like

all of us, one could clearly see her state of arousal by her erect

nipples. A narrow band of golden hair (yes, she was a true blond) led

your eyes to the delightful cleft of her pussy.

Carol did have one little suggestion. It had been decided that we should

all wear hold up stockings with lacy tops. She said Mr. Donaldson had

commented on how sexy a girl looked when she was naked apart from hold

ups and heels. He had provided us with a selection of stockings, and we

all took a pair and put them on. I had to agree with him when I looked

at the other three. Yes, it just finished the job off.

She told us that when we had finished with the photographs, we could

relax until opening time. She would organize us some food from the

buffet that was to be set out for the guests. She suddenly got a call

on her intercom and told us that they were ready for us. It was not as

bad as I thought it would be walking out there for the first time,

maybe because I was in the company of three other naked girls. It was

still incredibly arousing walking out without a stitch of clothing on

to face the group of photographers made up of around fifteen men and

just one woman.

I felt very turned on as the guys eyed us, and I could see comments

being passed around. The photographers did not waste any time. They

first took pictures of all four of us separately. Then we had pictures

taken with Mr. Donaldson and Peter, some with Carol, and lastly with

this guy, Charley Benn, the manager of the local football team who was

doing the official opening of the bar later on that evening.

After the pictures were taken, we all retired to the locker room where

true to her word, Carol had laid on a little spread for us. We sat and

chatted as we stuffed our faces with the wonderful food. It seems that

I was not the only one to feel aroused by our little display and all

three of the other girls were still somewhat nervous about appearing

naked in front of what we now knew would be a large crowd of people.

There was a good supply of wine and champagne but Carol had warned us

not to have too much. She also suggested that when the club opened, we

all work the first hour as it would be busy, then once the rush had

gone, we work an hour on and twenty minutes off. It seemed a sensible

idea and we all agreed.

Five minutes to eight found the four of us naked and more than a little

nervous, standing behind the bar,. I could not speak for the others,

but although I was nervous, it was tinged with a little excitement. I

knew that in a few minutes the bar would be crowded with customers and

I would have to serve the ogling punters with nothing to hide my

blushes.

In the end it was not as bad as I had expected. Once I got over the

first fifteen minutes or so, I began to enjoy myself. The customers for

the most part were polite and friendly and I began to enjoy the feeling

of being totally naked in front of so many attractive young men. I was

certainly feeling somewhat aroused when I returned to the dressing room

after my first stint, so much so that I locked myself in the toilet and

relieved myself by pressing my fingers deep into my wet pussy.

The waitressing was the most fun. Behind the bar you felt safe, away

from straying hands, but out on the floor, mixing with the punters, you

felt the occasional hand accidentally, of course, touch you, and you

were also in close proximity to the customers. If customers bought a

bottle of champagne, we were allowed to go and sit with them and drink

it. This was very intimate and exciting chatting with the guys, knowing

that you were allowing them to see everything up close. I did actually

meet a couple of very nice guys, and even arranged to meet up with them

in the near future.

The night seemed to pass quickly and although we were all a little tired

by the end, I myself was quite disappointed when closing time arrived.

I had met some interesting people, and lived out my fantasy. Mr.

Donaldson and Peter came over and thanked us and told us that they had

heard nothing but compliments about all of us.

Back in the locker room we all agreed that it had been an interesting

and exciting evening and I, for one, could not wait for the public

opening tomorrow. I have to admit that when I got back to my apartment,

I was still highly aroused by the whole experience. Although it would

have been nice to have a real man to jump into bed with, I settled for

my plastic friend. As I manipulated it expertly inside my highly

aroused pussy, I knew that in the next few weeks I needed to find

myself a man or I was going to wear this thing out.