**Tina Makes Stripper Fantasy Real**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Though the outing she and Darren had agreed upon on this humid July night was relatively tame by comparison with many of her recent exhibitionist adventures, Tina was unusually nervous. The normal anticipation of soon being naked somewhere it was definitely not appropriate was responsible for some of the anxiety she was feeling, but the best part of her nervousness was due to her plan to talk to her boyfriend about something significant which had recently happened to her; something that didn't happen, really. The non-event would have meant big changes for them both had it actually come to pass. She felt she needed to discuss it with him, but her choice of time and place to broach the subject was unusual.  
  
Darren drove slowly around the perimeter of the park and the full length of the parking lot, checking for any sign they didn't have the park to themselves. Seconds after he parked his convertible in a well-shaded area of the deserted lot, she took off her summer weight wrap dress and tossed it in the back seat. She hopped out of the car wearing only a pair of open-toe sandals and strolled nonchalantly over to a pool of light below a street light at the edge of the otherwise dark parking lot.  
  
Darren hustled over to join her and get started on a walk across several baseball and soccer fields. The setting had typically been free of other people on several other occasions they'd covered the same route; typically, but not always. One night in May they'd been surprised to find themselves sharing the park with another couple on a late-night stroll, out walking a pair of golden retrievers. They passed by close enough that even lit only by moonlight the strangers must have been able to tell that Tina was naked, but the dog walkers kept quiet and continued on their way. The fairly low probability of being seen made this route seem almost safe, but the proven possibility of being spotted was what kept things interesting for Tina; the combination of the warm summer night and a light breeze made coming across other people out for a walk seem a bit more likely.  
  
Just about halfway through their walk, Tina gathered up her nerve and said, "I've been meaning to tell you about something for a few weeks, but I wanted to be sure how I felt about it myself first. Last month I was late, and was starting to think I might be pregnant."  
  
"Why didn't you tell me?" Darren asked.  
  
"Like I said, I wanted to think about it myself first. It turned out to be a false alarm; I'm definitely not pregnant, but in the couple of weeks where it looked like I might be, I realized that I'm ready to be."  
  
Darren was silent for a minute or two; as dark as it was, she couldn't see his face well enough to guess what he was thinking; Tina waited nervously for some sort of reaction.  
  
She broke the silence, "I know it's a lot to consider, and I'm not saying I want to do anything about it right away, but I thought you should know I'm starting to think about it."  
  
After another pause, Darren replied, "I'm just old-fashioned enough to insist that if you want to have a baby, then we, I mean," he dropped to one knee before continuing, "I mean, will you marry me?"  
  
"Oh, Jesus, I didn't expect you to react like this!" she laughed, "I love you, but you just can't propose to me while I'm naked in the middle of the town park!"  
  
"Hey, don't blame me, you chose the location to start this conversation!"  
  
"Maybe so, but I need to have a different story when people ask me how and where you proposed!"  
  
A few days later, Darren made a more traditional proposal, with a nice engagement ring and a properly dressed new fiance.  
  
Several weeks later, already deep into planning a relatively modest wedding, Tina looked up from the tablet she was using to browse wedding dresses and said to Darren, "It's kind of ironic that your original proposal was made while I was nude in public."  
  
"How so?" he asked.  
  
"Well, as much as I enjoy my exhibitionist adventures with you," she started.  
  
"And a few without me," he interrupted.  
  
"Those too," she continued, "I'll probably have to give all that up; I don't think I want to have to call a babysitter and ask her to stay late while we try to make bail after someone takes offense at my nudity and calls the police on us!"  
  
"I hadn't thought about that," he said, "maybe we can come up with some less public adventures for you."  
  
"Maybe so, but I still have a few fantasies which would be better done before we start a family. Or maybe not at all," she said, frowning.  
  
"Such as?" he asked.  
  
"I've told you before about how much I want to dance at a strip club on their amateur night sometime."  
  
"I remember, believe me. But you won't get arrested doing that, so you could still do that one."  
  
"Technically, yes, but I'm already on the old side to be a stripper, and who knows how long it might take me to get back into shape after a pregnancy, if I even can!"  
  
"Sounds like you want to do this one fairly soon," Darren sighed, "as hot as seeing you doing a striptease on a club stage would be, I'll admit I'm not crazy about having a bunch of horny dudes watching along with me."  
  
"What if we went with a few people we know," Tina said, "who already know I do this kind of thing, like Kristen and Dave? And maybe one or two other people we know but don't really see often and are likely to be discreet? I'd really like a cheering section if I'm going to be competing against some 21 year-old babes, and you'd have some company to distract you."  
  
"I did get an email last week from one of my college buddies; he lives in Dallas now, but is working a short term gig here. I'm sure he wouldn't mind seeing you naked," he replied, smirking, "and Kristen and Dave would be fine; considering what you've told me about what she's gotten up to I don't imagine my little sister is going to breathe a word about this to anyone."  
  
"So you're okay with it?" Tina asked.  
  
"I guess so, if you really want to do it; I can even help out by checking out a few clubs to be sure we find you a nice place to perform!" he replied, earning a playful swat with a rolled-up wedding cake vendor's brochure. Despite seeming to object to Darren's suggestion that he do some research, Tina agreed it was probably a good idea; she imagined a lot of clubs might be seedy enough to ruin her fantasy.  
  
A week later, after checking out a load of online reviews and making brief visits to the most promising pair of clubs, Darren brought up the website of his first choice so Tina could get a feel for the place and check out its reviews. She couldn't see anything to object to, the place looked about as respectable as any such joint was likely to be. He assured her that it seemed to be clean and well run, though he couldn't vouch for the private lounge or dressing area. "Okay," she said, "this one should do, assuming they have amateur contests. You're sure it's far enough from town to keep me from stripping for one of my work colleagues?"  
  
"I checked when I made my visit, they have a contest once a month; the next one is Saturday, October 3rd, so we'll have some time to line up your supporters. I suppose it's possible that a random co-worker could get to know you better than you'd prefer, but it seems very unlikely; this place is pretty far out in the sticks, anyone living anywhere near your office looking for a place to see some skin would have several closer options."  
  
"It's a date then!" Tina said, getting up from her spot on the couch next to Darren, "I'd better start practicing!" She put on some music, stepped up onto the coffee table in front of the couch, and began swaying to the beat. Watching her unbutton her blouse, Darren thought that whatever reservations he might have about his fiance's latest exhibitionist adventure, he certainly would enjoy her practice sessions!  
  
To Darren's relief, Tina took care of asking Kristen and Dave if they'd be willing to come and support her, leaving only his friend Leo to recruit. As he expected, Leo was easily talked into coming along, though he was definitely surprised to be asked to meet the fiance of his old college friend in this unorthodox way. Leo asked if he could bring a local co-worker who he'd been hanging out with during his assignment in this town; Dave asked Leo his friend's name and where he worked, and after an hour or so checking out his contacts on a couple of his social media accounts, decided he wasn't connected with either his circle of acquaintances or Tina's, so he agreed to this addition to Tina's fan base.  
  
Time seemed to drag for Tina over the weeks leading up to her debut as a stripper. She had never spent so much time planning and having to wait for one of her adventures to be completed; a fair number of them had been spur of the moment events with absolutely no planning. Knowing what she was planning but having to wait for it was a semi-sweet kind of torture, and definitely made it hard to concentrate on work, especially in the last few days of September. She found herself looking at the date circled on her desk calendar again and again, counting the days until her performance. When the time came to tear off the September page and switch to October she switched to counting hours.  
  
When big day finally arrived, Tina told Darren she didn't want to arrive at the club until fairly close to the time the contest would begin. Since it wasn't scheduled to start until 11:00, she asked him to time their arrival to get her there between 10:00 and 10:30. She figured that would give her plenty of time to sign up for the contest and get ready, but not so much time that she could get intimidated by the setting, her competition, or just the idea of what she was planning on doing. Darren passed their schedule on to Kristen and Leo.  
  
Darren pulled in to the parking lot of the club at 10:21, right on the schedule. His jittery fiance asked if she could have a minute or two to calm down before heading in. "Of course, take as long as you need," Darren said, "we can go in or not. We can just go home and watch a movie if you want."  
  
"No, I want to do this, I'm just a little nervous."  
  
Dave and Kristen pulled in and parked a couple of spaces away; seeing Darren and Tina still in his car, they came over, Kristen asked Tina, "You okay? You look a little shaky."  
  
"Yeah, just a little stage fright. I get this way before giving presentations to the department heads at work, too," Tina replied.  
  
"I'm willing to bet that crowd is less appreciative than your audience here will be," Kristen said.  
  
"Yeah, they never tip me when I finish a presentation!" Tina said, starting to smile, "Let's go in."  
  
Dave, Kristen, Darren, and Tina went in, with Darren and Tina able to skip the cover charge after telling the bouncer at the door Tina was planning on entering the contest. Tina's eyes went wide seeing at least three dozen patrons enjoying the current performer's act; seeing the crowd all wearing some sort or another of mask was both odd and reassuring. The tall and shapely brunette on the stage was the only person in the joint not masked, and was currently busy sliding her shorts down and wiggling her thong-clad butt at her audience. She stepped out of the shorts, down now to a sheer pink bra and panty set, some dangerous looking stilettos and a black garter. Darren went straight over to the bar to ask about getting Tina signed up for the contest while Tina, Dave, and Kristen lucked into an open table right at the stage. "You could have saved us a little money if you said you'd be entering the contest," Dave said to Kristen in a quiet moment between songs.  
  
"You'd like to see me do that?" she asked, "with Darren in the audience? I don't think so. I don't need my brother imagining me naked the next time we're sitting across the table at a big family get-together!"  
  
"You said he used to spy on you and your friends sunbathing when you were both home from college, so he's probably been imagining you that way for years anyhow," Dave replied. With a new song playing, he had to shout in Kristen's ear, which allowed him to keep an eye on the brunette on stage as she slipped her bra off.  
  
"Forget it, not going to happen with the current group," she replied, "but I'm not completely ruling it out some other time!"  
  
"I clearly need to get some alcohol into you," he replied, then headed for the bar.  
  
Kristen and Tina watched the dancer, each mentally filing away some of her moves for possible future use. In a few minutes, Dave rejoined them at the table, bringing a round of tequila shots, saying, " I thought shots made more sense, with less need to mess around with our masks. Darren is watching the end of the Auburn-Georgia game at the bar." Turning towards Tina, he said, "While I was there I saw Darren put your name on the sign-up sheet for the contest, but you still have to see the DJ to be let backstage, fill out some paperwork and get ready." Since it was still almost half an hour before the contest would begin, she had time to join her companions as they raised their glasses and shared a toast to her bravery. They downed their shots and the conversation turned towards the dancer on the stage, who was now near their end of the stage and was teasing the crowd with several false starts towards getting out of her panties.  
  
"What do you think, is she hot?" Kristen asked her husband, knowing any man with at least one functioning eye would say she was.  
  
"Ah, I guess she's okay," Dave cautiously replied, having a hard time making eye contact with his wife, thoroughly distracted by the sight of the dancer's pink panties landing on the stage, "I'm just studying her, her tech, um, technique...I mean, you have to admit she's good at her job."  
  
"I agree, " Kristen said, smiling, "and she deserves to be well compensated, so you should tip her." She fished a few bills out of her purse and reached over towards Dave to hand them to him. He noticed the dancer approaching and quickly pointed at Kristen, still waving the wad of cash; the dancer adjusted course and stepped to the edge of the stage directly in front of Kristen. Kristen blushed as she realized everyone nearby was now waiting to see how this transaction was going to be conducted. The dancer motioned for Kristen to stand up and come closer; with all eyes on her, she complied, stepping up to the rail at the edge of the stage and raising a $10 bill. The dancer lifted her right leg and wrapped it over Kristen's shoulder, smiling and pointing at the garter high on her thigh, the only piece of fabric available to receive tips. Kristen stuffed the bill in the garter, tipping her head up as sharply as she could, less to make eye contact than to just get her face away from the dancer's crotch! Her face reddened even more as the dancer looked down at her and winked before pulling her leg back and moving on to accept some more tips.  
  
Kristen sat down in a bit of a daze as the dancer left the stage. A minute later Darren arrived with a beer in his hand, asking, "Did I miss anything interesting?"  
  
"Nope, not a thing!" Kristen said, her glare at Tina letting Tina know she did NOT want her brother brought up to speed on how she'd spent the last couple of minutes. "And what kind of fiance are you, ignoring your bride-to-be to watch a football game then showing up with a beer for yourself and nothing for the table?"  
  
"I am ashamed, truly I am, what will you all have?" he replied, hanging his head in mock shame.  
  
"What about another round of Patron?" Kristen asked her companions; everyone nodded, and Darren headed back to the bar. As he was passing the entrance he saw his friend Leo coming in and caught his eye. Leo and his friend joined Darren at the bar. After a round of greetings and introductions, Darren asked Leo if he'd mind bringing the round of shots the bartender was pouring to their table so he could catch the last few minutes of the game, saying, "you can't miss our table, it's right next to the stage and it's the only one here with two good looking but fully dressed women!"  
  
"I don't mind getting the round, but shouldn't you come along to introduce me?" Leo asked, "it's not as if Auburn is likely to score three touchdowns in the last four minutes."  
  
"A man bearing a tray full of high-end tequila shots needs no introduction, and I'll be along in a few minutes," Darren replied as he added shots for Leo and Leo's friend Dan to his order.  
  
"Okay, off I go; enjoy the game, what's left of it," Leo replied.  
  
"I'll have my shot here and watch the game with you," Dan said, "and I'll bring another round over as soon as the game's over."  
  
Leo found Dave, Kristen, and Tina easily and introduced himself. As Darren had predicted he was welcomed warmly; he couldn't be sure whether it was because he was bearing a tray full of shots or simply because he was an old friend of Darren's. He'd been with the group less than two minutes when he felt a tap on his shoulder; it was the stripper who'd had Kristen blushing a few minutes ago, now wearing a matching black bustier and thong as well as a red mask, asking if he'd like a private dance. "I just got here, I haven't even seen you on stage yet," he protested.  
  
Dave spoke up, saying, "Man, just go, I'm sure you won't regret it!" Tina and Kristen nodded their heads vigorously in agreement.  
  
"Okay, you've convinced me!" Leo said, letting the sexy brunette lead him back to a private VIP lounge divided into a number of small cubicles.  
  
Dave, Kristen, and Tina watched the next dancer work her way out of a pair of very brief cut off jeans and a tank top, but their conversation kept coming back to how they imagined Leo was faring. He returned after spending three songs in the private area, sporting a huge grin.  
  
"So, how'd it go?" Kristen asked.  
  
"You won't hear any complaints from me; she didn't do anything that could get her arrested, but that Elise really knows how to tease a guy."  
  
"Thanks for the compliment," the surprised group heard their new favorite stripper say. They hadn't noticed her coming up behind them. "Are you next?" she asked Dave.  
  
"I'd really love to, but I'm here with my lovely wife, who you've kind of already met," he said, pointing towards Kristen, "and we're here tonight to support our friend," he said, pointing at Tina. "She's going to be in the amateur strip contest any minute now, so I need to be here for that."  
  
"No worries, the contest ALWAYS begins a good half hour late. It won't start until at least 15 minutes after the DJ calls the contestants backstage. Couples get a two for the price of one discount, no charge for the second guest! What do you say?"  
  
Dave looked at Kristen, not wanting to put her on the spot by agreeing without knowing she was okay with the idea. Seeing her nod her head slightly, he told Elise, "We're in, as long as we can be back in time to cheer for our friend." Elise led the nervous couple back behind the curtain screening the private lounge from the main area. Four songs later they finally heard the DJ call the contestants to his booth. They each wondered what might have happened if the DJ's announcement had come one or two songs later; Elise was naked and in no hurry to do anything about it, knowing everyone would be focused on the contest for a while. Dave's shirt was open, and his chinos were down around his ankles. Kristen was sitting next to him, topless. After they had buttoned, hooked, zipped, and tucked in everything that needed to be restored to its normal state, they settled up with Elise and scrambled to rejoin their group.

Darren and Dan had joined Leo at the table; Darren gave Tina a kiss for luck and she was off on her way backstage, shivering slightly as she climbed the stairs leading to a corner of the stage; the club looked different from up there, with at least a dozen lights trained on the raised space, making it hard for her to see much of anything else beyond the lights. She thought about soon having all that light on her, and shuddered at the thought that if she didn't lose her nerve the light might end up being the only thing covering her!  
  
The club's owner greeted the gathered contestants and thanked them for participating, then gave them a quick summary of the contest's rules and prizes. Tina was nervous enough that the only rule which caught her attention was something about not letting the audience touch them if they were completely naked! "I never even thought about that," she thought, "I hope I haven't overlooked anything else important," More so than the $200 prize for winning the competition, the fringe benefit of being allowed to treat a guest of their choice to some quality time in the VIP lounge made her even more determined to win. When the owner had wrapped up his presentation he thanked them all and said he hoped they enjoyed themselves. He wished them all luck and said the contest would begin in 10 minutes.  
  
When the owner's presentation was done, the three other contestants and Tina were shown to the dressing area. They all scattered, each looking for an open space to work on their makeup and outfits. She was surprised at how run down the backstage area was compared with the well-kept area she'd been hanging out in up until now, but guessed it made sense that the space open to customers would be where the looks mattered. She found a free alcove and had just begun touching up her makeup when she heard a voice behind her say, "don't go too crazy with your makeup. You don't want to look like just another stripper; this crowd likes their amateur strippers to look like they just happened to stop by and decided to get naked on a whim. I think it lets them imagine their wives or girlfriends dancing here sometime."  
  
Tina looked up to see who was offering her makeup tips and was surprised to see the sexy brunette who'd been luring various members of her group back to the private lounge for the last half hour. Elise had seemed like a slinky predator before, but now she was behaving like some sort of mentor; Tina was glad for any advice she could get from someone so well versed in how to please the crowd she'd soon be performing for, so she asked, "I've never done this before with more than one man watching me. Any last-minute tips?"  
  
"Well, you don't have time to learn anything complicated, but I can give you some basic suggestions. Don't try to be some sort of aloof, untouchable chick, smile as much as you can. And make eye contact; you'll be surprised at how many guys will, at least part of the time, overcome the spell your naked body casts over them and actually look you in the eye. Don't try anything too ambitious unless you've been practicing it at home for a while; I've seen girls take nasty falls off the pole when they had no business being on it in the first place. Not sexy. Most of all, enjoy the ride, if you really haven't done this before it can be overwhelming, but in a good way. Have fun out there, it really is a rush when the crowd gets into it."  
  
"Thanks, it's a lot to take in, but it may help. By the way, is the rule about not having any contact with the audience when you're nude strictly enforced? It seemed like you broke the hell out of that one with my friend!"  
  
Elise laughed and said, "Nick acts strict, but he's really just trying to keep his dancers safe. You should move away from anyone who gets too grabby, but as long as it's not too blatant you can get a little creative with how you let patrons give you tips. Besides, I always tell Nick that I'm not actually naked if I'm wearing a garter."  
  
"I came prepared for that, at least," Tina replied, hiking her skirt up to reveal a red garter."  
  
Tina was still absorbing Elise's brief tutoring session when the music faded out and was replaced by the DJ's voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear a nice round of applause for Debbie!" Tina hadn't paid any attention to what had been going on out on the stage since she'd been backstage, but she now saw a naked redhead coming through a gap in the curtain at the corner of the stage. Debbie held a fat wad of bills in one hand and a clump of clothing in the other. Seeing her reminded Tina to be sure to retrieve any clothing she took off before leaving the stage; since her outfit for the stage was all the clothing she had with her, leaving it behind would make returning to join her friends more than slightly awkward. The DJ continued, "It's time for tonight's featured event, The October edition of The Doll Haus Amateur Striptease Contest! We have four lovely ladies competing tonight, please give them each a warm welcome! First up we have...Heather!  
  
The music came back up; Tina joined the other two remaining contestants in peeking through small gaps in the curtains as a tall, skinny blonde stepped slowly out to the middle of the stage. Heather didn't have much in the way of curves, but she had a pretty face and went right to work getting out of her clothes, quickly sending her khaki shorts and polo shirt to the stage floor. The audience seemed to like her, cheering loudly as she played with her bra's shoulder straps before finally slipping her arms out. The cheering intensified when she unhooked her bra, loudly encouraging her to take it off. She let the bra go, revealing her A cup breasts.  
  
Tina was surprised by how enthusiastic the crowd was; they seemed to be happy enough to see Heather's boyish figure being revealed, won over by her enthusiasm. Heather seemed genuinely hesitant to take off her panties, but after at least a minute of shaking her head no and one or two false starts, the audience's vocal support seemed to help her get over her reluctance and her panties joined the rest of her outfit. She took a naked walk around the perimeter of the stage collecting tips, thenscooped up her clothes and disappeared behind the curtain, blushing but also smiling.  
  
"Great job, Heather!" shouted the DJ, "Time for contestant number two, please welcome Emma!"  
  
Peering through a gap in the curtains, Tina saw the second of her three competitors skip to the far end of a narrow section of the stage projecting out into the seating area. The petite brunette playfully raised and lowered the hem of her t-shirt as she went. She revealed a bit more of her torso each time she lifted the shirt, then eventually a little bit of her lacy red bra. She turned and walked slowly back towards the main part of the stage, continuing to reveal more and more of her bra; when she reached the larger section of the stage she turned back to face the crowd and pulled her shirt the rest of the way off, tossing it back to a spot near the mirrored wall at the back of the stage.  
  
Tina studied the start of Emma's act, trying to guess how the crowd would rate her compared to Tina. With her shirt off, Tina could tell Emma was curvier than the first dancer, with boobs around the same size as her own, and a narrow waist. "Nothing the slightest bit boyish about this one," Tina thought to herself, "whatever she does, I'll need to top it if I want to win this thing." She was pretty sure the audience was already making more noise for Emma before she was even topless than they had for Heather when she was naked!  
  
Tina's concentration on her competition was interrupted by the other remaining contestant, taking in the show at her own gap in the curtains a few feet away. "I can't believe they're both going through with this!" the slightly heavy strawberry blonde hissed.  
  
Tina wasn't sure if her nearby competitor was talking to her or just out loud to no one in particular, but broke away from watching Emma unbutton her denim shorts long enough to answer, "Why wouldn't they, I mean it is a strip contest, in a strip club. Were you not expecting them to strip?"  
  
"The three of us are all pledging Omega Sigma Beta, and doing this is a requirement. We were told we had to get up on the stage and take something off, but there was no requirement to take off more than one piece of clothing. I can't believe Heather got naked, and it doesn't look like Emma is going to stop at taking off her shirt either!"  
  
"But you can still just take off your one piece of clothing to satisfy the requirement, right?" Tina asked, annoyed that this distraction was making her miss seeing what Emma was doing.  
  
"Technically, yes, but we're competing for a limited number of openings, so there's a lot of pressure to outdo each other. During the drive here, the three of us made a pact; we'd each take off one piece of clothing, no more and no less. So much for that agreement!"  
  
"Maybe Emma will still keep her end of the bargain," Tina said as she turned back to look at what was happening on the stage. "Oh, shit, sorry, it looks like she's not sticking to the plan either," Tina said, watching as Emma stepped out of her shorts, which had landed on the stage while Tina had been talking with the nervous would-be sorority sister. The upset college student backed away from the curtain, mumbling something to herself, allowing Tina to focus on watching Emma strip.  
  
As her third song began, Emma began getting out of her bra, unhooking it but holding it firmly in place with one arm. For a short time, at least; by the middle of this final song she had drawn the shoulder straps down her arms and over her hands, then gave in to the pleading of the audience, raising both arms high as her bra fell to the floor. Tina couldn't help being impressed by the way Emma, a college freshman, was teasing her audience. She guessed there must be at least one or two boyfriends in her past or present who'd been treated to some version of what several dozen onlookers were now enjoying.  
  
Emma surprised herself, and maybe her fellow pledges, by getting out of her panties; after Heather had gone completely nude and Emma had performed so slickly in stripping down to her last piece of clothing, Tina, and probably most of the audience, had fully expected to see her get naked. As her last song was winding down, Emma had turned her back on the audience and peeled her panties down far enough to give the crowd a good look at her shapely exposed ass, and for those watching her reflection in the mirrored wall, a clear view of her lacy red panties sliding down, exposing her pussy.  
  
With her panties now covering nothing but a bit of her thighs, Emma turned to face her audience and let her last bit of clothing fall to her feet The DJ came on as the music faded out, asking the audience to give Emma a round of applause; the naked student pulled her panties back in place and made a trip around the edge of the stage, accepting an impressive amount of tips along with continued applause, then gathered up the rest of her outfit and trotted backstage.  
  
Seeing her upset fellow pledge waiting to confront her as soon as she was backstage, Emma immediately apologized for going beyond the limit they had agreed on. "Lauren, I am so sorry, I honestly did not intend to go that far, I just got carried away," she began, "and I remembered you telling me about how you went topless at a beach last summer, so after Heather went crazy I guess I thought you might end up doing something like she did."  
  
"Topless sunbathing is nothing like stripping naked in a damn club!" Lauren growled, "besides.."  
  
The DJ unknowingly put an end to the argument, telling the audience, "And now for our third lovely contestant tonight, please give a big Doll Haus welcome to Lauren!"  
  
Still upset, Lauren walked out onto the stage, starting to dance after a few hesitant steps. Tina watched her for less than half a minute, long enough to see Lauren, dressed in a mock schoolgirl outfit, untie her tie and toss it away. Thinking she had another 8 minutes or so before her turn on the stage, she tried to focus on her routine, but was too distracted by the image of herself on the stage, finally living out one of her oldest fantasies. As many times as she had imagined this, she had never realized what kind of unsettling noise a club full of excited patrons could make. Until very recently her fantasy hadn't included having a fiance and miscellaneous friends in the audience watching her strip; she was glad to have some friendly faces out in the crowd, but knowing they might soon be seeing her naked was somehow more unnerving than having a crowd of strangers see her that way! She was still trying to calm her nerves when the DJ broke in well before Lauren's first song was over.  
  
"Okay, thank you, Lauren! Now please, everyone, give a big welcome to our final contestant, come on out, Tina!"  
  
"What the hell?" Tina shouted, "What happened? It can't be time yet!" When she saw Lauren run through the dressing room, red-faced but still fully dressed except for her blouse and tie, she understood what had happened. Lauren must have tried to match Emma's act but been unable to make herself continue stripping. Like it or not, it was her turn. Finally.  
  
Tina's first steps out from behind the curtain were a little wobbly; as often as she had fantasized about this moment, the reality was more intense than she had expected. Between the stage lighting, the catcalls from the audience, and the thumping music, the butterflies in her stomach were gaining strength. The sheer number of men focused on her, all hoping to see her naked, was enough to give her goosebumps; in all her previous exhibitionist episodes she had set out to be seen, if at all, by small numbers of people, and expected her exposure to happen quickly and not go on for long. Having several dozen spectators all enjoying the sight of her gradually undressing over the course of several songs was something altogether different. "This is new," she thought as the crowd shouted encouragement, "but maybe new will be good!" She felt her breathing settle down to something close to normal.  
  
Trying her best to look relaxed, Tina strolled out onto the projected part of the stage, unbuttoning half of the buttons on her red silk blouse as she went. With the crowd anticipating soon seeing all of the translucent bra peeking out of the steadily growing opening between the two sides of her blouse, she surprised her audience by instead turning her attention to her pleated black skirt. She deftly undid the button on the waistband at her right hip; the crowd seemed to approve of the detour, cheering and whistling louder. Every eye in the audience followed her right hand's progress, not sure whether she was about to unbutton the skirt or unzip it, but looking forward to her skirt coming off one way or the other. She threw another surprise at the audience, her table of supporters included, by gripping the edge of the opening near the button and giving it a sharp yank. The small velcro dots holding the skirt together gave way easily. Following through with the motion which had turned the skirt into a loose strip of fabric, Tina flung it towards Darren. Towards, but not quite directly at him; she was as surprised as anyone else in the club at the sight of the pleated black fabric fluttering over the heads of her supporters seated at the first row of tables.  
  
Tina had been sure someone from her group would catch her skirt, but it had disappeared beyond them, most likely never to be seen again; the crowd's reaction told her that they thought the concept of her clothing not just coming off but being irrevocably lost to her was pretty hot. She hadn't planned on this, but thought, "the way the crowd liked that, maybe this twist is just the thing I need to win the contest. I just have to make sure I leave myself something to wear once I'm off the stage!" After a quick pause to check herself out in the mirrored back wall, Tina headed back towards the wall, unbuttoning the three remaining buttons on her blouse, peeking back over her shoulder as she went. She leaned back and extended her arms straight down; with her arms straight, a quick shrug of her shoulders was all that was needed for the smooth blouse to slide down, and then off, her arms, landing on the stage.  
  
She kicked the blouse to the mirrored back wall and took a moment to enjoy the sight of her reflection, now wearing just a largely sheer bra and panty set. She couldn't help blushing at the realization that only a small lace panel was left between the hungry eyes of the audience and her freshly shaved pussy, and nothing but sheer black fabric was now covering her breasts. She was sure her nipples hadn't been so obvious when she'd put her bra on at home a few hours earlier, and giving them a brief pinch and not so brief tug through the sheer fabric made them even more prominent. She thought it was possible that her barely covered ass might have distracted the audience enough to keep them from noticing what mischief her reflection was getting up to, so she extended her self-stimulation a bit longer, "just to be sure nobody missed it," she thought, "or maybe just because it feels so fucking good," she couldn't tell anymore, and didn't really care. With her back still facing the crowd she popped her bra's hooks loose, quickly slid it off her shoulders, and turned around. She freed her arms from the dangling straps, holding the flimsy bit of fabric more or less in place for a few seconds before pulling it away completely, twirling it around above her head a few times. She finally let it fly off to her right, giving some stranger in the audience a souvenir.  
  
By this time the fog of arousal she was getting lost in had made her completely lose track of whether she was midway through with her second song or her third, but she still remembered that two of her competitors had stripped completely. She knew she would need to be completely nude by the end of her time on the stage to have any chance of winning the contest. Though she was still shaking a little as she thought about her next move, getting naked on the stage had been her goal all along, and now that she was so close to being completely exposed she wanted it more than ever. She also knew the current song, "You shook me all night long" by AC/DC, well enough to know that if it was her last song, she didn't have much time left to get her panties off.  
  
She slipped her left hand inside the front of the panties, allowing herself a few seconds of sliding her middle finger up and down her soft, slick inner pussy lips, telling herself nobody out in the audience could really see what her fingers were doing beneath the lace. Deep down she knew that it had to be obvious to at least the closer members of the audience, but was almost beyond caring. She quivered at the thought that there was no telling what kind of show she might have put on if she hadn't been so determined to win the competition! Her competitive nature won out over her arousal; she pulled her panties down quickly, slipped her feet free from the small puddle of sheer black fabric, and bent over at the waist to pick them up. She stood up and faced her audience, smiling and twirling the flimsy garment as the song faded out, and let it fly off her finger to some happy fan at the left side of the stage as the DJ broke in," Wow, great job! How about a round of applause for Tina, everybody!"  
  
The DJ's announcement did bring on a deafening level of applause, but it also broke the spell Tina had been under, causing her to shiver from head to toe as she saw her reflection, naked except for her heels and garter. She bent over to pick up her blouse, all that was left of her outfit for her to bring backstage. She stood up, still admiring herself in the mirrored wall, and was about to head back behind the curtain, but paused to turn and blow the audience a kiss. Looking out towards the audience she noticed many of the men seated along the edge of the stage were waving bills in the air, waiting to tip her! She looked over at the DJ, who nodded and put on another song. Fearing she might be tempted to part ways with the last piece of clothing in her possession if she put it on or carried it with her, Tina dropped her blouse and left it behind as she began a naked tour all around the perimeter of the stage. It took all the willpower she had left to turn down some more ambitious ideas for placement of the tips, but her patrons all accepted her direction to place their tips in her garter. A few minutes more of strolling around in the nude netted her what she later discovered was over $110 before she finally headed backstage.

As soon as she was behind the shelter of the curtain she put her blouse back on. She studied herself in a full-length mirror to see what sort of coverage the single garment could provide. From her point of view it seemed to be long enough, barely, to cover her ass and pussy; she couldn't be sure what the audience members seated a few feet below the level of the stage would see if she were to go back out there dressed this way, but she was pretty sure their vantage point wouldn't provide the PG-13 view she was seeing!  
  
She saw Elise getting dressed for her next set and asked her when the winner of the contest would be announced. "Oh, in about eight more minutes, I would guess," Elise replied, smiling, "just listen for the DJ."  
  
Tina was a little surprised it would take so long to judge a contest with so few competitors. Only seconds after speaking with Elise she heard the DJ call for the contestants to come back out on stage. "That didn't take nearly as long as Elise said," she thought, and joined Heather and Emma as they stepped out from behind the curtain. Lauren was nowhere in sight, but that was no surprise considering how she had fared during her time on the stage.  
  
When Heather, Emma, and Tina had all lined up at the main section of the stage on marks taped on the stage floor, as directed by the DJ, he addressed the audience, "It's time for you all to decide which of these lovely ladies deserves to be declared the winner of tonight's competition. Please make some noise for your choice when I call out their name. First up, who's voting for Heather?"  
  
A fair amount of cheering answered the DJ's question, but it seemed to Tina like less cheering than had accompanied her actual stripping.  
  
After 30 seconds or so, Heather's vote was ended by the DJ as he asked," Okay, thank you, now who is going to vote for Emma?" A considerably more raucous bit of cheering answered that question, aided a little by Emma's beginning to dance in place as soon as her voting began. Then aided a lot by Emma's decision to take off her t-shirt and shorts again.  
  
"Okaaay, I wasn't expecting THAT," Tina thought as she listened to the crowd.  
  
The DJ's voice came back over the speakers, "Thank you, Emma. Now let's hear who is voting for our final contestant, Tina?"  
  
Tina had already thought over her options during the voting for Emma; with no lingerie left to lose, she couldn't match Emma's latest move, but she wasn't entirely without options. She danced in place while unbuttoning her blouse, starting at the top and leaving only one button still fastened at the bottom by the time she was done. She raised the ante as her voting period was drawing to a close, pulling her blouse open as far as the single button left in place would allow, giving the audience a nice long look at her naked boobs! After flashing the crowd for 10 seconds or so, she closed up her blouse but didn't bother buttoning it up. Her improvisation worked as she hoped, bringing her vote at least as high as Emma's had been.  
  
When the crowd settled down the DJ spoke again, "Well, it looks like we have a tie between Emma and Tina; Who thinks we should have one more round to declare a winner?" The crowd made more noise than ever. "Alright, then, we'll have one more round to give both ladies one last chance to convince all you judges to vote for them!"  
  
The final round held the audience spellbound With voters for each finalist enjoying every second, Emma and Tina went all out in a battle for their votes.  
  
Emma unhooked her bra and pulled its straps down and off her arms.  
  
Tina turned her back to the audience and flipped the tail of her blouse up, briefly flashing her naked ass.  
  
Emma let her bra fall away from her breasts.  
  
Tina opened her blouse and flashed her breasts again, not bothering to pull her blouse closed.  
  
Emma turned her back to the audience and slowly pulled her panties down beyond her ass.  
  
Tina turned her back to the audience, undid the last button holding her blouse together, and dropped the top of the blouse lower and lower down her back.  
  
Emma pulled her panties down below her knees, then let them go and stepped out of them. Completely naked, she raised her arms high and twirled slowly around.  
  
Tina responded by letting her blouse slip off her arms and drop to the floor, then turned back to face the audience, fully exposed once again. She bent over and picked up the pile of red silk. She wadded up the last piece of the outfit she'd left home wearing and launched it off into the darkness beyond the well-lit stage!  
  
"Folks, I think we have a winner, don't you agree?" the DJ asked. He went through with the voting, but it wasn't close; Tina was officially declared the top amateur stripper at the Doll Haus for the month of October. She stayed on the stage long enough to accept two crisp $100 bills and a dollar store tiara from the owner, then headed backstage.  
  
Sitting at the spot in the dressing area where she had prepared to perform, Tina smiled as she stuffed her haul of cash into her makeup case and thought, "Together with my tips, not a bad hourly rate, I wonder if I should add this to my resume?" She looked around the room, hoping to find some kind of clothing she could beg, borrow, or steal to avoid having to rejoin her companions out in the club wearing only the plastic tiara. The club's regular dancers were nowhere in sight, apparently either done for the night or perhaps busy working the floor and VIP lounge. She saw Emma, already dressed, heading for an exit door and asked, "Hey, do you have any spare clothes I could borrow? Or buy? I'd be glad to pay you more than enough to replace them." Emma's response was immediate and definitive, consisting of a raised middle finger as she stepped out into the night.  
  
"Shit, now what?" Tina asked the empty room. She didn't see anything resembling clothing she could borrow anywhere in the room; apparently the regular dancers didn't trust each other too well, keeping their stuff in one of the lockers lined up along one wall. She definitely didn't want to go out the door Emma had left by, being stranded in the club's parking lot, naked and locked out, didn't hold much appeal. She thought about making an unplanned visit to the stage and joining her supporters by climbing down off the stage at their table, "but what if they're not at the table anymore? I could end up giving the crowd another show and still end up right back here!"  
  
She was about to take her chances on a brief return to the stage when she noticed another door; assuming it wasn't leading to a closet or the great outdoors it looked like it might be her best option. She tried the handle and felt it turn. The room beyond was much darker than the dressing area, with black floor, ceiling and black curtains for walls. Tina stepped into the room; she heard the door close behind her and tried the handle on this side, which didn't budge. It made sense to Tina that a door leading to the dancer's private space wouldn't work if the space she had entered was public, but that meant wherever she was now, she might have company at any moment. She strode towards the other end of the room, assuming there had to be some other way out.  
  
Tina had reached the far end of the room without finding a door when one of the curtains flew open. She saw Debbie, one of the club's dancers, leading a customer, both looking as surprised as she felt. The couple pushed past her, and a moment later she saw them disappear into a space behind another curtain. "Whoa, this must be the VIP lounge!" she thought, "no place for an unaccompanied nude girl to be hanging out!" She tried to remember where the table Darren and the rest of their group were sitting when she last saw them was in relation to the entrance to the lounge. She was sure it was no more than fifteen feet away, so she took a deep breath and opened the curtain. She had guessed right about her party's location and was relieved to see they were still there, but there were a lot of men standing between them and her; she only saw glimpses of her group in gaps between the clot of customers between them and her, and they didn't seem to be able to see her at all.  
  
Tina's heart was pounding just thinking about the route to join her companions. There was precious little open space, so she knew she'd need to brush past several of the men with nothing but a surgical mask and her small makeup bag between her naked body and them. She swallowed hard and left the lounge, squeezing by a couple of men, putting their conversation on hold when they noticed the woman they'd been cheering for on the stage a few minutes ago was now wedging her way through the too small gap between them, still as naked as when they had last seen her.  
  
By the time she had made it halfway to her destination, she'd lost track of how many strangers hands had made contact with some part or another of her exposed skin. She thought at least some of the touches were inadvertent, an innocent result of her forcing her way through the crowd, but was sure the solid cupping of one of her breasts at a couple of points must have been intentional. She pressed on, pushing her way through the last few men in her way. During her final push, her progress was interrupted briefly when her right nipple accidentally made contact with both an icy cold beer bottle and the thumb wrapped around the bottle; she let out a small gasp, unheard over the music playing, then continued on her path, managing to drag her left nipple across the same bottle and the same thumb before she finally broke through to her group.  
  
Darren, Dave, Kristen, Leo, and Dan were stunned to see Tina emerge naked from the scrum of men standing near their table. Kristen spoke up first, "What the hell, Tina, why are you still naked?"  
  
"I guess I'm too competitive for my own good. My plan was just to wind up the crowd a bit by throwing my skirt to Darren. When it disappeared somewhere beyond you all, the way the crowd reacted, I kind of went a little bit crazy throwing away the rest of my clothes. I hadn't planned on losing any clothing, so I didn't bring any backups." Tina replied, suddenly feeling embarrassed to be standing around naked with her new acquaintances, who seemed to be unable to stop staring. "Kristen, can you go buy me one of those long t-shirts they have on display above the bar?" she said, "so I don't have to spend the rest of the night in the nude."  
  
"I can get that for you," Darren said.  
  
"Nope, I want to show you something," Tina replied, taking his hand, "come with me." She pulled him straight through the same crowd she'd just passed through, determined to get him to the VIP lounge as quickly as possible.  
  
Five songs after Tina pulled Darren into one of the curtained cubicles, the music stopped and the lights came up. He was already getting dressed, their having celebrated her winning performance with some urgent, almost frantic fucking. The events of the last hour or two helped both to come quickly. Darren went out to get the t-shirt Tina had asked for and handed it in to Tina. While Tina was opening the package and removing some pins and labels, Darren hung out near the exit, automatically looking over when the door from the dancer's dressing area opened.  
  
"Kerry?" Darren asked, confused but sure he recognized a friend he'd known for a few years but hadn't seen in several months, "What are you doing here?"  
  
Before Kerry had a chance to answer, Tina pulled the curtain open and saw her mentor, now dressed modestly in jeans and a t-shirt with her stage makeup removed.  
  
Tina made introductions, "Darren, this is Elise, she gave me some valuable advice before the contest. Elise, this is my very patient fiance, Darren."  
  
Even though she recognized Darren every bit as much as he did her, Kerry replied, "Good to meet you, but as long as we're being introduced, my real name is Kerry. I've only been Elise for the last 6 months or so."  
  
Darren hadn't seen Kerry on the stage or been around when she'd enticed some of the group to join her in the VIP lounge; he hadn't quite grasped what Kerry was doing here, but her use of an alias gave him a pretty good idea; he responded, "Nice to meet you, what led you to become Elise?"  
  
Tina was surprised at the turn the conversation was taking, but she was interested in what Elise, or rather Kerry, had to say.  
  
"I went through an ugly divorce and lost my job when the Engineering firm I worked for was struggling. My ex-husband used to tell me I'd be good at this; he was a jerk, but it turned out he was right. I promised myself I won't do this for long, but for now, the money is good, and I like having my days free. How about you, Tina, was it what you were expecting?"  
  
"Oh, man, it was crazy, my heart is still racing. I've thought about doing this for so many years, and it lived up to my imagination. And then some."  
  
"I'm glad you had fun! I hope you don't mind me offering one more unsolicited piece of advice; enjoy this memory, but be careful you don't let yourself get hooked. Too much time in this kind of place can make you do some crazy shit!" Kerry said, then turned to leave. Tina's group was still hanging around to see if Tina and Darren were interested in stopping somewhere for a bite to eat; Kerry passed within a few feet of them as she made her way to the front door of the club, but didn't make eye contact with any of them on her way out.