**Topsail**

by XXXXX

**Topsail Ch 1**

Everyone tells me I am so lucky to have grown up in my hometown.

I can understand why.

People come to visit, in the middle of winter, when it’s totally butt-cold where they live.

They spend a week lounging around in the sun, and they fantasize about moving here, where it is nice and warm.

See, I live in this small town on the Atlantic coast of south Florida.

We have nice weather, great beaches, everything you might want…on vacation, at least.

The thing people don’t understand about living in a vacation community -- and I mean actually living here, not just staying for a week -- is that it can really suck, sometimes.

My town’s existence revolves around taking care of tourists. Without them, we would be broke in a week.

And that's what’s bad. All of the jobs are in the hospitality industry.

Well, there are a few o.k. jobs at the county hospital, I guess, but you need an education to land one of those. And an education is what I haven’t got!

What I do have is my looks.

(I’m sorry. I’m not trying to sound all full of myself, or anything. It’s just the truth.)

I know that I’m lucky. I grew up tall, for a girl, and I got my mother’s auburn hair, which I really like.

Plus -- and I have no idea how it happened, cause Mom always says that my father was kind of ugly -- I ended up with a really pretty face.

I have a cute, little upturned nose and a nice smile, which is super-fortunate, because there’s no way Mom could have ever afforded to get me braces.

Like I said, I know I’m lucky.

But luck only gets you so far, if you want to look good. Getting the rest of the way takes lots of hard work, and I’m sure not afraid of work!

I’m twenty two years old now, and I’ve been dieting and working out since I turned fourteen.

I have to say, I’m pretty proud of my body. I’m skinny, but I’m not some useless twig girl. I have a long smooth tummy, toned arms and legs, and a cute, small feminine behind.

Plus, all the guys say I’m pretty strong, for a chick. I love to hear that!

My boobs are basically full B cups. Sometimes, they make me feel a bit self-conscious. I wish they were a tiny bit bigger.

I’ve thought about getting fake ones someday, but men seem to really like the way I look, so I guess I’m doing o.k.

Besides, I could never afford anything like plastic surgery. I am always practically broke.

I used to have an alright job working at the Beach Vista Hotel, bartending at the pool kiosk, but I recently got fired. It wasn't for being a bad employee or anything, though.

See, my BFF was having her bachelorette party, and all of us girlfriends were going to travel to Miami for the weekend.

I told my boss about it months in advance, and he had no problem with me taking the time off.

But, a few days before our trip, the a-hole totally changed his mind, and told me I had to work that weekend.

I got so mad that I cried, right in front of him -- I can be such a dork -- and I stormed out of his office.

As I was leaving, he yelled that I had better march my pretty little ass back to my station, or I was fired.

Well, I flipped him off, left the hotel, went to Miami with my girls, and had an awesome time.

It was totally worth it!

Until I got back home, the following Monday.

I had no job, no prospects, and another car payment coming up.

I live at home, so I was o.k. not throwing some bucks up to Mom like I usually do until I landed another gig, but the bank wasn’t gonna be so understanding.

I really didn’t want to lose my car (I’ve got this totally adorable white VW Beetle with flower-print seat covers -- ‘her‘ name is Betsy!) so I knew I had to find a job quickly. I was already behind one payment.

It was time to get serious.

**Topsail Ch 2**

I spent the next week doing the usual rounds.

There aren’t that many different places to work in my home town, so eventually you find you have interviewed at pretty much every hotel or restaurant, at one point in your life, or another.

Nobody was hiring, although my old manager at Pasta Palace said I could pick up a few wait shifts if I wanted to. It was something, but it sure wasn’t enough to live on.

There was one place in town where I hadn’t ever worked, or even gone for an interview. It was a big nightclub, right on the beach, named Topsail. I had gone there as a customer a few times, since I turned twenty one.

Topsail had a great dance floor, and tons of the prettiest girls on the beach flocked there every night (which attracted tons of the cutest guys, of course.) It was always packed, every night of the week.

You might think that it would be a great place to work, and in some ways I thought so, too. You could probably earn lots of money, every single shift.

But there was a down side: the place was really wild! Especially at that time of year, during the weeks of spring break.

Whenever the place filled up with college kids, the owners organized all kinds of stuff like wet t-shirt contests, ‘foam parties’ and other rowdy events.

I went to one of the foam parties last year in my cutest bikini, and I got hit on more times than I had ever been before, in my entire life! (And I get hit on a lot. That’s what happens to attractive, female bartenders. Just sayin'.)

Like I said, I had never interviewed at Topsail before, but then I had never totally struck out in a job search before, either.

I really had no choice. I had to give it a try.

I went home and broke the news to Mom.

I totally expected her to freak out, but she didn’t. I could tell that she was unhappy with the idea of me working at a wild club, but she understood that it was ‘work at Topsail or else.’

So I headed over to see if they had any openings.

I got to the club, just as they were preparing to open, and asked to see a manager.

To my surprise, the manager turned out to be Tim, this guy I knew from high school.

I didn’t know him well, but I knew him just well enough to play the ‘friends’ card when I playfully begged for a job, after he said they were fully staffed.

The whole time I was talking to Tim, employees kept coming up and interrupting us with questions. I could tell that Tim needed to get back to work.

I almost think he was trying to get rid of me, when he sighed, and said that I could pick up a few bartending shifts during the spring break rush, and we would see how things went from there.

I’m proud to say I suppressed the girlish, little squeal of delight I felt bubbling up inside of me, until I left the club, and got back in my car.

Happy dance!!!

I had a job!!!

Well, sort of…but I knew it would work out. It always did.

**Topsail Ch 3**

I showed up to Topsail at six, as I had been instructed, and hunted for Amy, who was supposed to train me.

Amy turned out to be a friend of my older sister’s, and we recognized each other instantly.

It’s nice to have a close connection to someone you work with on the first day of a new job, but then that’s how things usually go in a small town.

Amy led me off to the employee changing room and assigned me my ‘uniform.’ Basically, it was a blue bikini, identical to the one Amy was wearing, with some ‘short shorts’ I could wear over the bottoms.

I wasn’t offended, or anything. That’s just what you wear when you work at a beach bar. I mean…it’s the beach!

Besides, I spent most of my free time on the beach, wearing a bikini, so it didn't make me feel self conscious. In fact, I thought I looked pretty cute in my new work outfit, if I do say so myself.

Amy looked pretty hot, too. She was an attractive blonde, with sizable breasts and a really curvy waist. (I hoped I looked half as good as her when I got old, in my late twenties.)

We headed off to the small, satellite bar which sat in the corner of the open dance floor, and Amy started to show me the ropes.

Things started off slow, but the crowd started to really build around eight o’clock.

Amy was trying to train me, but the bar was getting so busy that I was pretty much left on my own.

I have worked in hospitality long enough to know what I’m doing, so while I may not have known the ‘Topsail way’ of doing things — and it was taking me a little longer than usual to fix people’s drinks — I was holding my own.

By eleven o’clock, the club was at capacity and the spring breakers were getting really loud. The booze was flowing, the beats were pumping, and I was working my tail off.

Even though I liked the tips I was making -- we’re talking serious bank! -- I was glad when the house lights came up, and the DJ distracted the crowd with an announcement. It gave me a little break.

I listened as the DJ did the usual promotion of drink specials and the like, and then called for volunteers for the wet t-shirt contest, coming up at midnight.

It made me feel a little queasy, to think about it.

I had never seen a wet t-shirt contest, and I couldn’t imagine what sort of girl would volunteer to be in one. I mean, I’m proud of my body, and all, but I would never do anything like that!

Standing on a stage in front of a bunch of leering boys, with a wet t-shirt clinging to my boobs?

Ewwww!

That would be so embarrassing and demeaning!

I just didn’t get it.

The winner of the contest got two hundred bucks, but weren't Topsail's customers mostly rich, spoiled college girls? Why would they care about that?

I didn’t have long to ponder, as the lights went down, the music fired up, and the party launched back into full swing, in an instant.

The bar was as busy as ever, and I was back to slinging booze like a madwoman. Time just flew past.

I didn’t realize an hour had gone by, until my new manager Tim stepped behind the bar, and called me and Amy over to talk to him.

He explained that it was midnight, and only seven girls had volunteered for the wet t-shirt contest.

I saw Amy’s face go pale.

When I asked what it meant to have only seven volunteers, Tim looked surprised, and then a little annoyed.

He asked Amy why I hadn’t been properly trained. Amy apologized, and pointed out how busy things were.

Amy turned to me, and explained that Topsail always shoots for at least eight contestants, in the contests. Female bar staff was expected to make up the difference in numbers, when there was a shortfall.

I couldn’t believe my ears!

Tim explained that I needed to pick up the slack behind the bar, while Amy joined the competition, asking me if I was up to it.

I mumbled, “Yes.”

Tim walked off with a smug look on his face, and Amy started to follow him.

I called out for Amy to wait, pretending to have a quick question about the bar, and Tim left us alone.

I asked Amy, what on earth was going on, and she explained that participation in the contests was just a part of working at Topsail.

Every permanent, female bartender had to do it, at one time or another, but she seemed to get asked more often than most, since Tim really perved on her.

The worst part was, Amy's salary depended on her performance!

If she didn’t make it to the third round, the two hundred dollar prize would be taken out of her paycheck. (After all, Topsail's business depended on keeping the contests enjoyable, and you couldn’t count on the public to offer up enough skin every night.)

That said, she hurried off before Tim could get upset with her, and left me standing at the bar, in shock.

Why hadn’t anyone explained that part of the job to me?

It wasn’t lost on me that, if the club hired me permanently, I would be expected to enter the contests, too.

Crap!

I had been really hopeful about my Topsail job, but now I knew that it wouldn’t work out. This wasn’t the place for me.

I got back to work, serving drinks to the rowdy college kids, and feeling pretty sorry for myself.

I decided that I would pick up a few shifts at Topsail until I saved enough money for at least one car payment, and then I would look for something else, somewhere else.

**Topsail Ch 4**

When the lights came up for the contest, the crowd pushed forward to watch. Things really quieted down at the bar, giving me a chance to observe what was happening.

I saw eight barefoot girls, including Amy, climbing the stairs leading up to the stage. They were all wearing thin, white t-shirts, and either bikini bottoms or panties.

And when I say the t-shirts were thin, I mean they were thin!

Even from as far away as the bar, I could tell that the girls weren’t wearing bras or bikini tops under their t-shirts. Everybody in the club could see their nipples.

How embarrassing!

The girls fidgeted, while the DJ started pumping up the crowd, introducing the contestants, one by one, and announcing which college they were from.

When the DJ got to Amy, he announced that she was a hometown girl, which drew a pretty loud cheer. There must have been a fair number of locals in the club that night.

Amy blushed.

I felt so bad for her.

Then the girls were herded off to one side of the stage, and the DJ played some music to get things started.

The first contestant was directed across the stage, opposite to the side where the rest of the girls were gathered. A guy was standing there, waiting, with a hose, and a pitcher of water.

The girl stood in front of him and leaned way back on her heels, thrusting her boobs up obscenely, in the direction of the guy’s face.

The guy emptied the pitcher of water over the girl’s chest, and she let out a little screech.

I knew the water must be really cold, not because of the girl’s screech, but because she might as well have been topless, after he was done wetting her down!

The water had left the girl’s t-shirt nearly transparent and it clung tightly to her breasts. Her hard, dark nipples, obviously reacting to the water‘s frigid temperature, were very plain to see jutting out through the see-through material.

The girl danced away from the guy, and put on a nice little show for the boys in the crowd.

She was a pretty good dancer.

I had to admit that she looked surprisingly sexy, rocking her hips, and swaying her body to the beat of the music that was playing. Her unsupported breasts bobbed loosely under her t-shirt.

The DJ pumped up the crowd’s excitement, and everybody cheered loudly, making the dancing girl smile.

When the girl’s time was up, the DJ asked for another round of applause, and the audience registered their approval, as she scurried off to join the other contestants.

The second and third girls took their turns, getting wet and dancing around, always smiling and teasing the crowd with their bodies. I was impressed by their confidence, as the third girl didn’t strike me as the prettiest thing ever, but she had a sexy presence that the boys really responded to.

Both girls got a moderately enthusiastic reaction from the audience.

A couple of big drink orders kept me busy working during the fourth girl’s turn to dance, but I finished up in time to see the fifth girl getting her t-shirt wetted down.

I had to admit, the fifth girl was absolutely gorgeous.

She was tall and lithe, with a dancer’s body.

Her shiny brown hair flowed down around her delicate facial features, curling in below her chin.

I noticed that her breasts looked no larger than mine, but clung-to by the wet cotton of the t-shirt, thrusting out from her slender torso, they gave her a very sexy, feminine look.

Her skin was tanned to light brown perfection, and there was plenty of it showing. Her impossibly slender waist flowed out to her gently rounded hips, and on down to her long, toned legs.

She seemed both strong and fragile, a look only enhanced by her small, black string bikini bottoms.

The slight bikini provided her with so little cover that every muscle in her shapely legs and perfect ass was plain to see, as she danced and spun around the stage.

No two ways about it. The girl was just crazy hot.

The boys in the audience were all wildly attracted to her. The girls were just jealous…or, at least, I was.

The pretty brunette would smile sweetly, at the crowd, proudly displaying her scarcely concealed assets to the audience.

Then she would act bashful, peeking up coyly with her eyes as she cast her head down, all the while dancing, so seductively and smoothly.

Soon she was playing with the hem of her t-shirt, playfully raising and lowering it, teasing the audience with a possible glimpse of her bare breasts.

Each time the hem went up, the crowd shouted louder. When the hem came down, the crowd quieted.

The beautiful dancing girl had the crowd transfixed.

Then she changed the game.

Flashing a devilish grin, the beautiful brunette suddenly whipped up her arms, pulling her t-shirt over her head and completely off her body!

The boys went wild, as the beautiful girl displayed herself to them -- topless, giggling and blushing.

She was stunning.

The girl remained still, for a while, basking in everyone’s attention, and letting the boys take a good, long look at her bare breasts.

Then she danced a bit more, her wet t-shirt balled up, uselessly, in her hand.

When her time was finally up, the crowd let out a roar much, much louder than they had for the other contestants.

As the pretty brunette gave the crowd a friendly little wave of her hand, in gratitude, and slipped her wet t-shirt back on to her body.

I glanced over at my coworker Amy.

Amy had a smile on her face, but I could tell it was strained.

I wasn’t entirely sure how these contests worked, but I knew that Amy had to make it to the third round, or she would lose a lot of money.

That meant Amy had to get the kind of applause the last girl had gotten.

And it wasn’t exactly a mystery how the brunette had earned her applause.

I felt so bad for Amy, knowing that the contest had probably just gotten a lot more embarrassing, for her.

And it was Amy’s turn next.

**Topsail Ch 5**

Amy padded her bare feet across the stage to the guy waiting with the water.

He had a huge grin on his face as he watched her approach.

The two of them exchanged some words.

I saw Amy blush, then lean back like the others, offering up her breasts for the guy to wet down.

Even though it seemed wrong of me to watch — as I knew she was being humiliated — I couldn’t help myself.

It is basic human nature to peek when someone’s body gets exposed…or, at least, when someone’s sexy body gets exposed. And Amy was a very sexy girl.

Unlike the other contestants, who the guy had wet down quickly, Amy had the water poured over her body very slowly and deliberately.

First the guy exposed Amy’s right breast, emptying the pitcher onto her t-shirt’s fabric, as the water ran down her curvy waist and hips, and cascaded down her legs.

Amy’s chest looked impressively full, and stuck out nicely from her body.

I could see that she had fairly prominent, light red nipples, but her areolae were surprisingly small, and perfectly circular.

Her hips and butt were round and womanly, and she looked to be in very good shape.

Taking a moment to refill his pitcher with cold water, the guy instructed Amy to turn, and face the audience.

Complying with his instructions, Amy turned toward us, and peered helplessly out into the sea of faces.

The guy said something else to her, and Amy put her hands behind her back, emphasizing her exposure, as the water was poured over her previously dry, left breast.

I heard some drunk, college boy standing close to the bar bark out, “Holy shit! Isn’t that the bartender chick?”

He turned to me, and repeated the question. I replied that, yes, Amy was one of the bartenders.

He leered at me and asked, “Why aren’t you up there with her? You’re smokin’ hot. I’d pay all kinds of money to see your showing your tits!”

I wanted to barf, as the unattractive boy flashed me a drunken, lecherous grin, ogling my bikini-clad chest with his eyes.

I turned away, in a hurry.

What a disgusting pig!

In the meantime, Amy was putting on quite a show.

She wasn’t tall and lean, like the brunette who had danced before her, but Amy was definitely a very cute and curvy girl…and not a bad dancer either.

Amy was getting a decent response from the college kids in the crowd, but nothing like the enthusiasm they had shown for the brunette.

As I had feared, everyone’s expectations had been raised by the brunette‘s topless exposure.

Amy knew it too. She had to be worrying about the money she had at risk.

Soon Amy was playing with her t-shirt, pulling the hem up suggestively and getting a better response from the boys.

The DJ was coaxing her to take the shirt off, as were the boys in the crowd, but she seemed reluctant.

I saw her glancing repeatedly at someone near the front of the audience, and I strained to see who she was looking at. For a moment, the crowd shifted just enough for me to see that it was our manager, Tim.

I wanted to just about cry for poor Amy.

There she was, dancing on stage, practically being forced to show her naked breasts to a bunch of strangers and coworkers.

Even worse, her pervy, young male boss was staring up at her with lust.

It must be bad enough to work for someone younger than you, but to have to expose yourself to them like that? Horrible!

There didn’t seem to be any way around it, though. Amy needed more applause, and there was only one way to earn it.

As she shook her body to the grinding beat of the music, she started to roll up the hem of her t-shirt, higher and higher.

Soon enough, the shirt was rolled up past her bare, jiggling breasts.

Amy left her shirt there, perched above her boobs, and danced along the front edge of the stage, making sure everyone got a good look at her uncovered chest.

I wondered how she felt when she was dancing closest to Tim, exposing her bare breasts to his hungry eyes.

I shuddered at the thought.

The crowd rewarded Amy’s display with a lot of noise. I don’t know if they were quite as loud as they had been for the brunette before her, but I figured Amy was probably safe this round.

Seeming pleased with the applause she had gotten when her turn was over, Amy pulled her t-shirt back down and joined the other girls at the side of the stage.

Girls seven and eight danced together. They never lifted their shirts or anything, but it almost didn’t matter. I was stunned by the spectacle they put on.

First of all, neither of the girls was wearing bikini bottoms, just regular old panties. And as soon as they got water poured on them, well…there wasn’t too much left to the imagination, if you know what I mean.

“Is that even legal?” I wondered.

Second of all, they were all over each other.

They were kissing, and rubbing each other‘s bodies.

And it was all so obviously fake. Any girl could tell that they were just putting on a stupid, little show for the boys’ sake. But, I guessed the guys were too horny, drunk, or dense to tell the difference.

In the end, girls seven and eight were given just as loud a response as Amy.

Next the DJ lined the girls up, and had the audience vote for them, one by one, judging the favorites by the volume of the applause.

Five of the girls made it through to the second round: the first girl, the beautiful brunette, Amy, and the two girls who danced together.

While the three girls, who didn’t make it to the next round, left the stage -- how brutal! -- I saw Tim motion the DJ over to speak with him. He whispered something that made the DJ smile.

“O.k.! Listen up! Listen up!” the DJ announced, enthusiastically. “We’ve got a big surprise tonight! Since you are such a great crowd, we’re going to up the ante, here."

"One thousand dollars, ladies and gentlemen!" the DJ shouted, with genuine excitement in his voice. "Tonight’s prize has been raised to a full...one...thousand...dollars!!!”

My mind was reeling.

That was a lot of money!

What if Amy didn’t reach the third round? They couldn’t possibly take a thousand dollars out of her paycheck, could they?

I saw Amy glaring at Tim. She had a big, fake smile on her face, but it looked like she had tears in her eyes. I guessed she really did have a grand riding on the outcome, after all.

“That bastard,” I thought, with real fury. “He shouldn’t be able to play with people’s lives this way!”

“Who else would like to take home a thousand bucks tonight?” the DJ continued. “Any lovely ladies? Oh…and round…one…is still…goooooing…oooonnn!”

I watched as a number of attractive girls headed toward the stage, lured by the increased cash prize. Escorted up the steps by an impressively bulky bouncer, the girls were each handed a small, white t-shirt by the DJ.

After each new contestant was introduced to the crowd, she headed to the back of the stage, stripped down to her bikini bottoms or panties, and threw on her t-shirt.

While this was happening, I heard a cough behind me. It was one of the bar staff. He called me over, and told me that Tim wanted to see me.

“I’ll bet he does,” I thought.

**Topsail Ch 6**

I weaved my way through the crowd, aiming for the spot where I had last seen Tim.

Eventually I found him at the base of the stairs leading up to the stage. He was talking to Amy.

Amy had a strange expression on her face.

“There you are,” Tim exclaimed, when he saw me. “How are you enjoying the contest?”

I lied, and said that it was all very cool, and that I was having a good time.

(After all, I needed to get in at least a few shifts at Topsail, to save my car. I couldn’t afford to alienate my boss.)

“That’s awesome. I knew you would fit in right away.” Tim replied, sounding pleased. “How would you like to join us permanently? We need one more contestant up there to even out the numbers. If you’ll be a sport and enter the contest, we‘ll change your part time status to a full time thing.”

Shocked by Tim’s offer, and all that it meant, I started to protest that I couldn’t possibly...but Tim interrupted me.

“Take a minute to think it over. I need to run to the kitchen to handle a problem. When I get back, I hope you will have decided to be a part of the Topsail family. Otherwise, you can head on home, and we will mail you your check for tonight.”

I felt gutted.

I watched Tim walk away, feeling such disgust.

So I either had to volunteer to put myself on display, or I was…in essence…fired?

There were tears welling up in my eyes, as I heard Amy begin to speak.

She told me it wasn’t so bad. There was no place else in town where you could earn even half the money you could, at Topsail.

So, you had to flash your boobs, now and then. So what? It wasn’t the end of the world.

Amy had a point.

This was it...the last place in town.

If I didn’t get this job, I was going to be broke and unemployed for a while…maybe for a long while.

I might even have to leave home, and look for work in Miami.

And I really needed money soon. I was already behind one payment on my poor little car. If I didn’t keep this job, I could lose her!

I was trapped. My every option was bad and it was all extremely upsetting.

I pursed my lips, and struggled to maintain some control over my emotions.

“Please, please say you’ll do it!” Amy begged. “If Tim gets in a bad mood, because you turn him down, he’ll make damn sure I get kicked out in the second round, and screw me out of a thousand dollars. He swore he would do it!”

“I really, really can’t afford lose that money,” Amy continued, tears welling up in her eyes.

“You should have warned me about all this, when I started tonight,” I growled back, in a low voice.

“I know,” Amy answered, sounding genuinely apologetic. “I’m so, so sorry. I really am. I just thought you already knew.”

We stood there quietly, for a moment, softly crying and pondering the whole, rotten situation.

“So,” Amy finally broke the silence with a sniffle, “will you do it?”

Would I?

Could I?

I looked at Amy. Her big, soft breasts were still mostly on display, under her partially dried t-shirt.

Taking the job meant that I would end up looking like that, myself…and very, very soon.

And then I would have to do it again, whenever my former schoolmate Tim -- not only a boy roughly my own age, but also my boss -- instructed me to.

In front of God knows who.

Which did I value more: my modesty and self-respect, or my lifestyle and possessions?

I knew the answer, and I didn’t like it one bit.

“Yeah. I’ll do it,” I responded, feeling terribly, terribly ashamed. “I don’t have any other choice.”

Amy gently squeezed my hands, and gave me a sweet smile of gratitude.

“Thank you, honey,” she enthused, “Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!”

**Topsail Ch 7**

“Sometime tonight, please,” I heard the DJ grouse over the sound system.

I looked up, and saw him glaring down at Amy, from the stage.

Amy started to climb the steps. I followed behind her, but only with difficulty.

My knees were wobbly, and I was terribly shaky, from the nerves I was feeling.

“Whoa! Are you joining us?” the DJ asked me, off-mic.

I confirmed that I was, and he handed me a t-shirt.

He gave me a big grin.

“You are going to be a serious hit, honey” he said, eying me up and down, like a piece of meat.

Being checked out, with such blatant anticipation, left me with a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I headed to the back of the stage, to change, and realized I didn’t have much to do, to get ready.

I took off my shoes, pulled off my shorts, and threw the t-shirt over my head. Reaching inside the shirt, I found the ties to my bikini top, and reluctantly removed it.

Then I joined Amy, at the side of the stage.

The next few minutes were a bit of a blur.

The DJ worked his magic, whipping the crowd back into a frenzy. The first few new girls took their turns dancing. And I just stood there…petrified…gazing out into the audience, at all the rowdy college kids.

I felt so nervous, I could have peed myself!

The good news was, the bright spotlights made it difficult to see very far out into the crowd.

The bad news was, the many, many faces I could still see!

There were a lot of people out there! I mean, a lot!

And they were pressed right up to front of the stage!

The boys in the audience, a decent number of them pretty cute, outnumbered the girls, but it was still a surprisingly mixed group.

Everyone was dressed pretty informally. The guys were generally wearing board shorts and t-shirts, and the girls were mostly dressed in skirts and tank tops.

I would have absolutely killed for a skirt and a tank top!

I looked down at my t-shirt, and it was embarrassingly easy to make out the pink of my nipples, showing faintly through the fabric.

Even my Topsail-issued bikini bottoms seemed like way too little protection, standing onstage, in front of the crowd.

“Just wait till my t-shirt gets wet,” I thought, in terror. “I’ll only wish I was this covered.”

Worst of all, I could see that most of the people in the audience had brought their cell phones to the club.

And their cell phones had cameras!

And they were using them!!!

I was in an absolute panic thinking about someone taking pictures of me, with my breasts showing through my t-shirt. Where would the pictures end up? On the Internet?

I would absolutely die, if anyone I knew saw pictures of me in a wet t-shirt contest!

The worst part would be not knowing, who had, or hadn’t, seen the photos.

Every person I saw, from here on out, might be thinking about how my nipples look, while they were talking to me.

Every smile, or laugh, might be at my expense.

I pictured myself wandering around town, conversations stopping as I approached, knowing that my shameless behavior was being discussed...

...and maybe the finer details of my breasts’ appearance...

...no, definitely every last detail about my breasts’ appearance...

...at least among those horny little bagboys, down at the supermarket.

Were it in any way possible, those little creeps were bound to get their hands on any pictures of me taken tonight.

I cringed, as I imagined them all staring at me, and smiling knowingly, whenever I shopped for groceries.

Hell, one of them might be old enough to be here, out in the audience, watching me!

Someone elbowed me, bringing me out of my terrified little trance, and firmly back to my horrible new reality. It was Amy and she was trying to get my attention.

“He’s calling you,” she told me, gesturing toward the DJ, with her head.

I began to totally freak out. Panic was consuming me.

“I can’t do this, Amy. I just can’t!” I started to protest, my whole body trembling.

“Yes, you can,” she encouraged. “Look, we’ll do this together, o.k.?”

With that, Amy took my hand and pulled me across the stage.

**Topsail Ch 8**

“We’re competing together,” Amy announced to the DJ, as we walked past him.

Amy dragged me over to the guy in the corner with the water, telling me to follow her lead, and always smile, no matter what.

“Welcome to Topsail,” the guy addressed me in a monotonous voice, as if following a script, staring at my chest the whole time he was speaking. “Do I have your permission to...”

“You can save it, Rick,” Amy cut him off. “She’s a new employee.”

“Oh, no shit?” Rick sounded shocked, and suddenly quite interested. “I’m going to win every month from here on out! It’s totally worth it!”

Amy explained that ‘water duty’ was a reward, for anyone who won ‘employee of the month’ at Topsail. Rick, it turned out, was just a dishwasher at the club.

Rick stared at my boobs, with a big grin, while Amy was talking.

It was all so gross.

Here I was, showing off my chest to a new coworker, getting ready to let him see even more of me.

And I was a bartender!

Technically, Rick was way below me, on the food chain.

But not now.

Now I was at Rick’s mercy. My body was his to expose.

Amy moved in front of Rick, and started to lean back.

“Oh, no,” Rick instructed, gesturing toward me. “I want her first.”

I stepped up to Rick, pasting a big, fake smile on my face, and thrust out my chest, in his direction.

“So the dirty little dishwasher man is anxious to put me on display, is he?” I asked myself, feeling overwhelmed by what was happening to me. “And I need to obey, and pretend to enjoy it?”

“Not a problem,” I tried, in vain, to reassure myself, focusing on my breathing. “I can get through this.”

Rick poured his pitcher of water, over my breasts.

The water turned out to be just as cold as I feared. I shivered as it washed over the hills of my chest, and flowed down my long flat belly.

I felt my nipples tighten and erect, and looked down, to see the vulgar spectacle I was making of myself.

Even though it was expected, it was still a shock to see the delicate, girlish pink of my nipples poking out, so obscenely, through the nearly transparent shirt.

Tiny goose bumps were breaking out, all over my body, as my skin reacted to the sudden, shocking blast of cold water.

“Very nice,” Rick complimented me, eyes glued to the sight of my breasts. “Now turn and face the audience with your hands on your head.”

“Yes, yes,” I thought. “Great idea! Lets give the whole crowded club a better view of my practically naked chest, why don’t we?”

I faced the audience, with a lump in my throat, and my hands on my head.

I could practically feel the many eyes, sweeping my body, reveling in my obscene display.

I was way too open and exposed!

I realized that was why Rick had me raise my arms up.

He had me making a gesture of surrender.

I looked like I was making an offering to the crowd -- an offering of my poor, chilly breasts with their ridiculous, pointy nipples.

Throughout the audience, little flashes from the camera phones twinkled, stealing my privacy away forever, one tiny snapshot at a time.

I could see the many happy faces gazing up at me, smiling and laughing, entertained by my exhibition, in this, my hour of shame.

My face burned hot, with a deep blush of humiliation.

Just then I felt a flood of cold water pouring down over my shoulders.

I let out a high pitched squeal, and leaped onto my toes, as the water raced down my back, and over the soft, round cheeks of my bum.

Rick had completely soaked me, front and back.

The t-shirt now clung like a second skin. It offered no privacy at all.

“Smile,” Amy hissed as she stepped forward, to get wet down herself.

I beamed wanly, lowered my arms, and began to dance to the music the DJ was playing.

I was joined, momentarily, by Amy.

We danced together, for a while, as the college boys in the audience called out gross suggestions of things we could do to each other.

Then Amy danced behind me, and hugged me from behind. I played along, grinding my butt into her body, pretending it was all sooooo wonderful, for the boys’ sake.

I felt her hands grab hold of my t-shirt.

“What are you doing,” I hissed nervously, through the smile plastered on my face.

“Shhh...“ Amy replied. “Try not to freak out. I’m getting you through to the next round.

Amy played with the hem, raising and lowering it, teasingly.

I was horribly afraid that Amy was going to expose my breasts.

My heart was absolutely pounding in my chest.

I grabbed the hem of the t-shirt myself, to hold it down.

To my relief, Amy let go, and ran her hands around the curves of my waist, and on up over my boobs.

I couldn’t believe what was happening to me!

I was up on a stage, dancing, and getting felt up by another girl, while God knows how many people watched!

I saw a lot of camera flashes go off, as Amy massaged my chest.

I guess it was a sight the boys wanted to remember.

Amy reached up to my shirt’s collar.

I thought she was going to run her hands over my shoulders, but instead she suddenly gave a violent tug, and I heard the fabric of the t-shirt rip.

I thought my knees would give out from under me!

I began to hyperventilate.

I looked down and the front of the shirt was torn from the collar almost to my belly button. My left breast was completely uncovered, and my right breast was mostly visible.

The audience roared with pleasure and approval.

I shrieked, and spun around, trying to hide my nudity from the crowd.

“Are you insane?” I screamed, grabbing the wet fabric of my torn shirt, and folding the loose flaps over my breasts.

Amy stopped dancing, and glared at me, angrily.

“Now listen here, sweetie.” Amy spat out, with surprising menace. “I teamed up with you, to help you out, but that means we now sink or swim together."

"We’re at risk of losing a thousand dollars, between us, and that’s just not gonna happen!" she continued. "We are going to do whatever it takes to reach the third round. Do you understand me? Whatever it takes!”

“I don’t care if you like it or not. You are not going to screw me over. Now deal!” Amy finished emphatically. “And show your boobs to the boys, or I’m going to tear that t-shirt completely off your body.”

What had happened to the sweet apologetic Amy I had spoken to a few minutes ago? This new Amy scared me!

Amy grabbed me, and spun me back around, to face the audience.

I was in a state of complete shock.

I clung to what remained of my shirt, desperate to protect my modesty, trying to get my wits about me.

I flashed a big fake smile, and awkwardly resumed my dancing.

I scanned the faces of the happy college kids in the audience, as they stared up at me, laughing and shouting.

I imagined doing as Amy had commanded: opening my torn shirt, and giving all these people a look at my bare breasts.

Even the thought made me dizzy!

My stomach churned, as my fear spiraled out of control.

Suddenly, I felt Amy’s hands tugging the side straps of my bikini bottoms down!

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!” I began screaming, inside.

Every muscle in my body clenched up.

I instinctively looked down, and grabbed hold of the bikini bottoms myself, to prevent Amy from lowering them, but that was a huge mistake.

As soon as my hands left the t-shirt, the fabric fell aside, and my breasts were totally exposed.

The crowd let out a tremendous roar, and I timidly peeked up at them.

I must have been crimson, head to toe, I was blushing so hard.

Amy clamped her hands down over mine, keeping them trapped on my hips. From behind, she led me to dance, swaying side to side.

My naked breasts jiggled as I danced, and put my goodies on full display for the world’s enjoyment.

I kept a big, fake smile glued to my face, all the while.

Lots and lots of people had their phones out, taking pictures of me. More than a few were even recording videos.

It was all so humiliating that I thought I might cry.

The song wound down, and Amy let go of my hands.

I immediately pulled the flaps of my torn shirt over my breasts, and scurried to the side of the stage, to hide behind the other waiting contestants.

Tears filled my eyes.

**Topsail Ch 9**

“You were hot, girlfriend!” Amy blurted out breathlessly, joining me at last. “Did you hear the applause we got?”

I had to admit, I was so anxious to get my breasts covered up, that I hadn’t even noticed the crowd's reaction.

“Did we do well?” I asked, so emotionally overwrought by what I had just gone through that I wasn’t sure I cared.

“We’re in round two for sure!” Amy assured me.

Trying to calm down, I focused on my breathing.

I watched the other new contestants take their turn, in the first round, and sized up the competition.

Some of the girls were super pretty. A few of them flashed their breasts, and a couple of girls even mooned the crowd, by pulling down the back of their panties.

One contestant, in particular, caught my eye.

Her name was Brittany, and she was a girl I knew from my lifeguarding days, at the county swimming pool.

As I recalled, Brittany had gone to college, in Tennessee, so I couldn’t figure out why she was all the way back down in Florida, for spring break.

I would, honestly, have been much happier not to see her.

Brittany had always been a total snob, looking down on me, because I didn’t have any big plans after high school graduation.

Like it or not, I had to admit that Brittany put on a pretty good show.

She had dark, curly hair, and big boobs that the boys obviously liked, a lot.

I had always thought Brittany had the most beautiful green eyes, but I didn’t expect any of the boys in the crowd to notice...at least, not when Brittany was putting her large breasts on display…and on display they most definitely were!

Just like the brunette who had danced before Amy, Brittany had completely removed her shirt in the middle of her turn.

Her chest was impressive.

I don’t know if it was the size of her breasts, or the way they swung around while she danced, but the effect was hypnotic.

I couldn’t help but gawk at her.

Brittany had big, oval areolae, too. They were cutely wrinkled up after getting blasted by the cold water, but as she warmed up, they relaxed and grew back to their full size.

They were a sexy brownish red with surprisingly small nipples planted like islands in their centers.

The crowd loved her.

While most of us were wearing bikini bottoms, Brittany was wearing a lacy pair of black, boy short panties.

As she danced, the tiny portion of her ass cheeks, poking out the bottom, jiggled enticingly, as everyone strained to see more.

Brittany knew how to ‘work it,’ too.

She might not have been the best dancer of the group, but she knew the way to move her body, to make boys want her.

She was going to go a long way in the contest, so far as I could tell by the crowd’s response.

After all the new contestants had danced, the DJ held another vote and eight of us were advanced to the second round.

Besides Amy and me, my high school acquaintance Brittany made it, the hot brunette who danced before Amy the first time made it, the girls who lezzed-out made it, and a couple of absolutely gorgeous blond girls from some college in Virginia made it.

I looked at the other girls and I felt pretty worried.

Amy and I had an awful lot riding on making it to the third round, and there was some stiff competition.

**Topsail Ch 10**

The brunette danced first in the second round.

After getting her t-shirt thoroughly soaked, she approached the edge of the stage, tore the shirt completely off her body, and threw the remnants out to the crowd.

I couldn’t believe that she did that!

How could you leave yourself with no way to cover your breasts for the rest of the competition?

Who would do such a thing?

It seemed crazy, but the audience was loving it.

Everyone watching got really noisy. She had dramatically ramped up the energy levels, in the club.

The girl was absolutely amazing again.

Sparkling beads of water skittered across her smooth, tan skin as she danced, taking flight whenever she spun.

Her face wore an expression of pure, innocent joy as she seduced the crowd, enticing them to tumble into a beautiful world, of her own creation.

She overwhelmed the senses, harnessing all the sexual power of her nearly naked body, through her smooth, sultry movements.

I was convinced she studied dance in college.

Who else could be so graceful?

While the brunette was finishing her turn, I wandered over to say hello to my old acquaintance Brittany.

After we greeted each other, she flashed a patronizing smile at me, and asked me how my life was going.

I told her that I had just gotten a job at Topsail that night, and she acted like she was sad for me.

“Oh, sweetie. You have a job that makes you do this sort of thing?” she asked, with pity in her voice.

I didn’t understand why Brittany was trying make me feel bad. After all, she was in the contest too.

When I pointed that out to her, Brittany explained that she had only entered the contest on a senior dare, from her sorority sisters, not because she needed the money.

“I really don’t know what I’ll do with the money if I win,” she explained. “I suppose it will help buy some nice outfits I can wear to work next year, after I graduate. That‘s one nice thing about your new job, isn’t it? Your clothing budget must be awfully low."

I felt lower than dirt.

I hated the fact that Brittany could still hurt me after all these years.

It was just like being back in high school, wincing at the college-bound girls' condescending remarks to me.

"Still, I suppose the pay here must not be too bad if the manager can afford to throw eight hundred dollars of his own money at a wet t-shirt contest, like it was nothing,” Brittany conceded, trying to be diplomatic.

I stared at Brittany in shock.

"Wh-What did you just say?" I blurted out.

"I heard the manager tell the DJ that he would add eight hundred dollars of his own money to the prize," Brittany explained. "Uh-oh. Was that supposed to be some kind of secret?"

I don’t even remember how I fumbled through the rest of our conversation. I was in too much shock.

Tim was contributing his own personal money to the prize?

Just so he could get to see me undressed?

And it had worked! I had just flashed my tits, for the world to see...for Tim to enjoy.

And now he would probably find a way to get Amy and I out of the contest, in the second round, so he didn’t have to pay a cent.

We would be screwed.

I wished Brittany luck, with tears welling up in my eyes, and headed back to stand by Amy.

I was extremely upset!

I was fuming that I had been insulted, fuming that I had to put up with all of this crap, fuming that I basically worked for a kid my own age, fuming that I had to show myself topless to him (and to everyone else), fuming that the privilege of embarrassing me was some sort of reward for fellow employees, fuming that I lived in a crummy little town that couldn’t offer me anything better...

...and fuming that -- maybe -- I just plain didn’t deserve anything better!

But that was wrong.

I did deserve better, and I knew it.

I was busy processing my turbulent emotions, as I watched the next contestant dance.

My sadness and anger was slowly transforming into motivation.

I didn’t want to let this situation beat me. I wanted to shape it to my favor.

I no longer wanted 'not to lose' the contest.

I wanted to win.

I wanted to win, so that I could start to assume some control over my life.

I wanted to win, so I could gloat over that bitch, Brittany.

I wanted to win, to spare poor Amy further humiliation.

But, most of all, I wanted to win, so I could take money away from that bastard Tim, not have him take money away from me.

Tim might have had enough control to coerce me into entering this humiliating contest, but only I had control over where it would end.

Well, in reality, I supposed all the college kids in the audience would determine where it would end.

So maybe it was time to find out how much control I had over them!

**Topsail Ch 11**

One of the other bartenders showed up on stage with free jello shots for the contestants, and I eagerly downed two of them to gain some liquid courage.

As worked up as I had become, the alcohol hit me pretty hard and fast.

I was glad. I needed all the help I could get.

Taking her cue from the brunette, the second girl, one of the Virginia blondes, ripped off her shirt halfway through her dance and threw it out into the crowd.

Finishing her turn topless, she walked back to the side of the stage.

Clearly, the new standard for second-round nudity had been set. I knew what I had to do.

Amy and I were next.

I strode purposefully over to my ever-so-wonderful new coworker, Rick.

Grabbing my t-shirt as he picked up his pitcher, I yanked up the hem, so Rick could pour his frigid water directly onto my bare breasts.

I was pleased to hear the positive audience reaction I had expected to receive, from such a bold move.

“Put that one in your spank bank, washer boy!” I thought, peering up into Rick’s eyes.

His mouth gaped open, at the sight of me.

Rick slowly emptied his pitcher over my exposed chest, enjoying the sight, as my girlishly, pink nipples dutifully erected for him.

When Rick was done, I pulled my t-shirt up over my head, scrunching it into a little ball of fabric. I kept my hands inside, my arms raised straight up above me.

I couldn’t have been in a more vulnerable position.

I wiggled my hips, and danced to the edge of the stage, almost within reach of the closest boys.

My wrists were still bound together by the shirt, held high up over my head, demonstrating how powerless I was, to shield my nudity from the boys’ hungry eyes.

I hoped I looked really, ...ing sexy.

Judging by the expressions I could see on everybody’s faces, and the great number of camera flashes that were illuminating my mostly nude body, I was pretty sure I did.

I danced like that for a moment, turning in the direction of a few of the boys who called out to me, and posed as they photographed my body, as if showing myself off, only for them.

It was a deeply powerful experience, standing bare-chested and humiliated, in front of so many drunk college kids, while they laughed at me or lusted for me. It gave me a huge burst of adrenaline, and I worried for a moment that I might pass out.

Then I flashed the audience a really wide smile, before freeing my hands, and heaving my t-shirt far out into the crowd.

I sashayed my topless little bod over to Amy, who had, by now, finished getting her t-shirt soaked by Rick.

Amy seemed very surprised, but pleased with me.

“You’re doing great!” she enthused.

I gave her a big smile. A genuine one, for once.

We danced for a while, getting closer, before I reached my arms around Amy in a hug. The boys started to encourage us to do all kinds of gross stuff, but I just held her loosely while we danced together.

I waited for a dramatic moment in the song we were dancing to, and then I did it!

I tore the front of Amy’s t-shirt like she had torn mine!

Only I didn’t stop at her belly button. I tore it straight through, top to bottom.

Amy totally lost it!

Shocked and terrified, she struggled to grab hold of the wet fabric of her torn shirt, desperate to cover herself, but I held her arms away from her body.

“Let go of me!” Amy hissed urgently through her smile, as we half-danced, half-wrestled.

“Relax,” I replied, sarcastically, “I’m just getting you through to the third round.”

I spun Amy halfway around, to face the crowd, and yanked up the back of her shirt, or at least what was left of it.

This left Amy with her arms hanging out helplessly, and her big, bobbing breasts on maximum display, as my smaller ones had been, only moments before.

I could see Amy looking down at the audience, in a panic.

I realized she was freaked out about displaying herself like that, having been completely unprepared for her exposure, and powerless to prevent it.

It's one thing to show off your body, when you are in control, and something very different to be suddenly stripped, without warning.

I felt sorry for her, but not sorry enough to stop me from doing what I did next.

I nudged Amy toward the front of the stage, still trapping her arms away from her body, to prevent her from covering herself.

Then I pulled her t-shirt completely off, and flung it out into the audience.

Now, Amy was stuck, as topless as me.

I’ll bet we were quite a sight to see: a cute, little team wearing nothing but our matching, blue Topsail bikini bottoms, frolicking topless in front of our boss, our coworkers, and the club's many, many patrons.

Amy was blushing clear down to her chest, but she was a trooper.

A pretty smile never left her face, as she danced, and shook her bare breasts, for her many picture-taking admirers.

Then Amy went on the offensive.

“O.k., you,” she addressed me, with a slightly mischievous smile. “You had your fun. Now it's my turn."

"Let's give 'em a looksie at that sweet, little ass of yours," Amy teased, giving my bottom a playful swat. "It's time for that sexy bod to earn us votes!"

I was sort of flattered, but I was also profoundly embarrassed.

Still, I knew from the first round that the other girls would probably do it, so I obeyed Amy’s command.

Turning away from the audience, I bent at the waist, and wiggled my back end suggestively.

I felt Amy’s hands take hold of my bikini bottoms, slowly and carefully lowering the elastic down my hips, and over my butt.

I kept on wiggling, trying to achieve a sexy jiggle, as Amy displayed my bare backside to the crowd.

I sure hoped Amy wasn’t showing too much!

Amy pulled my bikini bottoms back up, the song wound down, and we got a really strong response from the audience.

I was pretty darn sure that we would make the third round.

“... you, Tim,” I thought, feeling some wrathful pleasure, at how close I was to screwing the bastard over. “How do you like your little plan now?”

**Topsail Ch 12**

When we reached the side of the stage, Amy covered her breasts with her hands, and we stood panting in silence, trying to catch our breath.

I looked at the other girls, who had already danced in the second round.

The blonde from Virginia had crossed her arms over her chest, but the amazing looking brunette was leaving her perky, tanned breasts on public display.

I didn’t know how it might affect the audience members' votes, but I didn’t want to take any chances.

I forced my arms down to my sides, leaving my bare breasts exposed.

It was incredibly difficult to just stand around like that, half naked, exhibiting my body in front of a crowd.

Part of me was screaming inside, frantic to shield myself.

My arms kept twitching involuntarily, seeking protection from the many eyes peering up at me.

But my will stayed firm. I thrust out my chest and let everyone look.

Scanning the audience, I saw the drunk pig who had been at the bar earlier in the evening -- the ugly guy who had asked me why I wasn’t in the contest. He had made his way halfway through the crowd, to get a better view.

I remembered how repulsed I had been, by the idea of letting him see me in a wet t-shirt.

It was so humiliating, to think just how much of me the jerk was getting to see now!

Still, I gave him a big, friendly wave when I saw him aim his camera phone in my direction.

I struck a cute pose and smiled bashfully, as he filmed me standing there, wearing nothing more than my small, blue bikini bottoms, water glistening on my skin, my bare breasts heaving with each deep breath.

“Each vote counts,” I reminded myself, trying not to vomit. “Each vote counts.”

The remaining girls finished competing, and we lined up to be judged by the audience again.

Almost everyone was topless now, except for one of the girls from Virginia, and the two girls who had lezzed-out, but had barely shown anything.

Those three got eliminated first.

The fantastic looking brunette was the clear frontrunner, getting the loudest response from the audience, but each of the rest of us received lots of cheers and applause (and more than a few lewd suggestions.)

It was touch and go, and the DJ had to get the audience to vote several times. It was difficult to tell which of us was getting the best response.

In the end, Amy and I managed to beat out the remaining blonde from Virginia, and earn our way into the third round.

We had done it!

Amy was so happy, she was almost sobbing.

I totally understood her reaction. A thousand bucks is a lot of money to girls like us.

I don’t know what I would have done had I been alone in the competition, with the threat of losing that much money hanging over my head.

I was so profoundly grateful to Amy, for helping me.

To Amy, the contest was over.

The money wouldn’t be withheld from our paychecks. From here on out, everything was a mere formality.

But I had even more in mind.

I wanted to win the thousand dollar prize, and split it between us.

If the world was going to beat us down and humiliate us, then we should make the world pay for the privilege!

I had to figure out the right way to break the news to Amy, though.

I needed her support, and I didn‘t know how she would react.

**Topsail Ch 13**

Since the brunette had opened the second round, my old high school acquaintance Brittany went first, in the third round.

She shook her big boobs, showed the audience her bare butt…you know...the usual stuff.

All in all, Brittany looked hot, and got a pretty good response. But I sensed the audience was unsatisfied when she was finished.

She hadn’t really done anything new.

The brunette danced second, looking absolutely stunning, as usual.

She strutted and spun around on her long, slender legs, looking gorgeous and graceful, entrancing us all.

At one point, the brunette pulled down the back side of her black, string bikini bottoms, trying to show the audience her bare ass, just as most of the other girls had.

The poor thing accidentally lowered the fabric down a smidgen too far, though, giving the crowd a glimpse of something they found far, far more interesting.

Those of us onstage couldn’t see what had happened, but the audience sure didn’t miss it.

The people up front, who had gotten the best view, went wild.

They wanted more!

Some of the boys started chanting, “Bush! Bush! Bush!”

Pulling her bikini bottoms back up, the embarrassed brunette just laughed, waggled a finger, and shook her head ‘no.’

She continued to dance, swaying her body hypnotically to the rhythm of the music, thrusting her hips about, seductively and proudly displaying her physical assets to the crowd, all to magnificent effect.

But the boys wouldn’t stop.

“Bush! Bush! Bush!” the chant grew louder as more of the audience joined in, at the DJ's encouragement over the PA system.

The pretty brunette just kept dancing, ignoring the shouts.

Every so often, she would gaze out into the audience and shake her head ’no’, apparently quite reluctant to lose her final, precious bit of cover.

I began to wonder how this would end. I mean, surely she wouldn't...

“How ‘bout it, honey?” the DJ called out over the music. “Are you gonna lose that bikini for us?”

The beautiful girl blushed, and emphatically shook her head ‘no’ again.

She was dancing as well as ever, but a bit of fear was starting to show on her face.

Her smile appeared strained, for the first time all evening.

The crowd kept up the chant, "Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!"

It didn’t seem like they were going to let her off the hook. More and more people were joining in.

The gorgeous brunette started to do a tease, toying with the strings of her bikini bottoms as she danced.

She would pull the strings away from her hips, as if to untie them, and then let go, laughing and spinning away, to another part of the stage.

Maybe she was buying time, searching for a way to defuse the situation.

Or maybe she was testing herself, figuring out if she could actually go through with it.

I couldn’t tell.

If she was hoping get the situation back under control, though, she was failing miserably. The excitement of the audience was only increasing.

Even the girls in the audience had enthusiastically joined the chant.

Everyone was determined to see the reluctant girl stripped completely naked. The poor brunette had no one left on her side.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the cries grew strident.

The tone of the chanting had changed.

The rowdy college kids were no longer encouraging the brunette to get naked.

They were commanding her to!

The sexy, bashful girl was dancing her heart out, topless and vulnerable, before a large crowd of her peers, trying so hard to entertain them.

But that wasn't nearly enough for them, not so long as she had more to give.

"Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!" the audience cried out, demanding her absolute surrender.

It was as if the brunette's body had become the crowd's possession, and they had a right to see it bared.

It was intense to be up onstage, on the receiving end of the mob’s overpowering shouts.

The sound was so loud it was crowding out my thoughts. And it wasn’t even directed toward me!

I couldn’t imagine what it must be like for the poor brunette.

You could tell that the girl's will was being broken, by the ceaseless verbal assault.

She was dancing more slowly, and staring out into the audience, with a sort of stunned expression.

Only when the entire nightclub had been driven into a frenzy of frustration and anticipation, and the gorgeous girl's time was running out, did she finally seem to give in.

She stopped dancing, glanced over at the DJ, and gave him a nod.

Standing very still, at the edge of the stage, the closest audience members practically at her feet, the sexy girl took hold of the strings to her bikini bottoms, once again.

The DJ stopped the music.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the drunk college kids cheered triumphantly, increasing the tempo of their cries, sensing victory was close at hand.

The whole nightclub was positively howling to see the brunette get totally naked. It was one poor girl against the world.

I watched the girl’s bare breasts rise and fall, as she took several deep breaths.

Slowly, she pulled the thin, black strings of her bikini bottoms far enough out from her hips to untie the knots holding them in place.

She closed her eyes, still holding the strings, clinging to her last precious moment of modesty.

I could see her hands trembling.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the audience cried, expectantly.

The beautiful girl opened her eyes, exhaled, and let go of the strings.

The crowd let out a tremendous roar.

For the briefest moment, I was blinded by the countless camera flashes aimed up at the stage.

Then I saw her.

I will never forget how she looked.

Her sexy, slender body was now on full exhibition, absolutely naked, head to toe.

Every inch of soft, tan skin was exposed.

Every last one of her sweetly feminine curves and folds lay revealed.

The gorgeous brunette stood perfectly, quietly breathing.

Her audience, boys and girls alike, cheered in wild celebration at her feet, savoring their conquest.

A deep, deep blush was painted across the girl’s delicate features, as she peered shyly out beyond the floodlights.

Her face wore a tiny, sheepish smile.

The scant material of her black, bikini bottoms lay crumpled at her feet.

She might have been the sexiest thing I had ever seen.

In fact, I knew she was.

She was perfect.

I wondered what she was feeling.

What could it possibly be like to be her, at that moment?

After a few short seconds for those of us watching, likely an eternity for the brunette (certainly long enough to ensure that full, frontal nude photographs of the pretty girl would be circulated on the Internet for a very long time to come), the embarrassed beauty scooped up her bikini bottoms and scurried to the side of the stage.

She turned away from the crowd to put her bikini bottoms back on, which I found funny.

The DJ thanked her and the crowd rewarded her with long, thunderous applause.

Their shouts were almost deafening.

“Holy ...!!! How can I possibly beat that?!?” I wondered, in awe of the brunette‘s performance.

**Topsail Ch 14**

“Wow!” Amy shouted over the load roar of the crowd. “I’m sure glad we don't have to compete with her!”

I stared at Amy, trying to figure out how to say what I needed to say.

Part of me wanted to tell Amy, “Not only do I intend to compete with that girl, I fully intend to beat her!

I wanted to explain that, the only way I could see to rise above the crap that was always pouring down on girls like Amy and me, was to take matters into our own hands, and assume some control over our destinies.

I wanted to tell Amy that we deserved to be given something, for once in our lives, instead of always having something taken away.

But I was really, really scared.

I couldn't get past what the brunette had just done.

If I wanted to win, I knew that I would have to get completely naked...in freaking public!!!

I didn't think I should do that.

I didn't even think that I could do that!

Naked pictures are forever.

For the entire rest of my life I would have them hanging over my head. (It was bad enough that I would already have the topless photos to cope with.)

But what if I didn't win the contest, after all of the humiliation I had already put myself through?

I had debased myself...for what?

Just to keep some crummy bartending job?

That wasn't good enough.

I desperately wanted to talk things over with Amy, but it was impossible.

The crowd and the music were too loud, and our turn to dance had come.

I had waited too long.

I needed to make up my mind.

I decided to go ahead with my plan, and see how far I could take things.

I grabbed Amy’s hands, looked her in the eye with a very serious expression, and shouted, “I want to win!”

“What?” she asked, looking confused, before realizing she had heard me correctly.

Casting a worried glance in the brunette's direction, she shouted back, “Are you sure about this?”

I put on my most determined expression and nodded ‘yes.’

Amy thought things over for a moment.

Then she flashed a mischievous grin.

Letting out a laugh, she chirped, “Alrighty, then. Let’s win this bitch!”

Walking over to Rick, to get hosed down, felt like a twenty mile hike.

Now that I had told Amy I wanted to win, my nerves started to seriously kick in. My stomach was churning.

Suddenly, it was all very scary.

I struggled to tame my fear, focusing on the music the DJ was playing.

I danced slowly and sensuously, watching Rick pour water over Amy’s topless form.

God, Amy looked good. I had the right partner to help me win, for sure. Very sexy.

When it was my turn to get wet down, I couldn’t look at Rick as he poured the icy water over my bare breasts.

It was much too embarrassing, not that my boobs were once again being used as a prize for some lowly dishwasher, but that I soon might be showing him (and all my other coworkers) so very much more.

These were the people I was going to be seeing, almost every day, now that I worked at Topsail.

Surely, I couldn’t be planning to get naked in front of them!

I could. I was. I squirmed.

Amy and I started our turn, like we had all the others, dancing together, then apart, trying to cover a lot of ground, seducing as many people as possible, to get them to vote for us.

But this round felt different, as if it was building toward something.

I was feeling much more energy, and I could tell Amy was, too.

Before, when Amy was dancing at the front of the stage, she would stare far off into the crowd, not making eye contact with any of the boys up close.

Now, Amy was giving the closest boys a real show.

She lavished them with eye contact, brazenly exhibiting herself, swinging her bare breasts proudly.

As for me, my breasts felt different than they had earlier in the competition.

During the previous rounds, I had started out with my nipples erected by the ice cold water, but they had gradually relaxed as I danced, and warmed up.

This time, though, they stayed tight and hard, like pointy, pink diamonds poking out from my chest.

I began to realize that it wasn’t the temperature affecting my nipples; it was my nervous arousal.

Despite the extreme fear, humiliation and shame I felt, from dancing topless in public -- at my new workplace, no less -- I was undeniably getting deeply, deeply turned on by what I was doing.

(And by the thought of what I was going to do next, if only I could muster the nerve.)

I swung my hips around suggestively, and presented my breasts, as best I could, while peering out at the many college kids in the crowd.

I looked into their eager faces, wondering what it would feel like to go all the way for them – to get completely naked.

The idea filled my stomach with butterflies! It made my knees weak!

Could I really do it?

When anyone in the crowd caught my eye, I would imagine what it would be like — that moment of my final humiliating exposure — when that person would first stare up at my completely bare body, exploring me, inspecting me, judging me, memorizing me.

I let my eyes sweep the crowd, jumping from face to face, reliving the experience over and over again, in my mind.

I squirmed with pleasure. It was all so deliciously embarrassing!

What on earth was happening to me?

I mean, I had always been a perfectly normal girl. Why was I getting off on this?

Amy danced over to me and gave me the biggest smile. She looked really happy.

She, too, seemed to be getting turned on by all of the excitement.

“Show them my butt!” she shouted, laughing, before turning to face away from the crowd.

As Amy bent over, I knelt beside her.

Taking hold of the sides of her bikini bottoms, I carefully slid the material down, over the soft cheeks of her rear end.

After I had lowered Amy's bikini down far enough to expose all of her cute, round bum, I peered out into the audience.

It was a pretty intense sight.

There was some serious male lust out there.

It made me squirm.

The boys eyes were looking at Amy and me like prey.

I was losing myself in the excitement of the moment.

I felt wild.

Desire was overcoming my caution and fear.

My nipples tingled, hungering for touch.

I felt a familiar, delicious warmth spreading out from down below, encompassing my entire body.

My skin glowed.

It was time.

I knew I was ready.

I pulled Amy’s bikini bottoms back up.

She straightened up, and I moved in for a hug.

“Undress me!” I whispered in her ear.

Amy threw her head back and laughed, before giving me a big smile, and nodding ‘yes.’

**Topsail Ch 15**

I turned to face the audience, no longer dancing. I wasn’t even smiling. I was building my strength.

I stood perfectly still, breathing very, very deeply.

I scanned the many faces staring up at me, my heart pounding in my chest.

The audience had begun to catch on to what was happening.

Already, an increasing number of flashes from the camera phones were twinkling in the crowd.

I supposed they wanted their ‘before’ shots of me.

That way they could strip me again, and again, and again, whenever they wanted to.

I pictured them all sharing pictures of me with their friends, back in some far away college dorm, everyone snickering, watching me degrade myself.

If I did this, there would be naked pictures of me on the Internet, probably forever, where virtually anyone could see.

This wasn’t just for one night. This was a form of potentially permanent humiliation.

God, that idea was mortifying!

But, oh, how it turned me on!

“Bush! Bush! Bush!” the DJ started the chant.

I flinched when the words first blared out over the loudspeakers.

Shit was getting very, very real.

I struggled to keep my nerve.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the cry built quickly among the eager college kids, as those who hadn’t been watching turned to join in.

The mob had already had one victory stripping a girl naked, and now they seemed hungry for another.

It was time for them to conquer poor, little me!

So many people were staring at my nearly naked body, anxious to see more.

I felt their gazes burning on my skin.

I had only my little, blue bikini bottoms to protect me from the many eyes, a scant few inches of fabric to hide behind.

And I had just asked Amy to strip them off me!

I shivered with humiliation, even as I uncontrollably craved for more, more, more!

Way deep down, I knew that, somehow, I really wanted this.

I needed this!

I couldn't understand this new side of myself, but I couldn't deny what I was feeling.

The moment seemed electric. My arousal was overpowering my senses.

Amy slowly approached, pausing in front of me, to stroke her eyes up and down my body.

She ran her soft hand down my chest, between my breasts, over my long flat tummy, and into the top of my bikini bottoms, hooking the fabric with her fingers

My body quivered, visibly, in response to Amy’s touch.

She laughed.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the crowd demanded.

Keeping hold of my bikini bottoms, Amy teasingly pulled the material down and back, down and back, each time a little lower, each time drawing that much closer to exposing me entirely.

I kept my eyes focused forward, and my arms at my sides, waiting passively, letting Amy explore her power to show my body, whenever she pleased.

Amy played a game with her control, over both me and the audience.

She grinned as she tormented us with the threat of sudden exposure, only to hear the audience groan when their desires went unfulfilled.

“Are you ready?” she would ask me, slowly pushing the fabric down.

I would tremble -- heart beating out of my chest -- thinking this time she meant it.

“Bush! Bush! Bush!” the crowd would cry frantically.

At the last moment, just as I was about to be revealed, Amy would turn to the audience, slowly and playfully shaking her head ‘no’, as she raised the front of my bikini bottoms back up.

The delay was sweet agony.

Fear, adrenaline and arousal had me worked up like nothing I had ever experienced before.

The anticipation was more than I could stand.

My skin was covered in goosebumps, and my nipples were absolutely throbbing.

I looked out at the crowd, knowing that my body was blatantly advertising my sexual excitement, suspecting that those close at hand simply had to know how turned on I was.

I truly was the person that strangers were, surely, going to see, in shocking pictures of me: the random pervy girl who got off stripping at a nightclub.

I knew I shouldn’t be that person.

But I was way too far gone.

I deeply ached to be seen and remembered, even if it was killing me inside.

I wanted the audience’s lust, envy and ridicule. I wanted it all!

Amy pulled her hand away from the front of my bikini bottoms, to everyone’s disappointment, mine most of all.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the cries were growing more forceful. The kids were tiring of Amy’s antics.

As the audience kept up the chant, Amy walked around behind me, and took hold of my bikini bottoms, by the straps on my hips.

“I’m gonna take this real slow, o.k. sweetie? Are you sure you want to do this?” Amy whispered in my ear.

I just gulped, and nodded yes.

The audience saw me, and sensed it was finally going to happen...my pussy’s grand unveiling.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” their urgent cries revealed their excitement.

I stared out at the college kids as they shouted up at me.

Soon, I would have no secrets from them.

Soon they would know my body as very few others ever had.

I felt Amy start to slowly pull my bikini bottoms down.

I looked at the drunk pig I spoke to, back at the bar. He had made his way even closer to the stage.

The jerk was right in front of me, grinning knowingly, and staring up at my tender, bare breasts with their pink, throbbing nipples.

His gaze dropped, to follow the descent of my blue Topsail bikini bottoms, as Amy lowered the straps past the widest point of my hips.

I was mortified that the undeserving troll was getting to watch this happen to me.

Not long before, I had been grossed out by the idea of even letting him see me in a wet t-shirt.

Now he was about to witness the exposure of everything my body had to offer.

Every last inch of me, no matter how private or secret, would soon be exposed, for him to enjoy.

Not only that, but he would get to see me in a deep state of arousal, pulsing with excitement, warm and wet, vital and ready.

I knew that -- in just the briefest moment -- the pig would own me.

He would absolutely own me.

The thought rocked me so devastatingly that my knees almost buckled.

I only barely maintained my balance.

I was buffeted by waves of shame and humiliation, but they only served to inflame my excitement.

The more I felt degraded, the more my arousal soared to greater heights.

I was uncontrollably turned on.

Even the pig couldn't stop me from wanting this. Maybe he even made me want it even more.

My sex was positively radiating heat.

The agony was exquisite.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the sizable audience screamed at me, now deafeningly loud.

Each time they chanted it was a fresh assault on my senses.

It made me feel pitifully weak, and helpless, to have so many people yelling at me, demanding to see me robbed of my final, tiny bit of cover.

I finally understood what the brunette had gone through.

It was terrifying.

I found it very difficult to resist the mob’s control. The volume of their cries was crowding out my thoughts.

I felt utterly powerless.

I embraced the surrender of my body.

Amy pulled the side straps of my bikini bottoms down to the tops of my toned, athletic thighs.

For the first time, the material in the front had started to drop.

I could tell that my butt was partially exposed, but I didn’t care. My ass and my boobs had already been on display for the crowd to enjoy.

Now I wanted everyone to see the rest of me; I hungered for total exposure.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the crowd's cries grew more possessive, as my bikini bottoms drew lower.

The college kids were delighting in their control over me.

Their chant had taken on a gloating tone, reminding me of my lowly role, in their game.

I held my breath as I felt the bikini bottoms drift dangerously far down.

I widened my glued on smile and stared out at the many people watching me, frantic to determine if I was still even remotely covered, but too terrified to look for myself.

A sudden, blinding barrage of camera flashes and a deep, animal roar from the crowd told me all I needed to know.

Naked!!!!!!

**Topsail Ch 16**

“Naked!” I was screaming inside. “Naked! Naked! Naked! Naked! Naked!”

I looked down to see the last traces of material preserving my modesty had fallen away.

My completely bare body was now exposed, to I-don’t-know-how-many people, as Amy slid the bikini down past my knees.

I was in a full-on panic!

My heart was pounding in my chest and I was finding it difficult to breathe!

“Why the hell did I think this was a good idea?” I gasped, looking out at the ridiculous number of people who could see me.

“Naked! Naked! Naked! Naked! Naked!” my mind screamed, as the crowd’s cheers rained down on me!

My arousal had been surpassed by a greater terror.

The world seemed to be spinning uncontrollably. I thought I might pass out.

Amy let my bikini drop, and the material pooled at my feet.

I stood frozen in place, paralyzed by fear.

My erect nipples pointed lewdly out at the crowd. My clean-shaven pussy was on open display. My weakened arms dangled uselessly at my sides.

I clamped my legs together, and tried to plan my escape.

I could just run, right off the stage, and out into the night, and not stop until I was many states away!

“No! This is your life. Your body. Your fate. And, now that you’ve gone this far, it had damn sure better be your victory,” I coached myself up, trying to ease myself back from the cliff’s edge.

I stood still a moment longer, every inch of my skin awash in the flashes of the audience’s cameras.

I watched the jubilant college kids celebrate another victory.

My bare, naked body was their trophy.

Then, I stepped out of the little pile of blue nylon at my feet -- the bikini bottoms which had once provided such precious cover -- and started to bend over to pick it up.

Thinking better of it, I turned to face away from the audience, and only then bent over to pick up my bikini.

Another huge roar went up from the crowd and a round of blinding flashes went off.

I heard the girls laughing hysterically at me, and crying out, “Oh my God!”

I cringed to think of the view they were getting.

“Naked! Naked! Naked! Naked! Naked!” the little voice of panic returned, inside my head.

My entire body was shaking.

I had to fight. I couldn’t give in.

I focused on my breathing, trying to regain even the slightest ounce of self control.

Standing up straight, I walked to the edge of the stage.

I couldn’t have been more aware of how profoundly exposed I was.

It was a strange sensation. I could feel every inch of my body, all at once.

The guys closest to the stage were looking up at me, from such a low angle, that their view of me was one only a lover should know.

And they were happily snapping pictures of me from down there!

I wanted to die.

It was all I could do not to cup myself with my hands, protecting myself from their eyes.

I didn’t have the luxury of caring, though.

I needed these guys. I needed them to deliver the votes for my victory, or else this would all have been nothing more than an pointless exercise in profoundly extreme humiliation.

It made me cringe to imagine the spectacle I was presenting, but I knew I had to fully give myself up to the experience, if I wanted to win.

Striking a pose like a was pitching a product -- and I was, after all, I was pitching pretty, little, naked me -- I flashed everyone my sweetest smile and swooned in the heady glow of the crowd’s attention.

**Topsail Ch 17**

I was starting to get turned on again. I felt so teensy and vulnerable standing there naked, in front of all of the clothed people.

It was a funny, sexual thrill, to see them seeing me.

Then the DJ cranked up the music. Amy grabbed my hand and we started to dance.

It was really freaking hot!

The audience was as loud as it had been all night and I felt wild and free and beautiful.

I really swung my body around, trying to jiggle sexily, just the right amount, in all the right places.

I wanted the boys to want me.

I wanted the girls to envy me.

Amy spun me around and danced behind me, like she had in the first round.

I looked out into the sea of faces, as I ground my bare naked ass back into Amy’s body.

Amy reached her arms around my waist. Then she followed the curves of my torso with her hands, before resting them on my jiggling breasts.

I thought I would die from pleasure and shame.

My nipples were responding to her touch -- my whole body was, really -- and I that knew Amy could tell.

“Somebody’s liking this,” she teased, giving my nipples a sudden pinch.

Gasping, I lurched out of her arms, but that didn’t do me a whole lot of good.

It was plain to see that my little, pink nipples were hopelessly scrunched, and erect, after I let another girl play with them in public.

It was all so deliciously naughty!

I danced to the front of the stage again, hoping as many people as possible would notice my nipples, in their shameful state.

I felt Amy tap my shoulder, and I saw her point to the side of the stage.

The gorgeous brunette, who had danced before us, was getting worried by the attention I was getting.

She looked at me, then the audience, obviously thinking something over.

Then, to my surprise, she pulled her bikini bottoms completely off, and stood naked on the stage, looking very sheepish.

I could have killed her.

The guys in the audience started to notice that there was action at the side of the stage. I was losing some of their attention.

I couldn’t blame them. I knew the brunette had fans.

Still, it was a crappy thing for her to do. It wasn’t her turn.

I didn’t expect what came next, though.

Sensing that the brunette had pulled attention to the side of the stage, Brittany chose to make her move.

She was clearly in last place in the third round, and only falling farther behind.

So she joined us.

Pushing her cute, boy short panties down over her pubic mound, Brittany revealed a neatly trimmed little landing strip leading down to her bare coochie.

She let the panties drop, and then she, too, was completely naked.

The DJ was going a little crazy.

I gathered that this was turning out to be a much better than average contest.

He cranked up the music, and all four of us girls started dancing for the crowd.

It didn’t matter whose turn it was, now.

We all wanted the votes!

The crowd was laughing and cheering, but a few of the cheers were slowly changing to a chant. It was hard to hear over the music at first.

Soon you could make out, “Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!”

Greedy little ...ers! Three naked girls weren’t enough for these guys! They wanted to strip all four of us.

So long as Amy was wearing her bikini bottoms, the audience wasn't going to give her any peace. I knew that from experience.

**Topsail Ch 18**

I looked at Amy, who was pretending not to hear the chanting. But she couldn’t do that when the DJ dropped the music and joined in the chant over the sound system.

It was unreal!

In a heartbeat, everybody in the club was staring at poor Amy and chanting, “Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!”

I guess I couldn’t blame them.

They knew their words had the power to strip hot chicks completely naked. All it took was a little determination.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the chant quickly reached a brain-scrambling, sonic-assault volume.

Amy glanced nervously over me, then down into the audience.

I couldn’t imagine what she was feeling. What had I gotten her into?

I had wanted to win, but I was willing to take the humiliation upon myself in order to do so.

I never meant for this to happen to Amy! For her to get completely naked? In front of all these people? In front of her coworkers? In front of her pervy boss?

I wondered how long Tim had been sexually harassing Amy, and how horrible it must have been for her to have this ‘kid’ as her boss.

How many times had Tim abused his authority, to get a chance to see her breasts?

Now, he had a packed club urging Amy to get completely naked, right in front of him.

His life probably couldn’t have gotten any better.

Amy took a deep breath, as we all watched her full breasts rise and fall, wondering what she would do.

Closing her eyes, she hooked her thumb into her bikini’s waistband and slowly lowered it to the floor, covering her secret place with her free hand.

The compromise only drove the crowd wilder.

“Bush! Bush! Bush! Bush!” the chant grew louder and louder. It was definitely beginning to take on that familiar, scary and demanding tone.

Amy just smiled, and danced around the stage, keeping her privates covered with one hand, carrying her bikini bottoms in the other.

Spinning around and around, to show off her curves and her luscious, sexy ass, she gave the boys a good show of almost everything…but not the one thing they desired most.

Amy moved to the front of the stage, and pulled me over to stand next to her.

Giving everyone a great big smile, she took another deep breath for courage.

Then she lifted her hand from her crotch, and gave the crowd what they wanted -- full frontal nudity!

Maximum exposure!

Maximum Amy!

She looked adorable.

The crowd roared with approval.

I think everyone present, with a camera, had it aimed at the stage now.

This was clearly a night to remember.

Amy set her feet widely apart, took my hand in hers, and raised our arms up in the air like we were prize fighters posing, for a post-fight victory photograph.

“Here you go, bitches!” Amy shouted to the crowd, through her laughter. “Take a good look!”

She gave her body a sexy little shake, and the DJ cranked up the music.

Now it was a free for all. It didn't feel like a competition, anymore. It was simply four pretty, naked girls putting on a show for a very appreciative audience.

Our breasts, our butts, our curves, our hair, our nails, our eyes, our lips, our pussies…we were putting everything out there for everyone to see, and enjoy.

“Look at me!” the brunette’s body seemed to shout.

“No, look at me!” my body would protest.

I was having so much fun!

It was such a rush to dance naked in front of everyone.

It wasn’t feeling so scary or humiliating anymore, just sexy, and funny, and really cool.

I didn’t even care about my new coworkers seeing me.

Hell, I wanted them to! I wanted everyone to see my naked body!

I looked hot and I knew it! We all looked hot!

I danced over to ‘dishwasher Rick’ at the side of the stage, wanting to give him the best employee-of-the-month award ever.

Resting my hands softly on his chest, I swung my hips, shook my boobs, and flicked my wet hair back and forth across his body.

He was a gentleman, though. No touching. I was impressed.

“Come on, Ricky boy!” I teased him. “Make me wet. Make me reeeeal wet!”

I giggled, as Rick looked like he might pass out.

Rick picked up his pitcher of water, but I smiled, and shook my head ‘no.’

“The hose,” I instructed.

Rick held up the hose, and I indicated ‘higher.’

When he had it way up over my head, I turned to face the audience, and stepped into the cascade of cold water, head first.

I gasped at the shock of the coldness, and then turned up my face to let the water cascade down over my naked body.

I rubbed myself all over, pretending to shower in front of the crowd, enjoying the chance to touch myself.

Soon the other girls wanted in on the fun.

We all took turns dancing under the hose.

If ‘sexy, public shower’ had seemed like a fun idea, ‘sexy, public group shower’ blew it away!

Sadly, the party pooper DJ had to ruin the fun, by stopping the music.

**Topsail Ch 19**

“Gentlemen,” he announced. “I believe we have the little matter of a one thousand dollar prize to hand out!”

He called us over to the center of the stage -- four dripping wet, naked hotties, grinning like idiots, with a serious case of the giggles -- and put the contest to a vote.

The first pass through, there was definitely no clear winner. In fact, it seemed like all the people in the crowd voted for each contestant to win.

The DJ did a second pass, and I was briefly worried.

The brunette’s cheers seemed to be a little louder than Brittany’s, but fortunately the cheers for me and Amy turned out to be just as loud.

“O.k., look,” the DJ announced peevishly. “Let’s have these ladies dance, for another minute or two, but then you guys seriously have to pick a winner.”

The music cranked up and we started to dance again.

To my surprise, Brittany came over to dance with me.

She placed her arms over my shoulders, and we danced up close for a minute, while she spoke to me.

“I’m sorry,” she said, in a serious tone. “I’m sorry for how shitty I’ve always treated you, and I’m sorry for being such a bitch tonight.”

“I’m not here on a sorority dare,” Brittany continued. “That was a lie. Truth is, I’m home because I flunked out of college. I joined this contest because I’m desperate. I have no money, and a thousand dollars would change my life, right about now.”

“That said,” she concluded, “I hope you win. You deserve it. Truly. You have always been a much, much better person than me.”

I was shocked. My mouth dropped open.

“Wh-Why are you telling me this?” was all I could blurt out.

Brittany looked down at her beautiful, nude body, then out of the crowd, then back at me.

“I guess I’m feeling like I’m past having any secrets, right about now.” she explained. “I hope that maybe, someday we can be friends...I mean, real friends…if you can ever forgive me.”

Brittany gave me a small peck on my cheek and, with a sad smile, danced away.

I felt so confused!

When the music stopped again, I hurried over to Amy, and told her what happened.

I told her an idea, I had, and she smiled and nodded yes.

I gently pulled Brittany, and the brunette, into a quick little huddle.

I told them what I was thinking.

The brunette smiled, and agreed.

Brittany agreed, too, looking like she might cry.

“O.k., gentlemen,” the DJ launched into his spiel. “I hope you have determined a winner because we can’t do this all night, much as we might want to. O.k. First up is…what?”

I had approached the DJ to tell him my idea, interrupting him.

“I don’t know,” the crowd heard only the DJ’s side of the conversation. “Well, yeah. Let’s see.”

“Here’s the deal,” the DJ announced. “The girls think they are all pretty hot, and that we should call it a tie. What do you think?”

The crowd roared with approval. Guys can be pretty nice sometimes, to naked chicks, at least.

“Wow! That sounds like a yes!” the DJ enthused. “Now let’s check with our sport’s governing body. Tim? You around, buddy?”

Tim came walking up onto the stage, grinning widely. The creep took his time inspecting each of our naked bodies at his leisure…especially Amy’s.

Ewww!

“How about it Mr. Commissioner?” the DJ asked. “Should we call it a tie, and split the prize four ways?”

“I don’t know,” Tim addressed the crowd, through the microphone offered up by the DJ. “If you’re going to say that everybody won, then everybody should win, right?”

“Each of these four, beautiful ladies is clearly a worthy winner, so no problem there,” Tim continued. “And to even have such hotness, in our club, makes Topsail a winner, so check that one off."

"The guys here at the front have pretty much completed half a degree in gynecology tonight, so I’d certainly call them winners," Tim cracked. "But what about the folks who got here late? They are way out there in the back, with probably no way to even determine who to vote for, so they aren‘t winners. That just doesn‘t seem fair.”

“What do you want, Tim?” I heard Amy hiss, suspiciously.

“The rest of the evening…you two…your work clothes…you’re wearing ‘em,” Tim replied, off mic, pointing to me and Amy.

Amy turned to look at me.

I thought about Tim’s offer. Could I really bartend naked?

What was the alternative? Put things to a vote, and maybe lose? Now that Tim was involved, he could easily tell the DJ to shaft Amy and me, if we didn’t go along with his plan.

Besides, as far as I was concerned, all four of us girls had earned that prize money. I really didn’t want any of us to lose.

“I’m in,” I told Tim.

“Me too, then” Amy added.

“Gentlemen,” Tim announced, over the loudspeakers, while herding Amy and me to the very edge of the stage, “not only are these two lovely ladies beautiful, but they are equally generous and wise.“

“Do you see that bar over in the corner?” Tim asked, as the crowd turned to look. “These two ladies will be working there for the rest of the night, and they have made a most considerate offer. Their uniform will consist of nothing more than what they are carrying in their hands. That way those of you, in the back, can take advantage of our drink specials, see what you missed, at the same time!”

The crowd strained to see what we were holding, as Tim whispered, “Go on. Chuck ‘em. We‘ll get you new ones.”

Amy and I stepped forward and heaved our wadded up, damp topsail bikini bottoms out into the audience.

We held up our hands to show that they were empty, and the the audience seemed pretty excited. Especially the boys in the back.

“Excuse me,” I heard Brittany say, leaning in to the mic, to address the crowd, “but if these two have to go naked for the rest of the night, then it’s only fair...”

Brittany scrunched up her boy short panties and threw them into the crowd, as well.

“...for us to all be in it together!” Brittany concluded, with a big smile.

We turned back to look at the brunette, who appeared to have her reservations about joining the three of us.

In fact, she had already put her bikini bottoms back on.

“You don’t have to do this,” I reassured her. “Don’t feel bad if you’re uncomfortable.”

The gorgeous brunette turned away from us, and I was afraid she was very offended. Or, worse, maybe she was crying.

Either way, I felt terrible…until I saw her slowly bend at the waist, leaning over to slide her bikini bottoms down her long, slender legs, giving the world quite an intimate view of her goodies, from behind.

“Is that what I looked like?” I thought, gasping.

“I love this bikini, so...” the brunette explained as she threw the bikini bottoms to the back of the stage, instead of throwing them into the crowd.

Then she stepped forward to join us.

**Topsail Ch 20**

A strange thing often happens when a beautiful woman gets naked, in a public place.

People who might otherwise stare at her, were she fully dressed, suddenly avoid looking in her direction.

They play it overly cool.

It is as if the woman’s nudity becomes more discomforting for her viewers than for herself.

That's what often happens in an ordinary public setting, at least.

But Topsail was a rowdy beach bar filled with festive, horny, drunken college kids, out to maximize their spring break experiences.

And their reaction to female nudity was something altogether different.

They liked to see us naked girls, and they were not shy about letting us know it!

After a brief discussion on the stage, it was decided that Brittany (my old classmate from high school) and Danielle (the stunning brunette) would have to join Amy and me behind the bar. There was no other way for Topsail to guarantee their safety.

So the four of us -- Amy, Brittany, Danielle and I -- padded barefoot (and naked as the day we were born) from the stage to the bar, cutting through the dense crowd, led by a couple of burly bouncers.

It was just a mortifying experience!

Crowds are different for girls than they are for boys.

Most guys are tall enough to see a fair distance around themselves, when standing or walking through a densely packed group of people.

Girls, being a little bit shorter, can't see much of anything. We live in the little valleys between the taller boys, and can only see our immediate surroundings.

This made it difficult to ignore the reactions we were getting from people close by, as we made our way past them.

And, boy, were we ever getting reactions!

The presence of the bouncers kept the college kids' behavior from getting too far out of hand, but that wasn't much consolation.

Imagine walking naked through a well-liquored crowd of college kids, unable to see where you are going, surrounded by people who have decided to turn your body into their evening's entertainment.

I couldn't imagine it...and I was actually living it!

I was so overwhelmed that I began to tremble, uncontrollably.

As we walked through the heart of what had formerly been our audience, lots and lots of people were taking pictures of us with their camera phones.

These were no longer far off shots of naked girls on a stage.

These were extremely close up photos of our openly shared bodies.

And openly shared, we were! None of us bothered shielding ourselves with our arms as we kept moving forward. It seemed pointless, having committed ourselves to spending the rest of the night nude.

Most of the people we passed were loudly discussing the way we looked, commenting on our breasts, our pussies, our hips and asses, our hair, our eyes, our mouths, our arms, our legs...well, everything about us, really!

Everything was fair game to the college kids in the crowd, and they kept up a running commentary as we passed them by.

They clearly didn't care if we heard.

People were saying lewd things about us, which I knew they would never have the gall to say to our faces, under other circumstances.

Somehow, in the last half hour, we had forfeited ownership of our bodies.

No longer the four independent young women we had been before the contest, we were now just sex objects, pretty little playthings for our peers to observe and enjoy.

I had never felt so overexposed in my entire life!

I wanted to curl up into a little ball, and die of shame.

But I was still being deeply aroused by everything happening to me.

Each new observation, the college kids made, stole away another piece of my soul --- the humiliation was truly shattering -- but the void left behind was being flooded with the most agonizingly pleasurable sensation of weakness.

I felt so helpless and submissive, completely at the crowd’s mercy. ‘Less than.’

I had given some major part of myself up.

I was nothing more, now, than my naked body...and the sexy, humiliating things it could do.

And, for some reason, that was really turning me on.

Getting more and more worked up, I felt my areolae begin to wrinkle as my nipples erected, under the crowd's observation, my obvious sexual arousal once again put on public display.

The change in my nipples did not go unnoticed by my many observers. Far from it. It became the first thing people seemed to comment upon as I drew close.

Even my emotions were no longer hidden! My body was betraying them with its ridiculous nipply display and, worse, a rising damp warmth I could feel down below.

The more of my secret self I revealed, to the college boys and girls around me, the more the sweet torment of the situation stoked my body’s fiery response.

The greater my arousal continued growing, the more of my secret self I kept revealing.

I was caught in a vicious cycle.

The crowd just kept taking and taking and taking from me, and I couldn’t stop my exposed body from giving back, in return.

And, oh, how much giving lay ahead of me!

The club didn't close for hours!

I looked down at the floor and kept walking, far too ashamed to make eye contact with the people discussing my naked body, and its humiliatingly obvious display of sexual thrill.

The boys lusted, the girls laughed, and I trembled as our little group weaved its way to the bar.

**Topsail Ch 21**

You know how I told you that I couldn't see over the people around me, as I walked through the crowd, on my way to the bar?

It was just as well.

I doubt I would have made it, had I known what was waiting for me there.

Most of the club patrons were swarming in its direction.

There were hundreds of people surrounding the little bar, each anxious for a chance to take a close up look at the four naked chicks.

And everyone was staring at us! Everyone!

My senses were being overloaded.

I was completely exposed, and sexually aroused, standing at the center of a hard-partying throng of happy college kids.

I couldn't bring myself to admit, to myself, that it was all really happening.

Now, I was expected to turn around and serve these people?

Face to face?

There was no way out.

My body was visibly flowering with excitement.

My arousal was plain to see.

And the college kids knew they were causing it. They were very aware of the power they held over me.

I shivered with pleasure, even as I continued to battle a desperate urge to run away.

I couldn't understand what was happening. I was in the grips of a compulsion I had never felt before.

I ached to be clothed and a million miles away from the bar, but I hungered even more to be seen as I was.

My shameful longing was written all over my body.

I stood quietly, inviting everyone’s inspection, feeling meek and vulnerable, stimulated and humiliated.

I was ready to die.

I'd never felt more alive.

Two Topsail bartenders were already in the bar, replacements sent to cover for us, while Amy and I were in the contest.

One was a twentyfive-ish looking blonde, and the other was a skinny, dark haired Latina about my age.

Both bartenders were laughing hysterically.

They were trying to pour drinks, but kept missing the glasses as they stole glances at poor, nude Amy.

"Finally went ‘full slut' on us, huh, Amy?" the blonde bartender shouted out, trying to be heard over the loud music and the buzzing crowd surrounding the small bar.

I knew from meeting her earlier that the blonde was pretty foulmouthed. And it seemed like she probably used words like 'slut', a lot.

Even the tone of her voice hinted that her question was meant as a joke.

But it was an awfully cruel thing to say to a naked coworker, under the circumstances.

The blond bartender's question got a strong reaction from the stupid college kids crowding the bar. They roared with laughter.

Amy looked stunned, like she had taken a punch to the gut.

And, of course, plenty of guys still had their camera phones aimed at us, recording Amy's lowly moment.

A deep blush reddened her face before spreading down her chest.

Pushed too far, Amy shielded her nudity with her arms, desperate to hide, but that just provoked violent howls of protest from the college kids surrounding us.

People were demanding that Amy continue to display herself, as she had promised to, onstage.

The worst part was, they were right. We had agreed to this, and now we had to live with it.

For the next few hours, our bodies belonged to the crowd.

Poor Amy.

Poor all of us!

Amy wilted with humiliation, and reluctantly lowered her arms to her sides.

The crowd cheered, counting Amy's re-exposure as another mini-victory.

It was obvious they weren't going to allow us naked girls even a moment's modesty.

They had us trapped, and surrounded, in our little bar.

The bar wasn't against one of the walls of the club. It was a little rectangular island, tucked in a back corner of the huge dance floor. The booze was in the center of the space, and the sinks and ice machines were located under the bar on all four sides.

What this meant, in practice, was that my naked body was going to be on constant display, from every angle.

I couldn't press my body up close to the bar, to hide my pussy from the people directly in front of me, because the sinks were too low, and stuck out too far from the bar’s surface.

Even if I could, I would still be giving the people to my left and right a nice looksie at my slender profile, while the people behind me — on the far side of the bar — would be checking out my bare, little bum.

Because it was an island, and not the club's main bar, the space was small. It was only meant to handle light volume...maybe three bartenders, max.

Now there were four naked girls, two clothed girls, and two huge bouncers squeezed into the tiny bar...with lots of drunk, rowdy college kids pressing in from all sides.

Out of the blue, one of the guys in the crowd leaned forward, over the bar, trying to get a good look at me 'down there.'

I mean, the guy’s face couldn’t have been more than a foot away from my crotch!

I seriously thought I would scream, but I was too shocked.

I froze, and saw the bouncers heading my way.

But the boy quickly raised his head, pulled back, and shouted to the guy next to him, "She's hot. That pussy is sweet!”

The other guy nodded, looking my nude body up and down, then doing the same to Danielle, before replying, casually, ”Yeah, but the brunette has a better ass."

I felt such a crazy mix of emotions.

I was thoroughly shocked and humiliated.

It was terribly degrading to have my pussy discussed like that, by a total stranger.

It felt insulting to be discussed and compared to another naked girl.

It made me furious that they thought they could talk about me that way, in front of my face, as if I were just a body, and not a girl who was listening.

I even felt a little twinge of jealousy.

Unable to resist my feminine instinct, I snuck a peek at Danielle's ass to compare for myself.

I noticed that the two clothed bartenders were approaching us with shots of whiskey...eight of 'em, in all.

"Pretty sure you're going to need these," the younger Latina said, in a sympathetic tone of voice.

All four of us naked girls did our shots, then did one more round for good measure.

That's where things start to blur in my memories of that night.

**Topsail Ch 22**

I only remember some of what happened over the next few hours.

I vividly remember the first cute boy I served.

Specifically, I remember the shockingly thorough eye-...ing he gave me, as I took his order.

My legs wobbled as he ravished me with his deep, blue eyes. I was already longing to be touched, and it was all I could do not to lean forward and invite him to fondle me!

He was far from the only guy to have that effect me that night, and it hit me hard every time, but the first time was the most overwhelming.

I remember feeling deeply embarrassed when serving the girls, as they couldn't stop laughing at my obvious arousal.

I remember working so hard, trying to handle the ridiculous number of customers, that there were times I could almost — just barely — forget that I was completely nude.

My physical signs of excitement would begin to fade.

Then I would catch my naked body in a reflection, and shameful arousal would wrestle my pride for control of me.

I quickly learned that it was far more embarrassing to get turned on in front of someone than it was to just let them see you aroused in the first place.

Whenever I stood in front of an attractive guy, I would feel incredibly aware of how exposed I was.

I would see him checking me out I took his order, soaking me in with his eyes.

And who could blame him?

I was giving myself away.

I would feel so shy, showing myself so brazenly to a clothed, handsome college boy.

Inevitably, my body would react, plunging into arousal as the guy watched.

It was always the guy's smirk that would get me.

That's when I was sure he had noticed…when I knew he could see my interaction with him was turning me on.

My nipples would spring up, as my body performed a little show, inviting his touch.

The wanting would be more than I could handle, and I would die, just a little, to know my desire was so plain to see.

I thought of the times I had teased men in the past, tricking them into getting erections, for nothing more than my own gratification, boosting my ego, just because I could.

Was this what it had been like for them?

The only redeeming quality of Topsail, that night, was that the club was full of tourists, college kids on their spring break vacations.

I didn't recognize any of the customers, at all.

They were strangers who would leave town in a few, short days, taking away their memories of me.

My anonymity was my only comfort...until I saw Rick approaching the bar.

Rick was a guy who used to live on my street, back when I was little. We had grown up together.

When Rick's father ran out on his family, he and his mom had moved to a cheap apartment across town, and we saw each other less.

But we remained very close friends, all through school, commiserating with each other about our crummy lives.

I was never an item with Rick, despite spending so much time with him, but not because I didn't want to be.

Rick was tall and handsome, with a raw edge that drove me wild.

I had watched him grow up to be a very sexy man.

But he had dated my best friend for several years, and was off limits to me.

I lost touch with Rick after graduation, when he moved to Orlando, but I certainly never forgot about him.

Now he was standing right in front of me.

Rick knew me.

He knew my dreams, and my drama.

He knew where I was scarred, inside and out.

He knew the boys who had broken my heart, and the little victories which had sustained me.

He knew my proudest moments, and he knew where I had buried my skeletons.

But he didn't know the me that was standing before him now, entirely naked, body and soul.

I started to tremble.

This was so incredibly personal.

Rick was a big part of my life.

Why did he have to be here?

Why did he have to see me like this?

I approached him, searching for words that would even begin to explain.

Rick gave me a huge grin.

"This is my dream come true,” he greeted me, happily.

I felt myself smile. Leave it to Rick to know how to make me feel better.

I took a step back to give him a complete view of me, blushing at the thought of what he was seeing.

I grinned, and held my arms out, away from my body.

"Well?" I asked, hopefully. "What do you think?"

"Turn around," Rick instructed, and I did a slow twirl on my tippy toes.

"Yep," he commented, scanning me up and down. "Just like I thought. Absolutely perfect."

I giggled.

I started to feel my skin tingle.

Oh, no! Not now! Please, not now!

Don't let me get turned on in front of Rick!

But the cycle had started, and it was impossible to stop.

I looked up at Rick as I felt my nipples tightening, hoping he wouldn't notice.

He seemed transfixed. He had definitely noticed the change.

What was wrong with me? Why was my body doing this to me?

Soon my nipples were proudly erected.

I couldn't believe I was standing in front of my old friend like that, with my naked body begging for his attention.

"Perfect," Rick repeated slowly...softly...hungrily!

He raised his gaze from my chest, and stared into my eyes.

I could see his lust.

It was more than I could take. My body positively exploded with arousal.

I fidgeted and shifted my weight, from leg to leg, as a delicious wave of pleasure washed over me, threatening to sweep me away.

My toes curled, and I started to lightly perspire, as the heat from down below spread like fire across my skin.

I felt my body blossoming.

I felt rabid with desire, an animal in heat. I was dying to be touched, aching to be filled.

I couldn't move.

I couldn't speak.

I just stood there, lightly panting, watching Rick as he watched me, my body physically preparing itself to take him, deep inside me.

Rick swept his gaze over my breasts and down to my pussy, which had opened up invitingly.

He was staring at my clit. Oh, how I wanted him to touch it, suck it, tease it, please it.

I wanted him to grab me, then and there, and take me roughly, thrusting deep and hard until he filled me.

I longed to feel his warm skin pressed tightly against mine.

I ached to squeeze my breasts against his chest I hungered to feel his lips kissing my neck.

I needed Rick. I needed him badly.

What I didn't need were pictures.

All the guys around Rick were holding up their camera phones, recording the impromptu porno my body was acting out.

It was so wrong of them, almost unconscionable, to record the intimate reaction I was having to my friend's attention.

They were committing theft of my personhood.

But, as worked up as I was, I couldn't help but oblige them with an ongoing display of passionate arousal.

I appeared before the crowd as sex incarnate, a naked woman lost to her untamable desires.

I was giving more than I could stand to give.

I was raw from overexposure.

I stood on the precipice of a complete mental breakdown.

I didn't know what to do.

It was Amy who came to my rescue. Handing a beer to her previous customer, she turned to look at me, and noticed the frenzied state I was in.

"Aren't you going to introduce me to your handsome friend?" she asked playfully, breaking the thick tension.

“Yes. Right. That's what people do,” I realized, feeling my mind start to — just barely — function again.

I introduced Rick to Amy, and she reached out to shake his hand.

I felt a pang of jealousy when I saw Rick's eyes sweep quickly down the Amy's smooth, naked body.

"Look at me," I wanted to scream. "Can't you see what I'm offering you?"

That was foolish of me, I realized.

Rick was not mine.

He was only a friend.

Still, I was very pleased when he quickly returned his gaze to my body.

**Topsail Ch 23 - The End?**

I knew I wasn't alone in my struggle with excitement. At one point, I stopped to look at Brittany when she was chatting with a group of really cute guys who were blatantly checking her out.

They asked her to pose for a picture with them.

They leaned in, partway over the bar, as Brittany leaned towards them. One of the guys reached out and put his arm around Brittany's waist.

His hand was resting suspiciously close to her bare ass.

The physical contact must have been too much for Brittany to take, as worked up as she was.

I saw a shiny trickle of moisture on Brittany's inner thigh, as her juices had built up so much, they had escaped.

I moved in for a hug, and asked her, in a whisper, "Do you want me to get you a towel?"

"Oh my God! I can't wipe myself in front of all these people!" she responded, horrified at the thought.

Then I had an idea.

I used the spray nozzle from a sink to splash her body with water. People around the bar loved it!

They took lots more photos of Brittany, as her body got sopping wet, beads of water winding aimlessly down her curvy body, droplets falling from her nipples.

She obviously felt so good, after being sprayed down, that we all started to do it!

I couldn't believe how fun it was, each time someone sprayed my naked body, with everyone standing around watching.

Danielle, the pretty brunette, seemed to particularly enjoy keeping herself dripping wet, as she moved around the bar talking to customers, and posing for pictures. Whenever she started to dry off, even a little bit, she would eagerly seek out another soaking, making a big show of it.

The bar was just a mess!

Over the course of the evening, virtually all of Topsail's employees found an excuse to come up and introduce themselves to me. Some of the employees, who weren't even on shift that night, caught wind of what was happening, and came down to the club to see Amy, in the nude, and to meet the naked new girl.

Most of them were cool about it, not overtly gawking or making inappropriate comments.

That didn't make it any easier to imagine working with them in the future, though.

I couldn't imagine what they thought of me!

The club closed at 3:00 AM, and the remaining patrons reluctantly left.

It was such a relief to know that I was finally going to be able to get dressed again, but first the bar had to be cleaned and closed for the night.

While Amy and I were finishing up, Brittany and Danielle left to go put their clothes back on. It took them no time at all, of course, so soon they were back at the bar, this time on the outside, looking in at Amy and me.

It felt really weird to have two of our former partners-in-exhibitionism hanging out at the bar, fully-clothed, getting to do the watching for a change.

It may sound strange, but it seemed unfair.

Why did they get to have clothes?

I mean, I knew the answer, but I was still jealous.

As Amy and I were cleaning the spill mats, I noticed that a lot of employees were gathering around the bar.

I thought they had come for one last peek at Amy and me, but it turned out Tim had asked the whole crew to gather at the bar for a quick meeting.

I could have killed him.

I asked Tim if I couldn’t please go get dressed first, but he promised that the meeting would be quick, because everyone wanted go home.

Looking at the happy faces of my new coworkers, it sure didn't seem to me as if anyone was in any sort of hurry to leave.

Tim beckoned Amy and I to step out from behind the bar. Embarrassed, we stood next to him, and faced our fellow employees

He thanked us for our efforts.

It had turned out to be one of the most profitable nights in Topsail's history.

And it was all due to us, (and our equally lovely friends, he added, respectfully nodding to Brittany and Danielle, who had been allowed to stay.)

All of the employees gave us a big cheer.

Amy and I laughed, and took a bow.

There was one final indignity that Tim had in store for us. Pulling a camera from his pocket, he asked Danielle if she could take a group photograph of the Topsail staff.

I knew I should have protested, but what was one more picture, really?

I already had to be one of the most photographed people in my hometown, after the events of that night.

All of the employees gathered round, and we posed for a group picture (which ended up hanging on one of the club's walls...it is probably still there).

It was just your ordinary staff photo, only this one had two completely naked young women, front and center, on full display.

Then, almost everyone went home.

Brittany and the Danielle were invited by a few of the other bartenders to stay for a little after hours party. I was delegated the task of pouring some shots for everyone, being the new girl, and all that.

Amy left to get changed. When she got back, I was the only one naked, but I was getting pretty drunk, again, and beginning not to care so much.

Was I actually getting used to being nude in front of people?

No, it had to be the booze, right?

A few of us hung out, and I played pool with a couple of the male bartenders.

I teased them a bit, leaning far out over the table to take my shots.

It made me smile to see the guys ‘adjusting themselves’ (but only when they thought I wasn't looking.)

It was flattering.

At last, I went and got dressed, and hugged the other girls goodbye.

Danielle walked back to her hotel, escorted by a cute guy.

We were too drunk to drive, so one of the other bartenders drove Amy, Brittany and me home.

Exhausted and still buzzed, I threw myself into my bed, and fell asleep almost instantly.