**Topsail Mgmt**

by XXXXX

***Topsail Mgmt - Intro***

*This is a continuation of an earlier story entitled Topsail, about a 22 year old female bartender who gets a job at a functional beach club, during the weeks of the spring break rush.*

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 1**

This is the part of the story where I’m supposed to finish off my tale of drunken nudity with some sort of warning to other girls, instructing them not to do the shameful things I’ve done.

But I can’t do that. And I won’t.

I would be lying.

I totally think every girl should try it!

I’m serious.

Something amazing happened to me that night. It changed who I was, as a woman, in a way I could never regret.

It was my sexual awakening.

I will never get over the memory of being completely naked in front of all those people...of being their plaything.

OMG! It makes me squirm just to think about it!

I often lie in bed, replaying the events of that evening over and over in my mind, roiling with shame and excitement, rubbing myself to climax after climax.

I had found what I truly needed, to be ‘complete’ (though it is almost impossible to admit that to myself, sometimes.)

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 2**

My coworkers ended up being surprisingly cool about the whole thing.

After I sobered up the next morning, and thought about what I had done, I barely managed to force myself to return to Topsail for my next shift.

My hands were trembling as I clutched the handle to the club’s front door.

I had to pause to build my courage.

But I’m proud to say that I did it.

I marched in the club, put on my uniform, and reported to my station.

Nobody said anything mean or crude.

In fact, my coworkers acted oddly familiar with me (which, obviously, they were), but...well, you know what I mean.

They treated me as though we had been working together forever.

It was weird, but it was also kind of sweet.

So everything went fine.

I got a chill when they started to announce the wet t-shirt contest, though.

Every half hour leading up to it, the DJ would announce a reminder to the crowd, and my stress levels would shoot through the roof.

Every single time!

When midnight rolled around, I felt my stomach churning.

I began to realize just how much of my scandalous behavior, the night before, had been due to alcohol. Sober, again, it seemed very scary to contemplate what I had done.

I watched as some of the girls in the club responded to the DJ’s call, and walked up to the stage to enter the contest…lots of them..in fact, a surprising number…

As in...nobody from the bar had to enter!

I should have been thrilled.

I had been on the verge of a mental breakdown, thinking about having to get onstage again.

I was spared.

But, instead, I felt empty.

In truth, I was disappointed.

Some twisted part of me -- deep down -- was aching to feel like I had before.

But it didn’t happen that night. Or the next one. Or, even, the night after that.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 3**

A week after I had entered the contest, I showed up to work at my regular time.

My manager Tim caught sight of me and made a beeline in my direction.

“Oh, thank God. You are finally here,” Tim snapped. “I need you in your uniform, and up in the VIP lounge, right ...ing now. Corporate is here.”

Then he stomped off.

“What an asshole,” I fumed, heading to the changing area, to put on my uniform.

Why was acting like I had done something wrong? I mean, I wasn’t even late!

After putting on my blue bikini, and short shorts, I headed upstairs to the VIP lounge, only to find it full of business dudes dressed in suits and ties.

Correction: ‘Mildly buzzed’ business dudes, in suits and ties.

Tim had clearly been carefully picking and choosing which club employees he sent up there, because we were the prettiest, youngest women he had on staff.

I worked there all evening, serving the guys from corporate, and getting to know them...you know...playing the good hostess.

(Turned out, some big company owned Topsail and a lot of other clubs. Who knew?)

I was surprised by how nice the guys were.

I thought they would be scary, or stuck up, but they were actually pretty friendly.

One guy -- Brad...who was the vice president of something-I-didn’t-understand -- talked with me for a while about the jobs I had held, before working at Topsail.

He wanted to know what ideas I might have had, for improving the club.

Remember, I had only been working at Topsail for a week!

It was insane for me to be talking about improvements, with a guy who was probably like a million bosses above me in the company food chain, when I was still so new.

But Brad was treating me with respect, and I felt flattered that such an obviously smart and successful guy appeared to be genuinely interested in what I had to say.

When Brad asked me to tell him about myself, I started to really pour it on.

This was my chance to make a good impression with an important person.

“Well, sir, I’m a 100% kind of girl,” I boasted. “I’m always committed to doing the best job I can, at whatever I do.”

“Is that so,” Brad replied, with a bit of a smirk. “So does that mean you always win?”

I flashed a playful smile, and cutely pointed to myself with my thumbs.

“‘Yep. That’s me, all right. Winner!”

We both laughed.

Brad started to say something, but he got drowned out by the loudspeakers, as the DJ shouted out his first announcement of the evening, for the wet shirt contest.

All the usual fear and excitement started to swirl inside of me.

I had been naked here. Just seven days ago. In this club. In public. Right down there, on the stage below us. And then, over there, at that bar. For a whole evening!

My breathing became rapid.

I looked up at Brad’s face and wondered if he knew? I mean, how could he?

Maybe I was just being paranoid, but, then again, maybe somebody had told him.

“How?” Brad inquired, after a brief pause.

“Sorry?” I asked, confused by the question, having been distracted by my internal drama.

“How are you a 100% kind of person? What have you done at Topsail that demonstrates your commitment?” he clarified.

“Look, one of the reasons we do these on-site evaluations of our properties is to identify untapped talent in our ranks...our ‘managers of the future’, you might say. But everybody talks themselves up...heck, I do too. So, even though you say you’ve only been here a week, can you give me one concrete example of how you went the extra mile for Topsail during those seven days?”

My head was spinning.

Did he say management?

Me?

I was terribly conflicted.

I wanted to tell Brad how I had given Topsail pretty much everything I had to give…on my very first night!

There weren’t a whole lot of extra miles left to go.

But I couldn’t do that.

“You don’t have to worry about that one,” I heard a girl’s voice say. “She will totally go the extra mile. And, then, the mile after that.”

I spun around.

It was Melissa speaking, one of the other bartenders.

I listened in horror, as Melissa went on to tell Brad the story of my naked night.

Initially, only Brad was listening, but soon most of the crowd in the VIP lounge was gathered around, as well.

The other Topsail girls present gleefully chirped in their contributions, offering up any details Melissa left out.

Everyone was laughing and enjoying the story.

My face was burning. I didn’t make eye contact with anyone.

I couldn’t run, and I couldn’t make a scene, so I had no choice but to stand there feeling humiliated, waiting and hoping for the world to suddenly end.

When the story was done, the little group gave me a round of applause, and I performed an awkward, little bow.

“Wow!” I heard Brad say, after an interminable pause. “That is definitely giving 100%.”

I felt tears welling up in my eyes.

In the span of a few short minutes, I had gone from feeling as hopeful as I had ever been about my career, to feeling like the lowest form of life possible.

I looked up at Brad.

“Sir, that’s not...I mean, I don’t...” I trailed off.

I didn’t know what to say.

“That’s not what?” Brad inquired, gently, sensing I was upset. “Did you do those things?”

Oh God! How could I admit it?

I nodded ‘yes.’

“So, you saw an opportunity, you teamed up well with a coworker, you shared your reward with your fellow contestants, and you led the club to one of the highest grossing nights in its history,” Brad continued. “Is that about right?”

I nodded again.

“That’s what a good leader does,” he explained. “That’s exactly what we are looking for in a management candidate.”

I was really confused. Was he still praising me, even after hearing what I had done?

We kept talking, and Brad kept praising me, and I started to feel proud of myself again, despite my embarrassment.

Maybe I hadn’t ruined my life after all.

“Look, at the end of the day, life boils down to winners and losers. It’s harsh, but it’s true. And you’re a winner, right?” Brad challenged me.

“Um-hmm,” I affirmed, basking in the unexpected praise.

“So prove it to me,” Brad demanded. “Demonstrate your leadership.”

I didn’t understand.

“Who was that employee who just told us your story?” Brad pressed on.

“That was Melissa,” I told him.

“Well, from the way she told the story, it was clear that Melissa wouldn’t have gone as far you did,” Brad replied. “Obviously, that wouldn’t be in her comfort zone.”

“A good manager has to lead people outside of their comfort zones, though,” he continued. “Can you do that? Can you push Melissa past her self-imposed boundaries?”

Honestly, I barely even knew Melissa.

How was I supposed to know what I could get her to do?

This was getting weird.

“Here’s my proposition,” Brad continued. “If you can demonstrate the kind of leadership necessary to convince Melissa to go as far, in tonight’s contest, as you did last week, I will enroll you in our management training program.”

I stared at him in shock. Was this really happening? Was this some sort of joke at my expense? He wasn’t actually suggesting...

“Ummm...see, the thing is...we bartenders? We’re only asked to be in the contest if there aren’t enough contestants,” I stammered. “I’m not sure that...”

Brad cut me off.

“What would a 100% kind of person do?” he pressed me.

“Volunteer?” I squeaked.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 4**

“$250 dollars. That’s everything I’ve got. Please say you’ll do it,” I begged.

Melissa and I were standing by the sinks in the busy women’s restroom, on our break.

I was doing anything I could think of to get Melissa to enter the wet t-shirt contest with me.

Basically, that amounted to bribing her.

“No!” Melissa hissed back. “I hate those things! They are the absolute worst part of this job. You can’t seriously be asking me to volunteer to be in one, right?”

“I know it sounds crazy, but you would be doing me the biggest favor ever! You have no idea how much I would owe you.” I explained.

“Why me?” Melissa asked, squinting with suspicion. “Why is it suddenly so important to you that I enter the contest?”

I blinked.

What could I say?

Brad made it one of the conditions of our agreement that I could not tell Melissa about the deal we had made.

Leadership. That’s what I was supposed to be demonstrating here.

What would a leader do?

It filled me with nervous excitement, when I realized what I needed to say next.

I needed to level with Melissa.

But not in the way you probably think.

“Because I don’t want to enter the contest alone,” I began to confess, “and, if I don’t enter it, I’m totally going to lose my mind!”

That opened the floodgates, and I poured out my feelings.

“It is all I can think about. I’m completely obsessed. That night I was naked, here, was easily the most powerful sexual experience of my life. I can’t even describe it.”

“It makes me ashamed to feel the way that I do, and it horrifies me to say this out loud, but I have got to experience it again. I am absolutely craving it.”

I paused, letting Melissa process my embarrassing admission.

“I’m way too scared to enter the contest alone. But if I enter with a partner, she has to be very pretty, like you, so I don’t get voted out,” I explained.

“Please help me,” I implored, in a small, pitiful tone of voice.

I paused. I couldn’t believe I had just spoken those words out loud!

“Please say you’ll enter,” I asked again, softly.

Melissa just stared at me.

I hoped she was considering my offer.

“Fine,” she sighed. “Give me the money.”

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 5**

My stomach was filled with butterflies as I walked out of the dressing room with the other girls, wearing nothing but a thin, white t shirt and my blue, topsail bikini bottoms.

As we climbed the steps to the stage, I glanced back, to make sure that Melissa was following me, afraid she might have bolted.

She was still there, looking pretty freaked out.

There was a really big crowd in the club that night. There were even more customers than the previous week. It was the very height of the spring break rush.

I tried to focus on my breathing.

What was I doing? Why was I up on stage again?

I glanced up in the direction of the VIP lounge, but the stage lights were blinding my view.

“Does this sound right? This can’t be right,” I kept up an inner dialog. “Is this just some sort of cruel joke the corporate guys are playing on me?”

I looked around at the other contestants. There were a couple of cute girls, but — I know this sounds vain, but it’s the truth — Melissa and I were much better looking than everyone else.

I turned to look at Melissa, and was surprised to find her already staring at me.

I could see fear in her eyes.

“This is only the second time I’ve ever been up here,” she nervously confessed.

“Me, too!” I exclaimed, breathlessly.

Realizing the absurdity of what I had just said, we both started laughing.

It seemed to calm her.

She gave me a curious look.

“So…is this…you know…turning you on, or whatever?”

I was floored.

“Melissa!” I reproached her, playfully, hoping to deflect her prying.

I saw her smirk.

We waited quietly as some of the other girls in the contest took their turns dancing in the first round.

When it was our turn, I grabbed Melissa by the hand, and led her (more like dragged her) across the stage to get ‘wet down.’

I closed my eyes, and squealed, when the ice cold water soaked my t-shirt.

I looked down to see my nipples jutting plainly out of the almost transparent material, for anyone to see.

The whole club was about to get a real eyeful of me, again.

I stepped aside and started to dance, stealing occasional glances at Melissa, while she got her shirt wet down.

She looked amazing!

Her white t-shirt clung tightly to her upper body, making her waist seem even narrower (as if that were even possible!)

Through the damp fabric, I could see that her breasts were pert, almost seeming to defy gravity as they floated out from her chest.

Her nipples were dark, the color of red wine, and they were surrounded by the cutest, wrinkled areola.

Her beautiful blonde hair spilled down over her delicate shoulders, the tips growing dark brown with moisture, as they came into contact with the soaked material of her shirt.

Melissa danced in my direction.

“I feel like such a dork!” she grimaced.

“Don’t,” I reproached her, “you look hot! You should see yourself!”

I gently guided Melissa to the front of the stage, until the closest patrons were practically at our feet.

We danced together, and then apart, writhing our bodies to the pounding beats of the loud music playing over the sound system.

When we drew close, again, I reached over, and gently pulled Melissa into a hug. She smiled at me.

We danced that way, for a moment, our wet bodies touching, grinding up against one another.

It was fun!

When we separated, I felt my t-shirt sliding up. Melissa had taken hold of it, and was peeling it off of me.

“No!” I protested, in a panic, trying to grab hold of it myself. Why did people keep trying to undress me?

I succeeded in stopping her, but only as the rising hem was well above my belly button.

With a sly grin, Melissa spun, and used her bodyweight to pull forcefully, causing the t-shirt to tear.

The crowd was starting to get more vocal than it had previously been. This was clearly setting up to be their best chance, yet, of seeing some bare breasts.

None of the contestants who had danced before us had so much as lifted their shirts to flash the crowd.

I gathered my strength, and gave the wet t-shirt a mighty tug, trying to wrench it out of Melissa’s hands.

Big, big mistake!

It tore again, leaving me holding a thin shred of damp fabric.

Melissa pulled the remainder of my shirt as far as my neck, exposing my chest to the spring breakers.

The crowd let out a triumphant roar.

We wrestled over the remnants of my shirt, as the crowd celebrated, and camera flashes twinkled.

Soon enough, the t-shirt tore further apart, along the left seam, and Melissa was able to strip it from me completely.

I watched, helplessly, as she flung the shredded remains of my cover, deep into the crowd.

My heart was pounding.

How had lost control of the situation? I shook my hands, and took a few deep breaths, trying to regain my composure.

I forced myself to smile.

This was definitely not what I wanted.

I felt so embarrassed.

I gazed out at the college kids in the crowd. Everyone looked so amused by my humiliation.

I watched them laugh and shout at me, wondering if they knew how self-conscious they were making me feel.

I felt so tiny and weak and overexposed.

But the spring breakers were loving it. They were eager for more.

I felt my cheeks burn in response.

But I also felt my nipples grow tight, betraying my secret, shameful arousal.

This pleased the crowd. They howled at me, with ever diminishing restraint.

The dirtier their demands got, the more turned on I became.

Boys and girls, alike, were calling out to me...controlling me...demanding I turn and face them...demanding a closer look at my bare chest...demanding I show them my ass...

The attention was overwhelming.

My pulse raced and my breathing quickened.

It was all I could do not to cover my breasts with my hands, shielding them from the many prying eyes.

But the more the crowd made me want to, the more worked up I got from leaving them on display, for everyone to see.

It was the same feeling I had experienced a week ago: a feedback loop of humiliation and arousal I couldn’t escape.

I felt jittery...panicky...overstimulated.

When the DJ eventually announced our time was up, I gratefully padded off to the side of the stage.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 6**

Melissa caught up with me, giving me a wide, excited smile.

“Don’t even try and tell me that didn’t turn you on,” she enthused.

“Look at you,” Melissa continued to chatter, never waiting for a response. “You look incredible! You have such a great body. You looked soooo sexy out there. How did it feel? Was it hot?”

The rapid fire praise and questioning had my head spinning.

How did I feel?

Turned on? Check. Utterly humiliated? Check. Like I had lost control? Check.

“Ummm...yeah...I guess it was hot,” I confessed.

I noticed that Melissa was nonchalantly examining my exposed breasts, making me fidget, uncomfortably.

“So what’s the plan here?” Melissa whispered. “Do we save your big reveal for the third round?”

I shivered.

Big reveal?

Absolutely not!

As far as I was concerned, there were to be no further ‘reveals’ of anyone but Melissa herself.

I needed to start asserting myself. I was supposed to be getting her naked, not me!

“Yeah, maybe,” I answered her evasively. “But, what about you? How are you doing? Are you o.k.?”

Melissa hesitated.

“Um-hmm. I’m fine,” she replied, flashing a smile I wasn’t sure I believed to be genuine.

I hoped I was seeing an opportunity. I pressed on, trying to encourage her.

“Come on, doesn’t this turn you on...even just a teensy little bit?” I teased her.

“I mean, you heard the things they were shouting at you,” I continued. “You know that everybody thought you looked really hot.”

Melissa ever so subtly flinched, revealing her mental discomfort. She looked down at her body, scarcely hidden under her wet t-shirt.

I leaned in and whispered in her ear.

“It’s o.k. to get off on this.”

I flashed a mischievous smile, and we laughed.

But I could clearly tell, by Melissa’s expression, that she was contemplating what I had said.

Maybe I could corrupt her yet!

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 7**

We survived the first round voting.

Hell, we dominated the first round voting.

I guess my embarrassing only-one-topless performance pretty much sealed our victory.

“O.k. Fine,” I told myself. “New round, new outcome. Get Melissa undressed. Be a manager. Give 100%.”

Melissa and I were first to dance in the second round.

I wandered across the stage, and allowed a pitcher of ice cold water to be slowly emptied over my bare breasts.

My eyes opened wide, in shock, as the frigid stream raced down my soft, warm skin, tracing the curves of my body

Then I started to dance, gyrating my body for the crowd, keeping close to the front of the stage, giving Topsail’s patrons the most enjoyable show I could.

God, I felt naughty, prancing around in front of everyone that way, wearing practically nothing.

My motor was really starting to get revved up, and my dancing was getting more provocative.

I could tell, from the many shouts, that I was looking good.

Melissa danced closer to me, laughing.

“You look like a sex bomb that’s about to go off!” she marveled. “I wish I could take a picture of you!”

I gestured out to the camera flashes flickering in the crowd.

“Ummm...I think they’ve got that covered,” I laughed.

Melissa took hold of my hands, and lifted them, to rest on her shoulders.

We danced together, facing one another, swinging our hips to the beat of the music, as Melissa ran her hands down the sides of my body.

I felt her light touch grazing past my sensitive breasts, before moving down to my waist, and out over the curves of my hips.

She took hold of the straps of my bikini bottoms.

Terrified, I hurried to grab hold of the straps myself.

What the hell was she doing?

“Don’t you trust me?” Melissa asked, sticking out her lower lip in a cute, playful pout, and letting go.

She lifted her arms, to tenderly embrace my face with her soft hands.

She leaned in.

Closer.

Closer.

Her lips met mine in a gentle kiss.

I closed my eyes and kissed her back.

The crowd thundered with approval.

Melissa dropped her right hand to fondle my breast.

I shivered.

I kissed her harder, then pulled back, trying to get some control over myself.

“People are looking!” I protested. But I could feel my willpower beginning to drain away.

I looked down at Melissa’s hand, watching as she explored my breast, weighing it, massaging it, ever so lightly squeezing it.

She softly pinched my erect nipple between her fingers.

Oh my God! That felt way, way too good!

I looked up, pleadingly, into Melissa’s eyes. I saw no mercy.

Why had I told her the truth about myself?

She was killing me, and she knew it!

She pressed her soft face back into mine, initiating another long kiss.

“People are looking!” I wanted to protest, not sure if I even cared anymore.

I was so turned on!

Melissa’s soft lips and small, playful tongue became my entire world.

My heart was pounding in my chest.

I was topless, onstage, at a crowded club, making out with a girl. While she felt me up, no less!

Melissa broke the kiss, and smiled at me.

“I still want a picture,” she whispered.

She darted off to talk to someone in the crowd.

I stopped dancing, dazed by my powerfully conflicting emotions.

Melissa returned with someone’s camera phone, and started to dance around me, snapping little closeups.

I played along, striking poses for her, flaunting my nearly naked body.

The crowd seemed to be really enjoying our sexy show.

I was enjoying it, too...way too much, in fact. Melissa had gotten me extremely turned on!

I was well aware that what I was doing was terribly wrong.

I wanted to stop.

But my body was burning up!

The energy and excitement of the situation was stoking my arousal, overwhelming my natural inhibitions.

I was losing myself. I needed more!

No. I needed to focus. I needed to gain some self control.

Melissa circled me, taking revealing photo, after revealing photo, of my body.

“Those are in the way,” Melissa suddenly announced, quite loudly, pointing to my little, blue bikini bottoms.

“Take them off!” she firmly commanded. “Now!”

My jaw dropped, as my face blushed a deep crimson.

A good portion of the club had just heard Melissa literally order me to strip naked.

Order me!

As if that was a thing she could do!

The crowd laughed and cheered, thrilled that the contest had gotten so interesting.

Who knew, that one of the hot bartender chicks might force the other one to get completely naked? Right on!

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 8**

I heard a chant beginning in the audience.

“Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!”

Oh no! This couldn’t be happening! Not again!

Melissa hurriedly approached me, wrapping her arms around my waist, pulling me into a tight hug

She was distracting me, keeping me off balance, giving me no time to think.

We started a sensuous slow dance, sliding the skin of our wet bodies against one other.

I was afraid.

Afraid of what I was feeling.

Afraid of what I might do.

“The most powerfully sexual experience of my life,” Melissa whispered in my ear, reminding me of my earlier confession. “That’s what you told me.”

Still clinging tightly, she continued, “Got to experience it again. Craving it. Those were your words.”

“Weren’t you telling the truth?” she challenged, before shifting aside my hair, and leaning down to give my neck a tender nibble.

I closed my eyes, and tilted my head, offering more of myself to her.

God, it felt good!

“Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!” the crowd demanded, with more and more people joining in.

Melissa rested her soft face against mine, cheek to cheek. I felt her warm breath on my ear.

“Don’t you want to get completely naked for me?” she teased, in a seductive whisper. “I think you do.”

I couldn’t think straight!

Did I?

I didn’t, right?

Melissa suddenly reached out and grabbed both of my breasts, squeezing them, seeking no permission, as if they belonged to her.

Stroking my erect nipples with her thumbs, Melissa tossed back her hair, and stared into my eyes.

I trembled.

“I’m going to take that picture of you, now, so you will always be able to remember exactly how you looked...right after I stripped you bare ass naked in front of all these people” she whispered. “Are you ready?”

“Not that it matters if you aren’t, I suppose,” she continued, dismissively. “I’m going to show these horny bastards every last inch of your hot, little body, either way.”

All the while, Melissa kept toying with me, slowly sliding her thumbs over my tender, pink nubs.

I could feel myself getting carried away. I was no longer dancing. I couldn’t concentrate.

Each movement of her fingers over my wet, hypersensitive nipples was causing a delicious, matching sensation in my pussy.

Boy, was I ever in trouble!

This wasn’t something I wanted anybody to see, but I couldn’t pull away.

I was getting way too aroused, and it felt much, much too good.

“Please, Melissa,” I begged. “Please don’t do this to me.”

“Don’t do what?” Melissa asked, in mock innocence.

“Don’t...Oh, God!...you know...” I gasped, my voice breaking.

I looked down at Melissa’s soft, teasing hands.

My legs were growing weaker and weaker.

“Please no...Please not in front...of all...these people,” I pleaded, my resolve evaporating away.

“Then I get my picture?” Melissa demanded, still tormenting me.

I broke.

“Yes,” I consented, every last bit of willpower spent.

I had failed, utterly and totally.

I had set out to prove I was a leader, and instead only demonstrated how pathetically weak I truly was.

What made it even worse was that I knew that I genuinely deserved every last bit of humiliation Melissa was putting me through.

After all, when I had asked her to join the contest, I had only been trying to ‘use’ her, to benefit myself professionally.

I wouldn’t have thought twice about stripping Melissa naked, right there, in front of everybody, if only I had been able to.

And for what purpose?

To advance my career?

That wasn’t the sort of mean and deceitful person I wanted to be.

So what sort of punishment could possibly be more fitting than the one I was living out?

Soon my entire body would be exposed, while Melissa’s remained covered.

And everyone in the club knew it.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 9**

“Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!” the cries took on an expectant tone.

Melissa walked to the side of the stage and beckoned me to follow.

Bowing my head meekly, I obeyed, and approached her.

We were standing right below the VIP lounge.

The corporate guys must have been staring straight down at me.

I imagined they had a great view of my breasts, but I couldn’t force myself to look up in their direction. I was far too embarrassed.

I knew Melissa had that in mind when she chose the spot.

She was being so cruel.

Melissa gently guided me into a pose, then stepped back to take a photo.

Approaching me, again, Melissa pulled my the side of my bikini bottoms down, around my left hip.

The material in the front fell away, a bit, giving the audience a slight peek at the uppermost rise of my shaven, womanly mound.

“Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!” the crowd’s forceful chanting quickly reached a willpower-draining volume, as they sensed my imminent unveiling.

Melissa snapped a photo of me, as I stood trembling, trying to smile and pose.

Stepping closer, Melissa lowered the other side of my bikini bottoms over my right hip, letting the material in front fall down, even further.

I felt goosebumps forming all over my body. My heart was pounding, and my nipples throbbed. It was hard to breathe.

“Run!” I was screaming, inside. “Run now!”

But my judgement was clouded by my arousal.

It kept me frozen in place, a witness to my own debasement.

There was no longer anything ‘slight’ about the audience’s view of me.

My pussy was half exposed.

Anyone, close to the stage, could surely see the uppermost divide of my puffy lips, parted to reveal the light, pink hood of my clitoris.

I cast a terrified glance out, past the stage lights, into the darkness of the crowded club.

So many people were watching me! So many people were taking pictures!

The crowd was getting loud enough to make my ears ring.

I couldn’t bear to think about what the men from corporate were seeing.

But Melissa wasn’t done.

Approaching me, she ran her fingers through my hair, before leaning in for another steamy kiss.

The two of us slowly danced, our bodies pressed together...the clothed Melissa, and the almost naked me.

My bikini bottoms dangled halfway off my ass, barely covering me at all.

I knew that one wrong move would send them slipping down my legs, and onto the floor.

Pulling away, and gazing into my eyes to study my reaction, Melissa ran her hands down the front of my exposed body, pausing to give my throbbing nipples another dollop of torment.

Then Melissa slowly ran her hands down my smooth, flat tummy...

...only she wasn’t stopping...

...surely she wouldn’t...

...not in front of...

I tried, in vain, to protest, as I felt Melissa plunge her hand between my legs, cupping my sex.

I squealed at the unexpected intimacy! Too much! Too much!

My little feet stamped out a pathetic tantrum, and my head shook a feeble ‘no’, as I listened to the joyous roar arising from audience.

Pulling her hand away from my sex, Melissa very slowly dragged one of her fingers along -- and in-between -- my wet lips.

I shuddered, and let out a soft moan.

Melissa’s finger emerged, shiny, coated in my slickness.

She held it up to show the crowd.

I utterly and totally died, inside. Died!

I had to clamp shut my eyes, and hide.

The audience thundered. It was painfully loud.

My heart was pounding out of my chest.

Why was I letting her do this to me in front of everyone? Why did I have to be so weak? What was wrong with me?

“You weren’t lying,” Melissa chirped, sounding amused. “This really is your thing, isn’t it?”

Then, in one sudden movement, she yanked down my bikini bottoms, still tenuously clinging to my lower hips, flinging the loose material to my feet.

The surprise exposure sent a flood of adrenaline racing through me.

Every muscle in my body reacted, at once, launching me up onto my toes.

The cheeks of my round, girlish ass clamped themselves tightly together.

Arching my back, and thrusting out my breasts, I threw back my head and screamed.

I couldn’t tell if I was fainting, or coming!

Melissa snapped the photo she wanted...a naked young woman at her breaking point...an image of wild, untamable, feminine sexuality.

She approached me again, knelt down, and to the audience’s outrage, pulled up my bikini bottoms.

I never thought that ‘merely’ standing topless on a stage would ever be a relief to me, but it was.

I felt so grateful have my small bit of cover again.

As soon as the bikini bottoms came up, the DJ started to ‘wind things up’, sensing things had likely gone as far with us as they were going to go, in this round of the contest, at least.

Melissa and I wandered over to the side of the stage to wait.

The other contestants were glaring at me with unconcealed hatred.

So far, nobody, besides me, had even flashed their tits, and there I had gone and gotten completely bare-ass naked in the second freaking round.

Talk about upping the ante.

God! Everybody must have thought I was such a total whore!

I stared at the floor and focused on my breathing.

I just couldn’t ’turn off’ my sexual response to what I had just been through.

I was extremely worked up.

I was terrified that I was going to just start touching myself, right there in front of everybody, trying to relieve the unbearable tension.

But I managed to stay strong, and my arousal slowly began to subside.

By the end of the second round, all of the other girls in the competition had gotten topless for at least part of their turn. They knew they had ground to make up.

I worried, just a little, during the voting which followed.

After all, Melissa had shown less than any other girl, and we were being judged as a team.

Even if we were the hottest girls in the contest, I knew the audience had expectations.

Fortunately, it was ‘pussy for the win!’

Melissa and I were clearly in first place as far as the crowd was concerned.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 10**

Our strongest competition was a very pretty, dark-haired coed from Clemson.

She danced first in the third round.

The crowd liked her.

The longer she danced, the more of her body that she exposed.

First she pulled off her shirt. (But didn’t throw it into the crowd, I noticed.)

Then she played with her bikini bottoms, stretching them back and forth, up and down her round hips, teasing the crowd with brief glimpses of what lay underneath.

She didn’t seem particularly happy about it.

I think she felt forced to let people see more than she wanted to, after how far I had gone.

We watched (and I fretted) while she danced.

Then the other two-girl team danced.

They tried to copy me and Melissa, but soon found out that in a naked photoshoot…‘photoshoot’ is not the important word.

It’s the ‘naked’ that counts.

And they didn’t get naked.

When it was our turn to dance, I wandered fearfully across the stage, as the crowd let out a riotous cheer.

My motor was still revved up. I wasn’t sure how much self control I had left.

If Melissa pushed me, I didn’t know what depths I could sink to.

I got a fresh soaking with the chilly water, and began to dance, terribly nervous, but undeniably excited.

It was no surprise to me, then, when Melissa approached me from behind.

She gave my bum a playful smack, and herded me closer to the front of the stage, toward the audience.

“All the better, to finish humiliating me,” I thought.

I waited to feel Melissa’s hands pulling down my bikini bottoms, again.

Maybe she would tear them off me, like before, shocking me with an intense moment of sudden unexpected exposure.

Maybe she would torture me, pulling them down slowly, prolonging my anticipation of my pussy being revealed.

Maybe she would even throw my bikini bottoms into the crowd, forcing me to remain nude for the rest of the contest, denying me any cover at all!

I’ll bet the audience would like that, getting to see me stranded naked on stage, with no way to hide from the many prying eyes.

My little, pink nipples stood almost impossibly erect, begging for some attention. My pussy ached, hungering for relief.

I was past caring. I was past shame.

Soon they would see me.

Maybe I even wanted them to.

Instead, to my surprise, I felt Melissa place something in my hand.

It was a camera phone.

Still deep in arousal, I turned around to face her.

She was looking at me, with the cutest, forced smile. She looked incredibly nervous.

“Your turn,” she said, striking a pose. “Don’t you want a naked picture of me?”

I was speechless.

Melissa looked so delicate and vulnerable.

She really was a very pretty girl.

I paused.

No matter how much I had at stake in this contest, I just couldn’t do this to her, unless I knew that she was really sure.

I had learned my lesson about dishonesty, and had dealt with my punishment (delectable though it might have been.)

“You know there’s no ‘taking this back’, right?” I asked Melissa, as quietly as possible, subtly gesturing out toward the rest of the club.

“You got that right,” laughed the DJ, having overheard. He was staring straight at Melissa. “Naked is forever, sweetheart.”

At least he had shown enough decency, and respect for a coworker, to cover his microphone, instead of blasting his comment out to the crowd.

It didn’t matter. Enough people in the audience had overheard.

“Take it off! Take it off!” they started shouting, pointing at Melissa.

The DJ had to yield to the crowd’s wishes.

“How ‘bout we get these two ladies naked?” he challenged the audience, still staring at Melissa. “What do you say?”

The crowd roared.

Melissa glowered at the DJ.

I wondered how long they had known each other. They acted like they had been working together for a long time.

Then Melissa closed her eyes, and took a few deep breaths.

When her eyes reopened, she nodded her head, in affirmation.

“I want to feel what you feel,” she explained to me, in a small voice.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 11**

I had no idea what to do. I had to think on my feet.

“Then dance,” I commanded.

I circled Melissa, studying her, as she threw up her arms, and started to wiggle and sway her hips, timing her sultry moves to the blaring music.

Reaching out, I tore her t-shirt at the neckline, causing the fabric to fall aside, revealing much of the milky-white skin of Melissa’s untanned breasts, and exposing her left nipple. It rose and fell with her rapid, shallow breaths.

I snapped a photo. (The audience snapped lots of photos!)

Melissa just continued to dance, staring out into the large crowd.

I studied at her face.

A deep blush had spread over her cheeks, but the corners of her mouth were turned up in a smile.

I knew exactly what she was feeling.

I snapped another photo.

With another mighty tear of the fabric, the entire front of Melissa’s t-shirt lay open.

Her slender torso and pert breasts were now on full display.

I pulled what remained of the shirt off her delicate shoulders, and let the damp material fall to the ground.

Melissa began to laugh, uncontrollably.

I worried she was about to have a mental breakdown.

I snapped another photo.

The crowd was roaring. We were both bare naked from the waist up…two topless cuties in matching blue bikini bottoms.

I scraped my fingernails lightly down Melissa’s back.

She shuddered.

The soft, pale flesh of her breasts jiggled suggestively in response.

The audience howled with delight.

Melissa cringed, and lowered her head, averting her eyes.

But I was determined not to let her deprive herself of the full power of the experience.

I placed a finger under Melissa’s chin, and gently guided her head back up, forcing her to meet the gazes of the people enjoying the sight of her exposed body.

I took her by the hand, and pulled her to the front of the stage, almost within touching distance of the audience.

We danced together, along the entire length of the stage.

I made sure everybody got a good, long look at Melissa, close up.

She was a hit! As her confidence grew, her movements grew smoother and sexier.

I started our photoshoot again, asking Melissa to strike suggestive poses, as we play-danced together.

“We’ve got two of Topsail’s prettiest bartenders up here, ladies and gentlemen,” I heard the DJ’s voice blaring out over the sound system. “We do this every night of spring break, right at midnight.”

“Now, who wants to see these ladies get out of their bikini bottoms?” he shouted encouragingly. “Who wants to see some puuuuuussyyyyyyy?”

The crowd roared with excitement.

My God! What had I become?

The DJ had made it sound like I was some kind of slut who stripped at work!

I tried to give the DJ a withering glance, but he just laughed at me.

“Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!” he led the crowd in a cheer, which spread like wildfire.

I turned to look at Melissa.

I couldn’t tell what she was feeling. She looked like her mind was just about blown.

I pulled her into a hug.

“Let’s get you naked, girl,” I whispered.

She looked at me in a wild-eyed panic.

“I can’t,” she whispered, frantically. “I can’t go any further than this.”

“But you just saw me do it, right?” I protested. “If I can do it, you can do it.”

I heard a bit of a commotion, over by the steps leading up to the stage, and glanced over to see what was happening.

To my horror, it was Brad, and the rest of the corporate executives, climbing up to stand at the side of the stage, not far away, at all.

I was sure they were coming to fire me. I had a lump in my throat. My stomach was churning.

Then Brad lifted his phone.

“I guess he wants a topless photo of me, to show to his actual management training candidates, before he cans my sorry ass,” I thought.

I felt like the butt of an incredibly cruel joke.

I began to tear up, as I felt my heart breaking.

But Brad didn’t take a picture. He showed me the front of his phone, and it read, in giant, red letters, “100%”.

He then gave me a ‘thumbs up’ and a big, friendly smile.

It was such a corny gesture that I knew it was sincere.

It was genuine approval.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 12**

The exchange left me with absolutely no doubt that Brad was still on my side, despite the shameful things he had see me do.

It was a miracle!

The other miracle was that Melissa hadn’t seen the corporate guys climbing up to the stage.

If she had seen them, I wouldn’t have had a prayer of getting her out of her bikini bottoms.

“I can still pull this off,” I told myself. But I had to act fast.

Time for leadership! I thought about Brad’s words, and rephrased them.

“Melissa, if I push way past my boundaries for you, will you push way past your boundaries for me? Can we do this together?” I asked her.

Melissa stared at me, with trepidation.

“Yes,” she finally agreed, in a low voice.

I smiled.

I took Melissa by the hand, and strategically turned her so that the executives were to her back, and the audience could see our profiles.

This meant that I was facing the executives.

That would certainly not have been my first choice, under other circumstances (given what I knew I needed to do.)

I closed my eyes, leaned forward, and planted a steamy kiss on Melissa.

The kiss wasn’t for Melissa’s benefit. It was for mine.

I knew I needed to get myself very worked up, if I was going to conquer my fear.

I embraced Melissa, two slender, young women, their bodies melting together.

I felt Melissa’s soft breasts pressing firmly against mine.

I kissed her again, our tongues playfully darting about each others’ mouths.

It was different kissing a girl than kissing a boy.

Melissa was small and soft, like me. She even tasted different than a boy.

I wondered if she liked kissing me? I hoped so. I wanted her to.

Without breaking our kiss, I shifted my feet, to create a slight void between our bodies.

I took Melissa’s hands, guiding them up to caress my chest.

I felt the corners of Melissa’s mouth turn up in a smile, as our lips continued their embrace.

Melissa massaged my breasts, gently tugging on my tender nipples. I moaned quietly, in response, and Melissa giggled.

Pulling away from our kiss, she opened her eyes to watch me react to the things she was doing to my body.

I restlessly shifted my weight from leg to leg, feeling incredibly uncomfortable.

It was bad enough to be ’performing’ for everyone else, but now I was even performing for Melissa.

But, damn, did it ever feel good.

Melissa’s actions were flooding my body with pleasure.

It was as if my nipples and clit were one and the same.

Touch one, and you’ve touched the other.

Tease one, and you’ve teased the other.

Lick one, and...

Melissa had moved her left hand, shifting her head down to suckle my right breast.

Her warm, slick tongue circled my areola, several times, before she took my nipple into her mouth.

I ran my hands through Melissa’s hair and arched my back, offering her more…wanting more!

Releasing my nipple from her tender suction, Melissa raised her head and we resumed our passionate kissing.

I gave myself fully to the moment.

“Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!” I could hear the audience commanding me, with increasing impatience.

“You can do this,” I gave myself an internal pep talk. “On the count of three. One...two...three!”

Reaching behind my back, I pushed my bikini bottoms down, over my butt, until they dropped to the floor.

I was bare naked in front of everyone, again…just as naked as I could be.

The audience roared.

I began to feel a little dizzy. I concentrated on the kiss.

I was doing o.k.

But I hadn’t yet made enough of a sacrifice, to match what I was asking of Melissa, and I knew it.

I had already been naked, in front of everyone, before. I needed to prove something more. To break a barrier.

It would take me revealing something far more private and embarrassing than my bare body, to guide Melissa past her fears.

I needed to be strong.

Trembling, I took hold of Melissa’s right hand, and guided it down from the breast it was fondling.

I pushed her hand down, between my legs.

I encouraged her to toy with me, by dragging her hand back and forth, across my bare sex, a few times.

I was taking a huge risk. Melissa was basically a stranger. I had no idea how she would react.

And maybe I could get arrested. I didn’t know!

But Melissa had already touched me down there, so I was hoping she wouldn’t freak out.

I (really, really, really) needed her not to freak out! Or else I was sure I would absolutely die of shame!

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 13**

To my relief, Melissa started to hesitantly rub her hand over my pussy.

The crowd started shouting some really gross stuff at us, but I knew I needed to concentrate.

I closed my eyes, and tuned everything out, focusing my attention on the warm, enjoyable sensations radiating out from between my legs.

It was important not to think about what I was doing.

No thinking.

Just feeling.

I kissed Melissa hard, slowly running my hands over her body, feeling her soft, moist skin.

Soon Melissa grew in confidence, separating my sensitive labia, and exploring me more intimately with her slender fingers.

She began to maintain a steady motion over my clit. It felt deliciously good!

I broke our kiss, looked at Melissa, and let out a small whine of pleasure.

The guys up close, at the front of the crowd, heard me, and started getting way too wild. They were saying some really vulgar stuff.

I fought so hard to tune out all of the crude things the audience was shouting at me -- and about me -- but it was difficult.

I peered helplessly into Melissa’s eyes, feeling myself beginning to slip away.

Melissa was studying me with great concentration, slightly increasing the pace of her sexual manipulation.

I closed my eyes and kissed her again, as my breaths grew shallower and faster.

“Um-hmm,” I encouraged her. “Just like that! Don’t stop!”

I began to (hopefully discreetly) thrust my hips, complementing the motions of Melissa’s hand, and guiding her efforts to a place that felt so amazingly good.

A wonderful tension was building inside my body, as Melissa continued to tend to me.

The DJ noticed what was happening, and led the audience in a new chant, over the loudspeakers.

“Make her come! Make her come!”

The entire audience was soon shouting in unison.

“Make her come! Make her come!”

I couldn’t tune that out!

I began to feel dizzy and lightheaded. I worried I might pass out.

This was infinitely sluttier than anything else I had ever done!

I broke my kiss with Melissa, and turned my head, to stare hazily out into the audience.

“Make her come! Make her come!”

This wasn’t really happening, right?

It was just a crazy dream?

There were so many faces…smiling…laughing…shouting…

“Make her come! Make her come!”

The eager chants crashed over me, in devastating waves, sweeping me away, as Melissa’s hand kept pushing me closer and closer to the edge.

I let out a moan.

The volume of the sound stunned me. It was coming out of the club’s sound system!

I whipped my head around, to find the DJ standing quite close to us.

He was holding his microphone right up to my mouth, so everyone could hear my embarrassing sounds of womanly pleasure.

I plummeted down a dark well of humiliation and shame.

“No!” I screamed, inside. “People shouldn’t hear these things!”

I scrunched my eyes shut, unable to cope. It was too mortifying to contemplate!

Melissa just continued her steady movements, sliding her fingers back and forth over my clitoris.

Wave upon wave of warmth kept pouring out through my body, sweeping away my thoughts, and paralyzing my senses.

I clamped my thighs tightly around Melissa’s hand, pushing it harder against my sex, trying to make the sensation feel better, and better, and better.

I heard myself let out another deep moan, not so quietly this time.

I had been trying so hard not to vocalize, but I simply couldn’t hold in the raw, sensual sound.

The noise absolutely boomed from the club’s speakers. People outside the club probably heard me.

I glared at the DJ, through glassy eyes. The bastard looked smug.

I wanted to hate him for stealing such private things from me. I really did want to.

But then it occurred to me...why on earth wouldn’t he let everybody hear me?

Sex sells.

My sex sells.

I had voluntarily turned myself into Topsail’s pretty, little whore. And everyone was eager to hear the funny noises their pretty, little whore was making.

The unfathomable indecency of the moment overcame me. It was more than I could take!

“NNNNNNNNggggggghhh!” I threw back my head, and bit my lower lip, as another moan escaped my mouth.

I wobbled, a bit, shifting my weight, attempting to keep my balance as my knees grew weak.

A small contraction rippled through my bare body, causing my ass to jiggle.

The DJ noticed. I saw him smirk.

I closed my eyes and shivered.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 14**

I was growing increasingly close to an orgasm.

“Make her come! Make her come!” the crowd demanded.

My mouth opened wide, as my breaths drew shallower.

I was making more and more noise. It was beyond my control.

I opened my eyes, and gazed out, helplessly, into the audience.

My eyes landed on this guy about five feet from the stage, who wasn’t even chanting. He was just staring at me, wide-eyed, almost in shock.

Was I the first naked girl he had seen in person? He was sure acting like it.

“My God! What must he think of me?” I wondered, quivering with shameful excitement. I had never felt so exposed!

I tried my best to keep looking at the boy, though my eyelids were growing heavy. I desperately wanted him to know that I could see him watching me.

Our eye contact made my embarrassment feel so much more intimate and personal. I found it deliciously excruciating. I ached for more!

I felt my skin burning, as we stared at each other.

I could feel Melissa slowly stroking my tender nipple…right in front of him.

I could feel Melissa rhythmically toying with my warm, moist pussy…right in front of him.

And I was so close to coming…right in front of him!

I really had become a pretty, little whore…a naked, pretty, little whore…

The thought was pure agony. It made my insides churn.

But it was all so deliciously naughty! When had I become such a dirty, dirty girl?

I let out a whine of anguished pleasure, still staring into the boy’s eyes, feeling so very, very shy.

I withered with humiliation when I saw him laugh at me, in response.

Just mortifying! Unbearable!

I had to close my eyes, and hide.

“Make her come! Make her come!” I could still hear the crowd chant, but they were beginning to fade from my consciousness.

Melissa was pushing me close to the brink. I was slipping away.

I’m not sure I could have stopped, if I wanted to.

I arched my back, and ground my sex even harder against Melissa’s hand.

Yes!

Yes!

Make me come!

“Oh God! Oh God! Just like that. Please. Please. Pleeeease!” I begged Melissa, gasping out the words between breaths.

I no longer cared about anything else.

Nothing existed but my pleasure, and the movement of Melissa’s hand, hurtling me towards oblivion.

Closer.

Closer.

A growing ache built inside me, consuming me entirely.

All my muscles were so tightly clenched, I couldn’t breathe.

My eyes clamped firmly shut. My face contorted into a mask of sweet agony. My mouth hung wide open.

I hung there, forever, on the precipice, in boundless, blissful suffering.

Until, at last, my body surpassed its sexual threshold, delivering the final, sublime release I so ardently desired.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuuugh!”

I threw back my head and screamed out, as the contractions of an absolutely earth shattering orgasm rocketed through me!

It was far more powerful than anything I had ever experienced before!

My slender body bucked violently, over and over and over. It felt like every part of me was coming, at once! And it just wouldn’t stop! It was heavenly!

It felt like the night air, itself, had become liquid pleasure, and I was swimming through it, absorbing joy and relief through the pores of my skin.

The noises of my orgasmic ecstasy were echoing throughout the beach club, and far beyond its walls.

After an impossibly long time, the waves subsided, leaving me panting, and clinging tightly to Melissa, for support.

My legs were so wobbly I wasn’t sure if I couldn’t stand on my own.

I felt Melissa pull her hand away from my crotch, leaving a hot, soaking mess in its wake.

It took a while longer before my senses returned, and I started to regain some mental clarity. I really wished I wouldn’t have.

The horror of my situation started to sink in.

What had I just done? It was far too painful to contemplate!

I buried my face into Melissa’s neck to hide.

I began to cry, listening to the crowd’s deafeningly riotous celebration of my ‘sex show.’

How could I ever face anyone again?

Melissa cradled me for a time, protecting me...soothing me...

Then, I felt her hand under my chin, as she gently coaxed me to lift my head.

She forced me to look out into the audience, meeting the gazes of the many, many people who had just watched me orgasm...returning my favor from earlier in the contest.

Most people were cheering and laughing. Some just looked shocked.

A few, especially the girls, were looking at me with open disgust.

I started to cry harder. I was completely overwhelmed. I was experiencing way too many powerful emotions at once.

“Shhhh...” Melissa soothed, giving me a hug.

“Pose for me,” she encouraged.

So I did.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 15**

I plucked up what little was left of my courage, faced Melissa, placed my hands on my hips, and plastered a weak smile on my face.

I felt my stomach churning. I was about to throw up.

I felt a coolness ‘down there’ as my juices started to evaporate in the night air.

Melissa suddenly swore, and covered her breasts with her arms, staring in surprise at the side of the stage.

She had spotted the executives from corporate.

I started to panic. I couldn’t lose her. Not now.

Not after what I had just put myself through!

“It’s no problem. They’re no different than anyone else here. Watch,” I rationalized, trying to calm Melissa.

I turned to face Brad and the other guys from corporate.

In what I’m sure is the bravest thing I have ever done in my life, given my fragile state, I struck a pose, putting all of my weight on my right leg, coquettishly lifting the other.

I swung my left leg far out to the side, spreading myself open, making sure I was giving the executives a very good view of what I was pretty sure interested them (if you know what I mean.)

I couldn’t make eye contact with them, though.

I was far too humiliated.

“Now you,” I encouraged, tying to project calmness, even in the throes of panic.

Melissa reluctantly lowered her arms and stood topless in front of the corporate group.

“Now you,” Melissa demanded, sounding angry at me for making her feel the way she was feeling.

I turned to face the other direction, away from the corporate men.

Balling my hands up into fists to remain strong, I slowly bent down at the waist, giving the executives a mortifying look at my puckered asshole and the glistening lips of my still warm sex, before turning back around to give them a full, frontal view of my body again.

“Now you,” I said quietly. “Can you do this with me? Do you want to?”

Melissa looked petrified, but she nodded yes.

I turned Melissa so she was facing back toward the audience, gently massaging her shoulders to reduce her stress.

The milky skin of her breasts rose and fell with each of her rapid breaths.

She looked very unsure of herself.

I began to pull her bikini bottoms down.

A neatly trimmed landing strip came into view, leading down to the top of her womanly cleft.

Soon enough, the shaven, puffy lips of Melissa’s pussy were in plain view and her crumpled bikini bottoms lay on the floor.

Every last inch of Melissa was on display.

Melissa stood frozen in shock.

I watched her standing helplessly naked before the crowd, her body awash in a lightning storm of camera flashes, and let her absorb the moment.

Her dark red nipples rose and fell as she struggled to draw her shallow, frantic breaths.

Her appearance was mesmerizing…so shy…so sexy.

Everyone was staring at her.

I couldn’t help but stare, myself.

Her naked body was quite beautiful.

(I envied her.)

I had done it.

I had pushed her further than she thought she could go.

But, at what price? My mind raced as I struggled to mentally process all the things I had done.

It was going to take a long, long time before I could come to terms with my actions.

But it was all still happening!

All the (many! many! many! Holy ...! many!) people all around me had just seen me have the biggest, loudest, most devastating orgasm of my life.

I began to obsess on the idea that almost anybody I knew might have been out there, in the crowd, watching me, listening to me.

I cringed so deeply that my fingers and toes curled up.

I clamped my eyes shut, as tightly as I could, trying to banish the horrible thought from my head.

But I couldn’t.

Why was I doing this to myself? Why was I punishing myself this way?

And why was it making me so damn turned on?

Because, sick though it might be, I kept craving more!

I couldn’t stop from pushing myself deeper, tapping into something primitive and animalistic inside me.

I grabbed Melissa’s hand, and we started to dance.

Melissa was on fire!

I knew what she was feeling.

I felt it too.

I let it all go, rubbing my hands all over my soft, naked body as I shook it seductively across the front of the stage..

I was acting like such a slut. And I loved it!

The people closest to the stage got to know me very, very intimately.

No. That isn’t true.

They didn’t really know me, and they didn’t really want to.

They just wanted to entertain themselves with my naked body.

I wasn’t a person.

I was sex.

I danced my best for everyone...smoothly...seductively...hypnotically...swinging and thrusting my hips to the pounding beats...arching my back...running my hands through my hair...massaging my breasts...even gently tugging on my tender nipples (when my back was to the executives.)

I was uncontrollably turned on! The orgasm had only left me starving for more attention.

I turned to face away from the audience.

Peeking back and smiling, over my shoulder, I wiggled my cute, sexy, little bum, begging everyone to check it out.

I got some very appreciative shouts. I liked that.

Slowly...slowly...building the anticipation...I bent over at my waist, stroking my hands down the front of my long, thin legs, almost my to the floor, opening myself up to the large audience, on full rear display.

“This is what it’s like to mount me from behind,” I thought, showing everyone my scrunchy, little pooper, and my soaking pussy.

I was so excited that I couldn’t breathe.

For all I knew, they could see inside me!

The muscles around my asshole and pussy began to contract in a mild orgasm.

I let out a startled squeak.

My thighs and butt flexed, rhythmically, with each small contraction, under the many watchful eyes.

I wondered if people could tell that I was coming, or if they thought I was moving that way on purpose, doing a strange little dance.

My God! What was happening to me?

I stood upright again, breathing deeply.

In front of me stood the DJ, my coworker.

He had been the only person with a clear view of my face, just now, when I came again.

He knew.

My skin itched.

The things this guy had seen me do!

My nipples throbbed.

“Nnnnnn...” I bit my lower lip.

I ran my hands down my belly, around my hips, and over my butt, which I gave a playful squeeze.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 16**

“Come!” a desperate voice inside me was screaming. “Come! Come! Come!”

In a blur, I realized it wasn’t me.

I was hearing the crowd.

They were chanting in unison.

“Come! Come! Come!”

I started to dance, pretending everything was under control. I was under control.

I threw my hands up over my head, swiveled my hips, and swung to face the audience.

Everything was under control.

They were pointing to my bare pussy, jabbing their fingers in its direction, like fans at a football game.

“Come! Come! Come!”

My hand flew down to cover my sex, to protect it from such rudeness.

I pressed my middle finger down into a pool of warm, moist softness. I was soaked.

“Come! Come! Come!”

It was so loud my ears rang.

How many people were out there?

I pulled back my hand, sliding my finger between my swollen lips.

Just to see.

“OOOOOnnnh!” I let out an unmistakably sexual sound.

The muscles in my legs spasmed. My body was on a hair-trigger.

“Come! Come! Come!”

I plunged my hand down again, cupping and squeezing my pussy.

Everything was warm.

I needed to stop.

I was under control.

“Come! Come! Come!”

“Mmmmm!” I whined, looking down at Melissa’s blond hair.

She had joined me.

My left breast was in her warm, moist mouth. Her soft tongue was tenderly sliding over my sensitive nipple.

One of her hands was rubbing my belly, and the other was squeezing my ass.

It all felt so unbelievably good.

“Come! Come! Come!”

I plunged my fingers into my pussy, separating my lips and pulling back my palm to expose my clit, starving for more intensity.

Some college guys, up front, whose camera phones were thrust almost into my crotch, ordered me to move my hand.

Obeying, I shifted it aside, while keeping myself spread open.

I showed them the pinkest of my girly pinks.

Just like they wanted.

Everything was fine.

I was under control.

I looked down at my body.

Melissa was running her hand over, around and between my sensitive breasts.

Pleasuring me.

I began to tease my clit.

Nope.

I was definitely not under control.

“Come! Come! Come!”

I cried out!

I threw back my head and licked my lips.

Faster! Faster!

I was in agony for relief.

Melissa’s right hand slid down between my the cheeks of my ass, sneaking into my crack.

I squealed, in shock and excitement.

“Come! Come! Come!”

I stared out into the crowd, my mouth hanging open, my breaths coming short and fast.

“Onh! Onh!” I whined, my face contorting.

I saw them laughing.

I closed my eyes, threw back my head, and arched my back, presenting myself fully.

I felt my legs getting wobbly.

For support, I leaned against Melissa’s hand, which was still exploring my ass.

My eyes sprung open, with surprise, as I felt her finger slide into my asshole.

Every sensation in my body was instantly magnified tenfold.

I was completely obliterated by another tremendous orgasm.

It was euphoric.

Over and over, the muscles in my slender, naked body clenched, as I cried out. Each wave of pleasure seemed as strong as the one before.

I began to fall.

Melissa grabbed me in a bearhug, holding me upright.

After what seemed an eternity, the spasms weakened, then finally stopped. I opened my eyes again.

I looked out into the night, my head spinning.

Naked. Soaked. Panting.

Whatever.

I didn’t care. How could I? I was too far gone.

It wasn’t me on that stage, anymore.

It was a wild woman.

Obviously concerned that things were going a bit too far (in light of the legal code), the DJ quickly called an end to our turn in the third round.

I heard him call the other contestants to join me and Melissa at the center of the stage to get the voting over with.

Obviously, there wasn’t any drama.

Melissa and I received virtually 100% of the vote. (I mean, come on! Of course we did!)

The Clemson chick stormed off in a huff, with her consolation prize, and the DJ handed us our prize money.

Melissa and I grinned at each other, did a high five, waved a final bunch of final thank you’s to our fans, and gathered our bikini bottoms so we could scurry back to the changing room.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 17**

As we were picking up our bikinis, the team from corporate approached us.

This wasn’t the contest, any more…this was a just a couple of bare naked twenty-something female employees standing in front of a bunch of older, male bosses in suits.

I cringed as they approached us, and felt myself moving my arms to cover my body.

I glanced over, and Melissa looked like she was about to pee herself.

It was time for leadership.

I reached out and took Melissa’s hand, weaving our fingers together while giving her a smile and an encouraging nod.

There was no concealing ourselves now.

That’s how we waited for the corporate guys to join us, two pretty, naked women bartenders, holding hands…giving 100%.

It was surreal talking to the executives, who gathered around us to congratulate us.

It was particularly difficult to talk to Brad, with my breasts and wet pussy on display, practically crying out for his attention, as I still lightly panted from the powerful orgasms he had just watched me have.

But Bradley was a pro. Nothing but eye-contact and appropriate behavior.

I was impressed.

We finally broke away, and headed toward the dressing room before Brad called me back alone.

Melissa looked concerned, afraid I was about to get fired for what I had just done.

I faked a reassuring expression, and shooed her on to the dressing room.

It was time to face the music. My stomach was churning, and the trip back across the stage seemed to take forever.

I stood alone and naked in front of the men, pitifully clutching my bunched up bikini bottoms in my hand as Brad began to speak.

He addressed his fellow executives, basically laying out the case for why he was going to include me in the management training program.

I was floored.

I had just orgasmed onstage in their club -- multiple times! -- and they were...promoting me?

He told them about the proposition he had made to me, before the contest.

The leadership I had exhibited (along with the “obvious depth of my commitment”; my whole body blushed when he said that) was one of the most impressive displays he had ever seen.

He paused, addressing my total nudity for the first time.

“You know, you can put your bikini back on if you want,” he suggested gently.

I thought about it.

“Sir, I gave 100% on this stage, and I’m not stopping now,” I replied with a smile. “As you can see, I am still clearly providing entertainment to our customers...”

I gestured toward the surprisingly large number of people who were still pressed up close to the stage after the end of the contest, since a very naked girl was still standing on it.

“...and I think they will like it if I walk off the stage wearing my ‘victory outfit’,” I concluded.

Brad gave me a proud smile.

In return, I playfully nodded my head, and swept my gaze down my body, hinting that Brad had my permission to really look at me, if he wanted to.

For the one and only time that night (that I know of), Brad took his time, checking out my naked body, as I swelled with pride.

This was someone who believed in me.

I hoped I looked ...ing amazing for him!

All of the executives shook my hand in congratulations, and I turned to walk away.

I was shooting for a smooth and dignified exit, but I’m afraid I almost skipped across the stage with a goofy grin on my face.

I was sooooo happy!

With a little wave of my hand, I offered a final thank you to the executives, and then the crowd, before disappearing into the dressing room.

**Topsail Mgmt - Ch 18 (Final)**

Melissa and I stayed in the dressing room and talked for a while, after we were back in our uniforms, and the other contestants were gone.

We needed to!

It turned out that she had kissed a few other girls before, but she had definitely never done anything sexual with them. (She was into guys, as was I.)

I sheepishly told her that she was really, really good at it, and she smiled.

It turned out that Melissa was a lot like me.

She had dated a few boys, and had some mediocre sex, but nothing had left her feeling particularly satisfied.

“Honestly, the hottest sexual moment I ever had, didn’t even involve sex. It was on a camping trip I took with some friends, guys and girls. Everybody else went hiking, but I didn’t want to go, so I lay out to sunbathe, after they left. Since I was alone in the middle of nowhere, I decided to strip down and sunbathe nude.”

“I was still naked when I heard my friends coming back up the trail to the campsite. I don’t know what came over me, but instead of covering myself, I just closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. I heard a little shout of surprise, and some laughter when they spotted me. Then I heard them quietly sneak up me, until they were standing all around me, looking down at my body.”

“The next few minutes, as I kept pretending to be asleep, while I listened to their whispered conversation about me, was easily the most exciting thing I’ve ever experienced. I was so embarrassed, but it was such a turn on!”

“I heard them plotting what they were going to do. They decided to hide my clothes, wake me up, and make me go on a naked scavenger hunt.”

“When they were ready, they gathered around me and shouted, ‘Surprise!’.”

“I pretended to wake up startled, and screamed, curling up into a ball to hide myself.”

“After they ‘explained their trick to me’, they all followed me around the campsite while I searched for my clothes. Eventually, I stopped covering myself and let them look at my body.”

“They kept talking about me, the whole time. I had never felt so sexy before.”

“Nor did I fully appreciate how much guys like girls’ asses before, either. Apparently, mine is pretty good!”

She grinned, and we both laughed.

“I was so sad when it was all over and I had my clothes on again. I thought about that day for a long, long time. I thought that I might be an exhibitionist, or something. Then I saw you, the other night, and it brought it all back to me.”

I warned her that she would never know who had seen her naked, after tonight. She just smiled.

“Isn’t ‘not knowing’ the best and worst part?” she asked, with a grin. “Besides, I’m pretty sure I won’t be able to keep up with your fan club, now.”

She pressed for details of what the contest had been like, for me, and I did my best to answer.

When I told her about the guy who kept staring at me in shock, and how I fantasized about being the first naked girl he had ever seen, Melissa pretended to fan herself with her hands.

“Holy shit, that’s hot!” she enthused. “You’ve got to find him, when we go back out there! You have to meet him!”

“No way!” I yelped. “It’s going to be bad enough facing people, as it is. I don’t want to actively seek out opportunities to be even more embarrassed.”

Just then, there was a knock on the door, and I heard my boss Tim calling from outside, “You’re on the clock, ladies. I need you back up in the VIP lounge. Pronto!”

I flipped off the closed door, mouthing “... you, Tim.”

Melissa and I looked at each other, and quietly giggled. We got up, and started to leave.

Just as I put my hand on the door handle, Melissa whispered for me to wait.

Fishing in her bikini top, she pulled out the $250 I had given her earlier in the evening.

“I can’t take this,” she explained.

I started to protest.

I had given her that money. It was hers. (And, fortunately, with tonight’s winnings I still had enough to make a car payment, so it wasn’t critical, but I didn’t tell her that.)

“Shhhhhh,” Melissa hushed me. “I owe you! You were right. I had the most exciting experience of my life, tonight, and it’s all thanks to you.”

She stepped close, and whispered, “Consider this a tip.”

Then she leaned in and kissed me on my mouth. While we were kissing, I felt her slipping the cash into my bikini bottoms, like I was a stripper!

Pulling away from the kiss, she laughed at my shocked facial expression, and said, “Now we can go.”

So we did.