Working for Carlos. By Lady Grey

I first met up with Carlos the Magician in a small touring variety show

where I was appearing as a dancer in the chorus. From a young child I

had always wanted to be on the stage, but although I had tried both

acting and singing, it was as a dancer that I had been able to make my

mark.

I had, I was told, the classic figure of a dancer with long shapely legs

and a firm curvaceous figure. My long natural blond hair made me stand

out from the other dancers in the show. Although it was hard work and

there was a lot of training and rehearsals, I still enjoyed it. I loved

the exciting costumes I had to wear even though some of them were more

than a little revealing.

It had always excited me the way the men in the audience cheered and

applauded when we were on stage. This was the thing that excited me the

most, the adoration of the audience. I always hoped that someday

someone would see me and I would be offered a part in a big West End

show.

Because of my looks and figure, I had always had plenty of offers of

work, but most of it had been the seedier kind, exotic dancing or lap

dancing, and because of my strict religious upbringing, I had up to now

always turned that sort of work down.

I came from a small village in Wales where my farther was a lay preacher

and he had not spoken to me for the last two years. He had called me a

Jezebel when he had found out what I intended to do for a living.

"Exposing yourself to those depraved souls," were his words. I never

considered that I really exposed myself. The costumes I wore were maybe

a little scanty, but everything that should be covered was covered.

Even so, sometimes when I lay in bed at night, usually after a

particularly good show, I often lay there and had fantasies about what

it might feel like to be totally exposed in front of so many people.

The idea had always excited me, and although I knew it was wrong, I

sometimes could not keep my fingers from straying down to my pussy and

finding it more than a little moist.

During the ten week run of the show, we traveled around the small town

provincial theatres and I became very friendly with Carlos, and

particularly his partner Rachel. We often shared the same hotel along

with some of the other girls in the chorus, and I usually went with

them and some of the other members of the group for meals after the

show. It was one night while we were all out together during our final

two weeks in Blackpool that Carlos asked me if I had any plans for work

after the this show finished. "No, not anything definite at this

stage," I replied. "My agent's offered me a couple of weeks in a show

in Brighton, but it's a long way to go for two weeks."

Carlos nodded.

"Have you anything booked?" I inquired.

He smiled. "Yes, I've a summer season, three months on the Costa del Sol."

I smiled. "Very nice. Sun, sea and sangria. I could do with some of that."

Carlos looked at me. "Well, you can if you want to think about it, and

I'm looking for a new assistant. Rachel has a problem about being out

of the country. Her mother's quite ill."

I looked across at Rachel who nodded. "Yes, he's right, and I don't want

to leave her on her own, not at this stage."

Anyway, I jumped at the chance and it was quickly fixed up; three months

in the sun. We did not have to leave for Spain for a couple of weeks

after the show finished in Blackpool. So Rachel said that I could go

back to Bolton with them and she would help me with the act and sort

out some new costumes for me.

I took time to watch their act carefully every night for the next week

and worked hard on the two weeks training after the show had finished.

By the time we said good bye to Rachel and set off to catch the plane,

I felt confident that I could do the act very well. I found that Carlos

was fun to work with and we got on well together, and he even suggested

that I included some short dance routines into the act.

The Spanish booking agent met us off the plane in Malaga. He helped load

Carlos's equipment into his van and drove us to our hotel. The Oriel

was a large hotel complex in Fungerola about sixteen miles from the

airport. Our rooms were not all that good, but they were clean and

comfortable.

After we had settled in, we met up with the agent and the hotel's

entertainment manager, a greasy looking guy called Alfonso. I took an

instant dislike to him. The way he looked me up and down it almost felt

as though his eyes were undressing me.

He took us to the showroom where we would be working. It was quite big

and well set up. He told us that when full, it would hold over three

hundred people. He allocated us a dressing room that was big enough to

store Carlos's equipment which he needed for the show. Once we got all

our stuff in the room, I helped Carlos unpacked his equipment and hang

up our costumes.

Alfonso told us we would be doing eight shows a week, every night apart

from Sunday, and two afternoon shows. These, he said, would be aimed at

the children. Carlos nodded and smiled. He loved working in front of

children.

We had three days free for rehearsals before the hotel opened for the

summer and we were down in the showroom practicing our routines every

day. Apart from a few minor slip ups, everything went okay. Monday came

around at last and I must admit that I was beginning to feel a little

nervous about our first show in front of a live audience. The other

thing that had slightly concerned me was that due to lack of space, we

were sharing a dressing room. It wasn't that I was too bothered about

undressing in front of people. In this business as a chorus girl it was

something you got used to, changing costumes in a crowded dressing room

full of girls, and it wasn't unusual for the stage manager or some

other member of the crew to walk in and the girls would all scream,

"Man present," and you would try to hide yourself as best you could.

But here it was different. Here there were just the two of us, and

although I had always found Carlos a perfect gentleman, it felt

slightly embarrassing undressing with him in the room. I always made

sure that I did not have to undress completely. Before I left my room,

I always made sure that the panties or a thong I had on was one I could

wear under my costume. Monday, the first night in front of an audience,

went down very well and Carlos was pleased with me, but the one thing I

did notice was here in the showroom it was a cabaret set up with a low

stage and we were much closer to the audience than I was used to in the

normal theatre.

The first week went very well. We sometimes practiced new routines in

the mornings. Carlos liked to change part of the act several times over

the week as we were usually playing to the same group of people, and he

did not want them to get bored. Then we were free the rest of the time.

On our free afternoons, I enjoyed spending time browsing around the

shops or just lazing on the beach in front of the hotel. I soon

discovered that Fungerola was a busy place and there was plenty to do.

Now being part of a cabaret act rather than a stage performance you are

much closer to the audience and you tend to reacted more with them. You

can also hear their comments. Some of the more personal ones almost

made me blush. I knew my costumes were quite revealing, and with a

figure like mine, I had come to expect some comments.

Hearing comments about what men would like to do to you can be a little

disconcerting, especially when you have not had a sexual relationship

for some time, and thinking back, it had been several months since I

last had sex, and a girl has needs. I have to admit that I did

masturbate from time to time. It wasn't something I was proud of, and I

usually felt awful afterwards even though it did help to relieve the

situation. The big problem was there is and always has been a shortage

of straight guys in show business, and the ones that were straight were

in big demand and I am afraid they knew it. I have to admit I do enjoy

sex, but I liked there to be some feelings on both sides and I had

never been interested in one night stands.

We had been at the Oriel just over a week when Carlos came up to me as I

was returning from the beach. He suggested we sit on the terrace and

have a drink as he needed to have a word with me. We settled down at a

quiet table on the patio overlooking the pool. I was a little worried,

wondering if it were something I had done wrong, but Carlos quickly

assured me that it was nothing like that.

He told me that Alfonso had been to see him about a special late show he

was organizing on a Friday evening to finish the week off with

something special and wanted to know if Carlos was interested in taking

part. It was when he explained the details of the show that I became a

little apprehensive. Apparently it was one of Alfonso's ideas to run a

special adult only late night show once a week. He explained that there

would be some nudity in the show, and I began to wonder just what my

part would be in this. He explained that this would not be part of the

normal program of events so there would be a door charge for everyone

who came to the show. The money taken at the door would be shared

40%-60% with the hotel, the acts getting the 60% to share between them.

So even if the room were only half full, the acts would be sharing at

least £900. Even shared between the acts, it was a lot of money for

just one show.

Carlos saw by my expression that I was not too sure, but he assured me

that if I did not want to take part, it was not a problem; he could get

someone else to take my place for these shows. I asked him to let me

think about it. He smiled and nodded. That night the show went

particularly well. The audience reaction was good. When I was doing the

disappearance act that was the finale to our show, standing in the

darkness of the box waiting to make my reappearance, I suddenly had

this thought about how the audience might react if when I reappeared I

were naked. Just thinking about it made me hot and caused one of those

interesting twinges deep in my stomach.

After the show, I spoke to Carlos and told him that I was willing to

give the special show a try depending on just what was to be expected

from me. He smiled. "I was hoping you would agree to do it. I did not

really want to train anyone else, and you are so good for my show."

Carlos explained he would work on some new routines overnight and we

could try them out on the following day.

The following day at our rehearsal he had come up with a plan. He

explained that there were to be three other acts on the show with us:

two exotic dancers and a comedian. We had all been allocated a twenty

minute spot.

As I had never done anything like this before, he had decided that we

should start in a small way. Instead of the glitzy showgirl costume I

wore for the normal show, I would need to wear something more erotic

for the late shows. There was a Pretty Polly shop in town and Carlos

said I should go buy a selection of underwear: maybe a Basque or teddy,

suspender belt, stockings, sexy bras and panties. These I could wear

during the show. It was decided that for the act I should wear my sexy

costumes, but for the finale he would like to do a version of the

disappearing act we used in the main show as it always went down well.

When he explained what he wanted me to do, I did not know quite what to

say. This was going to be my revelation. For a moment I couldn't

believe it. Had I had a premonition the other night? What usually

happened was that I was put into a large, tall, seemingly empty cabinet

that was checked out by two more than willing members of the audience.

After a roll on the drums and a few words from Carlos, a smoke flash

went off, and when the cabinet was opened, I was gone. The cabinet was

turned round to show I was not hiding anywhere. The doors were again

closed, and after another smoke flash, the doors were opened and to the

amazement of the audience, I had reappeared again dressed in a

different outfit to the one I had worn when I entered the box.

The whole illusion was created with cleverly placed panels and mirrors

within the cabinet, something that the audience could not see because

of the clever designs on the outside of the cabinet. Actually, the

cabinet was not square, allowing me just enough room to hide. It was a

very tight squeeze but I could just manage it. After the doors were

closed and during the build up, I had time to slip into my other

costume that had also been concealed in the cabinet before it was

brought on stage.

For the late show, Carlos had come up with another idea. This time when

the cabinet was opened after my disappearance, I still wasn't there,

but my sexy costume was laying on the floor. At this stage, my

discarded costume would be taken out and checked by the volunteers.

Then after thanking the volunteers for their help, Carlos would try the

trick again, and this time, to the delight of the audience, I was

there, and this time I was not going to be dressed in another costume.

I was going to be completely naked.

Carlos would then come and assist me from the box, and after taking a

bow, he would remove his cloak and wrap it around me and I would leave

the stage. The whole idea seemed quite simple, but the thought of

appearing totally naked in front of an audience worried me. Could I do

it or had I bitten of more than I could chew this time?

On Tuesday the night before the show I was in a hot sweat. I could not

sleep, and the more I thought about what I was about to do, the more I

wanted to go and tell Carlos that I couldn't go through with it. On

Wednesday, I woke tired and irritable. Carlos asked if I were okay when

totally unlike me, I bawled out the waitress for bringing the wrong

meal at breakfast time.

"If you are worried about tonight, there is still time to pull out."

I looked at him. "No, honest, I will be okay. It's just that it's the first time I've ever done anything like this. Once I've done it, I'll be okay."

During the evening show, I was so worried that I even managed to screw

up a couple of things, but not bad enough so as the audience noticed.

We had about three hours before we were due on for the late show so I

went back to my room and tried to rest. Carlos had sent in a bottle of

my favorite wine and I managed to get down a couple of large glasses.

Around midnight Carlos called and said it was time to get ready. I had

already showered and I checked my hair and make up before slipping into

the undies I had selected for the late show.

I had picked out a red teddy that thrust up my breasts. It was short and

came just below my waist. I had on a red matching thong (it concealed

my pussy but left very little else to the imagination), long lacy

topped stockings clipped to trailing suspenders, and five inch high

heels, finishing off the outfit. I checked myself in the mirror.

Tonight I really did look like a slut. If my dad could see me, he

really would call me a Jezebel. I slipped on a loose coat over the

outfit and made my way to the showroom. Mike, the doorman, smiled at me

as I went in. "Big crowd in tonight," he commented. He was right, the

place was heaving.

I made my way back stage. The comedian was on stage and the audience was

enjoying his act. Carlos was in the dressing room already. He looked up

and smiled as I came in. "Are you okay?"

I smiled. "I will be when this is over," I said with a weak grin.

"We're on in about twenty minutes. After the comedian, they are going to

give them fifteen minutes to get drinks in and then we're on."

The minutes passed slowly and I could feel the butterflies building up

in my stomach. At last we heard the compere (for you Americans, that is

the master of ceremonies) call the audience to order. "That's us," said

Carlos. I got up and slipped out of the coat that I was still wearing.

Carlos looked at me. "Wow!" he exclaimed as he saw my outfit for the

first time. "You are going to knock them dead." I felt myself blushing

and then he was pulling my hand, leading me out of the door. I got a

few interesting glances as we stood in the wings waiting to go on and

especially one from Alfonso whose eyes lit up at the sight of me in my

skimpy outfit. Then we were on stage to a chorus of wolf whistles, and

although I was still extremely nervous, my professional head kicked in.

I smiled at the audience and went about the act trying not to think

about what was to happen later.

Actually, I was surprised to discover that it felt quite exciting being

dressed like I was. I had never worn anything so skimpy on stage before

and I loved the audience reaction. It was great. At last the dreaded

moment came and the cabinet was brought on stage. I stepped down and

selected two guys from the front row to come up on stage to check out

the cabinet. Then after doing the check, while Carlos held the doors

open, they helped me to climb inside. With the doors shut and the guys

checking out the cabinet, for me it was the moment of truth. I began to

slip out of my skimpy outfit. I removed the teddy and then the

suspender belt. The skimpy thong followed, and apart from my stockings

which I had decided to keep on, I was naked.

With my discarded undies clutched in my hand, I squeezed into the small

space at the side of the cabinet as I heard Carlos go through his act.

Then the doors were opened and there was the usual gasp from the

audience when I wasn't there. Through a small view point I saw Carlos

check out the cabinet and then close the doors again. At this time I

reached out and dropped the undies on the floor. I felt the cabinet

being turned around and then there was a flash and smoke and the doors

were again opened. To the audience's surprise I still wasn't there. I

saw Carlos reach in and pick up my discarded undies. There were laughs

from the audience as he passed them to the two volunteers to check.

Then he thanked them and told then they could return to their seats.

The audience applauded them. Then Carlos closed the doors again. There

was a hum of expectancy as he built up for the climax. I slipped out

from behind my panel and took up my position. I could feel my legs

shaking and I squeezed my hands into tight balls as the moment arrived.

The doors were pulled open and I was revealed to everyone completely

naked.

For a moment there was silence in the room as three hundred pairs of

eyes took in the sight of my naked body. Then the place broke into a

thunderous applause. Carlos took a bow and came over and assisted me

down from the cabinet. Just as we had rehearsed, we walked to the front

of the stage. I stood there for a moment knowing that those members of

the audience closest could see every intimate detail of my body. I

smiled and bowed, then felt the relief as Carlos wrapped his cloak

around me. There were a few boos and calls of "Shame" from the

audience. Holding the cloak with one hand, I quickly made my way from

the stage waving to the cheering audience as I went.

It was not till I was safely back in the dressing room that it struck me

what I had just done. I had openly displayed my naked body to three

hundred total strangers. I dropped onto a chair, and realised that I

was shaking. It had been an unbelievable experience. I felt a sensation

between my thighs, and when I moved my hand down, my inner thighs were

slicked with wetness as juices leaked out from my pussy. I couldn't

believe it, but I had actually orgasmed.

Carlos gave me sometime to compose myself before he came in. He

congratulated me on my performance and said that everyone he had spoken

to had loved it. I felt myself blushing slightly. Then he smiled at me.

"I've got to tell you, you looked stunning in your outfit when we went

on, but that was nothing compared to how you looked when I opened the

cabinet, seeing you naked for the first time. You have the most amazing

body."

I felt myself blushing again. I got up from the chair and went and put

my arms around Carlos and held him tight. The cloak fell away from me,

and I no longer cared. I kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Thank you

for giving me this chance," I said. "Showing myself like that is

something I have fantasized about for a long time. Now at last I have

had the chance to experience it. It was the most wonderful and exciting

experience I have ever had." I held him tight for a moment then I

spoke again. "There's just one more thing I need to make the experience

tonight complete. I want you to make love to me."

I felt his body stiffen. He pushed me away, gently holding me at arm's

length. He looked at my nakedness. "Are you quite sure?"

I nodded. "Quite sure," I said smiling. I backed away from him and eased

myself up onto the dressing table. I parted my legs giving him a clear

view of my wet thighs and my pussy. He quickly turned and snapped the

lock on the dressing room door and then he was back between my legs.

As I leaned back on the dressing table he gently kissed me. His hands

began to caress my firm breasts, tugging on my already extended

nipples. He struggled to loosen his pants, and I groaned as I at last

felt his flesh on mine and his hard cock rubbing against my moist pussy

lips as he eased himself inside me. I groaned and clung to him. It was

months since I had felt the hardness of a cock inside me, and I gripped

onto him tightly as he began to thrust into me. Sadly, we were both too

horny to make it last, and after a few short strokes, he came gushing

into me and I responded with another orgasm.

Fortunately, he had staying power, and when he took me for a second

time, it was much more pleasurable. Back in our rooms, or should I say

back in his room, we continued to make love late into the night, and it

was a bleary eyed pair that awakened in each others arms late the

following morning.

Later that day, Alfonso came to see us. He said the show had been a huge

success and he gave us our share of the take which came to almost £300.

Not a bad little earner for an enjoyable night's work.

After that night, Carlos and I became lovers as well as working

partners. We continued with the Friday night shows, and each week I

wanted to push things a little bit further. We soon became the top of

the bill attraction that packed the Oriel's showroom every week. After

my first experience, I could not get enough of being naked in front of

my adoring audiences.

One routine the audience loved was the disappearing hankie. I came on

stage fully dressed and Carlos pretended to teach me how to make a

hankie disappear by pressing it into his hand. When he opened his

hands, the hankie had completely disappeared. When I did it, although I

managed to make it disappear, Carlos would quickly locate it hidden in

my clothes. Each time he found it he made me remove that article of

clothing. Each time he found it the audience would cheer and applaud.

Very soon I was down to my last item, my thong. I tried the trick again

and whoosh, it had disappeared. Carlos looked at the audience and shook

his head. He walked over to me, hooked his finger in the waistband of

my thong and pulled it open and withdrew the hankie. Again the audience

cheered and clapped. He pointed to my thong. At first I would shake my

head, but in the end, with encouragement from the audience, I would

remove it.

Now I was standing there totally naked and the audience loved it just as

much as I enjoyed the feeling of being completely naked before them.

Again Carlos made me perform the trick and again the hankie disappeared.

This time to the amusement of the audience he looked all around me, and

at last stood and scratched his head. I stood there for a moment, an

innocent look on my face, then parting my legs, I bent down and

reaching between them, I slowly drew the hankie out from my pussy. The

audience cheered wildly as I stepped down off the stage and present the

hankie damp with my juices to one lucky guy in the front row. I would

then lean over and kiss him before returning to the stage.

Carlos and I now made love most nights. With the extra cash we were

making, we had moved in to a better class hotel overlooking the beach.

Friday night was the night I loved best. I was always hot from the show

and sometimes we didn't even make it back to our hotel, as we often

walked back along the beach. Usually I didn't even bother to dress

before leaving, just slipped a coat around me. I loved slipping out of

the coat on the usually deserted beach and walking in the sea.

Occasionally I was observed by other moonlight walkers who I usually

surprised with a cheeky wave.

More often than not, we made love on the beach, in the moonlight. I

loved to feel Carlos thrusting into me as I lay in the cool sand. I now

didn't care if we were seen. It only helped to make the occasion more

erotic.

I hope you liked my experience as a showgirl, even though it is a

fantasy. If you liked it, and have not done so, I would be pleased to

have you add me to your favorite author list. Thank you. Laura.

PS. I must admit we stole the Hanky act from another wonderful performer

Ursula Martinez. Contact me and I'll tell you the site where you can

see her perform it.