**Holly's First Striptease**

by**[allaboutthetease](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2596283&page=submissions)**©

A "very good" lady friend of mine called Holly had recently been the star attraction at event which raised money for a local charity. Holly is a very attractive 36 years of age and has a stunning body. Her vital statistics are 36D, 24, 36. She has bouncy glossy shoulder length blonde hair and superb legs. She's a bit of an exhibitionist but it only manifested itself really on the beach or in the back garden sunbathing. She likes to dress sexily but not slutty even just when out shopping, tight skirts, nylons etc.   
  
She works as a secretary so it set up perfectly for the event I'm about to describe later, although it is for a small decorating firm and not the club where the proceedings take place and that is important to the plot as you will find out. A mate of mine Rob works the cruise lines as a compare and comedian had been asked to host a fund raising event for charity at a local club. The event was certainly of an adult's only variety and was basically comedy, gambling events but he wanted something a bit more risqué to finish off the night and he dreamed up an auction with a difference.   
  
He approached me to find out if I thought Holly was game for it as he knew she was a good sport. She agreed quite readily, which surprised me. It involved her being dressed as a sexy schoolgirl and then members of the audience bid for her clothes, one item at a time, until she was fully naked. The winners of each item of Holly's attire were also lucky enough to have the opportunity to remove it from her lovely body.  
  
The auction raised an awful lot of money and a great time was had by all including Holly.  
  
Rob had persuaded Holly to "perform". She had a cheeky side to her nature and it had been a fantasy of hers for a long time. The way she did it, as part of an auction and not doing a proper striptease, had been the deciding factor. She would've been reluctant to do it if she were, in her words "just another stripper".   
  
After the auction Holly said she it would be the last time she would do it for charity. This hinted to Rob that she might be persuaded to do it professionally next time and he said that there was an upcoming private function where he would like her to perform but this time get paid. She hinted that she may do it and with that in mind Rob said he would call her in the next few days to explain further.  
  
The following week Rob rang me to hopefully, from his point of view, confirm that Holly would be available for a function on Saturday evening at the same club. After all she had hinted that the charity gig would be her last time unpaid, so to speak, and Rob got the impression she would be willing to perform in future providing the reimbursement was appropriate, but there was still a minor doubt in his mind that she might change her mind. I discussed it with Holly since the charity do and she wasn't sure whether to take the plunge and start doing it professionally. Anyway I confirmed to Rob she would at least listen to his idea so he telephoned her and this is how the conversation went.  
  
Rob - "Hi gorgeous, I've got the details of this function I mentioned last week. It's on Saturday night at the club. It's a private function so only invited guests, no riff raff, hopefully, just the named employees of the company. They won't get in without a ticket."  
  
Holly - "Rob, I'm having second thoughts about the whole thing of performing professionally, I don't think it's something I can do on a regular basis. I didn't mind doing the odd charity stuff cos it's for a good cause and I really did enjoy it, honestly, but actually being part of a show, well I don't know."  
  
Rob - "Oh come on babe, I was banking on you being the star turn on Saturday. I haven't actually mentioned you by name on the bill, well you don't really with strippers, you have to be a little more discreet when promoting these sort of do's." "As I said it's a private function so the audience will be expecting young ladies to take their clothes off."   
  
"There's 2 girls as I mentioned to you last week and they have been doing it for a while now so there not as fresh and enthusiastic as they used to be, still good and do all the things the guys like to see but I was hoping to be able to introduce a new star." "The crowd would go mad if they know you're a first timer. I know you're not exactly that but they're not to know."  
  
Holly - "I'm still not sure Rob. It's not that I'm nervous, well maybe a little. It's just I don't like the thought of being just another stripper and part of a troop if you like. When I did the charity thing it was different and sort of innocent and like it was unrehearsed, that's what turned me on a bit. I don't really want to do it with that sort of premise. Have you told the organiser of the do how many girls will be performing?"  
  
Rob -"I've said 3 so I suppose he's told some of the guys who are coming and it'll be hard to explain if there's only 2. They only do one set each, not like the old days. Things are a bit more sophisticated now. Isn't there anything I can do to persuade you?" " I'll really going to be in a fix now." You're sure you wouldn't like to give that lovely body of yours another outing. Personally I was looking forward to finding out what sort of other sexy knickers you have in your drawers."  
  
Holly - "You're too cheeky by half. It's just this thing about a proper stag do and being just another tart."  
  
Rob - "You're never a tart darling."  
  
Holly - "Yeh but it'll be the audience's perception of me. How can you avoid that?"  
  
The phone went quiet for half a minute.  
  
Holly - "Are you still there Rob, I haven't upset you have I?"  
  
Rob - "No babe, you could never do that. I was just thinking about a way around this "just another stripper problem". Let me know what you think about this idea."  
  
"The shows starts with a me doing my comedy slot at about 8.30 up until about 9 then I introduce the first girl. When she's finished I come back on, do another 15 minutes or so then introduce the second girl."  
  
"After she's gone off he announces that he's just been told there was a mix up with the bookings, which means the last girl won't be turning up and basically that's the end of the show. Then the crowd might get a bit rowdy as they've been expecting another stripper."  
  
Holly - "Go on."  
  
Rob - "I'm trying to work out how we could do something similar to the auction but without the men helping to remove your clothes, but... with you being a little shy and reluctant to get em off."  
  
Holly - "Sounds a bit more interesting, carry on."  
  
Rob - "What about if you were already in the club as a member of the audience or even the staff or something like that?"  
  
Holly - "Mmm."  
  
Rob - "I would start by apologizing for not being able to introduce the 3rd girl."  
  
Holly - "OK."  
  
Rob - "Then, I could make an excuse to go to the secretary's office and find out if there's anything we can do about the problem. This is where your bit comes in."  
  
Holly - "Carry on, I'm listening."  
  
Rob - "I still have the mic in my hand when I pretend to go backstage to the office. You are in the office working and playing the part of the secretary who did the organising." " The audience will hear me talking to you about the lack of stripper and tell you that they are getting rowdy and we need to do something quick or else. You act a bit panic stricken and say we can't get another girl at this late stage."  
  
"Of course, the audience don't know what you look like or how old you are so the thought that you could strip isn't even a possibility yet."   
  
"Then I say you must come out front to explain and apologize cos I'm not taking the blame for the cock up."  
  
"You are reluctant of course because of the raucous nature of the crowd but I persuade you that I'll take the flack and make sure things don't get out of hand."  
  
"Of course, when you appear with me the crowds immediate thoughts will be for you to take the place of the stripper, you'll be dressed as a secretary of course but not slutty, smart but with an outfit that shows your curves nicely."  
  
Holly - "I suppose it might work, it's a backdoor way around it. Don't you think they'll suspect it's a set up?"  
  
Rob - "Not if we play it the right way. They don't know who the secretary is. Besides when we persuade you to start taking you clothes off we'll do it slowly, one item at a time."  
  
Holly - "Isn't that how you take off your clothes anyway, one item at a time!"  
  
Rob - "But I'll be helping you."  
  
Holly - "Oh Yeah, in your dreams."  
  
Rob - "No, what I mean is we'll make it so you're very reluctant to take anything off and I'll suggest each item individually, you know like "let's just take this piece off" say a jacket, as though it's the only one you're going to remove."  
  
"Then once you taken that off I suggest another and another and the more you take off the less nervous you feel. You can fake getting worried when it's time for your top and skirt just to make it more realistic."  
  
Holly - "But you'll still be helping along with the story?"  
  
Rob - "Of course. All the way."  
  
Holly - "And I take everything off?"  
  
Rob - "Hopefully, but I think they'll be expecting it by then."  
  
Holly - "You'll have to sneak me in the back door in plenty of time so I can get changed. If I come in through the front they'll all see me and know it's a set up. It'll be much more fun if they don't know who I am. They don't do they?"  
  
Rob - "No." "None of them would've been to the charity fundraiser. The company they all work for is out of town and most of the guys are from offices in other parts of the country."   
  
"The do has been organised by one of their suppliers who works locally as a thank you for all the business but he's away on holiday. He's even paid for all the hotel rooms in the place across the street."  
  
"Wait a minute... does that mean you do it then?"  
  
Holly - "Well, as you've thought up such a good plan for me how can I refuse?"  
  
Rob - "Brilliant, can't wait to see you getting em off again! Will my mate Dave approve?"  
  
Holly - "Oh he's OK with me showing my tits anywhere especially when there are a couple of other strippers as well. He'll be driving me there and he can watch from behind the bar."  
  
Rob - "Excellent thanks Babe, I'm sure we'll, I mean you'll, has a great night. What are you going to wear?"  
  
Holly - "Oh no, I'm not telling you that, anyway I haven't decided yet. But be sure you won't be get to see it, any of it, until I'm on stage."  
  
Rob - "Fair enough I'll have the excitement of the anticipation until Saturday. You know it's seeing your knickers that get me excited just as much as seeing your tits."  
  
Holly - "You're just an old perve really aren't you?"  
  
Rob - " And proud of it! See you Saturday. If you get there just after 9 I'll be off stage and able to let you in round the back and Dave will even be able to see Candy. She's the first of the strippers by the way."  
  
Holly - "OK, keep a look out at 9 and we'll see you then."  
  
Saturday night at the social club.  
  
As the club was hosting a private function it opened at 8 o'clock for the party of about 35 men to come in. It gave them half an hour to get drinks at settle down ready for firstly the show to start with Rob telling a few jokes before the first of strippers took to the stage.  
  
The room was fairly small but that made it intimate, the audience were sat in 3 and 4's around about a dozen or so round table set in semi circle pattern.  
  
The stage was half moon shaped but was only about a foot high with a sparkly blue curtain behind where the acts would appear from. Dressing rooms were located somewhere behind and this is where Rob would venture to find Holly when the time came make believing she was working in an office.  
  
As planned Rob introduce himself at 8.30 and did about half an hour of jokes and anecdotes, mostly of a sexual nature. He then finished his last joke and announced.  
  
"Gentlemen, now it's time for me to get off and let you have a look at the real entertainment you've all come here to see. So without further ado please put your hands together for the first of our beautiful exotic dancers, Candy"  
  
The curtains parted a little in the centre and out strutted Candy. She was dressed in a nurse's uniform of white latex with her red fishnet stockinged legs extending below the hem of the one piece dress attached to red suspenders which disappeared underneath.   
  
Over the next 15 minutes and 4 songs she proceeded to divest herself of the dress stockings suspenders and lacy red bra before sitting on the nearest table to the stage to remove her matching minuscule G-string and drape it over the head of one of the patrons before turn her back and trotting through the curtain and back to her dressing room.   
  
While all this was happening out front Rob had nipped back behind the scenes to make sure Holly arrived safely and let her in at the back entrance and show her to a small room where she could change. She wouldn't be on for about an hour so she had plenty of time to make herself sexy.  
  
After Candy finished her act Rob came back through the curtain and announced a short break in proceedings for the guys to refresh their drinks. About 20 minutes later the lights went down and he came back on the stage. He again continued to crack his particular brand of jokes for another 10 minutes.   
  
Rob then announced."OK gents, it's that time again, time for me to piss off and let the more exciting performances continue.   
  
She's looking forward to entertaining you with her own particular style of striptease and I'm 100% sure she will make the next part of the evening easy on the eye but very hard for you in other places. Please give a big hand for our next lovely lady, the gorgeous Miss Valentine"   
  
The lights went down completely and a single spotlight shone at the centre of the curtains and without them parting Miss Valentine slipped through them seductively.   
  
She strutted to the middle of the stage dressed in old style burlesque style gown which appeared to shimmer as she moved. It was electric blue and sequins glinted all over it. It reached the floor to where she stood in shiny blue high heels.   
  
The gown was sleeveless but she wore long opera style blue gloves. Overall she was dressed more like a traditional burlesque stripper than most of the club strippers working today and she'd obviously been influenced by the popularity of the new burlesque scene recently. Her music was far more bump n'grind than crappy dance stuff that Candy used. It made a startling effect on me in a certain area I can tell you.  
  
The whole act took around 4 songs about 15 minutes. The gloves came off first and once she'd shimmied out of her dress she stood in matching sequined blue bra and panties, not the type you'd see in the lingerie section at M & S of course. To my surprise and delight underneath both of these lovely items she wore further smaller things. When her bra came off she wore matching pasties.   
  
Normally a traditional burlesque stripper would leave these on at the end of her act but not Miss Valentine, she asked two guys in the audience to peel each one off individually. She might be dressed in an old fashioned burlesque costume but in reality she was a proper striptease artist.   
  
Her knickers were more bikini in style rather than G-string and she bent over with her back to the crowd to slowly peel them off her peach shaped bottom. In doing this she revealed the tiny, and I mean tiny, G-string she was wearing underneath.   
  
She continued to peel her panties down over her thighs and eventually they dropped in small pool of blue satin over her heels. She bent down and picked them up and flung them towards the back of the stage. I guess she didn't feel like losing that part of her outfit in case she used them for another night.   
  
Now she had divested herself of her panties, bra and pasties all she wore was this bright white and sparkly g-string. It didn't match the rest of her outfit but I think that was deliberate, she was using it as an extra special treat for her audience.   
  
It appeared to have small clasps at the either side for easy removal. This was confirmed when she unclipped them one at a time and whipped it gusset first from under her neatly trimmed pussy and threw it over her head. The crowd went wild. She blew them a big kiss and hurried off stage picking up her discarded lingerie as she went.  
  
The guys in the audience now started to go the bar to top up their drinks in readiness for the last act. When they were all nearly seated back at their tables Rob nervously (faked), crept back on stage through the curtain.  
  
"Gentlemen, gentlemen can I have your attention please. Unfortunately due to a huge hold up on the motorway our final young lady cannot make it to this evenings proceedings."   
  
Unsurprisingly the crowd booed loudly and one or two guys who were not as good as others at holding their drink stood up and made some expletive comments about the situation and one knocked a table over spilling drink onto floor.   
  
"Gentlemen, gentlemen please calm yourselves, as I'm sure you understand this is something out of our control but I will have a word with our event's organiser to see what we can do, please be patient for a few more minutes."  
  
This seemed to calm the crowd a little.  
  
Rob slipped back behind the curtain and came back a few minutes later holding a DVD case in his hand.   
  
"OK gents we have a very adult DVD we can put up on the big screen to finish off the evening, so sit back and relax."   
  
This didn't go down well at all.   
  
This time a guy who seemed surprisingly sober stood up and yelled, "We don't want film we want the real thing."   
  
Most of the crowd joined in with either loud applause or roared their agreement.  
  
"Gents, gents, Ok calm down, I'll see if there is any way we can resolve this problem and send you on your way satisfied."   
  
With this Rob slipped behind the curtain again this time with the mic in hand.  
  
The next sounds which came over the PA system were the conversation between Rob and Holly. This is how it went.  
  
Rob - "They're getting very raucous out there, don't you have the mobile of some agency we can call to get another girl at late notice."  
  
Holly - "No it's far too late now, it's nearly 10.30 and anyway all the other girls at the agency we deal with were booked up, the 3 we booked were the only ones available."  
  
Rob - "Why was the last girl arriving so late, what time did you tell her to be here?"   
  
Holly - "I told her if she got here at 9.30 she's be in plenty of time."  
  
Rob - "But the motorway starts it's night work at 9 so the traffic slows down about 10 miles away and it takes ages to get through, didn't you know?"  
  
Holly - "No I didn't know about the roads closing. What are we going to do?"  
  
Rob- (feigning anger) - "Well it's not my bloody fault is it. I think the least you can do is come out and explain and apologize in person."  
  
Holly - "I don't know they sound a bit rowdy, is it safe?"  
  
Rob - "It'll be worse if you don't come out. Come on I'll be with you."

With this he grabbed her hand and they walked the 15 yards or so through the corridor to where the back of the curtains were. Of course, all this was a pretence as part of the act.   
  
Rob walked through the curtain first and pretended to pull Holly through behind him with her trying to resist but eventually she appeared next to him holding hands at the back of the stage. This was when the audience first had the opportunity to feast their eyes on the lovely Holly. Mind you no one even new she was backstage anyway so it was a double delight for them.  
  
Holly stood next to Rob pretending to look nervous but not tottering in her high heels, walking normally. Tottering would've suggested an act I think. Maybe some guys latched on to the fact that this was a set up but Holly's act was convincing enough for them not be 100% sure.  
  
I was unsure what Holly was going to wear for the show because she'd kept things close to her chest. She travelled in a t-shirt and jogging bottoms and brought her stage gear in her holdall so I'm sure she'd be changing into something sexier for the performance.  
  
Now to tell you what she wore as she stood out on the stage for the first time.  
  
Her appearance was of a typical secretary, definitely sexy but not slutty enough for anyone to think she might be just a stripper dressed as a secretary. It wasn't beyond the realms of possibility that she had just come from work in an office, but at the same time she would certainly turn heads in her normal office environment. She'd obviously put a lot of thought into her outfit and how the act would be performed.   
  
She had kicked me out of the dressing room before she got changed so this was my first look at her, and this from where I was standing behind the bar I could see she wore a light grey pencil skirt which finished just above the knee, so not too short as to appear slutty and for the bottom 8 inches to the hem it had a sort of double ribbed effect in the material as it tapered in tightly to her knees.   
  
She had on a pale pink jacket under which she seemed to be wearing a white t-shirt, clingy and tight I presumed, although I couldn't be sure just yet. The jacket was done up by the two bottom buttons. I had never seen her in any of these items before so she must've bought them this week.   
  
"Gents, this is our secretary Holly. She has worked very hard to set up this whole evening, please give her a big hand" said Rob.  
  
Holly smiled and dipped her head a little as a thank you for the applause.  
  
"It seems our last young lady has been delayed indefinitely due to traffic and won't be able to make this evening, I'm really sorry." Holly explained.   
  
The crowd had calmed down a bit since Holly appeared>.   
  
Then as if on cue someone shouted in a jokey fashion and not really meaning it, "You gonna take her place her then love?"   
  
The reaction to this was somewhat loud, lots of cheers and shouts of agreement. Holly held up her hands in a gesture as if to say no way.   
  
Rob waited for the noise to die down before saying,  
  
"Gentlemen, gentlemen, our lovely Holly is a very good secretary but that is the only function she'll be doing at the club tonight I'm afraid. We'll just have to close proceedings and you can all finish off your drinks and leave quietly before we have to shut the doors at midnight."   
  
This didn't go down well as you can imagine.   
  
Louder cheers and a few comments in the nature of how shitty the club was and similar. This was followed by banging of tables and several guys (pissed) standing up and getting a bit angrier.   
  
We three knew this is all leading up to the lovely Holly disrobing but I don't think Rob expected such a wild reaction when thinking up how the story would go.  
  
While the shouting carried on Rob was seen to be talking into Holly's ear, but she was shaking her head and putting a disgusted look on her face. Rob kept trying to talk her into something, we all know what, as she kept mouthing the words no, I'm not doing that.   
  
After a time it appeared Holly's feigned reluctance was beginning to subside and Rob held his hands up as shouted   
  
"Gents, gents please calm down let me have your attention please."  
  
"I've been trying to persuade our lovely secretary here to maybe give us a little entertainment, only a little you understand, but that would be preferable to nothing now wouldn't it?"   
  
A huge cheer went up from the audience.   
  
"It all depends now on how good you're all going to be a how far we can persuade to Holly to go" he continued  
  
"This is not something she's used to doing at all and it's very irregular for this type of show but as you've all come such a long way and you were promised 3 ladies I think she's prepared to help out a little bit."   
  
"What do you say Holly"?   
  
He held the mic to her mouth.  
  
"Maybe a little bit but I'm very nervous about it" she answered.  
  
"Hear that guys, she's understandably nervous so please let's have some calm" Rob told them.  
  
"I'm not sure what you want me to do." said Holly.  
  
"Get em off darlin" shouted one particular loudmouth.   
  
"OK, OK settle down lads" said Rob.   
  
"What about a little dance?" he questioned to the crowd "And see where we go from there?"   
  
More calls of approval from the crowd. Holly nodded gently as if slightly unsure of how to start.   
  
"What about a bit of suitable music Mr Music man." Rob said to an invisible guy backstage who was responsible for the music during the two strippers' performances earlier.   
  
Rob and Holly stood motionless for a few seconds before a tune heavily laced with saxophone came over the loudspeakers. It was sort of in the tradition of hey big spender but certainly not as raunchy as some I've heard like the David Rose signature number the Stripper.   
  
After a few seconds Holly, all the time looking nervously at Rob and the audience, began to dance.   
  
It wasn't the sort of movements you associate with a striptease but more of a Saturday night down the night club sort of dance. She wiggled her hips a bit suggestively a few times and strutted up and down the stage a little, Mick stepping back towards the curtain to give her room, then did a few more dance moves, shook her hair provocatively, pouted at the audience put her hands up above her head and posed as the music came to a crashing end.   
  
The crowd cheered as you'd expect but it was clear they weren't satisfied, after all Holly had only danced, she looked good, but she still had all her clothes on.  
  
"How about that then guys, wasn't that great?" said Rob. Knowing full well that this wasn't all Holly was going to do, but it was in keeping with the act.  
  
"She's still got all her clothes on." shouted a man from the back.  
  
"Well, what about it?" replied Rob.  
  
"She should at least take something off." was the reply.   
  
"Not sure she's comfortable with that mate, how would you like your missus to come out to a group of strangers and do it?"  
  
"I bloody wouldn't mate, but she ain't got a body like hers" pointing at Holly.  
  
"It'd put everyone off their beer" Raucous laughter rained out.  
  
While the laughing continued Bob whispered to Holly and she seemed to mouth the words OK, I suppose.   
  
"Gents, gents, while you all been pissing yourselves at Mr Bernard Manning there", nodding toward the guys who'd spoke.   
  
"The lovely Holly has agreed that she if you're calm and behave yourselves we might persuade her to remove and item of clothing...(long pause) or two".   
  
He knew this would get a huge cheer because if she took her jacket off everyone knew the removal of a second item would mean revealing a more intimate item of her outfit, unless it was her ivory stilettos of course. Holly smiled coyly.  
  
"OK, do we have any suggestions for the first item guys?" Rob asked, knowing that Holly's very fetching pink jacket would be the obvious choice.   
  
Again one loudmouth hollered "What about her knickers?" which was followed by a few laughs and cheers of agreement.   
  
"Now that doesn't make sense does it on 3 counts?" Rob explained mockingly.   
  
"Firstly no lady ever takes her knickers off before anything else, do they?"  
  
"Secondly she might not want to take em off"  
  
"And thirdly she might not be wearing any."   
  
On the last count he looked inquisitively at Holly as if for confirmation.   
  
Holly put her hands on her hips in an effort to feign disgust and mouthed silently "I am".  
  
"Oh she is, my apologies young lady." said Rob  
  
Music struck up again, this time it was an instrumental version of big spender and Holly put her hand over her mouth in mock shock then began to move with a little more confidence around the floor in a semi strut. She ventured neared the first row of tables without stepping off the stage and turn her back to them, then pushed the left shoulder of the jacket off, then the right, and let in slide slowly down her back until it hit the floor. How I was looking forward to seeing other items do the same later. The crowd went wild.  
  
"Is that all my dear?" Rob asked Holly. She held her hands up in a shrugging gesture as if to say maybe or maybe not.   
  
"Do we need to give you some more encouragement then?" he asked her. She nodded.   
  
"What did you have in mind?" He asked her.  
  
He held the mic to her lips and she said   
  
"If these nice gentlemen would be prepared to offer some of their hard earned cash for a worthwhile charity I support then I might be persuaded to take something else off."   
  
She fingered the bottom of her beautifully filled tight white t-shirt as if to hint at what might be next. She'd thought about her outfit, the t-shirt instead of a sexy blouse more in keeping with a typical ensemble of a secretary, not trying to go for the obvious look of someone who knows she's going to strip but who doesn't want her audience to think so.  
  
Rob grabbed an empty pint glass and wiped it out with a serviette and proceeding to walk to the crowd.   
  
"Right then guys, who's going to put their hands in their pockets to see if we can tempt our lovely secretary to remove that very tight t-shirt she's wearing?"   
  
"Looks like it's been sprayed on to me".   
  
Hands delved into wallets and notes were stuffed into the beer glass as Bob walked around the front few tables. When he reached the end of the row he looked at the contribution.   
  
"Well Holly, looks like we've got about 70 quid, what do you think?" he asked her.  
  
Holly smiled as if to confirm she would carry on.   
  
Rob said "OK maestro, music" Holly stepped forward and down off the front of the stage and stood a few feet in front of the first row of tables with her hands on her hips. It was only now that she was only a couple of yards away from me behind the bar that I could see her outfit closely.   
  
The bright white t-shirt clung very tightly, she was going to use a lot of effort to peel it off and look teasing at the same time but I'm sure she'd manage it. The obvious outline of her bra was visible through the material as it is with most ladies tops.   
  
I know, I always make a point of looking closely, but because the shirt has a wet look sheen it made the whole appearance even more tent trouser forming than ever. I said the outline of her bra was visible but because she had two generous mounds encased within it the shape of two lace cups pressed forcefully into the glossy material.   
  
It was also now that I became aware of how tight Holly's skirt was. It fitted so well that you could see the curve of her peached shape bum perfectly. The shape was so perfect that it wouldn't have been much different if she'd had nothing on at all. And... because her skirt was fitted so clingingly if you looked closely, and why wouldn't you, the tell tale signs of what she wore beneath it were clearly on show, I'll look forward to describing that shortly.   
  
Now back to the action...  
  
As I said, Holly was now standing at the front of the stage, hands on hips. Rob had asked for some music to accompany her while she removed her top. The wait while the DJ cued something up was an intolerable tease for the now drooling audience. Finally the opening chords of "the stripper" struck up. I was hoping the DJ had it in his collection. Now we were ready to see what Holly was keeping under that shirt.  
  
She slowly moved her hands down to the hem of her t-shirt, lightly gripped it with both thumbs and forefingers and started to peel it upwards, first we saw the toned tummy and belly button as the garment crept slowly on its journey north, then when we all thought we couldn't take much more of this teasing she reached the underside of her bra and delicately peeled it over the top of her two magnificent mounds, which wasn't easy considering their size, then quickly peeled it over her head and flung it to one side.   
  
The cheer that went up was deafening and this was only the first item she had taken off, what was it going to be like when she took more off?  
  
She now stood with her hands covering her tits but only in an innocent type of pose rather than being shy too show them type of way. She soon moved them above her head to strike a quick typical Marilyn pose. This fortunately for all her audience made her incredible bust look even bigger and rounder that normal. Holly had chosen her underwear carefully so it was sure to have the full effect on the male audience.   
  
Her bra was pure white, half cup and looked like a size too small for her 36D tits, I'd guess it was a 34. Knowing Holly I'm sure this was deliberate. It had almost the effect of turning it into a quarter cup. The pretty lace embroidery on the top edge of the cups hid her nipples from view and the satin look underside made it shimmer under the lights of the room.   
  
Her tits couldn't help but be pushed skywards to give an amazing upturned appearance while at the same time their natural firmness pushed them outwards to fill the sexy bra to the full. By now I'm positive I wasn't the only guy in the room who trousers were now rapidly forming tents around the crotch area.   
  
Some guys looked stunned in silence by the vision before them but a few of those with more booze inside them made the regular lewd comments about the size of Holly's boobs and what they'd like to do with them.  
  
Holly posed for what seemed like an age, but was probably only about 10 seconds while everyone cheered, and then Rob piped up again.   
  
"Well gents, what a sight and what a performance, it seems our lovely secretary has hidden talents, and I don't just mean her dancing skills!"   
  
"Holly, my dear, you certainly know how to make things hard for a guy."   
  
Holly pretended to blush and covered her face with her hands.   
  
"Well that was an unexpected wasn't it treat fellas?" "We can all go home happy now," said Rob.   
  
This was the signal for every guy in the place to voice their disapproval of what seemed to be the end of proceedings.   
  
"More, more, more." came the cry from one table.  
  
"Get em off." was another shout   
  
"She ain't gonna stop now is she?"  
  
"We want her to carry on, let's see what else she's got" came the call from one guy at the back.   
  
Rob turned to Holly and said "Well my dear, it looks like their hungry for more, can we persuade you to go a little further?"   
  
She leaned a towards the mic Rob was holding and softly said, "I don't know if I should, I'm not sure I want to show anymore" she answered.   
  
"Oh come on," Rob said sympathetically.  
  
"You've already shown us your top half, and let's face it, it's not much different to what most women show on the beach is it?" " I'm sure if this was to come off" he reached down and pulled lightly on the hem of her skirt, she pulled away a little in case he was attempting to pull it down,   
  
"It wouldn't be so bad, you've been on the beach in a bikini haven't you?" he asked her.  
  
"Well yes, I have, but there's a big difference in a bikini and what I have on now," she said.   
  
"Surely it can't be that bad can it?" said Rob.   
  
"No, I don't mean that, I mean, you know, showing what I've got on to a lot of strangers. I wasn't expecting that when I came to work tonight." she answered  
  
Of course, the whole crowd heard this and cheered appreciatively to try and encourage her.  
  
"Go on girl, let's see what you've got on under there." Came one call from the crowd.  
  
I knew, Rob knew, and Holly knew what the audience didn't, that it was a sure fire thing that she would be soon be letting us feast our eyes on what lay beneath that ever so tight grey skirt.  
  
Rob then held his hands up as if to try to calm things down a little,   
  
"OK, ok guys, its seems clear to me our lovely lady here has a few reservations about continuing, not surprising really as she's never done this before. Let's face it she wasn't expecting to be standing here tonight in front of all you lot and showing you her undies when she came to work this evening."   
  
Holly looked demure and continued to hold her hands loosely across her impressively protruding boobs.   
  
The crowd quietened down a touch and Rob turned to Holly.   
  
"Would it help if this bunch put their hands in their pockets again my dear and made a contribution to your special charity again?"   
  
He turned to the crowd and gesturing with his hands in effort to encourage them.   
  
As they worked for a company who had just made record profits and they'll all benefited from in the form of bonuses, money didn't appear to be an object as most of them quickly dived into their wallets for a second time and held up a small collection of tenners and fivers.   
  
Rob's eyes scanned the room   
  
"No twenties lads, surely our lady deserves a bit more than before, she is doing this out of the goodness of her heart and the charity is a very worthy cause," He pleaded.  
  
It was now when I decided to vacate my position from behind the bar so I could get a closer look at what was to come. I grabbed a spare chair and placed it next to three guys sitting at a table close to the front of the stage making sure I didn't get in anybody's way, they didn't seem to mind, they were too focused on what was going on in front of them to worry about one other guy trying to get a good look. Mind you all the tables close because they'd been set out so everyone would get a good view of the entertainment.  
  
After Rob had asked for a bit more cash a few twenties were held up. Rob went amongst the crowd and took notes from hands before returning to stand next to Holly.   
  
"Let's see my love, looks about £160 quid, that's not bad is it?"   
  
What do you think, this would help a few more under privileged children around the world?" he asked her.   
  
Holly looked nervously at him as if she was obliged to do something more.  
  
She bowed her head to the mic held by Rob and said softly "It's very nice of you chaps to offer so much money to charity just for me to stand here and take off a few items of clothing, are you sure you want me to do this?"   
  
"Those who do, shout yes."   
  
The loudest call you've ever heard of yes resonated around the room.   
  
She peered back to the darkened room from the lit up stage and said, "OK fellas, if you're sure, then I guess it would be rude of me not to grant your request." She looked up at Rob.   
  
"What do I do now then Rob?" She asked.  
  
"Well, there's a question guys, what does she do now?"   
  
The expected lewd comments from the more uncouth element, but the obvious suggestion we all were thinking actually came from a guy sitting next to me.   
  
"How about unzipping that skirt sweetheart, it looks like it's restricting your breathing?" one guy called out.  
  
"It is rather tight" said Holly. Looking down at the front and pressing her fingers on the waist.   
  
"I suppose I could try to wriggle out of it."   
  
" It might be a little difficult, I wasn't expecting to have an audience when I took it off, it doesn't matter how it looks when you're in the privacy of your own bedroom does it, you'll have to bear with me," She explained.

She looked at Rob as if to confirm she should carry on then took a few short steps away from him, which wasn't easy. Her skirt was not only tight round her bum but it was also tight fitting around her thighs all the way down to the hem which finished just above her knees which restricted her to opening her legs no more than about 3 inches so she had to shuffle rather than walk.   
  
She stopped close to the edge of the stage and stood with her feet as far apart as the skirt would allow. She was now only about 6 feet from the nearest table. As she was closer to the audience than before I could finally see how incredibly tight the skirt fitted her curves, and if I could then I'm damn sure the rest of the crowd could.   
  
To my delight I detected the tell tale line of a suspender stretching perfectly down the front of her thigh, which confirmed that she had dressed under her outfit the way she should for the type of entertainment she was going to perform and hadn't gone the down the whole "real secretary working late" plot by wearing tights or even hold ups.   
  
They were definitely stockings, white or possibly nude, I couldn't be sure, but with a lovely high gloss sheen to them that made it look like they'd almost been painted on, and beautifully contrasted to the colour of the skirt. There was also that glorious rustling sound when two sexy legs clad in shimmering nylon make when a woman walks and her thighs rub together.   
  
The anticipation in the room was incredible as Holly stood with her legs apart planted firmly on the stage and everyone waited for her next move. Her skirt had no obvious waistband but from her next action I could tell it was fastened at the back. She arched her back and reached both hands behind herself. This had the effect of thrusting her breasts forward and appeared to stretch her already over loaded bra to bursting point. She fumbled for a few moments but it seemed she was having trouble getting it undone or unzipped to help it on its way towards to floor, the direction we all wanted to see it go.  
  
She looked over towards Rob who was now standing by the bar.  
  
"I think my zip is stuck," she said   
  
"I can't seem to get it free."  
  
"Well don't look at me dear, what do you do when this has happened before?" Rob asked.   
  
"I usually get someone help me, if there is someone, of course," she replied.   
  
Rob said, "Well I don't see that there is a shortage of people to help tonight is there?"   
  
He addressed the crowd "What about a volunteer to help our damsel in distress?"   
  
As you can imagine the roar was loud and nearly everyone in the room offered their services.   
  
"You can't all do it you silly boys," said Holly. "I'll have to pick just one of you."   
  
This was when she saw where I'd sat down, and obviously had an idea. She pointed to the guy sitting next to me, a lad of about 21, maybe a bit shy but willing all the same to help a lovely lady out of her clothes.   
  
She carefully stepped down off the edge of the stage as easily as her skirt would allow and shuffled over to where the lucky volunteer sat. I'm sure she chose him to make sure I got a good close up view of what she was about to reveal, or to me more precise, what the young guy was going to reveal if he could manage to unzip her.  
  
She stood facing him slightly bent forward so her bulging bra was almost touching his nose, hands on her hips and looked at him with an innocent helpless expression   
  
"Can you help me please sweetie?" she asked him.  
  
"I managed to undo the little hook at the top, but when I wiggled the slider bit I couldn't seem to get it started. I don't know if there's a problem with it. Sometimes the teeth just get stuck, it's probably cos this skirt is so tight. Here, see if you can have a go."   
  
I doubt if he'd ever had a better offer in his life, presented with the opportunity to help a gorgeous woman remove her skirt with the prospect of being the first to discover what she wore beneath it. He nodded; obviously he had temporarily lost his tongue.   
  
With that she straightened up and turned round so she had her back to him, then she bent herself forward a little at the waist so that the peachy shape of her perfect derriere was thrust towards the young man.   
  
Up until now while Holly had been on stage she had been facing the audience. She did move around a bit while she did her dance and when she took off her jacket but when she removed her t-shirt she was facing everyone, so this was the first time anyone had got a good look at her from the rear.  
  
At the moment it was only me and the 3 or 4 guys in close proximity to Holly who would get the first proper look, but I didn't care about the rest of the crowd, I was getting my thrill and that was all that mattered and I'm sure the reason Holly picked out Ben (that was the young man's name by the way) was because I was sitting next to him.   
  
The first effect of Holly bending over made her bum stick out even more and accentuated her natural curves.   
  
The second effect was even better.   
  
As I'm sure you know, much to my disappointment, most ladies, when they wear tight skirts or trousers, make every effort to hide their vpl's. Mind you sometimes that's a good thing. Usually thongs, the wearing of tights and sometimes no knickers at all helps a ladies predicament.   
  
But because it increased the arousal factor, Holly had made sure that it certainly wouldn't be the case tonight. She had taken extra care to choose a skirt which was as tight as it could possibly be and therefore her display her own vpl.   
  
All us guys within touching distance of the of Holly's lovely bottom could clearly make out the perfect outline of what she was wearing underneath. As well as the suspender straps running down the outside of each leg and the tiny bump of the clasp where it fastened it to her stockings, there was also definite ridge on each side of her lovely bum in a perfect v shape that dissected her cheeks in half. It was obvious that she had on a pair of bikini style panties underneath.   
  
Not only that, but because the outline pressed through her skirt so much, it was also evident she'd chosen a particularly lacy edged pair for her performance. Because the skirt had an opaque appearance the colour of her panties would have to remain a mystery for little while longer.   
  
There was no doubt to anyone who could see that she had something sexy on under there. The tightness at the front of my trousers, and Ben's for that matter, proved how much we were enjoying the view.  
  
I could see where Holly had unfastened the small hook and eye on the top edge of her skirt because it had loosened the tightness of the skirt around waist ever so slightly.   
  
Ben leaned forward and located where the fastener was with his fingers.   
  
"No darlin, that's the easy bit, I've done that," Holly told him.   
  
"Don't do it up again, we don't want that do we?"   
  
He shook his head and whispered nervously "Err...no, of course not."  
  
"Didn't think so sweetie," said Holly with a giggle in her voice.   
  
"Just find the little metal slidy bit that pulls it down."  
  
"Oh, Ok, sorry," he answered.   
  
He moved his fumbling fingers from the hook and touched the slider before flipping it up so he could hold it properly in his thumb and forefinger.   
  
Holly reached behind felt with her fingers to make sure he'd got the right part this time.  
  
"That's it, I think you've got it," she said.   
  
"Now just wiggle it a little to make sure it will go down properly. I couldn't see what I was doing. I didn't want to force it, I might have broken it and we wouldn't want that would we?"   
  
"No I suppose not" said Ben,   
  
"No we certainly don't," said Holly,   
  
"Otherwise I wouldn't be able to take it off would I, and leave everyone disappointed."   
  
By this time the noise in the crowd quietened down to a hush. They were listening to Holly giving her cheeky instructions to Ben but at the same time waiting with baited breath for the moment when she would slip out of her skirt.  
  
Ben jiggled the slider and made sure the teeth of the zipper were working smoothly.   
  
"It's working OK" he told her. With that he started to slide the zip downwards.   
  
He gone no more than a millimetre when Holly pushed his hand away and stood upright.  
  
"Stop, wait a second," she cried.  
  
A huge sigh came from the audience. Had she changed her mind at the last minute? We'd just collected £160 for her to strip out of her skirt. Surely she wasn't going to back down now.   
  
"What's wrong?" shouted Rob from the bar.  
  
"Not having second thoughts are you?"   
  
"No, that would be cruel, I wouldn't do that to all you nice gentlemen now would I?" she said.  
  
"I just thought it might be better with some music"   
  
"I know I'm not actually dancing at the moment but I'm still strictly doing a striptease aren't I?" She questioned.  
  
"Looks like it to me girl" said Rob.   
  
"What did you have in mind?"   
  
"What about the traditional piece for this type of entertainment, he played it before?". She requested.  
  
"You mean the Stripper?" said Rob.   
  
"Of course," said Holly.   
  
"Isn't that a bit long for just taking off your skirt?" he asked.   
  
"Not if this young man takes his time and does it slowly," she replied.  
  
"I'll makes sure he does".   
  
"Alright," said Rob. "Music man, do you still have it queued up?"   
  
A shout of "ready" came from somewhere back stage.   
  
Holly peered over her shoulder at Ben   
  
"Right sweetie," she said. When the music starts just start to pull the zipper down but just take it very very slowly. There's no need to rush, just take your time so you can reveal what all these chaps have been waiting to see."   
  
"If you get to the bottom before the music finishes don't worry, I'll carry on dancing, now just wait for the music to start."   
  
It was then I noticed, not surprising really, that a few more guys had gathered round the table where Ben and I were sitting, all, no doubt, wanting to get a damn good look at things.   
  
"Hey, don't crowd him guys," said Holly.  
  
"Don't worry, when the skirts off you'll all get chance to have a good look, I promise. I'll do a little strut round the room."   
  
The small group that had gathered reluctantly moved away to give us more room.  
  
Now she had a bit more room in which to perform she bent forward again with her bum thrust towards Ben and placed her hands on her hips.   
  
"Now take hold of the little clasp again sweetie," she told him and he gripped it and he held it up in readiness.   
  
"Ok music please Mr DJ" she called out. A few seconds later the unmistakable first notes of "the Stripper" boomed out over the PA system.   
  
Holly glanced back at Ben wiggled her bum and mouthed silently "OK you can start unzipping me now."  
  
Ben's young fingers were trembling as he attempted to release the top of the zip to make it move smoothly. I was hoping he wouldn't didn't rush it cos I wanted it to go slowly as much as Holly did.   
  
The zip ran about three quarters of the length of the skirt which made it over foot long so it curved beautifully over the roundness of her bum down to the underside of her cheeks. By the time he had pulled it down all the way everything she was wearing would be displayed in all its glory.   
  
The music continued and Ben finally managed to engage the zip ready for its delightful descent. The music was so raunchy that Holly couldn't help but move her hips gently from side to side.  
  
"Are you still having trouble?" she asked him, as she hadn't noticed any ease of constraint from her skirt or even the tiny breeze you feel when your bare skin hits fresh air when you unzip.   
  
"Sorry," he said.  
  
"It's difficult to do when you keep wiggling your bum, as much as I like watching it."   
  
"Sorry sweetie, just doing my bit of bump n'grind to the beat," she told him. "I'll try to keep still while you do it."   
  
"Ok" he said,   
  
"Mr DJ, can you start it from the beginning again?" Holly called out.  
  
The music stopped as the music guy queued it up again, then for the third time in the evening the sound of "The Stripper" hit the speakers.  
  
Da-da da da... da-da da da, I leaned over to my right in order to get a closer look and the 2 guys sitting on Ben's right leaned to the left.   
  
Holly had already unhooked the eye at the top which gave Ben access to the clasp but to assist him she reached round to hold the covering flap open so he could start to slide the zip floor wards.   
  
We watched with baited breath as Ben began to draw the zip down remembering to go slowly so he didn't reveal everything too soon. The first thing we glimpsed was a bit more bare flesh. She was already naked to the waist apart from her bra so skin was well on show.  
  
As he drew the zip further down it hit a small bump which meant he had to pull it out a bit from her back to drag it over whatever was causing the obstruction. We soon found out what it was.   
  
As he pulled the zip down another inch we were treated to the sight of the top of her frilly edged white suspender belt. The elastic was stretched tightly, it was about two inches deep with a delicate pattern along the edge and the main part of the belt was a glossy white to match her bra.   
  
The music continued to boom out as Ben continued to unzip and another inch of lovely bare flesh was now unveiled before more white lace came into view. We were about to get our first peek at what had been making that inviting v shape under her skirt.   
  
The waistband had the same pretty decoration as the suspender belt and when the zip travelled a further inch or so we saw the back of her white gossamer nylon panties. And, as my increasing hard on told me, the best of all, through the sheer nylon I saw the thin embroidered ribbon of the tiny g-string she had on underneath.   
  
This was getting better by the second and soon the lovely Holly would no doubt soon be removing her pretty knickers and giving us all a further treat.  
  
The music of the stripper continued to thunder out of the speakers as Ben's fingers drew the zip further down until we could see the full sight of Holly's panties. The zip stopped just at the point where that delightful little line of stitching starts on most ladies knickers, the bit where the gusset disappears to cover a lady's most intimate area.  
  
I craned my neck in an attempt to see where the line of her g-string carried on but the gusset hid it from my view.   
  
"Thank you sweetie, did you enjoy that?" Holly asked Ben.  
  
She looked over her shoulder at him and saw the crotch of his trousers pointing at the ceiling towards her.   
  
"Oh I think you did", She giggled.  
  
"Let me take over from here."   
  
With that she put her hands on the waistband of her skirt, which had now dropped apart down from the top, and gently eased it down pushing it over her curvaceous bum to reveal her panties and also her frilled white suspenders along each thigh.  
  
Then she quickly let go and the skirt fell into a puddle of grey nylon over her ivory stilettos.   
  
She stepped out of it and bent down to pick it up.   
  
She leaned whispered into Ben's ear, "Thank you sweetie, you did very well, I hope you like your reward."   
  
She ran her fingers inside the elastic on the leg of her knickers and gave it a little twang.   
  
What did she mean by "reward"? Was she indicating that he might get a white lacy souvenir later?  
  
Without the restriction of the tight skirt now she strutted around the audience while the last few bars of "the Stripper" played out and then back to the stage.   
  
She was really getting into this, and then posed Marilyn like for everyone to see.   
  
Raucous applause, cheers and wolf whistles rang out around the room now they could all see Holly in all her sexy lingerie.   
  
And how sexy it was, for we could now get a good look at her panties from the front. I had seen them from the rear while Ben did the unzipping, and they were almost as sheer as they were at the back apart from a heart shaped lace panel which was large enough to hide the front of the g-string I knew she was wearing underneath.   
  
She really was excelling at this so much so that I had to keep reminding myself that she was here to perform all along and that the innocent bit was just an act.   
  
"Is that what you always where to work darlin?" shouted a guy at the back.  
  
"Sometimes," she said. "Not always as pretty as this though."  
  
"Can I get a job here?" he hollered back.   
  
General laughs and various cheeky comments passed round the room.   
  
"I'm surprised you're not all giving our lady a standing ovation" said Rob. "Although I'm sure most of you are if you know what I mean." Referring to the stiffness Holly's frolics couldn't have failed to create in everyone's groin area.   
  
Rob stood next to Holly and addressed the party.   
  
"Well, lads, what a night we've had. You've all been fed and watered, extensively. Listened to my wonderful anecdotes" he raised his eyebrows.  
  
"And seen three gorgeous young ladies get out of their clothes, you can all stagger off back to your hotels well satisfied."   
  
This was the signal for more protests from the audience.   
  
"We've only seen 2 birds get their kit off, she's still wearing something," one guy shouted pointing at Holly.   
  
Holly looked embarrassingly at Rob.   
  
"Whoa, she's just the secretary mate, she's not a real stripper, she only doing it to help out, you weren't complaining earlier."   
  
"We want more, don't we lads?" said the guy.  
  
"How about it love?" came another call.  
  
Holly turned and asked Rob.  
  
"Would it too brazen of me reveal anymore, I wouldn't want to get a reputation?"   
  
"I don't think these guys would think so, would you lads?" Rob asked.   
  
The answer was obvious.  
  
"But I'm sure it would be too cheeky to ask for another donation" she said.   
  
"OK, let me see." She stood there in a thinking pose, her hand on her chin and hips cocked for a few moments then her hands went to the front of her bra and she looked up at the crowd smiling coyly and started to undo the front fastening clasp.   
  
The crowd cheered in anticipation.   
  
Then all of a sudden she fastened it.   
  
"No wait," she said, and she moved her hands down to the front of her panties and plucked lightly at the waistband with her fingers.   
  
"What about these?" she looked at the now drooling bunch and stroke her fingers over the sheer nylon.  
  
"Yes, I think that would be better" she said.   
  
We could now tell that the DJ had obviously heard events unfolding out front so without even being asked this time started up "the Stripper" again.   
  
"He's eager isn't he?" " Has he got a hidden camera in here somewhere?" said Holly.   
  
"I'd better get on with it before the music stops"   
  
With that she turned round so her back was to the audience and bent over at the waist and we feasted our eyes on the mound of her pussy peeping out between the top of her thighs filling the lacy gusset of her knickers.   
  
Could we stand much more excitement?   
  
She slipped her fingers into to the waistband of her panties on either side and slowly peeled them down over her bottom until they reached the underside of her cheeks.   
  
She stopped and cast a saucy peek at her audience and smiled sweetly then pushed them down until they rested on the lace tops of her stockings.   
  
She slowly spread her legs apart making her panties stretch tightly across her thigh until they looked like no more than a band of white lace.   
  
She stood in that pose for what seemed like seconds but was probably longer, then quickly snapped her thighs together and the frilly piece of nylon fluttered down over her legs to rest enticingly on her shoes.   
  
She picked them up and stood upright and turned round so we could all see the triangle of the miniscule g-string covering her muff.  
  
It was also pure white like the rest of her ensemble but so tiny it didn't spare her modesty and everyone could see the small strip of perfectly trimmed blonde hair peeking over the top and the shape of her pussy creating a sexy white nylon groove. Her own arousal was evident as it clung to her cleft for everyone to see.

She rolled her panties up into a ball and expert like threw them to Ben who caught them. What an evening he would have with them in the privacy of his hotel room.   
  
"Do want me to carry on," she called out. The reply was loud and affirmative.   
  
"Ok, if you really want me to," she said. So she stepped off the stage to stand right in the middle of the front row of tables so the whole room would get a good view.   
  
The music was still going and she wiggled and grinded her hips like a classic striptease artist.   
  
She reached down to the clip between her beautifully rounded melons and undid the fastening. She took a quick saucy look at the men close to her, she loved to tease. Then she pulled open the huge lacy cups to a riotous cheer.   
  
Her tits jutted out in front of her like two perfect cream domes with cherries on top. Very stiff cherries, I could tell. Now topless she treated to the guys to several more minutes of dancing and strutting her stuff all around the room to the music which seemed now be continuous, one "the Stripper" after another.   
  
Then, as a finale she sat down on the edge of the stage with her legs apart making the front of the g-string stretch into a narrow strip of lace lining the slippery furrow of her pussy. Untied the bows at each side and whipped it out from under her bum and threw it into the crowd.  
  
Everyone was on their feet and all standing to attention cheering, whistling and now satisfied. I was satisfied to a large amount when Holly had waved goodbye and said thanks to everyone for their appreciation she dived behind the curtain and headed for the dressing room.   
  
A few moments I knocked on the door and walked in. She was sat on the desk with her legs apart and was slowly stroking herself. What a site.   
  
"I'm glad you didn't do that out there," I said.   
  
"Did you enjoy that?" she asked. Then looked at the front of my trouser to confirm I did.   
  
"Looks like we both did" I said.   
  
"I think we both could do with relieving some frustration darling," I continued.  
  
She knew exactly what I meant and with that she grabbed the zip on my trousers and drew it down before pushing them down to my knees.   
  
"That will do nicely," she said looking longingly at my erect pole which funnily enough was pointing straight at her pussy, framed gorgeously by her suspender belt.   
  
I waddled forward while still with my trousers round my ankles and nestled my dick at her slippery entrance. I always love shagging her when she's wearing stockings and suspenders and white is one of my favourites. I could feel the glossy sheen of the silky nylons on my thighs and that made my stiff member jerk forward and touch the moistness of her pussy.   
  
This was going to be wonderful. I slid my shaft into Holly's welcoming tunnel and she moaned softly as I pushed gently as far as it would go before pulling out and pistoning back in again. This time I quickened my pace excited by the feel of her nylons clad thighs rubbing mine. My pussy pounder was gliding in and out furiously with my passion for the sexy part time stripper.   
  
Soon I could feel the climax rising and Holly knew it too.   
  
"Whip it out," she said "Shoot it on my tits."   
  
I obeyed the lovely lady's command and soon hot streams of cream were coating her bountiful breasts.  
  
"We must do this more often," she said.  
  
"I agree," I said. "We must find another way of getting you to strip in public soon.