**Get Wet, Girls**

by janscoM

**Ch. 01**

*Female staff must win the wet t-shirt contest. At all costs.*

"I'm not forcing you, I'm just telling you what your job is."

"It's a bit late for that, isn't it?"

"I don't think so, the contest doesn't start till tomorrow evening. You've plenty of time to make your decision."

I stood and watched the conversation from the bar, not really knowing what to do. It was my new friends who were being put in a really difficult situation by Clive, our boss, but I couldn't really help them. If I was honest I didn't want to.

"We'll quit!" That was Jenny, a blonde from London.

"Then quit. Like I said, nobody's forcing you."

"But we need this job!" Ruth followed up, she was a shorter dirtier blonde from somewhere on the South coast.

Clive just shrugged at that. I could see the three girls look at one another nervously. Liz, a Scottish red head, looked particularly sad about it. I could understand their dilemma, I'd been thinking about it since Clive had told me about his plan.

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"There we go, that'll have the punters streaming in."

It was earlier that day and I was stood behind a very empty bar. Clive had been fixing up posters for the last ten minutes but I'd not read any yet. He turned to me expectantly as he stepped back from one he'd just placed in my eyeline.

"What do you think?"

There was the silhouette of a woman, obviously naked, dancing with the words, "Wet T-shirt Contest Fri 11PM" written in massive red capitals beneath.

"Are we having a wet t-shirt contest?" It wasn't the most intelligent reply.

"You're damn right we are." Clive drifted over to me. "We'll try one out on Friday, I'm thinking of making them a permanent fixture."

"Oh, well, good idea, I think." My mind was immediately racing, although I'd never seen one in the flesh I'd seen pictures and videos from them online many times over the years. They had always excited me a lot.

Clive seemed content to stare at the poster so I joined him. I read the smaller print.

"Wow, 200 euros first prize. That's pretty good."

"Yeah, that'll have them turning out for sure."

I looked around the empty bar and couldn't help adding, "quite a bit of money, though, especially if it's a regular thing." The bar had been so quiet that I'd begun to worry a little about my job, if I lost it I'd probably have to head back home.

Clive smiled and tapped his nose. "Don't you worry about that, I've got a plan."

I looked expectantly. "Oh yeah?"

"You know the flyer girls?"

I nodded, I'd spent much of my first few weeks here fantasising about them. They were three girls Clive had hired to walk around and hand out flyers every day. I found all three of them stunning and they usually came to the bar in their beach stuff. I couldn't really decide which one I lusted after the most. Sadly all three had treated me just like a good friend from the moment we'd been introduced so it didn't particularly matter.

"Well, I'll make sure some of they enter every time and tell them to be sure to win. That way first prize is actually nothing."

I looked at him startled. "Do you think they'll be up for that?"

"Who cares, a job's a job and I'm their boss. Those three are sexy as hell but there's a million young girls who look good round here."

I nodded, what Clive was saying was correct. I knew myself how many people came out here speculatively hoping for work and most of them went home disappointed. All three of the girls had said to me how lucky they felt to even have 4 or 5 hours work a day. Now the season was in full swing I imagined open jobs were even more scarce.

I felt a little uncomfortable about it, but the thought of Liz's massive boobs in a wet t-shirt soon chased them away. Or maybe I'd enjoy Ruth's nicely soaked bum.

"Anyway, you need to be prepared as well, you'll be running it."

"Me? What about the bar?"

"I'll help out there, much better to have a young, good looking lad like yourself up there with them. They don't want an old perv like me."

"Why not Ollie?" Ollie was the other bar man, he was a bit older in his mid twenties.

He shrugged, "I picked you." It didn't sound like he'd thought very hard about the choice but I was grateful for it. From my internet 'research' I had some ideas about how best to persuade the girls to get wild.

Clive continued. "You'll work it out. Besides, what's there to do? Ask them their names, get them wet, tell them to dance." He shrugged. "Piece of piss."

"How many rounds will there be?"

"I don't know, you decide."

"How will we get them wet?" The bar was deserted and Clive's attitude made it easy to talk about treating girls as objects like this.

He carried on in his lackadaisical way. "Maybe jugs from behind the bar with water? Have them stand in a paddling pool or something."

"Maybe." I couldn't help but get into it. "How about if we got one of those hand pump spray guns you use to wash cars?"

"I suppose." He paused suddenly thoughtful. "I think I have one in the garage, never used it."

"Perfect. That way there's not as much water about, but you can get it right where you want on the girls. I reckon they could just dance on the stage as normal, it'll dry easily with the windows open."

Clive looked over to the stage which was right next to the open front of the bar. "You might be right."

"We can spray all the girls while they dance together, it's a much better than having them come up one by one."

Clive laughed again. "Well, I can see I picked the right man for the job."

I blushed slightly. I didn't want to come across too much like an obsessive, but Clive just looked pleased I was helping him out.

"What about the t-shirts?"

"I ordered them last week, I've got dozens. All small and thin, obviously."

I couldn't resist carrying on. "And what else will they wear?"

Clive was looking more and more involved in the conversation, my zeal for detail carrying him along. "I don't know, I didn't think."

"Well, we'd be saying no bras, wouldn't we?"

"Yeah, obviously."

"Well, if we're making rules let's say just their knickers. You know, along with the t-shirt we give them." I couldn't help but sound a little hesitant.

"I like your thinking." He slapped me on the back. "If we make it a rule then what can they say? Brilliant."

"Only, I imagine some of them won't want to get their actual underwear wet, so we should offer them some as well. Maybe say it's strongly advised or something."

This time Clive arched an eyebrow. "We buy them all new underwear?"

"It's to help them out, we can say that girls complained about having to wear wet clothes afterwards, so."

"I dunno, Jim, you're losing me, isn't that their problem?"

I could see he was getting bored so I cut to the chase. "Clive, what if along with thin, tight white t-shirts they were wearing thin, tight white knickers?"

I saw realisation dawn.

"Where would we get them from?"

It was my turn to shrug. "Go to a discount supermarket, buy lots of their cheapest, smallest whitest underwear."

Clive was beaming now. "Good man. Well, I'll get it all set up. If it goes off like you say we'll soon have them queuing round the block. We'll put them on every night!"

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"Did you hear what that creep told us earlier, Jim?" Jenny's still angry tone carried across the bar.

It was later that afternoon and the girls had returned from their flyering. As usual they stayed for a drink, they got one free every day.

"Yeah, he told me about the contest earlier. I'm sorry, I was going to warn you but he saw you all first. I don't know what to say."

"It's not your fault." Liz smiled at me, her cute freckled face peering out through her frizzy shoulder long hair.

"No, but." I couldn't help but think what would happen was partly my fault. Clive had told me earlier that they'd agreed to 'think about it', but he considered it a done deal. Everyone knew it was either take part or book their flights home.

"I wouldn't mind so much if we didn't have to win it." Ruth sounded slightly annoyed but mostly a little thoughtful.

"Only one of you has to do it, I guess." I didn't know why I said that, it was probably just me trying to sound like a friend. Of course I wanted all three of them in the contest.

"Maybe, but we were talking earlier. One chance out of all the entrants isn't much, all three of us probably need to do it to have a decent chance."

I nodded grateful my careless talk hadn't ruined things. "So, you're, er, going to do it, then?"

Ruth answered. "I don't think we have a choice."

"Fucking Clive!" Jenny let out her anger.

"Well, I'm going to be running them, so I can help you out." I figured it was best to let them know now.

"Oh, great, so you can just make sure one of us wins!" Liz smiled at me some more.

I hated to disappoint her but it had to be done. "Well, not quite like that. The winner is the one who gets the biggest cheer from the crowd."

"Oh." She looked crestfallen.

"I can make sure you all get the best chance, though. You know, make sure you can get near the front, that the crowd gets a look at you. I can tell you who I think is doing well so you can copy."

"Thanks, I guess." Ruth was polite but didn't sound too certain about my help.

I shrugged. "He's told me I have to make sure they're a success. If the bar doesn't start getting more customers I think we'll all be out of jobs, whether you girls win or not."

"So you'll be up there while we're, er." Liz's quiet Scottish tones sounded extra lovely.

"Yeah, sorry. I didn't ask for this, Clive told me I had to."

"I bet you were gutted." Jenny sounded slightly accusatory. I decided to change the subject slightly.

"Have any of you done one before?"

"No!" That didn't seem to have calmed Jenny down. Liz just shook her head.

"I thought about entering one once." Ruth offered. Jenny looked at her with surprise, Ruth shrugged. "I didn't though, some of the other girls talked about what they'd done last time and my friend got nervous and, well."

"If he thinks I'm getting topless up there he's dreaming." The other girls didn't respond to that, I guessed they all really knew that some toplessness would be pretty much expected. I certainly didn't add that I was hoping for more.

The conversation petered out and the girls stared into their drinks glumly. I tried to match their mood outwardly, but inwardly I was delighted.

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Friday passed slowly. Clive arrived in the afternoon with boxes of t-shirts and knickers, he'd managed to get some very nondescript white pairs that didn't look too unfashionable. They were pretty full but that was probably a good thing, and they looked very thin.

We put those in a room behind the bar where the contestants would get changed, then brought in the pump. After a quick test it seemed perfect, I could choose a finer mist or a fairly concentrated squirt by twisting the end. We filled it up and put it on the corner of the stage.

Clive had also printed out a few rule sheets and put them up in the changing room. They seemed good, a standard disclaimer about injury, that the contest was public so people might have cameras about, that the judges decision was final and then some rules covering our discussion the day before.

"Contestants can wear an official t-shirt and briefs.

Contestants will get wet, so to avoid damaging their own clothing it's also strongly advised to wear the provided briefs.

No other clothing is allowed."

Once we were set up there was nothing else to do but wait. I'd thought a bit about how to run the contest and set a few things up with Clive, but there was plenty of room for improvisation. I knew I would need to be flexible and see how it went to get as many of them as possible to loosen up. It was slightly unbelievable that my job for the evening was to persuade some girls to get naked.

Clive was another step ahead, he had decided that all contestants would receive a free shot before the contest.

"Maybe we should offer them a few more when they sign up as well?"

"Yeah, I thought that but what's to stop people signing up but then not taking part?"

I thought for a moment. "Well, how about we stamp their hand then if they try and leave early the bouncers can tell them they need to pay?"

"Nice!" He grinned at me again, "and let's also say it turns out those shots aren't the cheap kind."

Clive altered the posters around the bar and out front accordingly. He also quickly printed off a stack of flyers, he was going to get the girls to advertise the contest they would be starring in later.

"I want the girls to say they'll be in it as they hand them out, but I don't want to give away that they're ringers." He stared wistfully into the middle distance. "If they saw Liz's tits and imagined them in a wet shirt we'd make a fortune."

"It's a shame," I sympathised. Clive was a man of principle in his own way, as much as he clearly liked lusting after the three of them he still had his mind on the money.

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The girls came to pick up the flyers as usual. Jenny especially seemed as if she wanted to comment to Clive who was stood grinning at them, but they turned to leave without anything other than a few muted hellos in my direction.

"See you all later, girls." He called out after them. I was still feeling a little bad for them, I didn't love that they were being strong armed into the contest but I couldn't deny I was looking forward to the results.

Jenny was tall and athletic, with a beautifully toned body. She might have been a bit prickly and not into guys eyeing her up but she was still obviously proud of it, the other two girls usually wore sarongs and tops with their swimwear in the bar, but Jenny rarely seemed to cover up much.

Ruth was much curvier with a bum that seemed to wobble in a gravity defying manner. I found her really cute, with a button nose and shorter hair. Her boobs were lovely as well and she usually had a bikini top on that was only covered loosely, but they were nothing compared to Liz's.

The 5 foot 1 freckled red head might have been slim and shy but she had truly amazing breasts. They were sadly much more covered up that the other girls as she often came to flyer in a one piece with something draped around her shoulders and waist as well, but there was no disguising them completely. Clive had commented many times that they must be D cup at least, I was happy to leave the statistics to him and just go with big. On her sleight frame you might have even got away with huge.

Given all that, even if I could have got them out of their predicament then no one could have blamed me for not bothering.

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As the afternoon and then early evening wore on there were signs that the posters and flyers were doing their job, the place wasn't packed but it was definitely busier than it had been. At the bar I'd had some enquiries about the contest, mostly from groups of lads but a few girls as well. There were no sign-ups yet but the tables nearest the stage had already been commandeered by some of the guys and Clive was delighted with their decision to drink heavily as they waited.

Around 8 we got our first sign ups, it was two girls who had come in with a mixed group and then returned to the bar a little later.

"So, this contest. Is it really a 200 euros prize."

"Absolutely."

"And we get free shots for signing up?"

"Yes, you can have a few now and then one before the contest."

I saw them exchange a glance, they looked like two normal girls on a night out. A brunette with large earrings and a short black dress and a blonde in hot pants and a top. Both the outfits were skin tight and their bodies seemed like the sort you'd want in a wet t-shirt contest, slim-ish but curvy and with pretty nicely sized breasts. The brunette's especially were probably what you'd call big.

"What do you have to do?"

"Well, we give you a t-shirt to wear and then you dance on stage. The girl that gets the most applause wins."

"And we get wet as well?"

"Yeah."

"And that's it?"

"There's a few rounds and girls normally try and impress the crowd, but you don't have to do anything you don't want to. You can leave the stage whenever you like."

They glanced at one another again and both smiled, then the brunette looked back. "OK, we'll put our names down."

"Great." They were Ellie and Sophie, both 19.

"Now I just need to stamp your hands as contestants."

Ellie, the brunette, held out her hand. "Why do you need to do that?"

"It's just to stop people taking the shots but not turning up later." I stamped her hand and moved on to her friend. "I'm sure you would never do that, but it's happened a few times. You can still leave beforehand if you want to, this is just so we can ask you to pay for the shots first."

"OK." She sounded slightly confused but I didn't think it was because their plan had been foiled. I poured them their shots, told them they could have some more later if they felt like it and they re-joined their party. I took the opportunity to watch their bums as they left, both seemed like worth getting to know in more detail.

After a little while I went to the tables of lads and told them to try and persuade some of the passing girls.

"Tell them about the prize and the free drinks, it's all more fun for you lot later."

"No problem, mate, we'll find the talent for you!"

They seemed enthused and I could see them for the rest of the night buzzing around groups of girls. It didn't open the floodgates but a couple of those they'd talked to signed up, and as the time of the contest got closer we'd had 4 girls sign up. The two the lads had persuaded were stunning, I couldn't wait to get them wet.

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With about twenty minutes to go Jenny, Ruth and Liz turned up. I'd started to get a little nervous about them but had told myself that I'd be running a wet t-shirt contest whatever happened. They came to the bar and all seemed a little subdued but I put their names down and stamped their hands.

"Do you want your shots?"

Ruth managed a smile. "I guess we'd better."

"I'm sorry, I really am," I said as I lined them up. "At least there's some other girls signed up to do it with you."

"What are you talking about, moron?" That was Jenny. "If no one else signed up we'd win it easily."

"Oh, yeah, I didn't think of that."

"Obviously. You were just thinking about who you'll get to perv over later."

"It's my job, Jenny, I have to do it."

"Whatever."

Liz smiled at me a little. "Don't worry, Jim, she's just nervous. We all are."

"That's OK."

The girls downed both their shots and went off into the bar, I'd told them the announcement would come in a few minutes. I watched with growing anticipation as the clock inched forward to 11pm.

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"OK, it's about time for our world famous WET T SHIRT CONTEST!" The bar cheered as one at Clive's announcement. "We'll be starting in a few minutes, can the girls who signed up please make their way to the side of the bar."

He was already there with the microphone and ushered the girls into the room as they arrived. I saw Jenny and the rest head in and it seemed like all seven contestants had made it. He nodded to me and I went over to follow him inside, Ollie would look after the bar alone for a few minutes before Clive helped him out during the contest.

We followed the last stragglers, it was fairly crowded in the smallish room and Clive squeezed his way to the front.

"OK, ladies, thanks for signing up. We'll be starting once you're all changed. It's pretty simple, you get your kit off and we'll hand out the t-shirts. You can keep your own knickers on if you want but they'll get soaked and you won't want to wear them afterwards, so best leave them here and use the ones we'll be handing out. Jim will tell you the rest once you're out there."

He stopped and grabbed a box of t-shirts, then handed one to the nearest girl. It was Ellie the brunette I'd signed up earlier.

"Here you go, love. Need any help with that dress?"

I saw her look at him slightly confused, but eventually shook her head. "No, it's fine."

"OK, well, good luck." He moved on to the next and I saw Ellie put her hand up to the back of her dress. It seemed as if we would be watching them change, which I didn't have a problem with.

As Clive passed he pointed to the knickers and indicated I should hand them around. I wondered if I could keep up his breezy normality but I hoped so, it was exactly the right tone to take. One thing watching wet t-shirt contests had taught me was that peer pressure from other contestants was a powerful thing. If Clive's attitude made even a few go with him then most of the rest would probably follow.

As I took out a few packets of the underwear Clive carried on handing out the t-shirts fairly rapidly. A few of the keener contestants were already down to their bras, so his style did seem to be working.

"Oh, don't worry about us, we've done loads of these. We don't even notice any more, do we, Jim?"

I looked across and saw him turn theatrically to put his back to them. He winked at me and carried on, now looking up at the ceiling to further show how uninterested in them undressing he was. As I thought about handing out my first pair of knickers I noticed a few of them facing the wall and trying to squeeze into a t-shirt and out of their bras at the same time.

I steeled myself to act like Clive, then moved forwards towards the nearest girls. It happened to be the two who I thought were total knockouts. One, Amy, was a really cute and slim brunette with shoulder length hair that curled towards the ends, and what seemed to be a really tight tanned body. Then the other, Olivia, had very dark, almost black hair that hung down her back in a pony tail. Her face was strikingly beautiful and she also had a great looking body, but was a bit thicker and had breasts that seemed large and round enough to possibly be fake. I didn't care, they looked fantastic. Especially now she was down to a black lacy bra, with her dress pushed low enough that I could make out the top of her underwear.

"Here you go, girls." I handed two pairs to Amy, hoping that Olivia would carry on and take her bra off next.

Sadly instead she looked at me and asked sceptically, "do you really expect us to wear these?"

"Up to you, we only provide them because we got lots of complaints. A few girls said their wet underwear rubbed so much it hurt when they got dressed again, they had to go commando and were annoyed." I looked down at her dress which was bunched at her waist, it didn't seem that long even when worn properly. "Maybe you'd be okay with that on, though." I shrugged.

"How wet are we going to get?" Her friend asked.

"Not sure, but you know how easily clothes get ruined." I decided to move on as that was a bit of a lie, I was intending to get all of them soaked.

Jenny snatched three pairs from my hand slightly angrily and turned away from me to carry on getting changed. I could see behind her that Liz was struggling into her t-shirt while Ruth seemed like she might be ready.

Hers was the first shirt I'd seen on properly. Clive had chosen well, it was so short that it ended around her belly button and was squeezing her breasts so tightly it hung off her body below them. She'd had to rip the neck so it wasn't too tight across her tits. I wondered if Clive had maybe gone so far as to order a child's size. I could already make out her nipples slightly and had to remind myself to keep eye contact as she smiled slightly nervously at me.

"Hi Jim."

"Hi Ruth, are you ready?"

"Think so."

She looked down at herself briefly, so I took the opportunity to do likewise. We paused slightly awkwardly and I wondered if I should say anything, the problem was that she was wearing bikini bottoms. I decided I needed to.

"Erm, I hate to say this, Ruth, but I think you should probably put on the bottoms I've just handed to Jenny."

She stepped closer and answered cheerfully. "Don't worry, it's fine. These will dry quickly."

"No, I know, it's just." I stepped in even more closely, I didn't want Jenny to hear me. "You girls need to win and, well, I don't think what you're wearing will be as popular."

She looked more unsure now. "Really?"

"Yeah." I glanced around letting Ruth follow my eyes. There were more girls down to their knickers now, we were able to watch Ellie's bum in a pair of black almost thongs as she took her shoes off. "I think guys will find girls in their underwear quite a bit more sexy than what they see every day at the beach."

I looked back to her, I could see I'd worried her a little. "I'm just trying to help you out, like we said."

"So you definitely think we should put those on." She nodded to the packet in my hand.

"If you guys did this but lost it'd be worse, I think."

She looked around again. "OK, I'll tell the others. We're all wearing bikinis, we thought of it while we handed out the flyers together earlier."

"Thanks."

The last two I needed to distribute were to Ellie and Sophie, by the time I got to them they were both stood in t-shirts and knickers. Along with Ellie's small black pair, Sophie had on a very cute white frilly pair with a bow on the front. They both looked great.

"Here you go, girls." Given how she was dressed my eyes couldn't help glancing quickly down to Ellie's underwear as she grabbed them from me, and when I looked up I realised she'd caught me looking. My first instinct was to be embarrassed, but I could see she wasn't sure how to react and I remembered my resolution to be confident.

"Definitely would be a shame to ruin those, you look great in them."

She carried on looking at me for a moment, then turned to her friend and exchanged a glance. "Thanks, I guess." She sounded mostly amused.

"You both do." I tried to sound as casual as possible. Sophie smiled vaguely, I smiled back and wondered if I just stood here confidently would they actually change in front of me. There was a pause but I held my ground hopefully.

"Go on, Soph, I think he wants to watch you change." Ellie nudged her friend and laughed.

"You do it." She said back, they both seemed to be having fun and Sophie actually reached out as if trying to pull down her friend's underwear, but her hand was quickly slapped away and it wasn't a serious attempt. I took this as a good sign for their participation but it seemed I did need to move on.

"I guess I'll leave you to it." I was pleased to notice them starting to change huddled against the wall as I walked away.

It seemed like most girls were ready and I took the opportunity to look at as much cleavage as possible as I made my way to the door. It was already slightly remarkable how undressed they all were, but they were young, on holiday and slightly drunk. A resort where they spent all day in bikini's was tailor made to persuade girls to show some skin and I hoped I could take full advantage.

At the door I turned back to the room and spoke in as loud and confident a voice as I could manage. "OK, I think we're ready. I'll go and do an introduction and you girls just head out when I call for you. You're free shots are on the bar, you can take them and drink them on stage before we get started properly. Good luck."

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I was slightly nervous myself, I decided not to mess about with the intro and just shouted that it was time to get the girls up. I hoped the subsequent roar would be loud enough to let them know it was time, and it was. I watched with satisfaction as they picked their way nervously through the crowd, the mass of guys already eagerly ogling their mostly exposed bodies. They needed to almost push through the crowd so a few luckier ones got some very close up views.

Ellie arrived first and I bent down to help her up on stage, obviously taking the opportunity to look down her top. Like quite a few of the girls she had also had to rip the neck to make it fit her boobs comfortably. Her nipples weren't quite exposed but they were visible already, straining against the tight fabric of the t shirt. I helped them all as they came up, they didn't really need it but they all seemed happy to take my hand as I offered it. I noticed that while the rest had changed their knickers Amy and Olivia had chosen to stay with their own. Olivia's were dark coloured and fairly full, but I was delighted to notice Amy, the slim brunette knock out, in a red thong. I took a moment to watch her bum as it made its way along the stage.

"Excuse me!" it was Jenny's voice. I turned to help her up as well. "Finished have you?" She muttered as she made her way past. Next was Ruth who seemed pretty nervous and then before I could get to Liz I heard her let out a quiet yelp. There immediately followed laughter from the group of lads stood near her as she waited. I looked on slightly confused.

"I think they must have pinched her bum, they did it to me." Ruth muttered this to me softly as I reached out to Liz. I caught the eye of the lad nearest her intending to signal displeasure, but his cheeky grin was so infectious I just smiled back. I wondered how many of the contestants had been groped. They all still seemed to be going with things for now.

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"OK, girls, drink up." I went along the line collecting the glasses which were all pretty much empty already. I took up the microphone again. "For this first round we'll keep things simple." I was stood to one end of the stage, with Liz the closest to me. As I spoke I alternated between looking at her and looking out at the crowd, she seemed nervous but was listening attentively. "You dance and I'll get you wet."

As I finished the sentence there was a slight cheer from the crowd. "Are you guys OK with that?" A far bigger cry went up in response. "Let's get going then," and I nodded to Clive who started the music. It was extremely loud and one of the big summer dance hits. I could see the girls all start to move with varying levels of enthusiasm.

I pumped the water gun a few times and tested it, it sprayed out in a pleasing manner so I turned to Liz. She was dancing nervously with her hands hovering up by her breasts. I pointed the gun and pulled the trigger and I saw her recoil in slight shock as it hit home. Her breasts were already quite visible as the water did it's trick turning the thin, white t-shirt fairly transparent and making it cling to them as they swayed. Liz looked down at herself and then up at me, still looking slightly terrified.

"Put your hands down." I mouthed at her and after a moment she did so. I smiled and sprayed her again, this time moving the gun down across her exposed torso and then waving it so that water cascaded over the front of her knickers.

She danced in place obediently and I ended up spending some time watching the water run over her pussy, the outline of which was now perfectly visible. I couldn't quite believe what she was letting me do and it took effort to snap myself out of it and move across to Ruth. Liz covered up quickly as I went.

I got into a bit of a rhythm, breasts first and then an attempt on their knickers. At this point I decided to just take what I was given and not push.

Ruth was happy to have her boobs exposed, in fact she seemed to present them for me as I approached, but then she put her hands down and turned away quickly after I lowered the stream. Jenny was worse, giving me a snotty glance as she twisted about doing her best to avoid the water without completely stopping a half-hearted dance. I'm not certain I even exposed a nipple.

Ellie and Sophie were like Ruth, they seemed to accept that their tits were there to be looked at. They'd been dancing together and as I started to spray them stepped apart and then turned to face me holding hands. I moved from one pair of boobs to the other several times making sure every part of them was visible through the now soaked t-shirts. I decided that in fact they both had pretty big pairs and the two girls mostly looked at one another and giggled.

I moved down to Ellie's white knickers first, she still wasn't really paying attention to me and I quickly drenched the important part as she stood in place. I heard Sophie gasp, she had obviously been watching me work on her friend's body and that made Ellie look down at herself. Ellie shrieked and turned around though I and those nearby had already got a very clear view. Sophie looked at me and I found myself saying to her, "your turn!" in a pretty confident and cheerful voice. My act was holding up.

As I moved across, though, she turned and all I could do was soak her bum, it was a pleasant enough bum but not what I had hoped for. I went to move on but I heard Ellie shouting, "hey, no way, she has to get it too!" She sounded like she was still enjoying herself and as I looked back the two girls were struggling together, with Ellie trying to turn Sophie round presumably so I could spray her. Sophie was resisting and saying, "noooo!" But she also sounded like it was all a laugh.

"Hold her still, then," I said to Ellie with the pump poised in place. Sophie was still struggling but Ellie got a hand into the top of her knickers.

"I'll pull them down if you don't!"

"OK, OK, OK." They were still both giggling as Sophie submitted, she kept still with Ellie holding her while I soaked her knickers. Pretty soon I could admire both their wet pussies next to one another. Sophie was clean shaven but Ellie seemed to have a small landing strip of dark public hair. They must have been aware of my close attention on them, but somehow it was OK.

"I got her bum as well, though. You know, if we're being fair." I addressed that at Ellie, my eyes might have raised as high as her dripping wet tits.

"What??!" She seemed to be playing along.

"Turn round," shouted Sophie. Her friend briefly resisted and then obeyed and I was soon making sure her arse was just as wet. She wiggled it up and and down and seemed to be happy to twerk for me. I put out a hand as if to spank her. "Do you think she'll mind?" I asked Sophie, who laughed and shook her head. I hesitated a little longer but I was pretty sure Ellie had seen what was going on and hadn't moved, so I gave her a few light smacks. She laughed and stood up. I couldn't believe how well it was going so far.

Amy and Olivia was possibly even more frustrating than Jenny, they somehow seemed to both be completely oblivious to what I was doing but also staying as dry as possible, twisting this way and that and avoiding the jet of water. They were dancing in a very poised and posing way looking spectacular. They were both in their own knickers and while Amy's particularly were enjoyably small neither offered any transparency when wet. Not that I got them that wet at all.

After I finished the row of girls I went back to the side of the stage nearest Liz and watched for a few more moments. Most of the girls were dancing without looking at the crowd, but Ellie and Sophie had clearly exchanged a few words with the lads in front of them. I wondered what to do next, wanting to move things on quickly but also fearing rushing them and having the contestants shut down.

I decided to do some introductions and see what might happen with the more enthusiastic or compliant performers. Obviously Ellie and Sophie seemed like they were up for anything and Liz like she'd let me do whatever I liked, whereas I was a bit lost dealing with Amy and Olivia so far.

I motioned to Clive to lower the music. "OK, time to meet some contestants, I reckon." I decided to bite the bullet and invited Amy and Olivia forwards. They came reluctantly and mono toned their way through their names, ages and where they came from.

"I think your tops are also in need of a little water." I was mostly speaking to the crowd and they had already started to make their way back to their places. Olivia, the dark haired girl who I was now close to certain had fake breasts hesitated slightly as I raised the pump, and I was able to spray her. She stopped as I did so but only stood still for a moment before again moving away. I had still managed to get them nicely wet and noticed she had one nipple ring. Her tits were beautifully spherical.

Olivia had been the furthest away from me so Amy had stepped back to allow this to happen. I could see her look at her friend and then at me. She didn't seem nervous or apprehensive but was obviously wondering if she had to let me spray her. I again took advantage of the hesitation to strike, it only taking a fraction of a second to bring the pump to bear and she also let me get a few good shots in before walking away. I'm not sure they were any more in my control than previously, but at least I could now see their breasts more clearly. Both their tanned bodies still seemed flawless and I again watched Amy's round little bum in its red thong.

Next was Jenny, I had to introduce her as I had to try and help her win but she was probably not going to be that cooperative.

I walked down to her, "how about you?" I motioned to her with my hand and had her step forward, she didn't seem that happy but then she hadn't been happy all day. We quickly established her name, age and where she was from, then I looked at the guy stood closest to us.

"What do you reckon, mate, is she wet enough?"

He laughed, "no way!"

Jenny was glaring at me as I lifted her hand as if to show her off more. "Where does everyone think needs more water?"

As the crowd decided, with the obvious shouts of "her tits," she whispered to me angrily, "don't you fucking dare!"

"Come on, Jenny," I mouthed back. "Just let me get your top properly". I motioned with my eyes as the crowd carried on shouting body parts, "just look at most of the others." She didn't reply but looked away and kept standing beside me, I took it to be the most acceptance I was going to get. I held the water jet next to her boobs.

"Is this what you want?" The crowd cheered and I hesitated just a moment longer before getting Jenny's top properly wet. Her tight small boobs popped more clearly into focus, the nipples straining out and looking huge on her lithe frame. I let the water flow for a good few seconds before shutting it off and moving the nozzle downwards. "What about here?" I asked the crowd, but before the roar could even come Jenny smacked the water pump away and got back into line.

"Maybe later!" I shouted to the crowd before deciding Ruth was next. She seemed happy enough to join me and stood smiling out at everyone as we went through the formalities.

"Now, Ruth, it looks like your top is already pretty wet, doesn't it?" She looked down, her breasts were pretty obvious. She managed a quiet "yes." She looked amazing.

I turned to a guy in the crowd. "I could give them one more spray for luck, though, couldn't I?" He laughed and nodded and I turned back with the pump raised. Again Ruth seemed to instinctively present her boobs towards me, leaning forwards with her arms by her sides to squeeze them slightly. They hung off her body swaying gently as I let the water hit above the neckline of her top and run down inside, I could see it cascading down her cleavage. When the water was flowing she was almost topless already.

I shut it off. Ruth looked like she knew what was coming, nerves were again visible on her face but she stayed where she was. I lowered the nozzle.

"These are pretty dry, though." She looked across at me, she was almost pleading with her eyes and her hand was lowering towards her knickers. It seemed like she'd let me do it but was trying to ask me not to.

"I tell you what, it's early." I smiled at Ruth. "Turn round."

She turned with her back to the crowd and I stepped across to face her. "I'll not let those ruffians see anything!" I winked theatrically at the crowd.

Ruth looked slightly relieved but still nervous. I again lowered the pump and this time she raised her arms as if in surrender and I started spraying. Her knickers went the way of Liz's, Ellie's and Sophie's as I enjoyed a private show. Ruth had a neat crop of pubic hair, and she seemed to be letting this moment between us go on for as long as I liked. I was happy to let it stretch out.

I eventually looked up and out at the crowd. "It'll be worth the wait, I promise!" I looked back down and gave her one more quick spray before letting her get back in to line. She looked happy again as she went, as if what had happened had given her confidence. I noticed that as she turned round it was a good few seconds before she remembered to cover herself up down below.

I wondered about doing Liz next but an idea came to me for Ellie and Sophie. "How about these two?" I asked the crowd and they giggled and danced their way towards me. From the crowd reaction it seemed like they were the early favourites, which was no surprise given how much of them was already on display. Both were trying to keep their hands in front of their wet knickers but those close by must have had a few looks as they danced.

We established names and so on easily. "Are you going to spray her tits now?" Sophie asked me lewdly and grabbed her friends boobs and shook them briefly, before Ellie pulled away shrieking again.

I looked down. "I'm not sure there's much point." They both laughed as the crowd cheered them.

"I can think of something else to check, though." Another roar and Ellie and Sophie still didn't look particularly nervous.

"Hands on your head, Sophie." It was worth a try but she sadly didn't obey, laughing and shaking her head.

"Guess I need to ask Ellie to hold you again?" This time it looked like she was about to comply but Ellie was already there, stepping behind her friend and quickly raising both her arms upwards. Sophie didn't resist at all.

I quickly sprayed her pussy again as the whole crowd watched.

"Everything look OK to you?" I asked a guy in the crowd who looked and nodded.

Sophie soon squirmed out of the hold and shoved Ellie forwards instead. She was quickly presented in the same manner and her knickers got the same treatment from the water gun. Her escape was quicker but we were still treated to few seconds uninterrupted view. The two girls carried on giggling and shoving one another, all thoughts of covering up gone for the moment. I figured it was time to strike.

"Now it's a 200 euro top prize, but how about a quick mini competition?" The crowd cheered even though they couldn't really know what I was talking about. "Ellie and Sophie, this one's for you two. First one to get the other's top off wins a tenner. On your marks, get set, go!"

It looked like I'd judged things perfectly, the crowd reaction and the previous few minutes of exposure meant both girls immediately started trying to expose the other. Pretty quickly both had hold of the other's top and were pulling and ripping causing both pairs of boobs to wobble about on display. The competition lasted about 30 seconds before Ellie managed to hold what was left of Sophie's top above her head.

Ironically this left Sophie free to cover up with her hands, while Ellie's sizeable tits were out in the open. Her top was ripped and stretched and off one arm, hanging mostly down her back. After a little while Sophie snatched her top back and held it in front of her breasts, while Ellie tried to rearrange hers to give some coverage.

I was in the zone now and I seamlessly followed though on an idea I'd had but wondered if I'd dare carry out. I turned to the crowd, "now we have a very important rule here, when something's off it's off." I approached Sophie and reached up to her shirt, she looked down but offered no resistance as I took it from her grasp.

"She doesn't need that any more, does she?" I threw it off the stage to the sound of approval. Sophie stood beside me again covering with her hands.

Then I walked up to Ellie, she looked like she knew what was coming but waited for me anyway. I used the pump to bump her hands lightly, indicating that they needed to move away from her breasts. Once she obeyed I and the crowd could see that the shirt still hung very loosely with one entire breast exposed.

"Not really on, is it?" I reached out and pulled it up and like her friend she didn't resist, putting both arms above her head as I slipped what was left up and off them. I looked down at her tits as she covered them. "Much better," and again I threw it off the stage.

The two girls got back into line still seeming to be as giggly and excited as before. They were still covering their tits but I decided to give them another squirt from the gun and their instincts kicked in, with both of them lowering their hands and letting me spray their now naked breasts. It seemed that drink, peer pressure and the thrill of exhibitionism was as powerful a combination as I'd hoped and it was with some reluctance that I realised I needed to move on. Liz was the only one left and I wondered if she'd be as compliant as I hoped.

I invited her forward and she stood quietly beside me. She moved to place her hands to cover her but I bumped them both lightly as I'd done to Ellie earlier and she immediately dropped them to her sides. Her boobs were the biggest in the contest and but still hung pertly on her frame, and given Ellie and Sophie's' performance and top heavy figures I guessed Liz had the best chance of staying with them. Amy and Olivia were scorching hot, but I was pretty sure skin would win the day.

The crowd was relatively quiet as she stood there but I still had to repeat her answers to make them heard.

"This is another one who's already pretty wet." I looked thoughtfully at her body and gave it a few quick squirts, Liz stood quietly letting me work. Her body seemed more ridiculous the more I looked, huge breasts, a tiny waist and a round bum.

I moved behind her and put the pump down, as I stood up I whispered in her ear. "Liz, I just want you to win, OK?" I saw her nod slightly. "Those two already have their tops off." I figured that was enough to get my point across, Liz didn't move away from me.

I brought my hands around in front of her and took hold of the bottom of her shirt.

"What do you guys think, is her top still on properly?" The obvious chorus of "no!" followed.

"Lift your hands up, Liz," I whispered. She turned and looked at me briefly, her look was slightly worried but she did as I asked and there was no way I was going to stop now. I started to lift her shirt, it was tight and clung to her skin so I had to tug with force several times. My hands slid across her tits as they finally dropped out, it took discipline to not grab hold of them.

Liz kept still as I slid the t-shirt up over her face, her hands stuck upwards. I stopped leaving her like that and leaned forwards past her arms to look down at her boobs. The guys in front of me laughed as I made a face of exaggerated delight. Then I carried on pulling the shirt up and clear of her hands. Liz finally brought them down and I saw her hesitate slightly before thinking better of covering up. She was learning. I threw her shirt after the others to the side of stage.

I moved back in front and sprayed her breasts, she reacted slightly and I tried to encourage her to dance. She began to move doing the same mild shuffle she'd been doing earlier. After a few more bursts I stepped away.

"OK, as I'm sure you can see some of you girls have made it to the next level." I gestured to Ellie and Sophie to come over to me and Liz. I then stood between the three topless contestants and the rest. "It's 200 euros to the winner chosen by these lads here, and I'm pretty sure I know what they're thinking. Let me ask them, is it time for all the tops to come off?" Unsurprisingly the answer was a pretty loud yes.

I looked at the four with tops on as chants of 'tits out for the lads' were aimed in their direction. Ruth was smiling at the crowd while Jenny still glared at me. Olivia and Amy remained somewhat aloof but were at least now obviously following what I was saying and glancing at the guys nearby.

"Remember, I don't pick the winner and it seems that if you want the 200 euros then you need to lose those shirts in this next round of dancing. So, off you go girls, tops off." Clive was ahead of me and the music surged loudly as soon as I finished.

Jenny, Olivia and Amy went back to dancing as before, but I could see Ruth reach for her shirt but then hesitate. She looked over at Jenny who shook her head and she started to dance again. Ruth still seemed unsure of what was best.

I picked up the pump and quickly sprayed Liz, Ellie and Sophie. At first they hadn't seemed to know if this round was also for them and needed the encouragement. All three let me wet their tits directly and were soon dancing with only minimal attempts to cover themselves.

I moved to Ruth and started to wet her again. "Time to take it off, Ruth, we need more than one chance to win."

"Leave her alone, it's your fault they're topless."

"Oh come on, Jenny, it's a wet t-shirt contest, what did you think was going to happen? I'm just making it good enough to save all our jobs."

We were whispering as the two girls danced in front of me with their backs mostly to the crowd.

"You're being an arsehole!"

"Me? You should take your top off as well, but I guess you won't so Ruth has no choice."

Jenny glared at me some more. We were both right really, I was being an arsehole by making sure that the winner would be practically naked, but given I was Jenny and Ruth really didn't have much choice. I let it sink in a little while longer then reached out to Ruth.

"I'll do it quickly." She looked surprised but like the rest so far accepted my right to strip her. I was soon tugging her shirt up over her body and off her outstretched arms. I admired her tits for a few seconds then turned her round to dance for the crowd. She drifted away as I looked at Jenny.

"What's it to be?"

She waited a moment then almost spat out, "I can do it myself, pervert." She then started to struggle out of her top. As her small but beautifully proportioned boobs came free I took the opportunity of her distraction to spray her midriff. As expected the water ran down and wet her knickers fairly comprehensively and I hoped she wouldn't realise for a little while. It seems Jenny preferred to be clean shaven.

I picked up Jenny and Ruth's' tops and sent them after the rest, then watched the show for a little while as I wondered how to approach Olivia and Amy. The five topless girls danced with varying degrees of slight awkwardness. Liz slowly and statically while Ellie and Sophie were more laughing and joking to themselves as they stood holding each other shoulders and swaying. Ruth and Jenny danced almost well, but both were trying to cover their breasts for the most part which added the awkwardness. Jenny especially kept her back to the audience.

Amy and Olivia, on the other hand, both looked poised and largely at ease. They were both obviously used to dancing provocatively and being looked at, so had an elegance and purposefulness that the others lacked. As I watched I also noticed that Olivia was now often putting her hands on her lovely round boobs, squeezing and sometimes gripping the bottom of her shirt as if to lift it up. She even began to lift it once before stopping. I wasn't completely certain, but it looked like she wanted to show off more but needed encouragement. I doubted that the direct approach would work just yet but it gave me hope.

I moved over with the pump and this time as I approached Olivia stopped her dancing to let me spray her breasts. She even smiled at me. As I then turned to Amy the gorgeous brunette asked in a pouty voice, "do we really have to take our tops off to stay in the contest?"

I nodded, "When there's a few with them off they pretty much always vote to eliminate the ones who won't."

Amy looked at her friend. "We should just go."

My heart sank but Olivia at least hesitated, she looked at me and then back at Amy. "Maybe it's not that bad. We can keep covering with our hands, can't we?"

"No rule against it." I confirmed.

"Oliviaaa" Amy complained. She reached out to take her friends hand, presumably to lead her away but Olivia still hesitated.

I gambled and talked straight to Olivia. "You don't both need to stay." She looked up at me. "And you can take your time, it'd be a real shame if you left now. I'll give you a few more minutes to dance and decide."

Olivia stepped away from us slightly and started to dance again. I looked down at her boobs and then back up at her and smiled, she smiled back. It seemed more and more promising. She turned back to the crowd and again teased with the bottom of her shirt, lifting it slightly and then letting it fall back.

I moved away and heard Amy half whine, "if you're staying I am too," and she too started to dance again. After a few more slight teases Olivia lifted her shirt clear of her tits for the first time though only for a second. I stepped to the front of the stage, I wanted a good view for this part. If she did get topless it would be a close run thing between her and Liz in my mind. Olivia was more beautiful in the face, with perfect hair and her toned body gave the impression she was a model. Liz though was really cute and her breasts were like a fantasy come to life. She was also showing herself off far more.

After a few more teases Olivia turned and with her back to the crowd lifted her top off quickly. I heard Amy complain again but her friend took no notice, she turned back to the crowd and danced holding her t-shirt to her breasts for a short while. I wondered if I could get away with taking it from her, but I didn't need to. With a glance in my direction that again seemed friendly she tossed it to one side, very briefly giving us all a look at her piercing before elegantly sliding one arm across both nipples.

I watched all the contestants for a time, before I stepped forward and Clive lowered the volume.

"Well, we're almost there. I make that 6 topless girls and only one hold out. Shall we give her a chance?"

The crowd cheered yes. At this point I figured either Amy would bow to the focused pressure or we could make do without her.

I started to gather the topless girls to one side of the stage, but I knew that Olivia at least wouldn't leave her friend. As the time came for me to usher her over she kept hold of Amy's hand. I briefly wondered if it was possible I'd miscalculated and that they both might still leave, but I quickly realised she was trying to persuade Amy to join her.

"Come on, Amy, just take it off."

"I can't." But the brunette still wasn't actually leaving, she was even looking with what seemed slight envy at the other contestants.

"Just a bit more encouragement, lads. Off! Off! Off!" I started the chant and it was quickly taken up. As the chorus got louder I watched Amy eventually crack, she very quickly dropped Olivia's hand, whipped her top off with speed and then jumped across the stage to stand behind her friend. Her hands covering her breasts for extra protection. The crowd cheered and I smiled, picked up her shirt and threw it off stage.

"OK, seven topless girls. Now we're getting somewhere." I turned to them. "Let's spread out across the stage again." I reached out and took hold of Olivia's arm, guiding her back to one side. Amy followed as I took the opportunity to look at Olivia's briefly exposed tits. I realised she was now happy to take my lead somewhat.

Jenny had moved as well with Ruth and Liz following, which left Ellie and Sophie at the other end. Now that the music had stopped even those two were back to covering with their hands as best they could.

"Come on girls, they've all seen you and you're trying to win their vote. No point covering up now." None of them completely dropped their hands but Ellie and Liz did mostly stop covering their breasts.

"I'm sure you all agree these girls have been working hard for you, so how about we give them a little break. I reckon they need a drink."

This had been another signal to Clive and almost immediately he placed a tray of bottles of beer on the stage. I bent and picked the first one up and turned to Ellie.

"Come on." She soon figured out what was going on as I lifted the bottle above her face, she opened her mouth and craned her head upwards, sticking her tongue out slightly. I let a few trickles hit her waiting mouth but then quickly poured a larger amount onto her boobs. She jumped backwards and yelped slightly with the shock from the ice cold beer.

"Oh, sorry, what was I thinking?!"

I turned to Sophie, "your turn." Despite what I'd done to her friend she came forward willingly and adopted the same pose as I raised the bottle. She closed her eyes.

This time I made no pretence, dropping the bottle and quickly pouring half of it over her breasts. As I expected it felt even more enjoyable to soak half naked girls with beer rather than water, though I wasn't exactly certain why.

"I can't believe I missed again," I deadpanned for the crowd's benefit as Sophie shook herself beside me. I could see slight goose flesh on her chest.

"I tell you what, Sophie, if you do want a drink why don't you put you mouth near here." I pointed to her friend's tits which Ellie had helpfully left in the open. I saw them exchange a look, this was another step beyond what I'm sure they had imagined might happen going in.

"What do you think, lads, should she do it?" The roar was massive, it seemed like the crowd was growing all the time. We'd been going for at least 15 minutes at this point so it was perfectly possible word was getting around about what was happening.

"Go on, it's for 200 euros!" My last words of encouragement and the shouts of the crowd did their job and Sophie put her head gingerly towards Ellie's breasts. She ended up with her mouth between them and I poured the beer down Ellie's cleavage. Sophie drank a small amount and the rest washed over her face and her friend's tits. After the end I let the beer fall straight onto Sophie's face. She came up spluttering, eyes closed with beer running down her face and with her boobs bouncing about.

"OK, let's get you two cleaned up" I picked up the pump and went to work on them both. This time instead of just concentrating on their bodies I began by spraying their faces, making sure to have the pump on its finest setting. As the water forced their eyes closed I began to also soak their boobs and pussies. They both used their hands to try and wipe their eyes, but I kept spraying their faces regularly so they left their bodies easily observable by me and the crowd.

Their knickers by this stage were totally drenched and Ellie's were riding low enough that the top of her pubic hair was just peeping out in the open. Though peeping out wasn't quite the right term given that the rest was pretty obvious through her underwear. I found the sight of them both stood practically naked in front of a crowd of lads mesmerising.

Eventually I managed to stop wetting them down and I let the two compose themselves again. I picked up another bottle and approached Amy and Olivia. I didn't think they'd let me repeat the performance Ellie and Sophie had just given, but I had a plan that might work.

"OK, something different now." I said as I got near, trying to let them know I wasn't about to ask them to drink from each other's body. Amy especially was looking at me very warily, she was still mostly hiding herself behind her friend.

"Here you go." I offered her the bottle and she took it, still covering with her other arm. "Now, Amy, why don't you use this bottle to show the guy's here your technique." I looked out at the crowd, hoping some of them would get what I meant. From Amy's look to me she clearly didn't.

"What technique?" She said, with slight annoyance.

I did the internationally accepted mime for a blow job. She looked at me for a moment and then rolled her eyes. "Are you serious?" I nodded, the crowd was shouting a little encouragement to her.

I saw her glance to Olivia, who had now stepped to the side to let the crowd see Amy. She smiled back at her friend, seeming as if to say what harm can it be? Amy shook her head again but did lift the bottle to her lips. She started to lick up one side, then swallowed the stem. It was a slightly more enthusiastic performance than I'd expected but not by much. Still, given how hot she looked in just her little red thong it was a pleasing sight.

That wasn't the end of my plan, though, so as she carried on giving attention to the top part of the bottle I banged on the side with the metal of the water pump several times firmly. Amy stopped for a moment but didn't seem to realise what this would provoke as she again put her mouth over the top and slid downwards just as the mass of foam I'd provoked burst up to the top.

She was soon spluttering and brought her head up quickly as the beer spurted out into her throat. A foamy torrent fell from her mouth as she coughed, and even more ran over her hand.

"You arsehole." She managed after a while, and splashed what little was left in the bottle towards me getting my own t-shirt slightly wet. I didn't mind, and I was pleased to see Olivia laughing along with the joke.

I was also pleased to see Amy's breasts, which she had been neglecting to cover since the unexpected burst into her mouth. They were as wonderfully sized and pert as I'd imagined, nestled perfectly on her tanned body with nipples that seemed to almost point up at the ceiling. Eventually she got her cough under control and covered back up, giving me an evil stare as she realised her exposure. Despite her anger she still didn't leave the stage.

I took another bottle and then turned to Olivia. "Your turn now."

She smiled back at me, it seemed a totally genuine smile and, if I didn't think the possibility was completely ridiculous, as if there was a little bit more in it. I was hardly a stud but I had had a few women interested in me before so I wasn't totally clueless. I tried to put it out of my mind, though, she was way too hot for me and besides, I had a job to do.

Whatever her motivation, she danced over to me without hesitation and I quickly decided to try a little bit more with her than Amy. I looked at her directly as I spoke.

"How about we make this one a bit more realistic?"

She smiled, maintaining eye contact. "Whatever you like."

The crowd was loving it and their reaction only got louder as I replied, "well, on your knees then."

She briefly looked out at everyone before gently lowering herself down in front of me. I mimed frantically undoing my flies and she and the audience laughed, then I lowered the second bottle down towards her lips.

As she raised her head to accept it into her mouth she also placed her hands on either side of my legs. We were side on so she was still shielding her nipples from the point of view of the crowd, but my own perspective could now take in both of her big, round breasts. I'd never had any problem with fake tits and hers were a beautiful pair, big but not comically so and with no out of place bulges or scars. Her surgeon was a true artist.

As the beer bottle tilted it started to pour out, most went into Olivia's mouth as she started to fellate the bottle but it was soon running out and down her chest. After a short while the level evened out, and from then on it was just the motion of Olivia bobbing her head up and down the neck that provoked more beer to flow. I think she drank a little bit as well.

Once again I was mesmerised. She kept eye contact with me almost throughout as she licked and sucked, with her luscious red lips and glistening tongue either sliding along the bottle or swallowing the neck whole and plunging down as far as she could. I tried to keep things moving but I'm sure I enjoyed the spectacle a bit too long given it was really me and not the crowd who was getting the best action.

Eventually I said I was getting close. Olivia dropped the eye contact and started to bob up and down on the bottle faster, playing her role to perfection. After a short time I pulled the bottle out of her grasp and went to half shake and half pour it over her breasts, she didn't hesitate and rose up to accept it as I forced the dregs out and over each gorgeous tit. She raised her arms to keep some cover from the crowd but stayed presenting them for me until the last drop of foam dribbled out.

"I didn't want to make you swallow given it was our first time."

I stepped back and Olivia closed her arms around her chest and stood up. She was still smiling. I picked up the pump and raised it. "Do you need a rinse?"

This time she turned with her back to the crowd but dropped her arms completely as I hosed her breasts down. I tore my eyes off them with difficulty and used the microphone to say, "you have to give the rest of them a quick look as well. It's only fair."

She smiled and then turned, keeping her arms down for a solid two or three seconds before again covering up. She got the expected cheer. I could see Amy shaking her head again as I moved away, but she seemed to still be staying next to her friend on the stage. That had gone far far better than I'd dared to hope.

The last group was Ruth, Liz and Jenny. Jenny barely looked at me as I approached and turned away, I figured I'd reached her limit even with the fear of losing her job. Ruth and Liz both looked at her slightly confusedly, as if they didn't know how to react, they then turned to me. "You guys can still win, are you up for it?" I got two seemingly genuine nods.

I lead them both to the front of the stage, one on either side of me. They both seemed happy and enthusiastic, though nowhere near as animated performers as Ellie and Sophie. I was going to have take charge a bit more which suited my mood perfectly.

"That's it girls, just another step forward." They shuffled forwards. "And no need to be shy, let's have your hands by your sides." They both obeyed pretty quickly. I could see scores of faces happily staring at the two of them.

I picked up the last bottle. "Now, how about this. I'll put a splash of beer down and you girls can have a taste."

They both looked at me, not quite understanding but not seeming to particularly mind.

"OK, Ruth, this first one is for you. Are you ready?" She nodded cheerfully.

I raised the bottle and lightly poured a few drops onto Liz's left breast. I could see it drip from her nipple. Ruth had by now got the idea, she looked at me then leant across and very lightly pressed her lips to Liz's boob, then leant back. The crowd enjoyed it. Liz smiled but stayed fairly statuesque through it all. It seemed like she might actually be enjoying the attention from the guys watching but was far too shy to take too much positive action for it. Luckily for her her body would attract attention no matter what.

"Not that enthusiastic, but let's see how Liz does." I put the bottle up to Ruth's boobs and as usual she helpfully positioned her body to let me get good access, this time leaning back slightly and jutting her breasts upwards. I let a fair amount of beer run over them and watched her wince slightly as she dealt with the cold.

Liz looked at me with slight concern and concentration, as if I might change tack at the last second, but when that didn't happened leaned across to Ruth's chest. She sort of kissed a nipple lightly, Ruth giggled at the sensation and brought her hand up to hold Liz's head.

"Laughter's not what we want! We need to try that again."

I waited for Liz to move out of the way and poured the rest of the bottle over Ruth's chest, I could see her gasping slightly as more goose flesh formed but she stood in place and let me make sure every drop hit her.

Liz moved back into position. "Have a proper taste this time."

I saw her hesitate with her lips almost touching Ruth's erect nipple and look up to her friend's face. Whatever look passed between them after a moment she carried on, with Ruth again cradling her head. This time Liz opened her mouth and sucked for several seconds. Ruth laughed slightly again but I also saw her close her eyes towards the end, as if the sensation was something much more than ticklish.

"Much better," I shouted as more appreciation rang round the bar.

"Now that she's got the idea, maybe Ruth needs another chance." As that had been the last bottle I gestured to a table nearby that had several so far unclaimed full pints of lager on it, "can I borrow one of those, mate?" The nod came quickly and I was passed up a brimming plastic glass.

"Right, let's get on with it." This time Liz and Ruth got into position before I'd even turned properly to them. Liz mimicking Ruth from earlier and tilting her body backwards to make more of a surface out of her huge natural tits, while Ruth bent slightly and placed her hands lightly on Liz's stomach, ready to drop her mouth onto them.

"What do you reckon, lads, shall we say she needs ten seconds to really get in there?"

Ruth smiled up at me as I splashed a few drops onto Liz's boobs. I was careful with the pint as it seemed it might come out as a torrent if I wasn't paying attention.

As Ruth closed her lips around Liz's nipple I started a count, "ten, nine, eight." I obviously paused as long as possible between each number while Ruth got to work. It seemed like she was actually sucking a little bit this time.

"three and a half, three, two and three quarters." I winked at the audience as the count got longer. Ruth had progressed to openly licking at Liz's boob, I was pretty sure at least the guys nearest the two of them were getting a clear view of the action.

As my pauses stretched even more she raised up from Liz a little bit. I lightly pushed on the back of her head, "I'll let you know when you're done, don't worry." She got right back to it, I could see that like Ruth, Liz's expression betrayed some genuine pleasure in what was happening to her breasts. Her cheeks seemed flushed and she looked down at what her friend was doing to her with rapt attention.

As Ruth was bent over I could see several guys at the front staring at her bum only a foot or so in front of them. Her butt crack was out of the top of her knickers and I was certain they could see the outline of her pussy between her legs under the soaked material. It was amazing to me that this wet and almost naked girl giving us all a show was the same one I'd been lusting after as she politely spoke to me in the bar earlier.

Eventually I deemed the ten seconds to be up and Ruth straightened back up. Both girls now looked a little flushed and excited. It seemed like this section of the contest had worked very well all round. Apart from Jenny, but she was probably a lost cause.

"OK, thanks girls." As the two of them started to make their way back I picked up the pump to maybe clean them off, but there was a loud shout from nearby.

"Finish the pint!"

I held up the practically full glass and saw the guy who'd shouted was gesturing to Ruth who was starting to pay attention again. I must have looked a bit puzzled as the guy quickly shouted a clarification. "Pour it on her, mate!"

I walked over to Ruth. She looked up at me expectantly, as if I might clarify things.

"Is it OK?" I whispered to her. "It's just like more water really. They'll definitely vote for you after." She smiled slightly weakly back.

"I guess so."

I took her hand and lead her forwards. I didn't know what anyone else was expecting but I knew what I wanted to do and it seemed like no one would stop me. I positioned her right in front of the table that had requested it and as I put the microphone down the guy closest handed me a second pint.

"You can use that as well, mate," he said enthusiastically.

I paused and looked across at Ruth, she was watching us but didn't really react. It seemed she was just going with it now. Every single male eye in the place was trained on her body as I held a glass in each hand and stepped behind her.

I whispered to her to start dancing, which she did, then I held the two pints above her head and asked for a countdown. Three, two, one came the shout and just before I started pouring I saw Ruth tightly shut her eyes in anticipation.

The beer from the pint glasses came out with far more force and volume than from the bottles, and with the amount of liquid I had to play with I could let a steady stream rain down and still make it last. The foaming yellow liquid was soon splashing on her head and shoulders before cascading down her face and back. She closed her eyes and brought her hands up to wipe her face and push back her hair, and as the beer continued to flow I could see her gasping for breath with the cold. Most of her body had some goose flesh.

She somehow managed to keep up her performance and the crowd was loving it. I tried to control the flow as best I could and stopped with about half the pints gone as I need to shift my grip for fear of dropping them on her.

I let Ruth compose herself for a few moments, she was shivering a little and wiping her eyes. Then I raised the glasses again. She obediently started to move to the music in anticipation. This time, as the beer again drenched her from head to toe she even did a 360 turn as she danced, giving the guys watching a nice view of the liquid rushing over her round and swaying bum. It seemed as if she was thriving on the concentrated attention. The contest was already better than my wildest dreams.

After it ran out I let her dance on for a few moments, still wiping and blinking as bits of foam continued to slide slowly over her breasts, stomach and legs. The crowd was roaring with approval and Ruth was now smiling out at them again. It seemed normally polite, reserved Ruth had a side that loved showing off, whatever it took.

"You should say thanks to those guys for the drink."

Everyone laughed and Ruth even managed small but seemingly genuine chuckle.

"Oh, yeah, thanks very much," she said and then flicked her arms towards them spraying the table with a small amount of beer. They didn't mind at all, it probably made a welcome change to be teased by a girl while she was just in a pair of largely transparent panties.

I got the pump and gave her the same comprehensive treatment as Ellie and Sophie got, though in her case it was even more needed. She happily turned this way and that making sure I could get to every part of her body. She was still stood at the very front of the stage, and her table of fans joined in to point to spots I'd supposedly missed. Ruth laughed along with them.

As I let the water flow over her body I could see it running down and tugging slightly at her knickers, which seemed to be riding lower. I tried to encourage that movement with a few bursts as Ruth was occupied running her hands though her hair in an effort to clean it. With a particularly well aimed pass I saw them slip lower at one side. I made my way around her body and was pleased to see almost half of her bum completely on display. I gave it a few close passes tugging them ever so slightly lower again and then returned to the front and wrapped things up. I looked down with appreciation at her pubic hair which, like Ellie's, was now visible both above and below the line of her knickers.

Ruth eventually made her way back to the others, still dripping wet all over. I could see Jenny give her an almost disgusted look and she stood next to Liz instead, there was now space between Jenny and those two on the stage. I smiled at Ruth and she smiled back.

"Going well isn't it?" I addressed the crowd and got a big cheer. From what I could tell it was possibly twice as big as when we'd started, all the tables in the bar seemed full and the crowd gathered by the stage was about 7 or 8 deep.

I walked up to Olivia, she again gave me a beaming smile and moved quite close. "What do you think, are you two winning?" She shrugged beautifully and there were a few chants of her name from the crowd.

I let my gaze linger on Olivia's boobs, which she was again treating me to a semi-private show of, before moving on to Liz and Ruth. I ignored Jenny who was hanging further and further to the back.

"What do you two reckon to your chances?" Liz smiled and shook her head to say she also didn't know. This time the loudest noise came from the guys who'd asked for the beer to be poured over Ruth, who I saw smiling back at them. There was no doubt about it, Ruth liked attention. I began to wonder if she could be a contender along with Liz.

Then I approached Sophie and Ellie. I stood between them with an arm around Ellie's shoulders.

"See the thing is," I spoke as if just to them but of course also into the microphone for everyone to hear, "at the moment you're actually all pretty much level, really." I looked up at the crowd and winked and then carried on talking to the two girls.

"It's just this lot, I know them, they won't pick a winner yet because. How shall I put this?" I stage whispered the last part into Ellie's ear, "you've all got too many clothes on."

Ellie looked up at me with an incredulous expression, and I could see similar looks on most of the other girls. "What are you talking about?!" Sophie said beside me, half indignantly and half comically. She gestured down at her body inviting me to look, which I was more than happy to do.

As the laughter died down I invited her to come closer, and this time I put my arm around her shoulders. "Look, I'll show you. Remember it's not me, it's them."

I stepped forwards and acted as if I was once again speaking to the crowd. "OK, lads, I've got a little question for you. I can tell you're enjoying what these girls are doing, but I think you want something more from them, is that right?" There was small cheer.

"I thought so. They're still wearing knickers, aren't they?" The roar this time was loud and immediate.

I looked back at the seven of them, and carried on. "Just so I understand, you're saying you want them all naked?" The response was ever so slightly louder. Amy's face was still just shocked, but it looked like the rest had at least fully understood the demand by that point. Jenny hadn't really changed her angry expression at all, and I assumed had no intention of complying.

"There you go girls. As I said, it's not up to me and the judges seem pretty clear about it. We'll put the music on again and it's probably best if you just get on with it."

I moved to the side and Clive quickly cranked the sound. I left it a few seconds before again starting a chant of "Off! Off! Off!"

Most of them started to dance again but Jenny had obviously had enough, she immediately stormed off stage. Liz and Ruth half watched her go but didn't look like following for a moment. Amy did track her closely through the crowd and was the only one not really dancing again, but it still seemed she was staying for now.

Ignoring Jenny I watched them dance for a little while, sadly no one immediately dropped their underwear like I'd hoped but Ellie and Ruth both fairly quickly had their hands half tucked inside them as they danced. I could tell from the way both of them were looking around at the other girls they were considering doing it but were concerned about being the first.

I saw Sophie look down at her friend's hands and a surprised expression flickered briefly across her face before she laughed. Ellie laughed along with her, seeming to take a little encouragement from the reaction and she turned to show her bum to the crowd and actually slipped her underwear down slightly. Sophie was still watching and laughed again, giving her friends half exposed ass a little slap. Ellie leapt forward and giggled and continued to dance with her knickers riding very low.

Liz also noticed how Ruth was dancing, but instead of reacting with a laugh she moved her hands to her knickers, tugging very lightly as if in experimentation as she carried on dancing. I figured that eventually one of them would go for it, but I couldn't resist stepping in.

I picked up the pump and made my way behind the girls on the stage. The three who were closest to getting naked were already next to one another, so I gestured to them to turn to me and come closer as they danced.

Liz and Ruth carried on as before, but Ellie needed to travel further so had stopped playing with her underwear.

"Hands back on your knickers, Ellie." I gestured with the pump and she smiled and obeyed. I could see Sophie laughing with amused surprise again in the background.

"You can join them if you like, Sophie?"

She shook her head but didn't seem offended to have been asked. She hadn't covered her breasts for some time now.

"OK girls, I can see you're still a little shy but I'll make it easy. You can keep your backs to that lot for now, but on the count of three you're all going to pull them down."

Their expressions were tough to read. It didn't seem like any of them were stopping what they were doing, and it even seemed like they all took slightly better hold on their underwear in anticipation. But for the most part there was a genuine nervousness mixed in with the smiling excitement at what they were doing. I was pretty sure I'd at least get what I needed for the next part of my plan, but not 100%. In any case I was committed and I quickly started the count.

"Three, two, one, down!"

All three girls made the right gesture, bending at the knees and lowering their arms as if they were about to rip them straight off. However Ruth and Ellie pretty much stopped at just slipping them off their bums, before pulling them quickly back up.

Liz, on the other hand, had actually committed, and her knickers were below her knees before she realised she was the only one stripping. She stood up and tried to haul her sopping wet underwear back in place, which given its state was not at all easy. After the first failed attempt which left them thigh high and extremely tangled, she had to look down at herself and concentrate, spending several moments as she extracted the waist band from the tangle and then pulled it into place, before reaching between her legs to arrange them so they actually covered her.

Throughout all of that I was treated to a delightful view of her light crop of red pubic hair above her beautiful pussy lips. The hair was so fine it hadn't been visible through her knickers, but it was perfectly apparent once they were out of the picture. She certainly groomed down there, but it seemed a bit longer than other competitors had their landing strips.

The crowd had cheered but now booed, and Ruth and Ellie had turned back round to laugh at the disappointment they'd caused. They continued to tease with their underwear and I could see they had also had trouble getting everything back as before. Ruth's arse in particular was now almost fully visible as the back of her knickers had rolled together when she'd lowered and then raised them.

I held up my hand. "Woah there, I think we've a problem." Liz was closest and she looked up at me. "For starters, Liz, I'm certain your panties were off, and we do have that rule from earlier."

The crowd cheered, Liz continued to just watch me. By now I wasn't at all concerned that she was going to resist. I put the pump down and approached her, I guessed she would probably have taken them off herself if I asked but there was no way I was foregoing this pleasure.

With her back still to the crowd I took hold of her knickers at either side. "Are you ready?," I asked softly and when she nodded slightly I tugged them down sharply to her knees. She stood in place, her only reaction had been to close her eyes.

I crouched and looked at her pussy from close by as I slipped them further down and then off each foot. After I stood I smiled at her and whispered that she was doing great, she half smiled back and looking down brought her hands around to cover up in front.

I turned her round by lightly gripping her arms, then swung her knickers to give her wonderful, naked bottom a few light spanks. She stumbled slightly forwards towards the crowd and their cheering as I tossed her underwear off the stage.

The rest of the girls had largely stopped dancing, they all seemed slightly surprised but not massively so. Ruth, Ellie and Sophie were all close by, with Olivia and Amy further away to one side.

I looked at Ruth who looked down at her underwear, suggesting she knew what was coming.

"I didn't take them off!" She was protesting but the outrage seemed like it was almost exaggerated, and she stood still nearby as if waiting for a proper ruling.

"What do you think, lads, can she keep them on?"

There was a lot of head shaking and shouting. Ruth pulled a slightly pouting face with her hands on her hips. I made a beckoning gesture with my hand.

"Come on, Ruth, rules are rules."

"This is so unfair!" But she still walked towards me and stopped in place, her arms held up to either side in the same gesture of surrender she'd used when I'd sprayed her knickers earlier.

I took a moment to savour her pose, then reached out and took hold of her underwear. She closed her eyes in anticipation. This time we were about side on to the audience and as I tugged downwards I also turned her a bit roughly towards the crowd so everyone could see what I exposed. She stumbled slightly as her underwear was already around her shins but caught herself on my shoulder. She kept her hand in place to help her balance as I pulled the wet panties off each foot.

I saw her exchange a look with her fans still with one hand in the air and the other on me. Then she quickly bounded over to stand behind Liz. She still wasn't covering with her hands but was trying to use her friend's body to stay relatively modest. However with the gap she left between them I was pretty sure guys to the sides of the stage would be seeing everything. I took a moment to admire their naked bodies then looked over to Ellie.

The third girl just shrugged and with a quick movement pulled her underwear down and then off. I was disappointed I hadn't got to lend a hand but the results were perfectly acceptable. She chucked them into the crowd while using her other hand to cover up and then looked back at me defiantly as if she'd taught me a lesson somehow.

"What about your friend, I thought you were doing this together?"

"Don't you dare!" Said Sophie as Ellie turned to her smiling, and it was only a few seconds more before Ellie was chasing her around the stage. The crowd was loving it and Sophie didn't have very many places to hide, so her knickers had already suffered a few sharp tugs by the time she tried to shelter behind Liz and Ruth.

She didn't find a willing ally in Ruth, and her fellow blonde grabbed her until Ellie caught up. At that point Sophie judged her position hopeless and submitted, and while Ruth held her still Ellie quickly yanked her knickers down and off, before they too were thrown to the crowd. The three naked girls laughed and hugged one another for a few moments more before separating and covering up again. We'd all had plenty of chance to compare their different grooming regiments as the action took place.

I stepped back and admired my work, 4 naked girls stood in front of a big crowd having fun. I could see Olivia and Amy standing together watching, they hadn't seemed part of this section so I didn't think it would work to stride over and try and strip them too. I looked over and nodded to Clive to start the music and as the four naked girls started dancing, albeit more carefully then before, I looked over to the other two. Again I tried not to over interpret the warm smile Olivia seemed to be giving me, but it at least seemed as if I was fine to go over there.

As I approached Olivia actually broke from her friend and danced towards me, putting her hands round my shoulders, again with her back to the audience. I could see Amy watching us with a slightly sour expression but I didn't care in the slightest. I tried desperately to keep my eyes up from her boobs as she spoke to me.

"Are you here to take my panties off?"

"Can I?"

"Do you have to?"

I already couldn't believe how the conversation was going, her tone was playful and sexy and it somehow seemed like I had a chance at stripping her. I desperately hoped I'd somehow navigate it successfully.

"If you want to win, yeah."

This time she just smiled in reply and continued dancing, I found myself bringing my arms up to hold her just above her underwear at either side. I hoped she'd interpret it as just part of the dancing, and not an attempt on her knickers. At least not yet.

Her body felt smooth and incredible, she looked down at my hands but didn't pull away.

"I don't think I can let you, I'm too shy."

I looked down at her beautiful breasts swaying in front of me, then back to her equally beautiful face. "I don't think you're shy." She smiled wider.

"Maybe not."

"Get a room you two." Amy cut in with an annoyed comment from close by, Olivia broke contact and danced away from me.

I looked over at Amy, she was also turned away from the crowd as she danced and so wasn't bothering to cover her boobs. It seemed she somehow didn't consider me worth caring about and I was happy to just stare at her body in her tiny underwear for a few moments. She watched me watching her then shook her head, "don't even think about it, I don't know what she sees in you."

I shrugged and turned back to Olivia, she was dancing a few steps away still turned from the audience. As I approached her from behind she didn't seem to move away at all and I felt bold enough to hold her body close again and move with her dance. This time my hands were covering the waistline of her panties.

"You again?"

"Yeah." I was aware my eloquence sometimes came and went. I hoped it would come back.

Luckily Olivia still seemed just happy to dance with me, she even pushed her body backwards into mine and I could start to feel her bum press into and move across me. I had to tell myself not to hold my breath and somehow try and keep calm.

After a few more moments I let my thumbs dig into the waistband. She knew what I was there to try and do so if she kept this close she must want it really, mustn't she?

"Hey!" She whispered. I didn't do more than just keeping my grip in place and she still didn't move away.

"You're easily the most beautiful, if you let me take them off you'll win."

"That nice, but I can't dance up here naked. It just seems a little tacky."

"Maybe that's what you thought earlier. I reckon now you think it seems hot." I tightened my grip on the waistband and pulled down ever so slightly. I felt Olivia bring her hands on top of mine.

"You think me stripping you is even hotter." By now I was whispering into her ear, I had no idea where it was all coming from.

"But what will Amy think?" Her voice was lower, sexier and with less and less resistance.

"I reckon Amy will do whatever you do." I pulled down slightly again, Olivia's hands stayed on mine but offered no resistance. I could feel the tension in her underwear as it threatened to start sliding off her bum.

"She might, if I try and persuade her."

"Let's find out."

I started to just take them off, but in contrast to what I'd done to Liz and Ruth I tried to go as slowly as possible. Both to make sure Olivia was fine with it and to make the moment last.

She gasped slightly as I began, waited a few moments but then tightened her grip and I stopped. Her panties were just below her bum but from the position we were in no one could see anything apart from possibly Olivia herself.

"I'm still not sure," she whispered with almost no force at all.

"Yes you are." I said firmly, then waited a moment. I felt her grip relax slightly and I took that as consent. This time I slowly slid them down to her feet in a continuous movement. We bent together and I kept her body shielded from the audience as Olivia herself slipped them off her feet. I took them from her hand and we stood and danced a little while longer.

"Remember you said you'd help persuade Amy as well."

"What? Was this all just a ruse to get to her?"

"Maybe." I tried desperately to sound like I was just teasing, it was the last thing I wanted her to think. But for the contest I did want her to try and get Amy naked as well.

"What a bastard you are, stripping and then abandoning me." From her own teasing tone it seemed she'd understood.

"You'll be fine," I said as I stepped backwards. I felt confident enough to give her bum a few pats as I went. It seemed bold but then I had had my semi-erect penis pressed into it for the last few minutes.

She didn't seem to mind and I watched her naked arse sway in front of me for a little while longer. Unlike with the rest of the now nude contestants this was pretty much a novel sight, Olivia's underwear having been opaque and never even getting particularly wet. It was gorgeous, round and tanned and firm. I could still feel where I had held her against me.

I could see down the stage that Ruth was now part of the laughter and hi-jinks around Ellie and Sophie, with Liz smiling along but not quite joining in nearby. They seemed to be dancing around one another and trying to move each other's hands away from their coverage assignments. Though not trying really hard for fear it would be done back to them. I'd worried that I'd taken too long with Olivia and the crowd might have got bored, but from the happy faces looking in their direction it seemed that the three of them had provided a more than acceptable spectacle. It also seemed like they were getting more and more comfortable dancing nude.

However from the reaction as I moved away from Olivia more than a few had also kept an eye on what I was doing with her. They seemed to appreciate my efforts as her total nudity came into the view of the whole room.

She looked over her shoulder, it seemed she had her hands covering her breasts and pussy but stayed turned around anyway. She looked slightly nervous but I told her quietly and truthfully that she looked amazing, before I turned to the crowd.

I made to throw her black underwear away, but stopped and then stuffed them into a pocket of my jeans. I wondered if Olivia might think the gesture a bit crude, but I figured I needed to put that thinking out of my head at least for the moment. Like the rest I didn't want to let her use them to cover up, but I also couldn't lose them in the crowd.

Olivia shuffled over to Amy who moved to join her. After a few whispered comments back and forth I saw Olivia put a hand out to Amy's thong but it was slapped away. "Oliviaaaa, noooo!" It had been pulled slightly and I could see the hint of her pussy lips escaping to one side. This was getting very interesting.

"OK, lads, 5 naked girls. Is that enough?" It seemed it wasn't. "What, you want Amy's thong off as well, there's barely anything there?"

Amy looked up at me and glared, then became aware she was once again the focus of everyone's attention. I could see it was something she both loved and hated. As she was distracted Olivia again tried to get a grip on her underwear, and this time as Amy twisted away the tiny strap of her thong stretched in Olivia's fingers and snapped at the back. It fell away from Amy's body at one side.

Amy didn't notice for a little while as she was mostly concerned with trying to avoid Olivia's hands. Both of them were constrained in their movements as they were also trying to keep covered up, but both of them were leaving their tits on display here and there. Even more than Ellie and Sophie's battles it was incredible to see two elegant poised and impeccably made up women hop about and try and strip each other.

When Amy did notice what had happened she shrieked and stood stock still, dipping both hands straight down to cover her crotch. She looked up at Olivia with a thunderous expression while her friend just laughed. Unfortunately for Amy while she had covered her pussy effectively she hadn't actually gathered up her broken thong, which was now hanging around the top of just one thigh. Quick as a flash Olivia reached down and ripped it off her, the other side also snapping easily. It seemed Olivia didn't have my scruples and it was quickly tossed into the crowd.

Amy didn't know how to react, she stayed completely still and looked at her friend incredulously. Olivia's throw and then laughter at her friend's predicament, and Amy's double handed pose meant they were both only covering up down below and the crowd was now getting it's first extended look at both pairs of flawless tits. I couldn't believe that all 6 were naked.

"Right, 6 naked girls, is that OK?" The time it seemed it was. "Well, what should we do with them?"

I was trying to ignore Olivia and Amy continuing to have a quiet argument nearby, I figured there was nothing I could do to help and that keeping the contest moving was best thing.

"How about this, now they're all naked how about we get a proper look at some bums."

I walked to the other end of the stage and started to coral Ellie, Sophie and Ruth.

"OK girls, turn round and put your hands on the wall. We're gonna see some proper booty shaking."

Ellie was closest to me and I indicated a spot on the wall at the back of the stage just below shoulder height. She put one arm up and leant her weight slightly forwards onto it. I was stood to one side but also a little behind her, she looked back at me seeking approval.

I patted the wall again. "Both hands, Ellie." She looked down and back up and fairly quickly obeyed. She kept both legs pressed together and stayed as she was, her bum only slightly presented as she wasn't leaning forwards that much yet.

It seemed a decent start and I gestured to the other girls to join her. Sophie, Liz and Ruth all obediently copied her position, and soon I was staring at 4 pleasingly round, wet arses in front of me. As were a crowded bar full of ever drunker shouting lads.

I quickly grabbed Liz at the end of the line around the midriff and pulled her to one side, feeling her tits bounce against my hands as she went. Then I did the same to Ruth. She also didn't seem to mind at all, and moved across.

"That's it, give one another some space," I said as I tapped Sophie on the bum lightly. She also shuffled along dutifully and I caught a welcome flash of pussy as she did so. That was obviously the whole point of this pose.

I couldn't leave it any longer and turned to Olivia and Amy. Amy seemed like she'd calmed down a little, and they were both watching. Olivia gave me a smile before walking to the wall and putting her hands up. She placed them pretty high and barely leaned, she looked back at her friend. Amy gave her another disgusted look before eventually joining her.

"How did you persuade her?" I couldn't help but ask Olivia in a whisper.

"I told her that if she left now she'd have to walk back through the whole crowd alone and naked."

"I hadn't thought of that." I said honestly.

"Good job I'm here then."

I stepped forward and then turned back to face them. 6 naked girls looked back over their shoulders at me, presenting their bums and waiting for me to speak. It was surreal and fantastic at the same time. I'd seen in a few videos how peer pressure and natural female exhibitionism could produce this effect, but to harness it yourself in the flesh was something else. Especially on girls like Liz or Olivia.

"Right, nothing much to this one. Just shake your bums and let the guys see what you've got."

Clive hit the music loud again, this time it was a famous club anthem about women shaking their ass. He was as on point as ever.

Differences in performance styles were apparent immediately. As expected Amy and Olivia moved slowly and kept mostly upright with their legs together. They were still naked and shaking their ass, but they were only about as on display as they'd been before, so just their bums and the occasional flash of nipple.

Ellie and Ruth by contrast immediately dipped below their already much lower starting point, and were shaking fairly quickly both from side to side and up and down. I hadn't thought this would work so well but their slightly spread pussies were visible a fair amount of the time.

Sophie hadn't dipped lower but was dancing with almost as much enthusiasm and was giving occasional flashes, whereas Liz stayed as she was and moved with her usual slowness. It did however seem more and more clear that she felt the pull to be like Ruth and the rest but, despite being stark naked on stage, still couldn't quite let go completely. She was mostly watching the others whereas they were looking at the wall or the floor, concentrating on their own performance and the shouted encouragements from the crowd.

I grabbed the water gun and got to work, spraying Ellie's bum as it wiggled about in front of me. I'd put the setting as fine as possible as I half worried that the water hitting her pussy might alert her to the exposure, but that soon seemed a distant worry. As the water ran down her I didn't discern any change in performance style.

I moved across and sprayed Sophie's arse for a little while but soon couldn't resist Ruth's pussy bobbing up and down just a metre or so to the right. I alternated between spraying the two of them for a while and then tried my luck with Sophie. I put the pump up and pressed it between her shoulders.

"Bit lower, Sophie."

"But you'll see everything!" She complained with a mixture of embarrassment and laughter. She moved forwards but only slightly, I wasn't pushing that hard at all.

I wondered whether to reply that we wouldn't see everything, or that we already could, but in the end just increased the pressure on her a little bit. After a few moments she moved slightly again.

"You can't let your friends do all the work." I gave her bum a few squirts and turned to the guy who had the best view of her at the edge of the stage.

"Better?" He nodded his approval.

I gave Ruth a few more goings over with the water. If anything she was the most on display, almost as if she was inviting someone from the crowd to come forward and fuck her. I honestly didn't know if she was just unaware of the consequences of the pose, or so far into her exhibitionist fantasy that it was quite deliberate. In any case she didn't need my encouragement, but Liz beside her seemed in need of at least a little.

I stepped into the bigger gap that was left between her and Olivia, she tore her eyes off her fellow contestants and looked at me as I leaned across to speak to her.

"You know you've got the best body of anyone here, don't you?" I hoped Olivia didn't hear me, it seemed unlikely with the crowd noise.

"You think so?"

"You're gorgeous, Liz, you should stop envying the others and just do what you want."

She looked up at me, I still wasn't quite sure of her expression and if her sense of duty really was giving way to a feeling that she actually quite liked this.

"So, do you want me to dance lower?" I was a little surprised by such a direct request made in her quiet, soft voice, so didn't answer immediately. "Like you made Sophie do?"

She kept eye contact with me, her expression still one of someone anxious to please. I realised that maybe it was precisely the way I'd manhandled and ordered her about that she was enjoying. That and what she'd seen me do to the others. I decided to test my new hypothesis.

I put the pump down for a moment and moved behind her.

"Yeah, maybe if you."

I grabbed her body as I had before and pulled her as roughly as I dared a few steps towards the crowd. She shuffled her legs and let her hands fall down the wall as we went, bending over to keep them in contact with it. The new exposure seemed no problem for her and she stayed in place as I moved my hands away, this time making quite sure I brushed her hanging breasts.

She was now posed with her hands about waist high, bent over at 90 degrees with legs held straight. I stepped back to her side and admired her body, her back was arched forcing her considerable ass in the air and her big breasts were hanging down as she stretched her arms out to the wall. Her body was presented wonderfully, though I still thought I could do better.

I waved my hand between her thighs, slapping them both firmly several times. Liz got the message and shuffled her feet to either side without complaint. I watched her pussy spread slightly open as it was put even more on display. She still just held the pose.

Then with the pump I tapped a spot on the floor about a foot in front of her toes. "Put your hands down here."

I was pretty certain a girl with a body like that would be flexible enough, and sure enough Liz quickly let go of the wall and let herself drop onto her hands. They hit almost exactly the spot I wanted and she still didn't bend her legs at all.

I stepped back and looked at her from behind. Her pussy was spread wide for all to see, it was a pose you saw in pornography not real life. I was too nervous to have her hold still for too long, though what I was about to ask wasn't really much less obscene.

"That's it, just start dancing."

Liz picked it up almost immediately, bending her legs to shake her ass but keeping her hands on the floor for balance. She moved with much more animation than before, the crowd reaction was clearly audible even among the general hubbub that this round had provoked.

Ellie and Sophie were still dancing as before but Ruth was now half watching her friend, so her own gyrations were a little less enthusiastic. I turned to Olivia, I wondered how she'd take what I'd just done but reassured myself that it wasn't the first time she'd seen me treat other girls in that way. Though possibly not to that degree.

"You know which ones to exploit, don't you?" Thankfully she smiled as she said it.

I pulled her knickers out of my pocket slightly. "I certainly do," I replied with a big grin.

"Touché."

I looked at her body, neither her or Amy were really dancing much but it was still a sight to behold. From my position I could see her boobs and everyone could see both of their tight asses swaying gently. I fired several bursts of water across them both.

"Bit more enthusiasm, girls, come on!"

"Yes, sir!" said Olivia and picked up the pace ever so slightly. I didn't get anything but another glare from Amy but that didn't matter. I treated her bum to a couple more close up jets of water and got an involuntary flinch in return. That was far more satisfying that whatever she might have said.

I went back down the line, Liz was still in the same position and I managed to spray all 4 of their pussies directly as I went. The song was coming to an end and I reflected that in terms of getting the girls naked there wasn't really anywhere else to go. I'd had an idea for the final earlier that day that just seemed like a ridiculous fantasy, but given the way the contest had gone so far I decided to give it a go. The sad thing was that I didn't think Olivia would be suited to what I had in mind, so I'd be saying goodbye to her. But hopefully just for now.

I nodded to Clive and the music quietened. "OK, thanks girls, you can get up now." They all stopped and stood back up. I could see that even after what they'd just been doing Ellie, Sophie, Ruth and Liz still covered up below. It was as if while the music played they became different people.

"It's been a great contest and all the contestants have been fantastic and more importantly, naked. But now it's time to find out which three girls will go through to the final."

I went along the line and called for a cheer if you wanted the girl to win. I was pretty sure I knew which three I wanted but I wondered if I might need to fix things a little bit. Most of them waved to the crowd as their name was called and Ellie, Sophie and Ruth flashed everything briefly to maximise their applause. Olivia & Liz just kept fairly still and smiled politely, Olivia wasn't covering her boobs but was still at best half on to the audience with her body. Amy didn't even really smile.

It was close but I was able to put through my favourites easily enough. Liz and Ruth clearly got the loudest cheers, but after that it wasn't totally clear. I announced Ellie in third place and no one seemed to complain about it, but Sophie or Olivia might have had the edge in reality. At this point I wasn't really thinking about keeping the prize unclaimed, just which girls I thought would be more willing to do what I had in mind. Luckily the two coincided.

I ushered the three non finalists over to the far side of the stage nearest the room where their clothes were. Clive must have also figured out what Olivia had mentioned earlier about walking through the crowd naked as he cleared a path through and made sure the spectators were standing back.

"I thought you said I'd win!" Olivia had an exaggerated sad expression on her face. Sophie was saying goodbye to Ellie and Amy was already on her way quickly down the path Clive had created, hugging herself tightly to cover up and sticking as close to the wall and away from the crowd as possible.

"There's no accounting for taste, it wasn't my decision. I'd have picked you in a heartbeat."

"I'm sure you could have picked me just now."

"Maybe, but I'm not sure you'd have thanked me when you heard about the final."

"Oh," Olivia looked back contestants left. "I think I get it." She moved as if to walk off to the changing rooms but I spoke again to try and stop her.

"Look, Olivia, could I, er." I was going to ask for her number but I realised I didn't have my phone, and she very obviously didn't have hers. Picking up girls when they were naked had complications. "Will you be about after?"

She smiled at me. "Maybe. You'll have to wait and see." And with that she headed off, like Amy running along the wall as quickly as possible and covering up. I watched her lovely bum go, hopefully it wasn't the last I'd see of it. But I still had a contest to run, this was no time to care about trivialities like my love life.

I went back to the other three. They were stood together, Ellie and Ruth sharing a smile with each other and some admirers in the crowd while Liz again mostly looked on. All three were sort of covering their pussies but it was becoming more of an afterthought for Ellie and Ruth and the crowd didn't have to look for too long to get a glimpse.

"OK girls, congratulations on making it to the final. We're gonna do things a little differently just to keep it interesting."

"First things first, though, you all need a volunteer from the audience to be your team mate. Ellie, let's do you first."

I beckoned her over and then asked for volunteers. Unsurprisingly most hands went up and Ellie picked a guy with whom she'd just been bantering, whose name turned out to be Joe. He quickly got up on stage and they stood next to each other while we paired off the other two. Ruth chose a guy by the name of Owen from the table who had asked for her to be drenched in beer, and it was mostly me who picked someone for Liz, choosing a nearby hand essentially at random after she failed to act decisively. He introduced himself as Noah.

"OK, and we need three chairs." After a bit of pointing three were passed up and set up on stage. At the moment the three newcomers on stage were all a little wary, not quite knowing where to look. The girls as well were all covering up much more assiduously, I hoped the change of style would go as well as I imagined.

"And for this first one we need a female judge," I looked towards Clive. "When Sophie's finished getting changed can you send her up here?"

"Right, enough messing about." I turned to the three girls and their volunteers. "This is pretty simple. Girls, for this song instead of just dancing you'll be lap dancing. So, guys you just take a seat and enjoy."

There was a raucous cheer and the three girls looked slightly surprised but not too badly, none of them seemed to actually protest.

"Scoring will be simple, the winner will be the girl that gets their guy the hardest, so I'd not forget the 'lap' part of the lap dance, if I were you." This time the girls, at least Ellie & Ruth did look a little put out, the guys, however, were starting to look a little more enthused.

"That's what we'll get Sophie to judge afterwards, there's no way I'm checking you three out."

I asked the three guys to sit down which they happily did, the girls milled about nearby. I nodded once again to Clive and he hit the music.

As ever the music brought about an sudden change in the three contestants, and they started their performances immediately. Ellie, who seconds before had been shaking her head seemingly outraged at the idea of giving a stranger a lap dance more-or-less immediately leapt on her guy and started motorboating him with her tits. I wasn't sure if Joe was responding enthusiastically or just trying to breathe. The way she had her legs spread to kneel on his lap he would certainly have a good view if he ever freed his face from her boobs.

Ruth had opted for the reverse approach, literally, and was already sat backwards on Owen's lap grinding her bum on his crotch with her back rubbing up and down his shirt. I could see he was thinking about where to put his hands, at the moment sort of awkwardly holding them out to the sides. Normally lap dances came with no touching rules, but I hadn't given any instruction and I wondered if any of the three would chance their arms.

Liz was, as ever, the least energetic one of the three. She had started by just dancing close by but had quickly seen the close contact tactics adopted by her rivals and to some extent copied. Like Ruth she had chosen to sit on her man's lap backwards, but where Ruth was aggressively thrusting herself up and down, Liz was sort of perched in Noah's lap wiggling a little. Partly it was because of her height, she had trouble touching the floor with her legs once she was on his lap.

Ellie was progressed to sitting on Joe's lap, legs either side of his body. He now held her around her waist allowing her to lean backwards, and after a little while he also leaned forwards and continued to put his head between her tits.

It was Noah, however, who really got involved first. I didn't quite see it happen, but at a certain point I realised that Noah had reached forwards around Liz's body and grabbed her breasts. Obviously Liz wasn't going to stop him and so she now bobbed up and down on his lap seemingly pulled up and down by the action of him mauling her tits. He was groping and squeezing with quite a bit of force but Liz's expression was as undisturbed as ever.

Owen must have noticed as I saw him try out Ruth's breasts somewhat more tentatively. He was sadly rebuffed as after a few grabs Ruth sat up from his lap and changed tack, going behind the chair and running her hands down his chest into his lap. She did bump the back of his head with her boobs but I'd imagine it wasn't quite as good as the brief handful he'd experienced.

I noticed Clive talking to a now fully clothed Sophie, the only evidence of her recent performance was her still pretty wet and messy hair. It seemed like the conversation went fine and she was soon on her way to the stage. I caught her eye and nodded, hopefully conveying to her to get up and wait to one side.

"OK, girls, only a minute or so left. No point for style here, just how hard his dick is. And remember, there's no bouncer to throw people out for touching."

It was blatant but at this stage I figured why not. After a few moments I noticed the Ellie appeared to have taken my advice literally, there was certainly activity around Joe's crotch and both of them were looking down. She was still sat on his lap and was possibly trying to get his dick out, though, to be honest, it didn't seem as if anything that successful was going on. It was mostly laughter and still a fair amount of motorboating.

Ruth had come back round in front of Owen and was now kneeling between his legs. She was running her hands over his groin quite a bit, and also dipping her head right up to it. I wondered if it might progress but after watching for a little while it didn't seem too likely.

I could hear the song was getting close to the end and I could see Sophie was indeed in place at one side of the stage. I started to walk towards her along behind the row of chairs, Liz and Noah were the closest to her and so the last I passed. As far as I had seen from the front they were as they had been the whole dance, but the change of perspective made a big difference.

Liz was still moving slowly about on Noah's lap, but she was doing so with his hard cock poking up almost between her butt cheeks and then against her back. I didn't know exactly how this had happened but I was close to certain Noah had just got it out himself, it didn't seem feasible that Liz could have managed even if she had wanted to. As I watched slightly stunned I saw Noah guide one of Liz's hands towards his dick. It probably wasn't the first time as I saw her fingers close around it as if it was expected, however it was a fairly awkward position with her hand behind her back and after several tugs he let her pull away.

The song came to a stop and applause rang out. I was pretty sure I knew who was going to win, but the judging still needed to take place.

"OK, quick lads, stand up and turn round." The three girls got up and the lads started to obey, Noah and Joe both having to cover their crotches as they went.

"Now Sophie, you know what to do. Have a look or a feel, whatever you fancy, and tell us who's the hardest."

Sophie waved at the crowd then walked over to Noah. I was stood facing the guys so, myself along with Liz, who was still next to her man, were the only other people who could see the judging. As Sophie approached Noah moved his hands away and stood showing a full erection sticking out from his flies.

Sophie did a double take but was soon bent over with laughter, pointing at Noah's cock as he stood there half proud, half embarrassed. The crowd figured out soon enough what was happening and there was general uproar. Sophie kept laughing and pointing, occasionally offering comments like "you dirty bastard." Ellie and Ruth both had a look, and I'd say their main responses seemed mostly laughter but also a little disappointment.

After a minute or so things had quietened down and Noah had stuffed his penis back into his jeans. "I'm not sure we need to bother, but let's continue the judging."

Sophie went over to Owen, she half heartedly groped his groin but it didn't seem like there was much doing. Ellie was more involved in Joe's judgement, and essentially pulled his dick out for her friend to have a look at but again it seemed a pretty flaccid affair. The winner was clear.

I ushered the three guys back into the crowd and the three girls once again lined up beside me. By this point none of them were covering and seemed to be perfectly happy to be naked in front of the crowd. I hated calling an end to the contest but I'd run out of ideas and preparations.

"OK, well as far as I can tell it was no contest in the end. Here's your winner, Liz." I held her arm up and the crowd cheered. The other two girls applauded politely. I saw Clive again coming forward to create the path down to the back room and as Liz continued to smile at her public Ellie and Ruth made their way over.

One thing I noticed now I had nothing to do but watch the audience was the odd flash going off, people even shouted for Liz to turn towards them so they could get a good shot of her. It was all phones, but these days that still meant there would be some very good quality shots of her naked out there. I began to regret not having my phone with me but I'd decided I didn't want to get it wet. After a minute or so it looked like things were winding down so I stepped forwards and pointed to the way off the stage and she walked over. I watched her and her lovely arse go and hoped that this wouldn't be the only contest I got to run. I guessed Clive would be pleased with it, but given what the girls had got up to I still wondered if they'd agree to appear again.

I exchanged a few high fives and congratulatory comments with guys near the front of the crowd. It seemed like it had gone down well with them. Then I headed over to the bar where Clive was.

"Absolutely brilliant!"

"Thanks."

"I knew I made the right choice on who to run it. And those girls as well, if they keep showing their little bodies off like that we'll win it every time. Fucking hell, the both of them were red hot."

"Jenny didn't seem to enjoy it."

"Oh, forget about her, who cares."

"I suppose."

"Christ, that Liz. I knew she would look good, but fuck me. Her arse, her tits. Unbelievable." Clive was as happy as I'd ever seen him. I went and picked up my phone from where I'd left it and looked over to the back room, I wondered if I had any excuse to go in and watch the girls getting changed. I also wondered if I should go and try and find Olivia.

"Hey, mate."

I looked at who had addressed me, it was Noah and what was probably a few of his friends.

"Any chance we can go in and get a few more pictures with the winner." He nodded towards the room where the girls had gone. "We'll make it worth your while." He held out twenty euros.

Clive had taken the money before I even realised what was going on. "Of course, lads, no problem." He turned to me. "Go tell her that her adoring public wants an encore, yeah?"

I didn't really know what to say but this was my excuse to go back into the room, so I quickly did as Clive asked and set off inside. As I entered the Ruth and Ellie passed me going the other way. I exchanged a look with Ruth, she seemed slightly sheepish and perhaps embarrassed now she was back in her clothes but it still didn't seem as if she was angry at me. Her and Ellie appeared to have made friends and were going to have a drink together.

Liz was over by her clothes, she already had her shorts and bra back on and seemed as if she was trying to sort out her hair a little bit.

"Hey Liz, well done, you were amazing."

"Thanks," she politely answered in her soft Scottish burr, still as hard to read as ever.

"Er, look, a couple of guys have asked if they could get a few pictures with the winner, and Clive said they could. So can they come in?"

She looked slightly puzzled but quickly said,"yeah I suppose so."

"Great." I paused. "It's just, well, they'll be expecting to take pictures with you how you were when you won." We both looked down at her body. "So, er." I left it at that, hoping her acquiescent nature would do the rest.

She looked at the door and then at me. "I need to undress again?"

"Yeah." I nodded. "Sorry, I just didn't think you'd be dressed yet."

She looked up at me with the same unreadable expression she'd often worn during the contest. I tried to stay as casual as possible, as if this wasn't a big deal. After a little while she brought her hands up to her bra strap. I waited quietly by her side as her fantastic tits came into view once more. Then she reached up to unzip her shorts at the back.

I felt the need to say something so that I wasn't just standing there watching her. "Everyone's seen you already, so I guess it didn't seem like a big deal." Liz just nodded in reply as she unzipped herself. I couldn't help myself and just stared at her boobs, they were still amazing.

I heard the door open and soon enough Noah and his friends were stood nearby. Liz was now in just the bikini bottoms I'd vetoed an hour or so ago. She seemed to smile at the newcomers before slipping them off to stand naked in front of us all again.

"Is this OK?" She still seemed to want our approval.

"You bet," Noah offered before stepping forward to stand beside her. One of his friend's raised their phone and I stepped back, letting them get their twenty euros worth.

Liz was just as much putty in Noah's hands as before. He soon had his arm around her and gave her bum and boobs a few squeezes as they posed for pictures. The phone changed hands and each of his friends had a turn next to her, though neither were quite as free with their hands as Noah had been.

Then the guys asked Liz to turn round, and then, inevitably, to bend over. Liz didn't repeat her pose from earlier but still exposed herself pretty comprehensively by following their directions. The guys were laughing and talking to her with increasing dismissiveness, I hung around at the back of the room and felt a little off about it but I didn't really have a leg to stand on given the way I'd ran the contest.

"Get you dick out again, Noah." One lad said, laughing, and within a few seconds there it was. He again put his arm around Liz and, after a few snaps, was soon guiding her hand towards it. Liz, true to form, didn't resist and a few more pictures were taken of her having a good hold on it. Noah let go and Liz kept her hand in place, the other guys were silent for once and I suppose everyone was wondering if she'd start wanking him off. It seemed a possibility.

"OK, lads, that's enough I think." I felt it was time to step in.

"Oh, yeah." It looked like I'd broken the little spell that had been cast by reminding Noah and the other lads that they weren't alone. Noah stuffed himself away for the second time that night and they departed, still laughing among themselves.

Liz smiled at me again, she was still naked. I didn't know what to say and after a short while she drifted towards her clothes, seemingly about to get dressed again. Before really thinking about it I found myself saying, "is it alright if I get a few pictures with you?"

"Oh, OK." There was more mild surprise in her voice but I was already getting my phone out.

I held it up selfie style and she stood next to me, I put my arm around her and snapped a few pictures. They barely had her tits in them because of the angle. I couldn't resist and took a couple of just her boobs and pussy. Because I had the screen turned towards us Liz could see exactly what I was up to but said nothing.

I followed the pattern that Noah had laid down. "Can you stand over there and.." I didn't need to specify, Liz knew what to do. She was soon pointing her ample and wonderfully naked bum at me and looking back over her shoulder.

"Is that OK?"

"Yeah."

I took several pictures. Her pussy was peeking into view between her legs. I wondered about getting her to repeat her pose from earlier, but before I could say anything she straightened up and made her way back beside me.

It seemed like it was something we both decided on, but it was admittedly me who first started undoing my belt. My mind was pretty much full of lust for her at this point, I'd been staring at naked women I'd fantasised over for the last hour or so and my actions were completely driven by that. Liz didn't move even when it became obvious what I was doing.

I managed to extract my cock from my underwear and it sprang out into the open. It was already pretty hard, I think I'd been at semi erect since my first encounter with Olivia. I pointed the camera at it, we could both see it on the screen. Liz moved her hands down and slowly curled one around my shaft. I'm pretty sure I gasped slightly as she took hold. I took a few pictures, as if that was still the purpose.

I smiled at her, she had the same slightly surprised, slightly timid but mostly eager to please expression as ever. She moved her hand forwards and backwards along my dick, it felt pretty great but was also quite slow.

"Is that what I should do?" She asked quietly.

There was no one to play my role from earlier and step in, I nodded and Liz carried on with her work. After a few strokes she picked up the pace slightly. I was in heaven. After a few more, though, I still wanted more.

I still felt like my actions were slightly out of my control. I needed some proper relief after the insane amount of teasing that Liz and the other contestants had given me. I was good few inches taller than her so I put a hand on her shoulder and started to push down. It took a little bit of pressure before she started moving but I kept my hand in place until she was knelt beside me, still keeping up her strokes on my dick.

I slowly turned my body straight towards her and she let go, then I started to move it towards her. It must have been obvious what I wanted for quite some time before my cock was literally at her lips, and at no point did she stand up or say anything. She looked up at me, then back at my cock and I'm pretty sure she had started to open her mouth before my hands went up to hold her head lightly. In any case my cock slipped forwards between her lips and I entered the warmth of her mouth. I definitely gasped this time.

I could feel Liz start to suck and lick immediately, and I began what I first thought was a pretty gentle rhythm of thrusts into her mouth. Things almost immediately started happening more quickly, though, and the need for release started to rise even more urgently within me.

Liz's mouth felt amazing, and I was soon aware I'd tightened my grip on her and and was pushing really quite deep into her mouth. Taking this much control in a blow job wasn't particularly usual for me, I was generally happy to lie back and let the girl work, but it felt great. The idea of what I was doing was even hotter. Face fucking a naked girl in the back room of the pub. Face fucking the girl the whole bar had just been lusting after as she danced naked for them.

I felt an orgasm being to gather, though at the same time I was dimly aware of the door opening.

"Oh, sorry about that."

I looked across just in time to see Clive shutting the door, a happy expression on his face as he gave me a thumbs up. I looked down at Liz but it was impossible to say if she had noticed. I concentrated on her lovely big ass as it poked out from behind the top of her head and tried to regain my rhythm. It wasn't that difficult.

I felt things build again and this time there was no interruption. At the very edge I tried to hold off for as long as possible but far too quickly I was coming hard. I thrust forwards with it and felt it spray out of me with force. Liz coughed in a muffled way and her head then did try and move against my hands for the first time, but I was powerless to do anything other than hold on finish the orgasm in her mouth, thrusting more slowly as the waves subsided. I almost immediately felt spent.

I pulled out of her mouth and let go of her head. She moved to one side and coughed hard a few times, lowering her face to the floor. I saw a few drops fall to the ground, but not much. It was no surprise that Liz was the sort of girl who swallowed.

I looked at her for a few moments but realised I had no idea what to say. "Thank you," was all that came to mind but it seemed a little weird. I put my finally soft penis back into my trousers.

"I, er, think I need to get back to the bar."

She looked up, still kneeling naked beside me. "Oh, OK." I still had no idea what she was thinking.

"I'll see you out there."

"Yes, see you out there."

I smiled at her vaguely and made my way to the door. I felt bad but by the time I opened it I was thinking of how to find Olivia.