

Here Comes the Next Contestant

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One look at Elaine and I knew it was going to be a rough night.

She was wearing the fire-engine red boy shorts that were so tight they could pass for body paint and a half shirt deliberately knotted in the front to make it look as if her boobs would pop free any second. Besides that she wore black high heels, sheer nylons, and not a stitch else. It was an outfit designed for one thing: to attract, and distract, every straight guy in the place.

It was working. Everywhere she went guys – and more than a few girls – turned their heads to follow. Yes, even me. But at least I had a chance. More than a chance, really.

I've been a regular at Buddy's Lounge for a while now. It started when a rowdy bachelor party for a friend wound up here and I first saw Elaine in her working clothes. I was just another customer back then, and like a lot of them I tried everything I could think of to get her attention: talking, overtipping, hanging around after close. Eventually she took a liking to me. Not long after that we were hooking up, and she started telling the bartender that I was her boyfriend. Once word of that got out I was the envy of every guy in the place.

Mind you, there are certain downsides to having a smokin' hot girlfriend who serves drinks for a living. That schmuck in the grey suit, for instance. The minute he saw Elaine I knew he'd be the next contestant in the nightly game of Come On to the Waitress. His eyes never left her tits the whole time he was ordering. Then when she turned around to go to the bar I could see him licking his lips and staring at her ass. I thought I might just end up having to tear that guy a new asshole before the night was through.

It wouldn't be the first time. Elaine turned down a dozen passes a night from men and women. Every week or so, it seemed, some drunk would mistake her professional flirting for real interest and put a hand on her ass or "accidentally" brush up against her tits. Then, if the bouncer didn't do anything, I'd have to let the guy know that he was groping my girlfriend, and that she didn't like it.

That always got Elaine a little ticked. "Frank," she'd tell me, "it's harmless. Let the guys have their fantasy; it makes them happy. Happy guys tip a lot better, which makes me happy. And then, when the shift is over and I go home with you, I get to make you happy. Everybody wins."

Fortunately – for him – the guy kept his hands under control. I saw him slip Elaine his business card along with his tip and she let him watch her slid it down between her tits before he left. As soon as he was out the door she pulled the card back out of her top and tossed it. That's my girl.

Soon it was 10:00, time for Elaine to get off. I watched her finish up with her last customers, a pair of

hot women flying solo for the night, and head for the office to total up tips and clock out. I finished the drink I'd been nursing for the past hour and waited for her to come out.

By 10:15 I was starting to get a bad feeling. It doesn't take that long to check out. Once or twice there'd been problems with some horny guy waiting around for Elaine to come out of the office, wanting to ask her out, and sometimes they were pretty persistent. I figured I'd better get a closer look.

I headed for the back hall, where the bathrooms are and where the red door marked "Employees Only" stood. As I rounded the corner of the bar area I saw Elaine standing in that hallway with one of the babes from her last table. The customer, a tall blond with nice tits held in by a stretchy tank top, was looking at Elaine and talking. But the weird thing was Elaine: she was standing dead still, arms down, face straight ahead. The blond had her by the arms and seemed to be gently rocking Elaine back and forth. Something about that gave me the creeps; I had to break it up.

I got maybe three more steps before someone walked right into me. "Oops! I'm sorry." It was the other chick that had been with the blond. She was a little shorter than her friend with a skinny build and short brown hair, and she wore a dark green party dress that plunged way down in the front. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

"It's okay," I said, looking past her to Elaine. "Look, I don't want to be rude or anything, but will you excuse me?"

She looked back there too. "Oh, I'm sorry! You were going to the bathroom, weren't you?"

"Huh? No, no. I'm just gonna get my girlfriend and go home."

She still hadn't moved. "That's your girlfriend? Wow, you're a lucky guy. She's gorgeous."

"Yeah, she is," I agreed. But why was I still talking to this girl? "Look, I gotta go."

"Of course." She stepped aside and held out her hand. "I'm Lexi, by the way."

I saw her outstretched hand and, without even thinking, I reached out to shake it. Then something really weird happened. Instead of shaking hands, she sort of grabbed my hand by the wrist and brought it up toward my face. My brain went into some kind of vapor lock. I heard her voice telling me to relax, to watch that hand, notice every little detail about it, even notice how it seemed to be slowly moving toward my face, becoming larger and larger, getting a little blurry, so hard to focus on it ...

Everything sort of stopped. I stood there with my eyes closed and it made perfect sense to me to just wait and listen to Lexi and relax. "What's your name?" she asked me.

"Frank."

"That's a good boy, Frank. And what's your girlfriend's name?"

"Elaine."

"Is it? Then why did she tell us her name was Lana, Frank?"

"She always does that," I explained without thinking. "In case anyone gets too interested, it makes it harder to cyber-stalk her."

"That's very smart, Frank. What were you going to do with Elaine just now when I interrupted you?"

"Cut her loose from that woman. Take her home."

"And then what?"

"Get laid and go to sleep."

"Is that what you think Elaine wants?"

Thinking wasn't my strong suit at the moment, but an answer came to me. "Yes. She always says that flirting with the customers makes her horny. Most nights after we get home we fuck like bunnies."

"Isn't that interesting? Frank, I want you to open your eyes now, but you'll remain deeply relaxed and open to everything I suggest. We're going to do what you wanted: we're going to go see Elaine. But with each step we take you can just let your mind relax deeper and deeper. Elaine is with my friend Nora, and she is relaxing too. You can allow yourself to obey Nora as well as you obey me, Frank. It gives you pleasure to obey. Repeat that."

"It give me pleasure to obey."

"Good boy." In a sort of daze I followed Lexi to the back hall. She introduced me to Nora and I saw that Elaine was, indeed, very relaxed. Her eyes were closed and she looked as if she was asleep on her feet. It was sexy as hell.

Nora was talking. "Lana – I mean, Elaine – tells me that there is a break room where we can go and not be interrupted for a while. When I snap my fingers, Elaine, you will open your eyes and lead us to that room. Frank, you will follow Lexy and remain quiet. Do you both understand?"

I nodded and saw Elaine do the same. Nora snapped her fingers and we passed single file through the employees-only door with Elaine in the lead. She took us past the kitchen and sink area to the employee break room, a little nook between the storerooms that Buddy provided for his people to use on their breaks so they wouldn't be out eating and drinking in front of the customers. There was a beat-up leather sofa and a couple of matching easy chairs arranged around a cheap coffee table. An old TV and DVD player sat on an end table. A half-size refrigerator stood in the corner supporting a no-frills microwave.

Nora looked around and nodded her approval. "This will do nicely. It's certainly more comfortable than the alley outside, wouldn't you say, Lexi?"

"Much more comfortable. But perhaps a bit warm. Don't you think so, Frank? And you, too, Elaine? Don't you feel as if your skin is suffocating underneath those clothes? Wouldn't it feel just wonderful to go ahead and take them off, so your body can breathe and you can be comfortable?"

Something wasn't right. I did feel hot, and I sort of wanted to do what Lexi said, but something told me this wasn't really the right time or place to be getting naked. That was for at home, with just me and Elaine.

"You haven't obeyed yet, Frank," Nora noted. "Why would you want to resist such a simple suggestion for your own comfort? Tell me why, and as you do you can let your mind relax ten times deeper."

"Not a good place," I murmured, feeling my mind slipping deeper into a black hole. "Public. Not alone."

"But we are alone," she argued. "You, Elaine, and two other hot women. Isn't that every man's dream, Frank? Elaine says this room is private enough, and I believe her. Look, Frank: Elaine is obeying me. See how her hands move to remove her top? See how much more comfortable she looks? Watch her obey while you take your clothes off for us, Frank."

My eyes locked on Elaine in time to see her breasts bounce a little as she let the untied shirt fall off her arms. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her shorts and peeled them down, taking the nylons with them. I watched, mesmerized, only vaguely aware of hands undoing my clothing and letting it fall. Were they mine? Someone else's? I don't know. I just know that very soon after Elaine finished stripping I was also naked, and there was no hiding the hard-on I was getting from looking at my girlfriend's spectacular body.

"She's so sexy," Lexi said. "I can see why looking at her makes you hard. Do you think she's horny right now, Frank? Is she getting wet looking at your body?"

"I don't know." It was hard to think about it, really, but I could tell Elaine's nipples were standing up and she had that pink flush to her skin that she usually got when she was aroused. But while Lexi was talking to me, Nora had been whispering something in Elaine's ear. Elaine's eyes closed and she seemed to relax more while Nora ran her hands over Elaine's body in a long, smooth caress. So maybe it was me, or maybe it was Nora's fingers, or maybe both. It didn't really matter much at the time.

"Have you ever seen Elaine have sex with another woman?" Lexi again.

"No."

"Then this is your lucky night," she replied. "Nora and I aren't interested in your body, Frank. It's nice and all, but we really came here for Elaine. So you can sit down right here, Frank, and watch while we make love with your girlfriend. It will be so captivating that you'll sit there the whole time, quiet and obedient. We won't mind if you jerk off while you watch us, but your body will remain in this chair until I tell you otherwise."

The seat cushion hissed as my naked ass sank into it. My whole body, minus one very notable exception, was loose and limp.

Over on the couch, Nora spoke softly to Elaine. I couldn't make out the words but the result was very clear. Elaine and Nora kissed several times while Nora felt her up. Then Elaine's hands went on the prowl inside Nora's tank top. In very little time Nora shucked off the top and Elaine was licking and sucking on Nora's big tits. Lexi stepped into view, naked, and joined the fray from behind, stroking Elaine's body and kissing Elaine on the neck while Elaine nuzzled Nora's tits.

A corner of my mind became vaguely aware that my left hand had moved to my cock and was pumping on it. I knew Lexi and Nora didn't mind, so it was okay.

Nora dropped back onto the couch and lay back. Her big tits pointed straight up, and even though that probably meant they were fake I still found them incredibly arousing to look at. Plus Elaine was squatting now and I could see how wet she was between her legs. Nora had Elaine going down on her while Lexi whispered in Elaine's ear and groped her ass, every once in a while looking back at me with

a wicked grin.

The way Elaine's ass wiggled, and the drops of moisture starting to drip from her slit, reminded me of the times we'd done it doggy style while watching a soft core movie on cable. Lexi's fingers slipped into Elaine's pussy and that was all I could take. My unit jerked in my hand and I felt the hot liquid fly outward.

Lexi giggled at me. "Keep watching, Frank," she said. "You might even find that you can come again and again." Then she turned her attention back to Elaine.

Nora's face went from smiling to moaning, and Lexi urged Elaine to keep going. Nora's breathing turned into loud gasps and one of her hands grabbed Elaine by her long black hair. Elaine kept working her until Nora had the mother of all orgasms. It was so hot to watch, I barely noticed that my cock was spewing again onto my moving hand.

Lexi spoke quietly into Elaine's ear. Elaine got up, turned to face Lexi, and planted a huge wet kiss on her. Nora's juices were all over Elaine's face and then smeared on Lexi, but they didn't seem to care one bit. They kissed and groped each other like horny teenagers after prom. Then Lexi told Elaine to lay down on her back.

Elaine slid to the floor and lay down with her head toward me. Lexi grinned at me one more time and then lowered herself on top of Elaine in the 69 position. I watched Elaine lick and kiss and suck Lexi's pussy and I could tell Lexi was doing the same things to Elaine. It was so fucking hot I couldn't stand it, and I couldn't stop pulling on my half-rigid, slime-coated cock.

Lexi's ass started clenching and she rose up, clutching the coffee table and the edge of the couch for support. She gasped and cried out and I knew Elaine was making her come. I felt a fresh bit of warmth and wetness on my hand and realized I was oozing a fresh but weak stream of new seed.

Nora kissed Lexi and stood her up. Elaine tried to move with her and keep eating Lexi out, but Nora told her to sleep and she dropped back to the floor. The two standing women kissed and fondled each other for a minute, then Nora seemed to remember I was still watching. She came over to the chair and lifted my face to meet her gaze. She had the deepest blue eyes I've ever seen.

"You can stop masturbating now, Frank," she told me, and I did. Lexi giggled again in the background.

Nora continued. "There's been a change of plan, I'm afraid. We were just going to leave you two to wake up, forget everything, and go home. But Elaine is very good, and her mind is so very easy to play with, that we want to take her home with us for a while instead. So in a moment, Frank, I'm going to pat you on the head. When I do your eyes will close and you'll sleep deeply while your inner mind counts from 1 to 500 slowly. At the count of 500 you'll awaken, clean up the mess you've made of the chair and the floor in front of it, dress yourself, and go home. Once home you will drink whatever alcoholic drinks you have available until you pass out. Don't worry about Elaine; she'll be very well taken care of. By the time you wake up Elaine will be home and you'll find that you simply don't want to talk with her about what happened tonight. Every time you start to think about it you'll get very horny, but you'll never discuss it with Elaine and she'll never discuss it with you. Do you understand, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Good boy." She patted my head and the lights went out.

When I woke up there a bunch of things I knew I should do: alert Buddy, call the cops, see if anybody saw where Elaine had gone. What I actually did, though, was exactly what I'd been told. I cleaned up the jizz with some paper towels from the bathroom, dressed myself, went home, and got blitzed on Jack Black.

Morning came, and with it the conviction that someone had driven a hatchet into my skull. My eyes opened to daylight streaming in from the bedroom window and I groaned. The groan rattled my head and made the pain even worse.

Elaine came in from the other room in her bathrobe bearing a huge glass of water and a pair of extra strength aspirin. "Here," she said. "You'll need lots of water, and these will help the headache."

I took the pills and drank some of the water. Elaine sat down on the edge of the bed and ran her fingers through my hair. "You're really hurting, aren't you?"

"Babe, you don't know the half of it."

She blushed a little. "Actually, I don't know any of it. We must've gotten really hammered last night, because I don't remember a damn thing between the end of my shift and waking up naked in bed this morning. Do you remember anything?"

I thought about Lexi and Nora, Elaine's blank face, the sex show they put on ... and instead of saying anything, I found myself playing with the belt on her bathrobe. "Not a thing."

"Stop," she laughed. "You're in no condition. Besides, if this is any indication we had plenty of that last night." She opened the robe and showed me a hickey right at the top of her inner thigh.

"Oops."

"Oops? Is that all you can say? Do you realize that my work clothes won't cover this?"

I knew the hickey wasn't my fault, but I also knew I'd never explain that to her. I flopped back in the bed and tried to shut my eyes tight enough to block out all light.

It was going to be a rough day.

-wg
5/22/07

(Inspired by the Nickelback song of the same title.)