

Amateur Night

By Bernie Roehl, June 2008

Looking back on it, Suzie realized that she had picked a really bad time to say “no” to her master.

Originally, she had no problem at all with the idea of going up for amateurnight at the local strip club. Although it wasn't something she had ever done before, she had never been shy about showing off her body. Unfortunately, she was the third girl scheduled to go up that night, and the first two were far from amateurs – the first one was a real dancer, and did an amazing show. The second one was not only a good dancer, she also knew how to work the crowd. And so it was that Suzie found herself backstage, about to go on, when she got a case of cold feet.

A brief “discussion” with her master ensued, in which she tried to back out of it. She could have tried begging and pleading, and her master probably would have taken pity on her. But the first dancer had finished her set and was still hanging out backstage, and Suzie was too proud to beg in front of her. So instead, she did the worst thing possible – she said “no”.

Not a good move. No sooner had the dreaded word left her lips, when her master grabbed her firmly and flung her across his lap. Normally he was kind enough to give her a nice long warm-up, but instead he proceeded to soundly spank her conveniently exposed bottom while lecturing her about the importance of following through on commitments, and of obeying her master.

She started apologizing for her behaviour almost immediately, but to no avail. The first dancer was just sitting there enjoying this little display, apparently quite glad that it was Suzie and not her. Worse yet, the second dancer was finishing her set and the music was ending! Through the thin curtain separating stage from backstage, the sound of the spanking would now be audible to everyone in the audience out front. Suzie bit her lip to keep from crying out, but that didn't work for long either, and soon she was sobbing and pleading for mercy.

Finally, the spanking was done. As was their tradition, she got down to her knees and thanked her master for her punishment. Again in keeping with tradition, he told her all was forgiven and forgotten. Suzie got up and started to get her clothes, assuming they would be going home

“Suzie, what are you doing?” her master asked. She explained that she was getting ready to go home. “Haven’t you just learned that you have to follow through on your commitments?”

Suzie paused, and it suddenly dawned on her what he meant. He still expected her to go on stage! With her bottom glowing a bright red from the spanking!

She started to stammer out a fervent plea to be spared this ordeal, but then she heard the announcer introducing her, and her master gently pushed her towards the curtain.

She had time for a quick glance in the mirror. She saw that she was blushing, her face the same bright red colour as her glowing bottom. She also noticed one particularly obvious handprint on her lower right ass cheek. Between that and the sounds she had made earlier, Suzie knew that every one of the patrons in the bar would know exactly what had happened backstage.

Slowly, reluctantly, she went on stage and began her routine. She looked out over a sea of men, watching and waiting. As the song continued, Suzie slowly removed her top, but kept her bottom facing away from the crowd for as long as possible.

Eventually, though, she could put it off no longer – and as soon as she did turn around, the hoots and hollers began. She couldn’t make out most of what they were saying, just little snippets... “looks like someone’s been a bad girl”, “been acting like a brat lately, have you?”, things like that.

Finally, it was all over. She quickly departed the stage, only to be brought back out almost immediately along with the first two dancers. She’d forgotten about the judging portion of the evening!

As the announcer held his hand over each of the first two dancers in turn, they each got a good solid round of applause for their efforts. But when he held his hand over Suzie’s head, the crowd went wild! The clapping and cheering and hooting seemed to go on and on.

And so Suzie won the grand prize for the evening – an opportunity to do an encore.