**It's Time To Get Naked**

by luv2custrip

*A sexy superstar encourages female fans to strip with her.*

"Well I guess the talkin's over

As we put our wine aside:

And it's time to get naked.

You start pushin' up my skirt

Got your hands right on my thighs:

Guess it's time to get naked.

You want to rip my blouse off

But I move your hands aside

I blush right down to my bra

Skin is red against the white:

I think I better get naked."

The crowd of over 2,400 screaming fans were going absolutely insane as the lights went down on stage. Zepharina, the sexy beyond sexy superstar, was starting to sing her biggest and her most controversial hit: "It's Time to Get Naked." And— she was slowly undressing.

Zepharina had unnaturally black hair down to her sexy rear, with the whitest of white skin. Her dark hair sparkled with strands of gold and diamonds. Her latest album was "Gold and Diamonds 2: A Nude Beginning."

Her slinky gown unzipped, she pulled it off her shoulders. She was obviously braless but turned away from the audience with one arm over her breasts. She sauntered over to the one set decoration: a day bed with gold posts, pretty pillows, and a crumpled up blue satin sheet. Soon, her fans knew, that sheet would become her only wardrobe.

As she closed in on the bed, she teased her audience, dropping the gown so low in the back that the start of the curve of her lower cheeks was visible. All was displayed on the giant screen behind her as the camera lovingly focused on that incredible, legendary bottom.

She sat back on the bed, still singing. She began to wrap the sheet around her. She dropped her arm from her now hidden breasts and she used both arms to push her gown all the way down on her legs. She put on a teasing leg show as she kicked those luscious limbs up in the air— silver "fuck me" stilettos still strapped on her feet— and totally kicked off her gown off and onto the floor.

"I take one look at your clock

And my eyes start goin' wide

I know you're not gonna stop

Now I'm workin' overtime

'Cause you're gotten me naked."

She wrapped the sheet around her body, standing up and giggling as she almost tripped. "Okay everybody— and I mean you ladies! You know the deal: you wanna see me naked?" The audience roared. "I gotta see you naked!" Roaring and screaming.

"Who's first... who's first? Oh c'mon," she said. "It's not that bad. Where are my brave girls? Where are my Zephyrs?" (Zephyrs were Zepharina's female super-fans.)

Suddenly there was a commotion in the second row. A spotlight and a traveling cameraman zoomed in. There was a tall, slim young woman in a long, peach-colored gown. It was molded to her trim body and it was slit up to her hips on both sides. She had long, dirty-blonde hair. A voluptuous honey-blonde had already unzipped the dirty-blonde's dress and was pulling it down.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Zepharina, who was all the way to the front of the stage. "I hope you two know each other?!"

The honey-blonde turned and shouted "She's my wife and she promised me she'd get naked!"

"Oh no!" Zepharina fanned herself with the sheet. "She's stripping her own wife in public! It's getting so hot in here I may just drop this sheet right now!" The crowd predictably roared their approval of that idea.

The dirty blonde had her hands over her face and was turning red as her gown was at last pulled to the ground. Zepharina noted with amusement that several people seated next to the couple happily helped the hapless blushing beauty get the gown off her high-heeled feet.

"Uh oh!" Zepharina said. "She still has her pretty panties on! What do we say?"

The audience responded as one: "Who wants her panties? Who wants her panties!"

Zepharina watched the girl start to walk down her row as she knew what was expected of her, wearing only only her lacy pink high-cut lingerie and a shy smile. Most audience members were simply smiling back and enjoying the view; a few bolder viewers were touching her legs as the panty chant continued.

"Stop right there!" Zepharina commanded: "This is too, too good!" The roving cameraman was right on it, capturing the scene for the jumbo screen. There was an older gray-haired couple in their sixties or seventies. The wife was shaking her head and had her hands over her face. The husband was gazing up at the bare-breasted beauty squeezed right in front of him, a look of pure delight on his face.

"Grandpa, grandpa!" Zepharina shouted. "Do you want her pretty panties? You get to keep them you know; you'll have a nice souvenir!"

Dirty blonde was bending down and speaking into Grandpa's ear. With her conical big-nippled breasts inches from his face, he was paying no attention to the lady up on stage.

Dirty blonde pointed to the stage and Grandpa peered around her supple form and gave Zepharina a thumbs up. Then he put his hands on the girl's hips.

"Whoa!" said Zepharina. "Grandpa can't hear, but he's gonna get an eyeful!"

The girl kept bending down, apparently giving the man some encouragement, and finally her panties began their slide downward with his thumbs hooked in. The roving cameraman had captured a great angle from the front, but as soon as the top of the dirty blonde's shaved pink slit made its appearance, the director cut to the stage.

The audience booed. "Now, now," Zepharina explained: "we do give our cuties some privacy when it comes to their privates."

The strip scene soon reappeared with a focus on the gorgeous lesbian's rear. The camera panned over to Grandma, who was scrunching so far down in her seat she seemed to be trying to squeeze herself into a parallel dimension.

There was something of a scramble as Grandpa bent down to get the girl's panties off her high-heeled feet as at least two other people tried to help. Then he straightened up grinning and waved the tiny garment around for the audience, spinning his pretty pink prize around his index finger.

"Oh my god, oh my god," exclaimed Zepharina. "Thank you for that show! I'm gonna ask the director for a tape of that." The audience laughed and applauded but she wasn't kidding. She frequently got off on some of those lonely nights after a concert, watching her cuties get naked for her over and over again.

Zepharina tapped the button on her mike to speak directly to her crew working the floor. She wanted contact info for both the older and the younger couple to send them free tickets and signed pics. She especially wanted info on the young couple. She wanted to contact them personally and gently bring up the possibility of the three of them getting together one day and all of them taking off each other's pretty panties in a more intimate setting.

"Okay, okay," she continued, back on public mic. "Remember to circulate, my naked love, and—" she raised her voice, "what can we touch?"

"Legs only!" the crowd shouted back.

"Can we touch any other parts?" she queried.

"Only with permission!" the audience shouted in unison.

Zeffie (as her friends called her) was happy with the responses but worried about her tour. Several venues had threatened to no longer provide insurance if she continued urging female audience members to strip. What if someone claimed assault? they asked nervously.

Her whole tour was being threatened with venues canceling due to her recently increasing on-stage nudity. There was talk of charging her with "obscenity" and even with "providing adult (i. e. nude) entertainment without the appropriate licensing and approvals."

She had started out dancing naked in a shower set with glass doors that were teasingly only partly transparent. Then she had moved on to stripping off her sexy gowns to reveal nipples covered in diamonds and "bikini bottoms" consisting of nothing but thin gold chains and strategically placed diamonds in front. Tonight, it was rumored, would be a full strip, and her last strip. Tonight, everyone was whispering that she would go "all the way."

Zepharina now was making a show of shading her eyes and searching for more strippers. "Ladies," she cried out, "you know what I need: blondes, brunettes and redheads; all sizes, all shapes, all colors!"

And as the roaming spotlights revealed, she was getting her wish. Gowns were either falling off or women were rising up already naked from their seats.

Even Zeffie turned to watch the show on the jumbo screen as the cameras were capturing shining examples of fine female forms.

There were breasts ranging from shy protrusions to bountiful bouncers; bottoms from delicately flat to twin mountains of flesh. Then in what must have been carefully coordinated, there was a series of colorful bushes from thick and furry triangles to thin landing strips to quick anonymous glimpses of shaved slits.

Everyone knew that there were also male fans who wanted to "enjoy themselves." After some unfortunate exposures the unofficial rules became "cover up twice." Men who couldn't wait until they got home to appreciate all the nude beauty around them were expecting to put a condom on it and cover up any bared genitals with a jacket or a blanket. An enterprising fan recently made thousands selling blankets with the words: "Zepharina's Naked Tour: I Came, I Saw... I Came!"

Zepharina was ready. This was still such an exciting, intimate time for her. Her fans were getting naked for her so she was going to get naked for them.

She wished that she had the time to be alone with every one of her true fans and tell them how much she loved them. Nobody really got it: it wasn't about the nudity, and the nudity wasn't all about sex, it was about creating an astounding act of intimacy that would be shared by everyone, and remembered forever.

She strolled back to the day bed and sat down. She made sure that the sheets now exposed not only her shoulders but the tops of her 38Cs. The huge audience became suddenly and completely quiet.

"You've climbed so deep inside me:

I don't know where I begin.

Then your warm love starts to fill me

How can they say that it's a sin?

Because I know the God who made me

Made me full of love—

And made me..."

(There was a collective intake of breath. Those who were prepared stuffed their ears):

NA-KED!!!"

The roar the shouting the stomping of feet and the applause was so great some said the building shook. Then the lights dimmed. It was time. An deepening quiet fell; a slow instrumental version of "It's Time to Get Naked" was the only sound.

There was a bright white spotlight on Zeffie as she started to stand. It began on her face then highlighted her body as she rose, as the sheets began to slide.

There were doubters who insisted that it wasn't her stripping: that somehow a body double had snuck in. The face shot was designed to counter those rumors.

The extent of the light was just wide enough to show both of her breasts. There was a collective gasp. Her nipples were bare. Her skin was covered in gold dust— except for her long, hard, dark pink nipples.

Emerging from each pierced nipple was a spiral of what looked like gold wire. The wire design was exactly molded to the unique shape of each of her perfect breasts.

As the blue satin continued its drift away from her body, the spotlight followed and the camera began to zoom in closer. Now to her belly and her button for once was bare— not clipped with a diamond. Was this a sign of things to come?

The camera was following her hands now as she expertly parted the folds of blue satin. Glittering even more than her ubiquitous gold body sparkles was a fine gold chain around her waist. But the camera kept going lower and lower— impossibly lower— following an even finer chain that dangled straight down, attached to the first.

There were those who later swore that they saw her clitoral hood, and even her love button itself poking out between the links of gold. They claimed that it was long and wet and white, the only part of her sweet body that wasn't coated in gold.

As the camera continued its descent, there were many eager followers who couldn't take any more. It was traditional to shout out "Zepharina" when one came and now the shouts were beginning.

Then, the final view that fans who were there would endlessly recreate in drawings and in paintings: a teardrop shaped diamond, shimmering in the light, haloed in glistening wet pink. Zepharina had carefully positioned at the end of the gold chain a teardrop shaped diamond exactly over her teardrop shaped opening.

(Any forbidden cell phones would have shone like a beacon in that darkness and would have been slapped down by zealous fans long before security showed.)

Just when everyone thought that this was it, this was THE vision; a sight beyond fantasies and dreams, Zeffie's long fingernails filled their view. She gently played with the diamond, pressing it and rubbing it into her wetness.

Now, there were people in the audience who never thought they would touch themselves, or ever allow a stranger's hand to touch them. Of course, naked beauties were having their slippery pussies massaged; men with condoms under blankets were relishing their own incredible hardness and welcoming the lubrication. But, in the utter darkness there were hands reaching out... exploring under skirts, slowly unzipping jeans... and meeting little or no resistance.

The camera must have been equipped with a closeup lens as it zoomed in nearer and nearer until that shiny diamond, her gold painted nails, and the hints of wet pink all around filled the jumbo screen.

Those who were close enough to the stage could still see her pale figure, the blue satin fallen around her feet. The intense brightness over her genitals cast a lighter glow over her entire body like the dark of the moon in a lunar eclipse.

And just when the diamond filled the screen, her one long finger reached down. She seemed to searchingly move the shiny gem back and forth— perhaps getting that rock nice and slippery with her juices— and then she deliberately and firmly pushed it right inside her body. All one could see was the gold chain being pulled in to her gaping hole like a fishing line. There was a silence unlike any other as the delicate, swirling folds of flesh around her most intimate area seemed to welcome the intruder first by swelling up around it, and then by closing shut.

There were the most intense cries of "Zepharina" ever heard. Women and men were crying out and openly crying.

And then everything went dark.