**Las Vegas Convention**

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**Las Vegas Convention Part 1**

People who have followed my adventures, know that I set goals for myself, and often times creating tiers that define success or failure. The more I beat my goal by, the greater my reward. The more I miss my goal by, the greater my punishment. Since I have a fascination with risking being caught naked, my penalties often include the loss of my clothing in situations with varying degrees of risking being caught naked, often in public.  
  
The longer I have been into this, the more and more risk I seem to be adding to my penalties. Everywhere I go, I am constantly looking for ways to integrate my surroundings into a penalty dare. It scares me to know that my mind is constantly raising the bar for risk. I have noticed that if I am fantasizing about raising the bar, actually doing these fantasies is not far behind.  
  
Usually, my penalties give me at least a chance of completing my punishment without being caught. This time, my penalty would guarantee that many people would see me naked for an extended period of time.  
  
Las Vegas is the site to countless company meetings, professional organization and trade show conventions etc. It seems that every time I have been to Las Vegas, it has been for a meeting or convention. As I have toured around The Strip and surrounding areas through the years, I noticed that there was a fully nude strip club featuring amateur night. I checked out their website and read some reviews online, and all of a sudden, the idea was forever trapped in my mind.  
  
At first, this was too big of a step for me to take, but as time went on, and my risk tolerance increased, I just had to risk it. The first time I risked this as my punishment, I was able to meet my goal and reward myself with a weekend ski trip instead. Despite this, I couldn’t shake this as a penalty, I had to risk this again. So I again set this as a punishment with graduated risks and dares for poor performance against an established goal.  
  
It had to happen, I lost a bet with myself as I failed to meet a goal that I set earlier. Now the planning begins. My first task was to find a professional convention to attend. Without spending too much time, I was able to find a convention that is very loosely associated with what I do for a living. Since I am a business consultant often working on system implementation, I thought a system hardware convention would be enough of an association without raising any flags as to why as I there. Not only that, the convention attendees would be 90+% male. Perfect fit.  
  
As the date of my punishment neared, I made all the travel arrangements ensuring to arrive a few days early to make sure all preparations were made. I also watched that movie with Demi Moore where she played the part of a stripper.  
  
Upon arriving in Las Vegas, I checked into my hotel and headed to the pool to plan out the week ahead. After I noticed that I had enough sun, I went back to the room to get ready and set things into motion. The day ended with Dinner and the best show that I could get into with short notice. The next day, I made my way to the strip club to sign up as a contestant, take a quick tour, meet with the manager to go over rules, getting to know one of the dancers to get a few pointers. I think that I’m ready, I thought to myself.  
  
When the convention arrived, it was no surprise that I stood out being one of the few women. There was one, perhaps two other women that were attractive. The other women were overweight and/or too old. Needless to say, I attracted a lot of attention. The convention ran from Monday evening arrivals, dinner and reception (first real day was Tuesday), to Thursday, with noon departures. Amateur night was on Wednesday, meaning I would have to endure one half day having to face the people who might have witnessed my humiliation.

**Las Vegas Convention Part 2**

My first task was to identify guys who would play a part in my punishment. According to the terms of my punishment, I would need to find; one guy that I would need to actually invite to amateur night, give him a flyer, tell him that I would be a contestant, encouraging him to go by confessing that I would take off all my clothes and that he would see me completely naked. I would also need to find two guys that I would need to show them a flyer advertising amateur night and joke that I should be a contestant. Finally, I would need to find a group of three or more guys and ensure that they see a flyer.  
  
These things are all to ensure that I am increasing my risk that someone would attend amateur night, see me naked, know that it was me, and that I would see the next day at the convention. The thought of this was a cross between excitement and humiliation.   
  
Computer guys score higher than average on the nerd index, so I knew that if I profiled the guys carefully, I could limit how wide the news will spread. To accomplish this, I circulated among the different groups looking to find cast members in my punishment.  
  
For the guy that I would have to spill the beans to, I was looking for a loner with poor social skills that doesn’t really ever contribute to any conversation. It didn’t take long to find the star of my cast. There was a poor guy named Frank that has probably never kissed a girl in his life. I like these guys, since they are easy to control, present no risk and are very loyal.  
  
For the two guys that I need to hint that I would participate in amateur night, I was looking for an inseparable duo that pretty much just hang out together and show no interest in meeting new people. This took a little longer, but I found my two marks on the second day.  
  
For the three or more, it could be about any group, so I didn’t invest two much time on this one.  
  
The convention was about as boring as you would expect, but Wednesday did come around. Today is the big day I thought. I wore a short but professional skirt and a bright orange blouse to really mark myself. After lunch, it was time to go to work. I had been working on Frank all convention long. Finally I cornered him during a break and struck up a conversation. About half way through the break, I did it.   
  
My conversation went something like this: “Frank, what are you doing this evening?” “Oh I don’t know” he said. I responded by saying “I have an idea, tonight is amateur night at a local strip club and I have decided to enter as a contestant” as I handed him a flyer. I went on to explain that this is on my bucket list and I would really like someone that I trusted for moral support, as I flashed a big smile. I could tell that he was very uncomfortable but very interested. He froze and said nothing not knowing what to do with this information that landed in his lap. I continued by saying that I would be taking off all my clothing and that he would be able to see me completely naked, as I flashed another smile. He really didn’t know what to do at this point. I knew that I found the right guy.  
  
I decided to press the issue by asking him what he thought about what my proposal. He just gave out a nervous laugh and wore a shy grin, and said “I don’t know”. “I think that you really do want to go” I said. “It’s really fine” I said. “You do want to see me naked don’t you?” as I flashed the biggest smile and a short laugh. I finally broke him as he said “I guess that would be fun”. “I really hope that you come tonight” I said. With that, I walked off to my next group.  
  
I had about five minutes to go before the break was over, so I quickly found my duo sitting by themselves. I joined their conversation asking them what they thought of the convention so far. Then I quickly produced a flyer for amateur night and said, “Look what I found in the ladies room, perhaps I should be a contestant, what do you guys think?” They looked at it and laughed, “Yeah, go for it”. I quickly changed the subject, then found my seat as the break was ending.  
  
The convention continued with one of the most boring speakers that I had ever heard. Thankfully, the convention came to a close as people were heading out to leave for dinner. This was my last chance, so I looked around for a group of three or more guys that I had circulated with earlier who I knew would be happy to have a visit from me.  
  
I looked around and found a group of four guys that I had hung out with earlier. As I approached the group, I tried to figure out how I was going to introduce the flyer to the group. As I entered the circle, people were happy to see me. We chatted for a while as I was trying to figure out how to introduce the flyer. Thankfully, one of the guys saw the flyer and asked about it. I handed the flyer to him, explaining what it was, and said that I found it in the ladies room. “Here you keep it, I don’t need it”.  
  
As the group broke up, I went my way thinking “Mission accomplished”. Not it’s time to get ready for tonight.

**Las Vegas Convention Part 3**

When I arrived back in my room, I disposed of all conference material and stood in front of the mirror. As I looked at myself, I thought “Wow, this is it!” For the next few hours, I focused on my punishment. I am so glad that I met that dancer earlier in the week, she gave me some good advice and basic dance moves. As I stood there, I removed my clothing piece by piece. In less than one minute, I was completely naked and staring at my naked body.  
  
Wow, what a coveted view, I thought. A view that many men wish they could have, but few have been privileged to have. Up until this point, my many naked adventures were structured around risking being caught naked, but trying not to be caught. Even still, I have been caught, but it was by chance and the glimpse was often fleeting. The times I have lost a strip poker, I at least had an even chance of winning, and I have won many strip poker games.  
  
This time it’s different, this time I will be giving away all my feminine secrets to anybody why wants to see, and I will get nothing from them. Anybody in the world had the guaranteed right to see me completely naked, simply by walking through that door, I won’t know who it is and I have no say in the matter. They will see me completely naked, but I won’t see them. This thought kept playing in my mind and I was getting so turned on by the imbalance of power that I was going to experience in just a few hours.  
  
After getting lost in that fantasy, I looked at the clock and realized that I better start practice my moves. I decided to go with medium heels, a pair of thong panties, short skirt and the same bright orange blouse that I wore earlier. The big difference with the blouse is that it will be unbuttoned, but tied together just under my breasts.  
  
After getting dressed in my outfit, I rehearsed my moves in front of the mirror. The song that I chose was just under four minutes. To satisfy my punishment, I would need to spend two minutes and thirty seconds completely naked on stage, so I have just over one minute to shed my clothing. Over and over, I rehearsed my moves, watching the clock carefully. I knew at what point of the song, I would need to be in my routine. It wasn’t a very polished routine, but guys expect that at amateur night. It gives them the sense that they are getting something that can’t be gotten very easily, which makes it a better show. It’s like when someone has to strip in a strip poker game, but you know they don’t want to and they are really embarrassed by it. It’s that much more fun to watch.  
  
After hours of prep, it was time to leave for the club. I grabbed my outfit and left the room to hail a cab. I arrived at the club with extra time on my hands, so I went in and hung out by the door watching to see if there was anyone I recognized. I thought this would add to the excitement knowing if there was someone that I would see the next day.  
  
Every time the door opened, I felt a rush of nervous excitement knowing that they would see me and possibly recognize me. It’s kind of like playing Russian roulette. Men came in through the door, some as individuals and some in groups, but I didn’t recognize them. However since I was one of a few attractive women at the convention, they were more likely to recognize me than the other way around.  
  
Just then it happened, the four guys that I gave the flyer to walked through the door and recognized me right away. I was so filled with nervous excitement / humiliation that I didn’t know what to do. “Lisa” they said, “is that you?” Utterly embarrassed, I knew I was caught. I forced a smile and greeted them. Are you here for amateur night one of the guys asked? No way out now, so I just smiled and said I was one of the contestants tonight. They were all pretty jacked up about that since they were checking me out during the convention. I’m sure they were getting ideas at the convention, now they were about to get more than they bargained for.  
  
After some small talk, I excused myself and went backstage. The stakes were now much higher for me knowing they were there. In life, I would have given them no chance to ever see me naked, now, I will be serving myself to them on a silver platter. I wonder who else would show up.  
  
Backstage, we went over the events of the evening with the manager and we were given an order of appearance. I was just over half way through the line-up. Most of the girls who signed up were there, but a few chickened out. As the minutes ticked by, I changed in to my outfit going over my routine in my head. The dancer that I met days before was there and we chatted for a few minutes.  
  
Next thing I knew, the manager came in and told us to get in line and get ready, because amateur night was about to start. Just then the reality of my situation hit me and I started to get nervous. Over the PA system, I heard the DJ announce the start of amateur night. He announced the first amateur as she made her way to the stage.