**Pixxie**

by mudorgasms1220

*A singer has an orgasm in the middle of a concert.*

**Bio:**

Cassidy Jerrick, better known by her stage name, "Pixxie", is an American singer best known as the lead vocalist for the alternative rock band, Ember Republic. On stage she's known for her extensive vocal abilities, her high energy performances, and her fashion. Off stage she's been known for her rather promiscuous nature, and often flirty encounters with the public. Since her debut when she was only 19 years old, she's developed a reputation for being "bad girl", often going out of her way to acknowledge and embrace her male fantasy status; as such, she's garnered some controversy surrounding some of her on and off stage antics. One such incident occurred at a performance in Las Vegas, Nevada, where some people were calling it a porn show rather than a rock concert.

**Part One: First Look**

Pixxie exited her suite and took the VIP elevator down the backstage corridor toward the dressing rooms. She pulled her phone out of the pocket of her sweatpants and typed some information into it, setting up for her behind-the-scenes live stream before the concert.

"What is up, guys?" She said to her phone, holding it at arms length while she opened the door to the backstage area. "That's right, it's your girl Pixxie again, and we are about 2 hours from showtime, I think. So lets take a quick tour, shall we?"

She wandered around the room showing off everything everyone was doing to prepare. Her first stop was a set of chairs where two of her bandmates were tuning and practicing with each other on their guitars. Tony Diablo, looking dark and grim with his all his goth makeup and jet black hair, was picking around at his guitar next to Markus Cage, or Mr. Hair, as everyone liked to call him. His luscious, blond locks were nearly to his knees most of the time, but sitting down, it was a wonder how his hair didn't pick up dirt off the ground.

"Well, it looks like Tony and Mark are all ready rock out," Pixxie said, "Say hi to the peeps, fellas." She held the phone out in their faces, giving them no option but to temporarily pause their tuning session.

"Wassup?" Mark said, attempting to give the camera a high five. Tony grunted a bit and folded his hands in the classic, heavy metal devil horns.

"You better keep practicing. I don't want to hear any bad notes this time," Pixxie taunted as she walked away. "Oh look, it's Johnny B talking to the staff," she added as she noticed her manager conversing with a member of the venue staff. She approached a wall with the words 'DRESSING ROOMS' painted on it, and began making her rounds.

Her first stop was at an open door where Lance was on a chair, a drum pad in front of him, and tapping away at light speed with a pair of drumsticks.

"For those of you who don't know, this here is Lance," Pixxie said to her phone, "Take a good look now if you dare. We like to keep him in the back because his face breaks cameras,"

"Hey! That only happened once!" Lance retorted, jokingly, "I forgot to put my makeup on that day!" He stood up from his seat and put his face into the phone camera. "But not today, bitches, I'm pretty now."

"Stop, Lance, you're scaring them!" Pixxie laughed, "you wanna scare all our fans away?"

"Oh, don't be such a drama queen about it," Rachel, her stylist said as she walked by them. "Come on, hun, it's time to get you ready."

"Oh, okay," Pixxie replied, leaving Lance to his practice session.

She followed Rachel next door to her dressing room where she immediately went up to the small table with her outfit.

"And look at this, guys!" she said, reaching for the glistening clothes in front of her, "someone came up with the genius idea of this rubber outfit. I mean - hold on." She set the phone down on the table and picked up the pink latex top. She held it out for the camera to see, and stretched the end of the sleeve out and let it snap back into place. "I mean seriously, how am I even supposed to put this on?" She asked.

"Well, you're about to find out," Rachel said, "Maybe turn your camera off though, unless you want everyone to see."

"I mean, I'm sure they want to, right?" Pixxie grinned into the camera, "but I guess we can save that bit for later." She gave everyone on the other end of the live stream a big wink before shutting it off.

Once dressed in her newest outfit, Pixxie decided it was only fair that she give all her fans she previously went for a sneak peak at what was ahead for the concert tonight. She logged back in and resumed her live session, pointing the camera at the full length mirror in the dressing room while Rachel was vigorously shining up her outfit.

"Alright, so here we are, about thirty minutes and three bottles of lube later," she said, showcasing her long sleeved pink crop top and sleek, black leggings. "I look like a fucking party balloon, I smell like a fucking party balloon, and I love it." She made a few poses in the mirror the best she could as Rachel was shining her up. "You can see Rachel shining me up here," she continued, "Apparently latex doesn't shine well on it's own without a bit of help. And oh my god, guys, this stuff is sooo tight and sticky. Like, I literally had to drench myself in lube - yes, lube, just to get it on." She brought the phone real close to her face and whispered, "and here's a little secret just for you: I'm not wearing any underwear." She made a sort of "ope" face with her hand over her mouth before continuing at her normal speaking volume, "But, like, I literally can't because it's so tight. But it does feel surprisingly nice, though. I think because we had to make it so slippery to get it on that it now just kinds glides across my skin, and it's so smooth. It kinda feels a bit tingly... in a good way. Anyway, I think that's about all I have to show you guys right now. We have a meet and greet coming up in just a few minutes, and then a quick podcast interview, and then it's showtime. Ciao."

She logged out of her live stream and set her phone on the table in the dressing room for safe keeping while she prepared for the upcoming meet and greet.

**Part 2: The Meet and Greet**

After two hours of waiting around, it was finally time. Devin payed far more money than he should have, given his finances, but for him, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to finally meet the band he had loved since their debut. Despite his best efforts, he was still far from the first person in line for the meet and greet, but that didn't matter. He saw his prize, at the front of a line of fellow, loyal fans, the alt rock quartet he had always wanted to see. His excitement was through the roof, and he held on to his new CD a bit tighter, not wanting to lose it before or after getting it signed.

The anticipation grew the closer he got to the table, and it finally hit its peak when he could finally see the band clearly in front of him. There was only about fifteen people left in front of him. By how it looked, Tony Diablo was the first one he would get to talk to. It was near impossible to miss that long, jet black hair and the almost white makeup. It seemed like his look was going further and further into black metal each year; ironic considering his otherwise bright and melodic guitar riffs.

After Tony, it was Ember Republic's top notch rhythm section: Lance Evermore and Markus Cage. Devin had seen many videos of the band, and as far as he could tell, the two of them were always a hoot when it came to on-stage antics. They always seemed to have a way with bickering with each other on stage like and old married couple. Apparently when you've been playing together since you were twelve, you start to get that way. Fortunately, based on the behind-the-scenes videos that Devin had seen, it was always in good fun.

Speaking of behind-the-scenes, he was shamelessly addicted to all the quick snippets that Pixxie would post before concerts, especially the one tonight. Although he would never admit it, Devin had been hopelessly crushing on her ever since he first learned about the band. He loved her style, her voice, her pink hair, and above all else, really loved just how flirty she could be. And he could already see her at the table, signing autographs and taking photos. Even from where he stood, although moving closer, he could see the tight, glossy outfit she showcased in her live stream. Did she really not have any underwear on under it like she claimed. What he wouldn't give to find out, but that was far from likely to happen.

The line kept moving, and Devin inched closer and closer until he was finally able to talk with Tony. As soon as he was in front of the pale-faced guitarist, he held his hand out for a shake.

"Hey, what's up?" Tony said.

"Uh... Not much, just happy to be here," Devin replied.

"Great to hear. You want me to sign that for you?" Tony said, pointing to Devin's CD.

"Yes! That would be sick." He handed the jewel case over and watched Tony scribble his name in sharpie on the front. "Hey, would you be able to sign my shirt too?"

"You got it boss," Tony replied, "What's your name, kid?"

"Uh, Devin."

"Cool to meet you Devin." He reached out and shook his hand again, "Hey, real quick, what's your favorite song?"

"Mindbreak, definitely," Devin replied, thinking of the most guitar intensive song from the band he could think of."

"Excellent choice, pal, have fun tonight."

"Will do."

He would have loved to chat with Tony all night, but as the line kept moving, he was being ushered forward, and up next was Lance. He was sitting forward in his chair, his long arms stretched across the table offering handshakes, and occasionally adjusting his signature beanie that never fits.

"Hey," Devin said, reaching out for a handshake.

"Hey, hey! How are you, bud?" Lance said, "lemmie see that; we'll get that signed for you," he added, almost grabbing the CD from Devin's hands. "I see Tony signed the shirt, you want me to as well?"

"Yes, please," Devin replied.

Lance stood up a bit and leaned over the table with a marker to scribble on Devin's shirt. "You're gonna have a good time tonight, right?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Of course, indeed. Hey, how close of a seat do you have?"

"Not very, all the good ones were taken before I could get one."

"Aw, that suck, bud, but hey, these clowns always shove me in the back too; we can be back brothers." Devin couldn't help but smile at his dumb remark. "But hey, if you come up to the stage after the show, I'll see about saving a drumstick for you."

"Deal," Devin said, moving down the line some more.

As the line moved on, it was time to talk to Markus, who was standing up in his spot comparing hair length with a pair of excited girls walking down the line. Once they moved on, it was time for Devin to procure a couple more signatures.

"Markus Cage, bass player, and most talented member of the band," Markus introduced.

Devin couldn't tell if he was supposed to laugh or not, and simply shook his outstretched hand. "Devin Pickett, long time fan, no real musical talent to speak of," he replied, matching Mark's introduction. "Would you be willing to sign this?"

"Would I be willing?" Mark said, "My guy, I was put on this earth to do two things: play bass, and write my name, so let's do it." He grabbed the CD and wrote his name on it. His signature was so large, it almost looked like there wouldn't be any room for Pixxie's. And without skipping a beat, he continued over to Devin's T-shirt and added his name there as well. "Well, that's about all I can do," he said, laughing at his oversized signatures.

"Thanks," Devin said.

"Don't mention it," Mark said, "just remember that my signature is prettier than these two clowns to my left," he added, looking down the table at Lance and Tony.

It was finally time. Devin was finally approaching Pixxie in all her beauty. Her messy, pink hair, her perfect body, and that savory-sweet, shiny outfit. Was it really made of rubber? She must be sweating in it. Her smile said nothing beyond pure enjoyment of interacting with her fans, and he was the next one up.

"Uhhh... Hi..." Devin said, too smitten to say anything more as he embarrassingly handed over his CD to be signed.

"Wow... no please?" Pixxie said, writing on the CD case with a yellow marker, "I suppose you want the shirt signed too..."

"Yeah... sorry," Devin responded, meekly.

"You know I'm kidding, right?" Pixxie added, "I promise I'm not actually a bitch. I'm the funnest person you'll probably ever meet." She leaned over the table and signed the back of his shirt. As she stretched her arm out to him to write, he could just barely hear the odd squelching sound from her rubber sleeve.

"Is it okay if I get a picture with you?" He asked.

"Fuck yeah, bro! Get five, twenty, if you want. Let's do this!" She stands up from her chair and steps to the side of the table where she was getting photos with fans earlier. Devin took his phone out and was holding it up for a selfie with his celebrity crush. She put her arm around him, and he snapped several quick pictures. Once he was satisfied, he put his phone back in his pocket.

"Hey, real quick, can I ask you a question?" He asked, feeling a massive confidence boost after his quick photo shoot.

"Hell yeah, what's up?"

"Is your outfit really made of rubber?"

"I believe the politically correct term is 'latex', but yeah," she answered with a smile.

"Can-can I touch it?"

"If you want," Pixxie said with a sly grin, "go ahead."

The nerves unexpectedly kick in for him, he cautiously reached out to her, looking in all directions, expecting a bodyguard to lunge out at him, and ran a finger across her shoulder. Her top indeed did feel like rubber, almost like a really thick balloon. He retracted his arm, gave her a wave, and stepped away so the line could move forward.

"Hey dude!" He heard Pixxie shout back at him, "get back over here."

Puzzled, he turned around and advanced toward her again. "Uh... yeah?"

"I said you could touch," Pixxie said, "that was a light graze at best." She turned her body slightly. "You see this ass?" She said, drawing attention to her butt, clad in the impossibly tight and shiny black leggings, "I want you to put that hand right here, just like this." She placed her hand firmly on her right butt cheek, palm flat and fingers spread. "Well, come on. We can't keep the line waiting."

What was turning out to be a much closer and even flirtier encounter than Devin was expecting suddenly had him feeling more embarrassed than excited. It was one thing to daydream about grabbing a hot singer's ass, it was totally different with so many other people watching it happen. Nevertheless, he did what he was told. As he placed his hand on her, he really took notice of how oddly slippery the leggings were. They were certainly very smooth, and felt like they were coated in some kind of oil; and to top it all off, as she teased in her livestream earlier, she was definitely without panties.

"Good boy," she said with a great big grin. "Now do me a favor and give it a quick little slap."

"Uh... really?" Devin said.

"Do I sound like I'm joking?" She asked, rhetorically, with a serious tone.

Devin once again did as he was told and lifted his hand up slightly before bringing it in contact with her again in an audible smack. Some gasps and giggles from the audience around them followed.

"Good," Pixxie said. "What's your name, babe?" she added.

"Uh... Devin."

"Well, Devin, I hope you enjoyed this," she said. She then got real close to him, leaning into his ear and whispering, "don't jack off until after the show."

With that, she officially released Devin and the line of fans behind him kept moving. He was left to find his seat in the arena with the impossible task of hiding his new, raging boner as he recovered from his close encounter of the kinky kind. There was no doubt in his mind, those pics he got of her would serve him well later.

**Part 3: The Interview**

Pixxie and her band mates have a quick interview for a podcast before going on stage. Among other questions, she's asked about her outfit and how she got it on.

"Hey, Alec, you're all set up, right?" Skye asked.

"Yeah," Alec replied.

"Is the lighting good here? It seems a bit dark over here."

Alec looked into the viewfinder of his camera and made some quick adjustments to the lens. "It looks fine here," he said, "it's a bit blue looking, but all the lights keep changing, so we're just gonna have to roll with it."

"Alright, sounds good," Skye replied, "Max just went to go get Pixxie, so we should be ready to go pretty quick."

The two waited for a few minutes while their media coordinator went to retrieve Pixxie for their interview. Alec panned the camera around to gather some footage of all the roadies and event staff preparing for the upcoming show. Meanwhile, Skye studied the questions she had prepared for the interview, deciding the best order to ask them. After a few minutes of capturing footage and practicing lines, Max, the media coordinator, returned to them with Pixxie following close behind.

"Alright, I have Pixxie here for you," he said, "Pixxie, this is Skye Presley and Alec Walters from Rock Line, they're just here to do a quick interview with you."

"Great!" Skye said, "Thanks so much for doing this with us."

"Absolutely!" Pixxie said, "let's do this. Just don't make the questions too hard." She smiled.

"Oh, they'll be easy," Skye assured her, "we're just going to talk a bit about the show tonight and your current album and tour. You know, what people can expect tonight and what keeps you guys going out every night to continue supporting the new album, stuff like that."

"Oh, that's easy shit! let's do this!" Pixxie said, hopping up and down slightly as the pre-show excitement builds in her.

"Sounds great. Are you ready?"

"Hell yeah."

"Are you rolling, Alec?" Skye asked. He gave her a quick thumbs up and she carried on with her intro. "Hello again, and welcome to another RockLine: Behind the Scenes. I'm Skye Presley, and we're here at the Luxor in the fabulous Las Vegas Nevada, and getting ready for what is shaping up to be an inevitably amazing concert by Ember Republic. And speaking of, I'm here with their vocalist, Pixxie, and we're gonna learn a bit about what's in store for tonight. Thanks for joining us, Pixxie, how are you feeling right now?"

"Honestly, soo excited. We've never performed in Vegas before, and I've been waiting for this show since we started this tour."

"Nice! And what is it about Las Vegas that has you feeling so much more excited than your other shows?"

"First off, not to discredit ANY other place we perform, that's not what's going on here, we're excited for every show we perform. For me, this one is just exciting because I just love the atmosphere. I mean, it's Sin City: it's bright, glitzy, sexy, full of energy, it's everything we strive for with this band, and I just think it suits our style so well."

"I think I can agree with that assessment," Sky added, moving the microphone back to herself, "and your on tour right now supporting your most recent album, Dire Flames, can you tell me a little bit about that album and this tour?"

"Yeah, this one was an interesting one for us, one of the things my mom always used to say is sometimes in order to move forward, you need to take a step back, and that's kinda what we did with both the record and the tour."

"How so?"

"Well, after our last album, Black Symphony, me and the guys got thinking that maybe we were just getting a bit too big for our britches, so to speak. We just got off this massive arena tour where we performed with a whole orchestra, as we did in the record, and it just took off bigger than anything we ever expected. We weren't sure of how we were ever going to top it, and Tony was the one that said, 'well, you know, maybe we shouldn't.' We decided to just return to our original alt-rock roots, we came up with simpler songs with far less instrumentation, and we thought it was only fair to pair that with smaller - or rather - less grand performances."

"And how has that been going for you guys? Coming from selling out entire arenas and stadiums to playing these smaller venues must have been an adjustment."

"You know what? It really wasn't," Pixxie explained. "I mean, this is how it started for us. Granted, we started off playing in dive bars and small festivals that needed openers, but there's nothing like playing in a smaller venue and experiencing that intimacy with your audience that you just don't get when you're playing at the Superdome, for example."

"Cool. So what's in store for this tour and this concert, maybe? Any surprises tonight or coming up?"

"Well, of course I'm not going to spoil any surprises; what kind of performer would I be if I did that?" Pixxie laughed. "But seriously, it's going to be fun. We're here in Vegas. We're gonna play what people came to see us play, this crowd is going to hear some songs we've actually never played live before, and if they're lucky - wink, wink - they might even hear a new song or two that no one has ever heard before. It's going to be great; it will be loud, rocking, maybe a bit hot, and we're ready, so I hope they are."

"Well, from what I've seen of the fans here so far, I think they're definitely ready. And speaking of hot," Sky added, visibly turning her attention to Pixxie's outfit, "I have to say, you are looking great!"

"Thank you! It's my new outfit. It's latex," Pixxie said, beginning to rub her hands along her arms and thighs.

"Wow!" Skye said, still staring at her in complete awe. Alec found himself just as distracted by her apparent second skin, but at least he was able to hide his wandering eyes with the camera. "How do you even get that on? It looks so... tight."

"It took a whole lot of lube," Pixxie explained, "The top wasn't so bad cuz there's at least a zipper in the back," she turned around to reveal the black zipper running down the back of her hot pink top, "but the leggings were pretty tough."

"That must be really uncomfortable?"

"You know, I thought it would be, especially with all the effort it took to get on, but it's actually surprisingly comfortable." Pixxie continued rubbing the latex on her body, as if intentionally drawing attention to it.

"I can't even imagine trying to squeeze into a rubber outfit like that."

"Oh, you totally should," Pixxie suggested, "it can be quite a turn on?"

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. Between all the lube and the sweat, it just kinda glides across your skin, and starts making you feel all... aroused..." Pixxie suddenly began squeezing and rubbing her own breasts, and even teasing the camera by approaching her crotch as well.

"Well, it looks like we're getting pretty close to showtime, so I don't want to keep you from getting ready," Skye said, sensing Pixxie was starting to compromise the otherwise family friendly content of their podcast and YouTube show. "Thank you so much for joining us today and offering some insight on this exciting new adventure you guys are on. Maybe we'll catch you and the band backstage after the show for a little post-show interview, but for now, we'll let you go. Have fun out there, Pixxie."

"Thanks for having on your show, it's an honor," Pixxie said, "And I know you guys will have an awesome time tonight too, so I hope to see you out there." She gave one final wave and a blown kiss to the camera before skipping away to the stage next to them.

"Well, that about does it for this segment. We're gonna go get ready for the show now, and hopefully we'll see you guys backstage again afterward to talk to the band during the afterparty. For now, we've been live in Las Vegas, and you've been watching, or listening to RockLine."

As Skye cued herself out, Alec adjusted the camera to aim at the packed house as he took the last shot before ending their show.

"Well, that was interesting," Alec said, shutting the camera off and beginning to pack it up for the time being.

"Yeah, that's a word you could use," Skye said.

"Was she that... extreme... the last time we talked to her?"

"She's always been a bit flirty and promiscuous, that's kind of her brand, but... let's just say I've never had guest talk about getting turned on by their outfit before."

"It's going to be an interesting show, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Probably."

**Part 4: The Show Stopper**

As soon as the house lights began slowly dimming, the entire arena erupted into screams and cheers and claps. The sound of the crowd, however, was being quickly drowned out by the increasing thundering rumble from the speakers all around the stage. At first, it seemed like it was only low frequency noise that was gradually replacing my heartbeat in my chest as it got louder, but as it continued, it began taking on a more musical tone. I see the bassist, Markus Cage slowly emerge from a dark cloud of fog into the purple lights. His hands were plucking away at the strings and filling the arena with the continuous rumble. Tony, the guitar player, my hero, emerged from the smoke next. Out of nowhere, Lance Evermore, the drummer, began banging out a killer drum solo that turned into the intro of the first song as Tony and Markus joined in. As they hammered out the intro of their first song, She walked out onto the stage.

I can't lie, like every other guy I knew, I definitely had a celebrity crush, and for me, it was Cassidy Jerrick, or I guess most people just know her as Pixxie. Don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those guys that just claims to be a fan because I think she's hot, I really do enjoy the band's music. I've been into the band before I ever knew what any of them looked like; my experience just happened to be even better when I found that out. It was my first Ember Republic concert ever, and I already knew it was going to be one of the best concerts, if not exactly in the way that I was expecting.

To start with, seeing Pixxie walk out onstage in that rubber outfit was making my heart race. I literally couldn't believe it. I've always had a thing for latex, you could call it a bit of a fetish of mine, and I loved the way celebrities liked to wear it everywhere. Secretly, I always wanted to see what Pixxie would look like wearing it, but I never thought I would see it, let alone first hand, live, from the second row. And the way it just looked so sexy on her as she slinked around stage; I think I might have missed the first few songs by being so enamored by it. It also didn't help that she seemed to be enjoying it just as much too. From the time she stepped out on stage, she would hardly leave her body alone, always keeping one hand in contact with her outfit at all times. I've seen enough Ember Republic videos on YouTube to know she liked to tease the audience with her body and try to be as sexy as possible, but this was different; it was like she was doing it for her own pleasure rather than for the pleasure of all the guys in the crowd.

After a the band was a few songs in, they took a quick pause to more properly address the crowd. Pixxie placed her microphone back on the mic stand and stood in front of us all, clearly struggling to keep her hands off herself.

"Hello Las Vegas!" She shouted, to which, of course, the crowd greeted her back. "Wow, this is a great looking crowd out here, guys. We've been so used to playing in packed arenas lately that we kinda have to stop and appreciate that this is still a full house."

"You know the last time we played in Vegas was literally a week before Covid shut everything down?" Tony said, adding to Pixxie's commentary, "It almost feels like we're back here simply to 'Finish What We Started,'" he added, playfully using his comment to introduce the next song. It was one I always enjoyed as it started with Tony shredding out an intense guitar solo before the bass and drums joined in to get the song started. While the previous few songs they started out the show with were definitely rockers, Finish What We Started was one of their heaviest songs, surely one to blow the roof off the place if they really wanted to.

A few more songs into the set, the band paused for a moment again. Pixxie was visibly sweating now. She was probably sweating after the first song, to be honest, but it was definitely noticeable now. Not that I could blame her, there's no way she wouldn't be absolutely roasting in that outfit. She was still very touchy-feely with herself, but I wasn't actually expecting her to start addressing it the way she was about to.

"My god it's warm up here!" she said, "and I'm sure this outfit isn't helping." She cracked open a bottle of water, chugged about half of it, and then dumped the rest over her head. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't slightly turned on by the way the beads of water rolled down her rubber outfit. "I don't know if any of you out there have ever worn latex before, but it doesn't breath at all," she said, pointing out her outfit, and spreading the drops of water around on it a bit. "I'm sweating my ass off in this, and it's completely waterproof, so all that sweat is just stuck in here. It kinda feels good, though, not gonna lie."

The crowd was absolutely going wild about it, not that it was anything new - generally speaking, at least - Pixxie loved teasing the audience, and they were always excited for it. And just to give us all a bit extra to fantasize about as the show went on, she grabbed the mic off the stand, placed it next to her knee, and ran her hand up her latex encased leg, digging her nails in, moving the mic with it to pick up all the rubbery snappiness as she did it. The sound was intoxicating, and the audience was going absolutely nuts. "Yeah. I figured you might like that," she said before the band began their next song.

As seemed to be the theme with the show, she was still feeling herself up during each song, although it seemed to be getting a bit more focused as the show went on. It seemed innocent enough in the beginning, it was like she was addicted to the sensation of a new material. I don't know for sure if that was Pixxie's first time ever wearing latex, but since I had never seen her wear it before, I would assume so; so I couldn't blame her for finding the sensations enticing. But she was getting quite a bit more comfortable with herself on stage as the show went on. She spent almost an entire song with her hands on her boobs, squeezing and rubbing them. There was even a few split seconds where it looked like she was even deliberately playing with a nipple; I wouldn't doubt that might have been the case either, cuz standing here in the second row I was beginning to see her nipples poke through her top. I know enough about latex clothes that I wasn't expecting her to be wearing bra with it, but way to confirm it for us, Pixxie.

While I certainly enjoyed her onstage antic - I'm a single guy hopelessly attracted to women in latex - I made sure not to read into it too much and enjoy the concert, because like I said, I'm still a fan of the band, and I still wanted to see the show and enjoy it. However, a few songs later, she started to seem a lot more intentional about everything she was doing. Pretty soon, she started doing a little crotch grab while she was dancing. It wasn't anything too weird at the time; she usually did it during that particular song as a sort of homage to Michael Jackson, especially since the song was definitely inspired, musically. It got a bit stranger, though, when her fingers started to dig in more and more as she did it, like she was... you know. I get it, it was a latex outfit, she was probably getting turned on by it, cuz why wouldn't you, but really, Pixxie? You're just gonna go for it on stage like that?

Holy fuck, she really was going to go for it. She continued to get less and less subtle about what she was doing as the song went on. During the instrumental break, she squatted down, holding onto the mic stand for support, and rubbing her hand deep into her groin. The faces she was making made it clear that it wasn't just for show, she was indeed getting into it and enjoying every sensation she was giving herself. She managed to bring herself back for the last bit of the song, focused just enough to sing all the remaining lyrics perfectly, if not with a bit of an aroused tone before the band went into their tradition extended ending they always played when they were live.

As the rest of the band jammed out with each other, Pixxie collapsed to her knees on the stage. The mic rolled around as she set it down, and both hands were deep between her legs. As her hands and wrists wiggled around, her hips began thrusting. Her eyes rolled back and her mouth fell agape, presumably with moans coming from it, but you'd never hear it through the volume of the band. Soon, one hand is squeezing and teasing her nipples while her other hand remains pressed up against her rubber clad pussy.

Between the rubbing and pinching and squeezing, it was only a matter of time before she fell forward, stopping her tit play and driving her hand into the stage to brace herself. Her eyes closed, and her mouth opened wider; it was hard to tell if it was the microphone next to her that was picking up the faint screams, or if she was really that loud. The rest of the band must have finally figured out what was going on, because even they slowly stopped playing, absolutely dumbfounded by what was happening. Once all the instruments stopped, there was no mistaking the rhythmic screams that pixxie belted out as she climaxed right there on stage in front of an entire sold-out theater. It hardly seems imaginable that someone could be so turned on that they lose all self control and masturbate publicly like that, but she did. By no means was Pixxie ever the bashful type, but even for her, that seemed a bit extreme. By the time she was done, it was clear she knew exactly what happened, and dare I say she even looked proud about it. As she managed to get up and back to her feet, all the lights went dark, and the band took a short break. Whether that break was planned or not, it was probably the best way for Pixxie to calm herself down a bit, and for the band as a whole to figure out how to explain away what happened.

After about 15 minutes, the band returned to stage and began rocking away again like nothing ever happened. I'm sure there certainly a bit of drama backstage at least, but I would say it wasn't really all that important in the grand scheme of things, as it would not change what I, and 2000 other people saw, and it wouldn't erase those images from our brains. Between you and me, I'm not bothered by that fact; being the horny motherfucker I am, especially when it comes to Pixxie, I considered it a privilege to have seen what I saw, and I'm sure I'm not the only one.

It was only after they played a few more songs that Pixxie even bothered to address the audience about what happened only a little while prior. They finished their next song, and Pixxie stepped all the way to the front of the stage, still dressed in her shiny latex outfit.

"I just want to say a few things about what happened onstage before..." she said. The crowd was surprisingly silent, but I had the feeling that was about to changed based on what she would say next. "I just want to say that, in case there was any doubt or anything like that... yes, I did have an orgasm right here on this stage." Before she even finished the sentence, there was an eruption of applause from the crowd as well as a number of screams and cheers. She waited a few moments for those cheers to settle down before continuing. "I promise you all that it was not planned. It was not intended to be part of the show. I guess this outfit had a much bigger effect on me than I was expecting." She tugged at the bottom of her latex shirt, pulling it away from her midriff and let it snap back against her skin into the microphone, sending the distinct sound echoing through the theater, "I mean, come on, how can you not get into that?" Another round of cheers and applause erupted. "Anyway, this is a new song for you all to enjoy that no one has ever heard before, it's called Thunder Cloud!" The cheers continued as Lance broke into an appropriately thunderous drum beat, backed by Mark's rumbling bass guitar before the song broke into a more melodic tone with all four musicians rocking out.

Pixxie was noticeably less handsy with herself throughout the rest of the show, but she still didn't shy away from making suggestive gestures and feeling herself up from time to time as the night went on. Much to my own dismay (and others, I'm sure), she never did get to the point of rubbing herself off again onstage, but the fact that she did was still a thought that clung tight to me the rest of the night and all the way through to this day. At least, it probably would have been the thought that stuck with me if I didn't also get insanely lucky that night; I mean, winning the lottery wouldn't be as good as what happened to me after that concert...

**Part 5: The backstage pass**

Despite having a second row seat for the show, I was, unfortunately, not quite able to afford the full meet and greet pass to see the band and get autographs before the show. Instead, I had to take a walk to the corridor in the backstage area where I waited among numerous other fans to see if I could snag a picture or autograph with Pixxie, or any other member of the band. I've been to my fair share of concerts in my 22 years of life, and so I know not all venues like or even make it easy for that kind of thing to happen, and this was no exception, but the band definitely went out of their way to make it happen anyway. One by one, they all came out to the crowd hanging out by the velvet rope, talking and signing autographs and giving away setlists. Of course, I made it back there too late, so I was too far back to get anything worthwhile, but I did get a definite wave from Lance and Tony, and a shocking split second of eye contact and a smile from Pixxie, and that's where I figured it would end.

As things were winding down a bit since the band all disappeared into their backstage area, the crowd cleared out, and I, too was headed back to my hotel room. I round the corner to head to the elevator, and I notice a tall, dark skinned man dressed in a yellow shirt and black pants. I recognized him as one of the guys working security at the front of the stage earlier, it seemed odd that he was all the way out here, though; there was still some action by the stage area, and we weren't really by the casino. I just continued on my way until he called me out as I was walking by.

"Hey man, I need you to come with me." He said. It was so weird. It was almost like he was talking like one of those secret spy or FBI agent.

"Uh... did I do something wrong?" I ask. He didn't respond, he just ushered me down a hallway.

Made a few twists and turns through what looked like some worker areas of the hotel before arriving at what I assume was a staff elevator, since there was no one else present to use it.

"Seriously, can you just tell me what's up? I feel like I'm about to be interrogated or something."

"Pixxie has requested your presence," he said to me.

What!? Like, seriously... WHAT!? That's literally something you only see in movies, or hear about in smutty fanfiction or something. I mean, we weren't returning to the backstage area of where we came from, which means I was heading up to her actual hotel room, and... just...

My mind raced the entire way up the elevator. I guess I shouldn't have really been surprised that Pixxie would actually do something like this, but... me? Why me? I'm not special, I'm not important, and most importantly: I don't get this lucky.

We walked a short ways down the hall before stopping at one of the rooms. The security guy knocked on the door rather loudly a couple times and then just walked away, leaving me there, at the door, all alone. A couple seconds later, I hear the lock on the door click, and the door opens up. There, in all her glory, still dressed in her rubber outfit, was Pixxie. She gave me a huge grin.

"Hey, hey! I see you made it," she said.

"Uh... yeah, I did," I say, nervously, "I'm... uh... not sure why, though."

"Oh, please," she replied, "I saw the way you were staring at me before. I though I could offer you a little fun." She opened the door wider and waved me into the room. It was definitely a nicer suite than I had.

"Uhh... what kind of fun?" I asked. Believe me, I'm not stupid. I pretty much knew exactly where this encounter was bound to end up, especially with the kind of promiscuous personality Pixxie has, but I figured I'd play it up just a bit to see what she said.

She immediately stepped up to me, placing her hands on my shoulders. My body began sweating profusely from just being that close to her. She ran her hands down my arms, grabbed my hands, and planted them firmly against her ass. "Whatever kind of fun you want," she said, "I'm here to be your toy." God... I've always wondered what latex clothing must feel like, but I never thought I would actually be close enough to literally touch it... and on Pixxie, of all people. "Unless you want to be my toy," she added.

I don't know why or how, but for some reason, her words just gave me a bit more reassurance, and I immediately started feeling a bit more comfortable. Through my own volition, I gave her ass a squeeze, and felt her body up all the way back to her shoulders, and then around to her breast, giving those a squeeze as well. I knew that's what she wanted anyway.

"Wow... so you really are just wearing rubber," I said, "I don't know why, but that's just so..."

"Sexy?" She said, completing my sentence. "Yeah, I wasn't expecting it to be... but... well, you saw what happened tonight."

"I mean... I saw you straight up masturbating on stage if that's what you mean."

"I know... and it was great."

"So latex really feels that good, huh?"

"You have no idea..." she said.

Apparently she was still feeling quite frisky, because she jumped right to the action and started unzipping my pants. There was a part of me that wanted to protest, I mean, I knew this was Pixxie, but she was technically still a random girl I've never met. Of course, by the time my jeans and boxers were around my ankles, there was no way I was going to try fighting it.

"Here, why don't you feel for yourself," she said, and pressed my tip to her thigh. That's all it took. As soon as my dick touched those leggings, it got stiff as a board and eager for more. "See," she said with a big grin as I got hard. "Now, imagine all that lubed up latex rubbing against your special place all night long," she continued as she pressed and rubbed my dick against her leg, "just constantly teasing you more and more until you just can't take it anymore." She kept her tease going as she spoke to me. She rubbed my dick more and more until I let out a moan and began leaking a bit of precum on her thigh. "That's what it felt like wearing this out there tonight," she said. "And here's a little secret for you," she said, getting right up close to my ear and whispering, "I squirted so hard when I came on that stage."

My eyes glazed over a bit, and my own primal instincts took over. I did the first thing that came to mind next, and cupped my hand around her crotch, she even spread her legs a bit to make it easier. I grabbed, and squeezed, and rubbed, listening for all her juices to squelch around ever so slightly.

"Yes... that's it, feel it... hear it." Every word she said had me feeling more and more tingly. It was bad enough that she was teasing me physically, but when her words were having the same effect... "You know... I made such a mess all over the inside of my latex," she said to me.

"I know..." I said. I don't know how I was able to even form words, but I at least got that out. "It's so hot."

"You know what would be even hotter?" She asked, looking me dead in the eye with this hungry look I've never seen in a woman before.

"What?"

"I think it would be so hot... and complete... if you made a mess all over the outside for me," she finished. "I want you to cover me in your cum. Do you think you can do that?" she said.

I didn't answer. How could I answer? I was completely speechless. The only thing I could do, without a word, was to do exactly what she wanted me too. With a smile on my face, and a hunger in my eyes, I pushed her down on the bed, and leapt onto her. In an animalistic frenzy, I placed myself down on top of her, a knee on each side, and began ravenously humping and grinding against her torso.

"Oh, yes, baby!" She cooed, "grind on me, do whatever you need to and drench me!"

"I will..." I groaned, "I will just for you. I wanna see you covered in it."

"Then cum for me!"

"I'm going to... I'm... I'm..."

I went silent for a moment as I pulled myself back a bit. I lost all control of myself and began firing rope after rope of thick, white cum all over her. With each shot I fired, long moans escaped my mouth. In a moment that seemed to last forever, I had painted her all over with my seed; her face, her torso, her crotch and thighs... everything was had some on it. And what wasn't covered, she took care of by spreading it around with her hands until little white droplets covered her entire body and outfit.

"Wow..." she said, totally flabbergasted as she looked at the mess I made. "You really did as your were told..."

"Heh... I know," I said, "and it felt really good."

"I'm glad."

Now that I was basically spent, and a lot quicker than I planned, I returned to my pants that were on the floor and pulled them back on. Pixxie got up off the bed and followed me, blotches of cum dripping down her chest and legs as she did.

"I hope this was as fun for you as it was for me," she said, sorta pushing me toward the door.

"It was, but... you're not kicking me out already?"

"I'm sorry. I wish I could let you stay, but we gotta be going very early in the morning."

"Damn."

"I know. But hey, keep updated on our concerts. Maybe I'll wear this outfit again, complete with the cum stains; wouldn't that be hot?"

"Holy fuck, it would be," I say. I get to the door and prepare to exit, a bit bummed that this was all ending so quickly. "I guess this is goodbye then..."

"Unfortunately," Pixxie said, "I would have loved to see what we could do if we had all night together."

"Me too..."

"Before you go, though," she said, skipping to the other side of the room and grabbing something from one of her bags. She hopped back over to me and handed me a card with a variety of info on it, "Here's a list of all my private, personal accounts. I only give these out to my closest friends. You can talk to me any time you want."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Just a little token of my appreciation. Maybe we'll meet again."

"I hope so. And hopefully in some more latex, too." I said with a wink.

"Oh, believe me, babe; after tonight, I'm gonna be wearing this a whole lot more."

With that, I left her suite and returned to my room. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't totally bummed out by how little time we had together, but it was all so unexpected, and I think several days passed before I was even able to fully comprehend what happened that night. The card she gave me was definitely real, though. We actually do message back and forth from time to time, and she certainly remembers me and keep the conversations going; and they get pretty naughty sometimes, too. I'm still waiting for the day we actually meet again, but for now, I'll just have to live with the memory and occasional messaging.