**1518 Marble Arch**

by[Evangeline](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=216685&page=submissions)©

I glanced down at the newspaper ad for the hundredth time, although the motion of the bus made it difficult to read.  
  
*Exotic Performers wanted for private Gentleman's Club. Newcomers welcome. Must be confident and outgoing.*  
  
The man on the phone had been pleasant enough, giving me directions and telling me which bus to take to the interview. Still, I couldn't calm the butterflies in my stomach. The bus rolled to a stop and for just a moment I considered getting off and just going home. But I turned my thoughts to the tuition bill sitting on my desk, and that was enough to keep me in my seat. I was desperate for a job.  
  
I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on the relaxation techniques my drama professor had taught us. But it wasn't working. I couldn't believe I was going to an interview for a position as an *Exotic Performer.* Well, at least it sounded better than *Pole Dancer.* I glanced out the window and realized that I was almost at my stop. I reached out and pressed the signal strip to alert the driver. The *Stop Requested* light went on, and I knew that now there was no turning back. As we pulled up to the bus shelter I took a deep breath, then made my way to the rear exit.  
  
It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the sunlight after the tinted windows of the bus. I rummaged around in my bag for the directions. I was in a very wealthy residential neighborhood, one that only had a bus stop so that the servants could get to work. I started walking, checking the street numbers as I went. The houses were far apart, all behind ornate iron gates. Finally, I found the right house, 1518 Marble Arch. *How pretentious,* I thought. *Naming the streets after London Underground stops.*  
  
I pressed the buzzer on the gate. "Yes?" A voice asked through the intercom.  
  
"I'm here to speak to Mr. Barnes," I said into the box.  
  
"Your name, please?"  
  
"Cynthia Garrett."  
  
"One moment."  
  
I stood there for a few moments, feeling uncomfortably like the hired help. I heard a metallic click, and the gates slowly drew open. I followed the driveway up to the front door of the house, a large stone and stucco Edwardian manse. Before I could reach for the ridiculous lion's head to knock, the door swung open, and an attractive man who appeared to be in his twenties ushered me in.  
  
"Mr. Barnes?" I asked, extending my hand.  
  
The man smiled and said, "No, I'm not Mr. Barnes. My name is Grant. Follow me, please." He turned on his heel, and I had no choice but to follow.  
  
He led me past the entry hall, with its polished marble floors, behind the grand staircase and down a long glass corridor. I glanced out the windows as we went and marveled at the large swimming pool and lush landscaping. At the end of the corridor was a door marked "Private". Grant punched in a code on a keypad next to the door, and I heard a click followed by a soft buzzing. He pushed open the door, then stood back so I could pass him.  
  
"Wait here, please," he said, as the door automatically locked behind him. I just stood there, battling the butterflies. Finally, Grant returned and said "Mr. Barnes will see you now."  
  
He led me to a door, and opened it for me. I heard it shut behind me. There was a huge mahogany desk, and behind it a muscular, bald man wearing wire-framed glasses. He was oddly attractive, and I guessed him to be in his mid-to-late fifties. He stood and extended his hand.  
  
"Cynthia," he said. "Pleased to meet you."  
  
"Mr. Barnes," I replied, shaking his hand.  
  
"Please, sit," he said, gesturing to a leather chair. "Did you bring a resume?"  
  
"Yes," I replied, handing it to him before settling into the soft chair.  
  
Mr. Barnes sat and silently studied my credentials, such as they were. "So you're a theater major at the University?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"And I see you have a background in dance."  
  
"Yes, I've been studying since I was three."  
  
"Forgive me, Cynthia. But that's a very prestigious private school you attended in New Orleans."  
  
"You've heard of it?"  
  
"Yes, of course. I also know that they are not prone to giving out scholarships, which would lead me to believe you come from a family of significant means."  
  
I studied the carved feet of the desk, embarrassed to be found out. "Yes, I do."  
  
"Well, may I ask why you're here, then? Surely your trust covers your expenses?"  
  
"Mr. Barnes," I sighed. "I really don't see what that has to do with my working here."  
  
"My dear, this is a very discreet, very exclusive club. I need to understand the motives of anyone who wants to perform here. I can't risk hiring the wrong people. So what are you doing here?"  
  
I took a deep breath and studied Mr. Barnes. There was a softness in his eyes, which made me feel safe. I decided to confide in him.  
  
"The truth is, my trust was set up in two parts. I get the first half when I turn twenty-five and the second half when I turn thirty-five. It's that way for everyone in my family, so we don't squander our resources while we are still impulsive teenagers."  
  
"That's sensible."  
  
"Yes, terribly. Well, my family had decided for me that I would attend Georgetown as an undergraduate, and Vanderbilt for law school."  
  
"But that's not what you wanted?"  
  
"No. I wanted to come out to California to study drama."  
  
"Not exactly respectable for a girl of your background, I take it?"  
  
"No," I smiled. "Not exactly. My parents said if I came to California, I'd have to pay my own way. So that's what I'm trying to do."  
  
"And why this job?"  
  
"I got fired from my waitress job."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"It's not a pretty story. Let's just say I have a low tolerance for those who don't know the difference between Riesling and Merlot."  
  
Mr. Barnes chuckled. "Well, you won't find that problem here."  
  
I smiled. For the first time I felt relaxed.  
  
"Do you understand what kind of club this is?" Mr. Barnes asked.  
  
"I believe so. It's an upscale strip club, right?"  
  
"Not exactly."  
  
"Well, what exactly?"  
  
"This is a private sex club."  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"A private sex club," Mr. Barnes repeated. "Extremely wealthy gentlemen come here to drink and scocialize and be entertained by lovely ladies performing public sex acts, either solo or with a partner."  
  
"I see," I said as I struggled to maintain my composure. "What kind of sex acts?"  
  
"Whatever they desire."  
  
"I see," I repeated.  
  
"One of our young ladies is partial to pleasuring herself with vegetables."  
  
"Vegetables?"  
  
"Yes, she's quite talented with an ear of corn. Another likes to be hogtied and spanked by her partner. Anything goes, really. Do you think you'd be able to be that kind of performer?"  
  
I took a deep breath and closed my eyes to think. There, etched across the back of my eyelids were the words "Tuition Due."  
  
"Yes," I said, as I slowly released my breath.  
  
"Excellent! I'll just need you to sign some papers and show me your proof of age."  
  
"Of course." I handed him my driver's license, and glanced over the papers he pushed across the desk at me.  
  
"Do you understand the contract?"  
  
"I think so. My employment is by your discretion, I'm guaranteed $100 per night, the house takes half my tips, and I am never to reveal any details about this club to anyone for any reason. What's this part about ‘private performances'?"  
  
"Occasionally, a member becomes quite enamored by a girl and requests a private performance. Whether or not to accept is up to you. You negotiate your own rate and the house takes half. You get your guaranteed $100 in cash at the end of each night, but your gratuities and private performance fees are all collected by the house and distributed at the end of the week. Understand?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Good. Please sign by the X."  
  
I signed my name and handed the papers back to Mr. Barnes, who returned my driver's license. "What next?"  
  
"Return here at six o'clock this evening. Grant will give you your tool kit, the cost of which will come out of your first week's gratuities."  
  
"My tool kit?"  
  
"Sex toys, dear. Can't have the girls sharing. Not sanitary, you know."  
  
"Oh, of course."  
  
"Take the time to come up with an act."  
  
"An act?"  
  
"Yes, an act. You're not going to just walk onstage and get yourself off. You need to come up with some kind of a gimmick. And a stage name as well." Mr. Barnes pressed the button on his intercom. "Grant. Will you please show Miss Garrett out?"  
  
"Yes, sir," came Grant's voice.  
  
"Cynthia, nice to have you aboard. We'll see you at six."  
  
"Yes, see you then."  
  
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At five-fifty-five I stood before the gates once again. I pressed the intercom button and announced myself, all the while fingering my leather satchel absentmindedly. The gates slowly opened, and I took my first steps into my new career. Before I reached the top of the steps, Grant had opened the door for me. Unlike this afternoon's casual dress, now he wore a dark suit and burgundy tie.  
  
"Welcome back, Miss Garrett."  
  
"Thank you, Grant. Please call me Cynthia."  
  
"Alright, Cynthia. If you'll follow me, I'll introduce you to Madeleine. She's our stage coordinator. You'll give her your stage name, your music choice, and the theme of your performance. She can also direct you to the dressing room and answer any of your questions."  
  
"Thank you." I said, following behind him. This time he led me up the staircase and to the right. He stopped at the first door to the right, holding it open for me. I stepped in to find a well-kept, middle-aged woman leaning on the edge of a desk, applying something with a make-up sponge to the back of a younger Asian woman who was clad only in a pair of demure white panties.  
  
"Yuka, honey, I keep telling you to stay out of the sun. This aloe should soothe your burn, but try to get one of the girls to rub some cocoa butter on you before you leave."  
  
"Thanks, Maddy. I'll do that. Hey, maybe I should get one of the girls to rub cocoa butter on me on stage!"  
  
"That's an idea! See if Cherise will do it. A six-foot black girl massaging a little Japanese cutie like you should really bring in the green."  
  
"Ooh! Fantastic! I'll ask her as soon as she gets here!" Yuka replied, taking the aloe and retreating through a door to the right of the desk.  
  
"Madeleine," Grant said. "This is Cynthia Garrett. She's starting tonight."  
  
"Cynthia! Welcome!" Madeleine greeted me, extending her hand. I took it, admiring her jewelry and perfectly polished nails. "Grant," She continued. "Will you bring Cynthia her kit, please?"  
  
"Of course," he replied, shutting the door behind him.  
  
"First thing's first," Madeleine began. "All the girls call me Maddy. Nobody else is allowed to, only my girls. Secondly, I'll need to know the stage name you want to use."  
  
I cleared my throat. "I've decided to go with SinDee."  
  
"Cindy?"  
  
"SinDee. S-I-N-D-E-E."  
  
Maddy smiled broadly. "I like it. Does it fit your act, though? What are you doing? What's your music?"  
  
I reached into the outer satchel and pulled out an old CD single. "Britney Spears," I said.  
  
"Okay. I'll have Chuck put this in a loop. What kind of costume did you bring?"  
  
I set the satchel down on the desk and unbuckled it. "I went to private school before I came out here. So I brought my uniform," I told her, pulling out the gray flannel vest and pleated skirt.  
  
"Excellent! Ooh, and your hair's nice and long, you should do braids."  
  
"Yes, I was planning on it."  
  
"Perfect. Is your pussy shaved?"  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"Your pussy. If you're going to do an act like this, you shouldn't have a hairy bush."  
  
"Um, I have a Brazilian."  
  
"Even better. Waxing lasts longer."  
  
At that moment, Grant returned carrying a large, deep leather briefcase.  
  
"Thank you, Sweetie!" Maddy said, taking it from him.  
  
"Always a pleasure," Grant replied on his way out the door.  
  
Maddy set the briefcase on the desk and snapped open the fasteners. She lifted the lid to reveal a wide variety of sex toys. There was a riding crop and several shapes of slappers held into the lid with clips. Maddy grasped a two small handles on either side and lifted out the tray to reveal even more toys and a large bottle of lubricant in the bottom section. There were a variety of butt plugs, dildos and vibrators, ranging in size from slim to huge. My gaze settled on a mammoth black realistic dildo.  
  
Maddy caught my gaze and said "That one has a suction base so you can ride it."  
  
I smiled at the thought of impaling myself on that massive toy. I was beginning to get aroused. "These are mine to keep?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, honey. The cost comes out of your first week's gratuities. We'll give you a locker to store your things, but should you choose to leave us the toys are yours to take home."  
  
"Wonderful," I smiled.  
  
Maddy smiled back. "I think you'll be just fine here, SinDee. Let me show you the dressing area."  
  
Maddy put the toys back in the briefcase and snapped the lid shut. I stuffed my uniform back into my satchel, and followed her through the same door Yuka had used. We were in a small hallway with two doors, one to the right and one to the left. Maddy grabbed the door handle to the left and led me into a traditional theater dressing room.  
  
"Girls," Maddy announced. "This is SinDee. She'll be joining the team starting tonight."  
  
"Hi SinDee," several voices said at once.  
  
"Hi," I replied.  
  
"Who'll mentor tonight?" Maddy asked.  
  
"I will," offered a tall, dark-haired woman in her thirties.  
  
"Thanks, Reggie," Maddy said, heading back out the door.  
  
"Hi SinDee, I'm Regina." She pronounced it ‘reg-EYE-nah', British style.  
  
"Clever name," I said. "Rhymes with…"  
  
"Exactly!" she replied with a laugh. "Let's get you a locker and get you changed into your gear."  
  
Regina led me down the rows of lighted make-up tables, through a door at the end of the room. The ‘locker room' was unlike any I had ever seen. There was soft carpeting, and the lockers were more like small pantries with wooden doors and sliding drawers at the bottom. Each one had a small metal frame on the door with a nametag slipped inside. We came to one without a name, and Regina pulled it open.  
  
"This one's empty," she said. "Make sure to put your name on it so you remember which one's yours the first couple of nights."  
  
"Thanks," I said, laying the tool kit in the bottom of the locker and resting my satchel on a wooden bench.  
  
"The showers are over there," Regina continued, gesturing over to the left. "The ones on the right are for cleanliness, the ones on the left are for show."  
  
"What does that mean?"  
  
"The ones on the left have two-way mirrors. Sometimes a member will want a private performance of you in the shower."  
  
The thought of someone watching me in the shower, looking as I lathered and caressed myself made me hot. "How often does that happen?" I asked.  
  
"More often than you think. You should probably get into your costume now. The new girls are usually towards the middle of the show. It gives you time to get comfortable, but not enough time to chicken out. When you're dressed, come find me in the dressing room."  
  
"I will. Thanks Regina."  
  
"Call me Reggie."  
  
I quickly undressed, and, for the first time in months, slipped into my school uniform. I'd always hated it, but now that it was a tool to earn some money, I loved it. I took off my thong and replaced it with white cotton panties. I pulled up the white knee socks, which had once been the bane of my existence, and slipped into my loafers. I stood in front of the mirror and smiled. This was going to be fun.  
  
I grabbed my make-up bag out of the satchel and headed off to find Reggie. She lit up when she saw me. "Oh, SinDee! You look awesome!" she gushed.  
  
"Thanks!" I said. "You look pretty amazing yourself."  
  
"Thanks hon." Reggie was wearing a tiara, and a long red fur cape over a white bikini. On the dressing table in front of her was a golden scepter.   
  
"Is that part of the act too?"  
  
"Sure is, doll. It vibrates and everything."  
  
"You're kidding?"  
  
"Nope. My husband's an assistant prop master at one of the studios. He can make just about anything."  
  
"You're married?"  
  
"Almost ten years."  
  
"And your husband knows you do this?"  
  
"Of course. He loves it. I make a ton of money off the books. We live on what he makes and we're going to retire on what I make."  
  
"Can you really make that much doing this?"  
  
"Honey, you have no idea."  
  
I sat at the make-up table, and began brushing my hair. I parted it in the middle and quickly wove it into two braids. I applied a light make-up, outlining my lips and applying a gloss to create a pouty look.  
  
"How do I look?" I asked Reggie.  
  
"Good enough to eat," she replied, slyly.   
  
I giggled, trying to get into a schoolgirl frame of mind.  
  
"It's time to go downstairs," Reggie said. "Where are your toys?"  
  
"I'll get them," I answered, shoving my make-up back in the bag and dashing back to my locker. I pulled a backpack out of my satchel, and opened the tool kit. I grabbed the bottle of lube, a beginner's butt plug, a slim vibrator, and the giant dildo with the suction cup bottom, and stuffed them into the backpack.  
  
"Ready," I said breathlessly to Reggie, back in the dressing room.  
  
"Then let's go!" Reggie grabbed her scepter, draped her cape around her regally, and started off on her impossibly high heels. She led me back into the hallway, and through the other door. We descended a curving staircase, which led to the backstage area.   
  
I could see Yuka already on stage, on her knees, her hair in a bun high on her head, her hand down her panties. There was a discarded kimono draped over a chair. She was undulating to the tune of "Sukiyaki." A tall, naked black woman strutted out on stage and knelt behind Yuka. She took a bottle of cocoa butter lotion and poured some into her hand. She rubbed her hands together, and began to massage the lotion into Yuka's back. Then her hands moved around to the front, cupping her breasts and pulling at her nipples. I couldn't see the audience, it was too dark, but I saw several small lights flick on around the room.  
  
"What's with the lights?" I asked Reggie.  
  
"That's how the members signal that they want to offer a gratuity. The servers go around with crystal bowls during each performance and collect the cash. That's how they keep track of who earns what. Yuka and Cherise will share the gratuities for this show."  
  
I glanced back at the stage to find that Yuka was now on her back and Cherise had pulled off her panties and was licking her pussy. Her fingers slid in and out of the petite Japanese girl as the ebony beauty worked her clit with her tongue. Lights flicked on all over the room. Yuka was writhing and moaning and pulling on her nipples. Cherise licked and sucked and pumped her fingers furiously, until Yuka finally came with a high-pitched squeal and a shudder. Cherise leaned over to kiss Yuka as the music faded out and the lights dimmed. There was murmuring and applause from the audience.   
  
Two men moved onto the stage to remove the props as Cherise helped Yuka up off the floor. The men brought out a table and chair in the darkness as the girls exited the stage.  
  
A man came up and tapped Regina on the shoulder. "You're up next, Reggie."  
  
"Thanks Chuck. This is SinDee. She's a novice this evening."  
  
"Yup, she's on right after you." Chuck turned in my direction. "What do you need in the way of a set?"  
  
"Just a table and chair."  
  
"That's it?"  
  
"Yup."  
  
"Okay. I've got your Britney Spears on a continuous loop. Just keep going until you come and we'll bring down the music. If you get nervous and can't come, just fake it."  
  
"Okay, thanks."  
  
Chuck left me, and a moment later the lights began to come up and the strains of "Salve Regina" began to play. Reggie strolled confidently out onto the stage and started her act. The music segued into "Jerusalem", and Reggie began to massage her pussy with her scepter. She pressed a small switch, and it began to vibrate. Reggie pressed her thighs together, holding the scepter in place, and reached up to unhook her bikini top. She tossed it onto the table and began to knead her breasts.

The tiara sparkled in the stage lights as she pulled and twisted her nipples. Lights began to flick on in the audience. She switched off the scepter and laid it on the table, slipping her fingers into the band of her bikini bottom. She slowly swayed her hips as she slipped the bottoms down to the floor, then crouched with her legs wide open to pick them up. She tossed them along side her top, then grabbed her scepter again. She flicked it on and let the head nuzzle her neatly trimmed mound. Her cape was still draped around her shoulders as she squatted there and her tiara still glittered.  
  
Reggie's juices were starting to coat the head of the scepter, when, without warning, she shoved it inside of her. I was amazed. The ball at the head had to be at least two inches in diameter. Reggie stood up, legs still spread. She slowly moved backward to the chair, where she sat with her pelvis tilted toward the audience. She grabbed the handle of the scepter and began to move it in and out. Lights flicked on all over the room. Reggie thrust the scepter inside herself, deep and hard, over and over. She licked her middle finger, and began to massage her clit as she reamed herself with the toy. A look of ecstasy crossed her face, and she began to buck upward off the chair. She pressed her knees together, and threw her head back. Amazingly, the tiara stayed in place as she came, shaking and moaning.  
  
The music faded and the lights dimmed. The applause was enthusiastic. The stage crew helped Reggie to her feet and she delicately pulled the scepter out of her pussy. One of the men handed her a towel, which she wrapped around her waist. She grabbed her bikini and slowly exited the stage.   
  
After a few minutes, I heard Britney Spears coming through the speakers, and it was finally my turn. As the lights came on I steeled myself and strutted out on stage in time to the beat. I tossed my backpack onto the table, and danced seductively in my schoolgirl uniform. I slowly unbuttoned my vest and slid it off, dropping it on the floor like a typical teenager. I tugged my blouse free of the waistband of my skirt, bouncing gently as I undid each button. When the last one was free, I slowly opened my blouse, exposing my sweet white bra. I saw lights begin to flick on. I tossed my blouse on top of my vest, and let my hands rest on my breasts. I played with my nipples through the thin fabric of the bra, until they were hard and poking through.  
  
I slipped my thumbs into the waistband of my skirt and drew it down across my dancing hips. I allowed it to drop to the floor and stepped out of it. I was in my bra and panties, my knee socks and loafers. I spread my legs and slid my hand down my panties and began to stroke my pussy. More lights came on around the room. I was completely turned on at the idea of all these men watching me. I slid my fingers inside myself. I was totally wet. I pulled my hand out of my panties and quickly unhooked my bra. My breasts bounced free in time to the music as I tossed it with my other clothes. I stepped out of my panties, and danced, legs spread, clad only in knee socks and loafers.  
  
I went to the table and opened my backpack, pulling out the vibrator. I switched it on and danced to the front of the stage. I spread my pussy lips and touched the glittering toy to my clit. The sensation was intense. More and more lights flicked on. These men were turned on watching me play with myself. I spread my legs and plunged the vibe into my pussy, fucking myself while I never stopped dancing. I moved back to the table and closed my legs, keeping the toy inside me. I pulled out the butt plug and coated it generously with the lube. I pulled out the vibe and switched it off, laying it on the table. I danced over to the chair, which I turned sideways.  
  
I spread my ass cheeks and placed the plug at my tight little sphincter. I leaned backwards, using the chair to push the plug into my ass. When it was finally in, I rocked back and forth, letting the chair help fuck me this way. I glanced out into the darkness and it seemed as if every table in the room had its light on. I wanted to give them all their money's worth. With the plug still in me, I returned to the table and brought out the monstrous black dildo. I heard a few gasps from the audience as I turned to show it to them. I coated it liberally with lube, then took it to the center of the stage. I pressed it down, until the suction cup held it firmly to the floor. I grabbed the vibe off the table and returned to the dildo. I spread my legs and knelt in front of it. I turned on the vibrator and began to work my clit. When I couldn't stand it any more, I moved forward and eased myself onto the huge dildo.  
  
I impaled myself repeatedly in time to the music. The feeling of this massive toy cock inside me, pressing on the butt plug, was incredible. I kept working my clit with the vibrator as I fucked myself on the toy. Finally, I dropped the vibe and began pumping furiously up and down on the cock. My braids were dangling in front of me as I supported myself on my arms, my tits bouncing furiously. I lost any awareness of the audience and I knew I was going to come. From somewhere deep inside me came a rush of cum which coated the dildo. I collapsed in a heap, shaking and crying out.  
  
I became aware of thunderous applause, and hands on me. I opened my eyes to find the stage crew helping me up. It was dark and Britney had stopped singing. As I made my way back stage, I heard Reggie's voice.  
  
"Here, sweetie. I'll help you get your plug out."  
  
I was close to delirious. "Reggie. How did I do?"  
  
Reggie chuckled. "I'm not worried about you at all, honey. You're a natural."