**A Solution to Money Troubles?**

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*Desperate for cash as well as revenge a woman discovers she can fix both at once.*

**A Solution to Money Troubles? Ch. 01**

As I turn off the ignition to my old car and stare through the rain-splattered windscreen at the unprepossessing door, I hesitate. Could I go through with this? It seems my stubbornness has painted me into a corner once again.  
  
It started a little over a month ago, with an argument with my now ex-boyfriend, over his ogling of my kid sister. Not for the first time. On this occasion, it backfired and bit me on the arse. Forgetting it was his flat, and that he paid most of the rent, I leapt down his throat. However, he was the one to chew me up and spit me out. Literally throwing me right onto the street, and leaving me stuck looking for a new place to live.  
  
I took the first place I could find, signing a six month lease, without checking if I could really afford it. The deposit and first month's rent had wiped out my savings, and I hoped, if I economised, I could make it to the end of the lease when I was due a substantial pay rise.  
  
However, with just two days before the next rent, I was still short. For the last two weeks, I'd wracked my brain for any idea how to make extra cash. My job requires me to study, so I had little free time for a part-time job. I had nothing of value to sell, except myself.  
  
Hence, I'm sitting in an almost deserted car park behind a strip club, an hour's drive from my hometown. Trying to build up my courage to go inside and take part in the monthly amateur night strip competition. First prize £500, which would be great, £250 as the second prize would be good, and the £100 for third would at least help.  
  
After what feels like an hour, but in reality was probably more like five minutes, of prevarication, I remembered the last piece of straw that broke the camel's back and pushed me here. I'd gone to my parents with my tail between my legs, prepared to beg for a hand out to tide me over. Instead, I found my sister there with my ex, telling my parents how they'd fallen in love and planned to live together. Under the circumstances, I held it together as well as I could, until my parents stuck up for her, yet again.  
  
My sister was born the day before my seventh birthday and had been a pain in my arse ever since. Growing up she constantly took and ruined my stuff and if I complained, I was always told I had to share. That included sharing birthday parties; and then when I was a teenager the last thing I wanted was a gang of children running around screaming. I loved ballet and gymnastics, but when my lessons clashed with whatever she wanted to do, it was always her choice that won out. Things I was punished for, she got away with. It was so unfair! So when my parents insisted I had to go to university I leapt at the chance to be away from her.  
  
Out from under her shadow, at last, I enjoyed it a lot. I left with good qualifications and a great boyfriend, or so I thought at the time. When my sister turned eighteen my parents tried to get me to reconnect with her, now that she was an adult. I wasn't having it until they ganged up on my boyfriend and persuaded him to let my sister come and visit us once a month. My boyfriend couldn't understand my reluctance and laughed it off.  
  
Now when I look back, I can't be sure she didn't plan to steal my boyfriend from the outset, or that he chose to ignore my objections just so he could ogle her. Admittedly, she was hot. She was a couple of inches shorter than me, but bubbly with big old double 'D's while I hover around a double 'B'.  
  
I don't remember exactly what I said to my parents, but it felt like years' worth of resentment fell from my mouth. Everyone looked stunned as if it came as a shock that I felt this way. That made it worse, and I stormed out of the house. It would have been more impressive if I didn't have to wait at the bus stop within sight of their home. When I saw a poster advertising the amateur strip night, I decided it would be the ultimate middle finger to my parents, my sister and my ex.  
  
So here I am, running across the car park to the back of the club, only to stand shivering for several minutes waiting for someone to answer the bell. Suddenly a very intimidating shaven headed bouncer opens the door in my face.  
  
"What do you want?"  
  
"I'm here for the competition." I blurt out and his pugnacious expression changes to a boyish smile. Checking his watch, he raises his eyebrows.  
  
"For fuck's sake luv. That doesn't start for over two hours..."  
  
"Sorry, the bus timing was crap. Can I come in?"  
  
"Sure!" I slip past as he opens the door all the way and step into a dingy corridor. "I'm Mike by the way." Closing the door and forcing home a bolt, he moves down the corridor and knocks on a door. "You decent in there?" He calls.  
  
"Piss off Mike, there's nothing in here you haven't already seen."  
  
"But we have a guest." He pushes open the door and I see a woman in her late fifties trying to hide her cigarette and ashtray. "You know the boss will have a fit if he knows you're smoking in here?" She gives me a once over and decides I'm not a smoker's narc and pulls the ashtray from the drawer with a cloud of smoke.  
  
"Don't worry I've handled the boss before." She mimes a handjob and gives a chesty laugh ending with a smokers cough. "You a new performer?" She asks me.  
  
"No, I'm just here for the competition tonight." She looks me over with more care.  
  
"You ever danced before?"  
  
"Yes, well no, not like this." She looks a little disappointed and shrugs before turning to Mike.  
  
"OK, muscles. Fuck off!"  
  
"Trish, where did you get such a filthy tongue!" He replies in mock shock and then grins."  
  
"Wouldn't you like to know? Now unless you want me to tell the boss you're sniffing the dancer's panties again, sod off." He holds his hands up in acquiescence, nods to me and leaves.  
  
"Actually, Mike is genuinely a nice guy, but you'd have to rip my arms off to get me to admit it to him. So, what's your story? Boyfriend put you up for this?"  
  
"No!" I exclaim a little too quickly. "OK, it's ... sort of. We broke up and I need cash and the chance to stick two fingers up at him and my family."  
  
"So I was right! There's always a guy. Stick the kettle on and we can talk."  
  
Trish turned out to be a really nice woman. She used to be a stripper but now was the house 'Mom'. Managed who worked and when, did hair, makeup. Broke up fights, which was a little worrying, and basically was 'God' in this room. As we sat drinking tea, it didn't take long for her to get me to tell her how I came to be here. As I finish my tale, Trish lights another cigarette, nodding, then changes the subject and asks about my dancing experience. I admit I've done ballet and gymnastics for years but had to give it up when my sister's classes clashed with mine. She asked if I'd signed up as she grabbed a clipboard from the wall. I'd called and said my name was Emily, my sister's name, and I saw the list only had one other name, so it seemed as if the 250 was guaranteed. Trish burst my bubble by explaining how most girls sign up on the night. Often requiring a few drinks to get up the courage.  
  
"You got your own costume? Or do you need to borrow something?" She asks.  
  
"Yes" I grabbed it from my bag and it didn't seem much. It was my old leotard I used for Ballet and Gymnastics, which was stretchy enough to still fit my bust, now larger than when I'd last worn it.  
  
When I tried it on last night, it seemed like a good idea at first, it was tight, but I wasn't sure if it was sexy enough. Therefore, I'd spend most of last night removing the lining. I could just see the outline of areola through the plain white material and the tips of my nipples pressing through the thin cloth. Without the lining, it also highlighted that I needed to trim my pubic area. Locking myself in the bathroom, I wasn't sure what was expected. A simple tidy up, a shape, a Brazilian? Once I started, I couldn't get it even and ended up taking all the hair off. When I tried on the leotard it produced a serious camel toe. I'd finished the costume off with a faux Tutu made out of pink netting. It was more an affectation, as tying the elastic around my waist; it covered neither my crotch nor my bum.  
  
Showing it to Trish I felt doubt, as she didn't look convinced.  
  
"What about underwear?" She asked.  
  
"What do you mean?" I replied flustered. "I thought it was stripping, like all the way?"  
  
"No, well, not quite. Club rules state your labia must be covered at all times on stage or in the public areas." She reached into a cardboard box near her, rummaged around, pulled out a clear plastic packet, and tossed it over. I tore it open to find the smallest thong I'd ever seen made of the thinnest, cheapest material. "Keep it, we buy them in bulk as you can see." she kicked the box. "I suppose, as we've mentioned the rules, we'd better do the paperwork."  
  
She handed over another clipboard full of rules, a legal declaration, and a signature line. I hesitated and Trish noticed.  
  
"Don't worry we never use your real name. You have to sign off you agree to the full club rules, even if you only dance once. There are only two that really apply. First is the lady lips we've already mentioned and the other is, have you ever been a professional dancer before?"  
  
"No... Oh wait, I got paid 20 for dancing in the background of a friend's homemade music video. Does that count?" She laughed her husky chuckle.  
  
"No, I think we can ignore that." I signed the form and handed it back, then she turned it over to show more questions. "Do you want to stick with Emily?" I nodded and she used a marker to write on the form. "Let's say you're a 19-year-old student. That always goes down well. Wants to be a vet and loves strong silent men. The routine is normally four to five minutes long. Just remember you should be topless for at least half of that and don't wait until the last second to get the bottom half off. " She hands the form back. "Put in what music you want and any special instructions. The DJ is a wiz; if you want lighting cues put them down as well."  
  
She took the completed form and left me alone, so I grabbed the chance to change. It felt weird taking all my clothes off and I quickly slipped on the thong. As expected it was tiny and quite tricky to cover up the necessary. Worrying my dance moves might cause a problem, I put one leg over the back of Trish's chair and I saw my labia were bulging to one side with the thong barely covering me. I'd just have to be super careful.  
  
I put the leotard on and was slipping on my jeans when Trish came back followed by three other women. After introductions and reassurances, I wasn't looking for a job; I was put to work making teas and coffees. It was a little strange; it was just like any other workplace - small talk about their lives, family and friends, in-jokes and teasing; except it all happened while they got naked and Trish worked on their hair and makeup.  
  
It was like a production line - as each woman was finished, she'd dress and another would take the chair. I helped as much as I could until, eventually, Trish and I were alone.  
  
"Your turn." I glanced at the clock and realised a couple of hours had passed and I would be performing soon. My nervousness came back as she applied my makeup.  
  
"Relax. It's simple really; otherwise, none of these girls could do it. Oh and..."  
  
"What?"  
  
"I was going to say avoid the poles. Way too easy to injure yourself if you don't know what you're doing. However, with your ballet background, I'm sure you can handle it. Ok finishing touches. Pull your top down a second." Embarrassed, I did as she asked and she looked closely at my breasts for a long moment. I could feel myself blushing.  
  
"What? They're not too small are they?"  
  
"No, not at all. Trust me, no matter what a guy says, they don't care how big or small you are as long as they can get their hands on them. I wish I'd left mine natural. You just need a little colour." Taking a brush, she applied a little rouge to my areolas and I was embarrassed how quickly my nipples turned into bullets.  
  
There was a knock at the door and I struggled to pull my top up, which was ridiculous as I was about to strip any minute. Mike poked his head in and gestured to me. Showtime!  
  
Following him down the corridor, I took to my points (my tiptoes) and a stab of pain shot through my feet. It had been years since I'd tried that and my nervousness doubled. Mike held a door open for me at the top of a short flight of stairs, and as I passed through I realised I was already on the stage. The lights were low and there were shiny floor to ceiling poles on either side of the stage. The DJ started to introduce me and the lights started to come up, so I quickly moved onto the starting position. The audience members were just vague silhouettes behind the bright lights and that was a relief.  
  
The music started and I began my ballet routine. I knew almost instantly I'd made a mistake. Graceful pirouettes and leaps weren't what these men wanted. My landings were poor and would have earned sharp criticism from my old teachers. Once, I almost stumbled and reflexively grasped the nearest pole. My ankle twisted and I fell, but I managed to turn the momentum into a spin around the pole. I was rather proud of my recovery and turned it into a move that left me balancing on one point with my other leg curled up, nearly touching the back of my head. That got a smattering of applause and gave me a little more confidence.  
  
Moving to the back of the stage, I faced away from the audience. I began with my arms above my head, then I lowered them gracefully, out until they were parallel with my shoulders and then to my side. Bending my arms, I brought them up my body until they reached my shoulders, where I snaked my fingertips through the armholes of the leotard. I relied on the stretchiness of the material to allow my arms to pull through as I slowly extended my arms over my head again. As expected the leotard's released tension pulled it down to expose my breasts.  
  
Arching my back and bending my knees I launched into a backward handstand and balanced on my hands. This at least produced some cheers and applause, but I suspected it was prompted by the exposure of my breasts, not my gymnastic ability. My balance faltered and I had to twist my hips and turn, and ended up sitting on the stage, with one foot facing the audience and the other, bent at the knee, out at 90 degrees. My gymnastics training kicked in - "Always finish with a flourish!" - it covered my mistakes. Smiling, I pointed my hands to the ceiling as more applause and even wolf whistles came my way. This close to the front of the stage I could finally make out some of the audience. There were far more people than I'd expected. A jolt of fear and excitement passed through me. I'd hardly thought about how many men were watching me now. I'd done recitals and shows with my ballet classes so an audience wasn't a new thing. Except I'd never been half-naked in front of a room full of horny men. It excited me.  
  
Rolling onto my stomach, I faced away from the audience and lifted my shoulders up like a press up. Then keeping my legs stiff, I bent at the waist using my stomach and shoulder muscles to drag my toes towards my hands. This pointed my bum at the audience, which gained another cheer, but that wasn't the end of the move. I dug deeper and drew on my full strength. I adjusted my balance and lifted my feet into the air. Slowly, concentrating on my balance, I pulled into a handstand, with my legs wide apart. I ended up doing the splits upside down.  
  
This garnered whooping from the audience and lots of applause. I could feel the blood rushing to my face and it wasn't just from this position, but also from how exposed I felt. I'm sure my gymnastics teacher never expected me to expose my crotch like this to a room full of strangers when he taught me this move. A stab of panic hit, that they may not all have been strangers. What if there was somebody out there that knew me?  
  
Dropping into a forward roll, I gracefully returned to my feet and struck a pose with both hands behind my head. This was the cue to the DJ and the music changed seamlessly to West Side Story.  
  
I was just improvising now, with an exaggerated thrust of my hip as I turned, and moved around the stage. Hooking my thumbs into the leotard, I worked it down my hips. Worrying I was running out of time, I stopped at the front of the stage, with my back to the audience, bent as if to touch my toes, and took down the leotard and faux tutu in one go. With my bum to the audience, I got my greatest cheer yet and had to glance between my legs to check I'd not accidentally removed the thong.  
  
Standing with another flourish, I turned to face the audience. Now I could see someone standing close to the stage, less than six feet from me. The men in the audience looked old enough to be my father. A rush of adrenaline shot through me. I was now dressed only in a thong, barely enough material to blow my nose with.  
  
I noticed the DJ signalling 30 seconds left. Therefore, I moved to one of the poles and placed the instep of one foot against the base, gripped it, and slid my other foot up the pole until I was doing a vertical split against the pole. I then leaned back so my body was parallel with the floor which pushed my crotch against the pole. The cold metal suddenly reminded me of the folly of this move with such a tiny covering.  
  
With only seconds remaining, I released the pole, fell into a forward roll and cart wheeled once to finish at the front of the stage. On my knees, back arched and head back. The applause and cheering were deafening. It sounded like there were hundreds of people here. My heart was beating far faster than the exertions of the dance required. I was burning with excitement. I may have only done this as a last ditch attempt to earn some money and get back at my family and ex who'd collectively pushed me into this. Right at that moment, I didn't care about that; I'd basked in the feeling of having so many men want me. I don't think I had ever felt so alive.  
  
Opening my eyes, I was jolted back to reality. I saw the entire front of the stage crowded by men. They were standing hardly more than an arm's length away from me. Their anonymity vanished, I looked along the line to see if there was anyone I knew but stopped as I heard one say.  
  
"Would you look at that?" His eyes were glued to my crotch and I looked down to see one of my labia hanging out of the side of the thong.  
  
Panicking I snapped my knees together and jumped up. I saw Mike standing at the open door off stage and I snatched up my costume and ran off stage, waving over my shoulder at the audience. As I rushed past him and down the stairs, he closed the door and the sound of my applause diminished. I was breathless and tingling all over.  
  
"Quite a rush the first time." He stated, coming downstairs grinning. He wasn't my type, not even remotely handsome, but right at the moment, I wanted to jump him and have him fuck me against the wall. "You could do with sorting that out." He pointed to my thong and it broke the spell.  
  
"Sorry!" I replied, blushing and tried to adjust it. Not without giving Mike an eyeful.  
  
"It's OK, happens all the time. Nobody really minds on amateur night. Probably why we get bigger crowds. Better get dressed though."  
  
That's like a splash of cold water that brought home the reality that I was virtually naked in a corridor in front of a guy I don't know, and that at any moment more people might appear. Struggling back into my leotard, I noticed the elastic around the neck is ruined. Mike says  
  
"You know when I saw you in that ballet get up, I thought it was a mistake. But damn girl you got moves. And a bangin' figure." It was crude, but the nicest compliment I'd had in ages. If I'd not been half-naked, I might have kissed him. "Now you wait in the office with the other girls who took part." He opens the door as I finished dressing. "Once everyone has finished, you all go on stage to hear the winners announced."

Behind the desk was another woman who looked up from her phone for a moment, nodded, and then returned to her texting. She had spiked her hair in a punkish style and had on a leather jacket with a bikini underneath. Sitting on a settee opposite the desk I heard the music start for the next dancer, but could not hear if she was getting a response from the audience.  
  
When the music stopped, I expected her to come off. Instead, a couple of minutes later another track came on. This time when it ended a pair of giggly girls burst in. One in the ubiquitous Catholic schoolgirl costume and the other sporting a cane. I realised the last girl was a slutty teacher. From the red welt on her leg, it looked like she's accidentally hit herself with the cane during her act. Both were about nineteen and a little overweight, it was obvious both had been drinking as they laughed over the mark on the leg.  
  
After the music started again Mike poked his head into the room to tell us to get ready, as this was the last performer.  
  
We queued on the stairs and moments after the music ended, we hurried on stage. Whilst we lined up, I instantly I felt sorry for the last girl as she struggled back into her clothes. I'm ashamed to admit I was glad to see she was both fat and very drunk. She was arguing with some of the crowd who were shouting abuse at her. Therefore, it looked like it was just the four of us in the running. The teacher came third, I suspect as compensation for the nasty welt she'd inflicted on herself. OK, fifty-fifty, but I came second. The punk girl won. OK, not great, but £250 is better than nothing.  
  
We waited outside another office as the punk went in. Only moments later we heard shouting and swearing and she retreated from the room before the looming Mike. She was shouting at someone in the room.  
  
"Please just leave quietly miss," Mike spoke calmly.  
  
"Fuck off and leave me alone you wanker!" She almost spat in his face. I was standing behind him and saw his muscles bulge. I think the girl saw it too and backed off a little.  
  
"I only ask politely once." He pointed to the door and she yelled her last expletive and stormed off.  
  
I stepped into the office to find a tanned middle age man behind the desk. Suddenly it reminded me of the one time I'd been sent to the headmaster for misbehaving. Dressed as he was didn't help. He slipped a sheath of paper across to me, without looking at my face. Something about the guy creeped me out.  
  
"What's this?"  
  
"A contract. I presume you're after a job?" He finally looked me in the eye.  
  
"No! I just wanted to try it once." I pushed the papers back and enjoyed the look of surprise on his face. He pulled a wad of notes from his pocket.  
  
"I saw your act. To be honest I thought it was crap..." Instantly my dislike this man solidified and I would have left until he started counting out five fifty pound notes. "However, within a month, with some training and pointers from my people, you could be one of the best paid dancers here."  
  
"No thank you," I replied with a little edge to my answer and started to reach for the money. He dropped a business card on top.  
  
"Just in case." I took it just to be polite. Never be rude to someone paying you. Damn my parents and my good upbringing.  
  
Back in the dressing room, I pulled my street clothes over my costume. "What happened with the other dancer?" I asked Trish and the other two dancers on a break.  
  
"Wasn't it obvious? She was a pro. I could tell from the moment she phoned up."  
  
"So why let her dance?" I noticed a look of disappointment on her face as if I'd just said something stupid. Then it fell into place. "Oh! I get it. Let her give a professional dance and you don't have to pay her. But why let her win?"  
  
"Don't get me wrong dear, but even that drunken rabble out there..." She gestured to the front of the club and the ash fell from her cigarette. "Could tell a fix if she'd not won. This way "His Nibs" next door has happy punters and saves five hundred quid. I take it he gave you his card?" I nodded and she gestured I should hand it over and she added a number to the back. "If you ever feel tempted to call him, phone me first. At the very least, I can tell you how to avoid being ripped off. But call me any time; I get bored sitting here by myself most nights."  
  
Taking back the card, I reached down to hug her. I was touched she cared that much about a stranger. Thanking her and the other dancers I left, slightly disappointed I'd not seen Mike on the way out.  
  
In the car park, I noticed the other dancer smoking a cigarette in the car next to mine and as I approached she called through the open windows.  
  
"Did they rip you off too?"  
  
"No." I couldn't think what else to say and jumped as she hit the steering wheel.  
  
"Fuck! The other girls told me not to try it. Do you think he'll do it? Call my boss and get me sacked?"  
  
"I doubt it," I replied for support. Not that anything to back that up. "I think that would just be to make sure you didn't cause trouble"  
  
"It's only that which stopped me keying every car in this car park, just to make sure I got that bastard's car. Well except yours. It's obvious that heap of junk isn't the owner's." with that she threw her cigarette out of the window and drove off.  
  
I stopped only to squander a precious £10 on a bottle of wine and a giant bag of maltesers on the way home. I drove home trying to figure out how to make it through the next five months.

**A Solution to Money Troubles? Ch. 02**

When I got home after winning second place in an amateur stripper competition to get the money to pay my rent, I sat on my bed with a glass of wine.  
  
It wasn't until after I'd signed my lease did I realise I was tied in for six months. Pulling out the diary my dad still gives me for Christmas every year, he'd never taken to electronics, I turn to the only page I use. At the back is a year at a glance page, and I tried to figure how I'd last five months. If I can get to Christmas I might make it. The last couple of years the Christmas bonus was a little over a thousand and that would see me through, but until then there were a few bumps on the way. I could avoid using the car and take the bus and walk to work. Stop buying store coffee and take sandwiches to work, but my car insurance and tax were due before then. I suppose I could take the hit and try and fit them on my credit card. The last fly in the ointment was my cousin's wedding in a month. I was expected to go to Weston Super Mare for the weekend.  
  
The phone call to my parents to pull out was only partially successful. After a typical fight over why I had to go and my sister did not, we settled on a compromise. My parents would pay my train fare and they'd change their room to a family room so I could stay with them. Not what a twenty five year old wants to hear. But as usual, I gave into to my mother's emotional blackmail and agreed to go. The only concession I earned was she agreed to lend me some of her better jewellery.  
  
The train trip with my parents on Friday afternoon to Weston was long and uneventful. Only when I got there, I found I was expected to attend my cousin's hen that night. Which would be awkward, as I'd not spent any time with her since we were kids. My mother buys me off by lending me one of her nicer pairs of earrings.  
  
The weather plays to my advantage as everyone was due to meet in our hotel bar and once they get here they didn't want to leave. Because I knew no one but my cousin and everyone wanted to talk to her, I accept the role of ordering the drinks.  
  
It was on one of the many trips to the bar whilst I was waiting for my change, a middle aged guy in a suit came to stand next to me and order drinks. He was standing a little close and seemed to be checking me out.  
  
"Nice earrings." He said. I knew that, but didn't want to be hit on by a businessman like some hooker at the bar. I'm about to tell him I'm not interested, only for him to add. "I bought a pair very similar for my wife's anniversary. She's over there..." He points to a table by the window and I see a rather elegant woman. She looks slightly familiar. "It's our anniversary today actually." He hands over a note to the barman and refuses the change and nods politely to me and moves off.  
  
For some stupid reason, the bar doesn't have a tray so I'm stuck ferrying drinks two at a time to the hen party on the other side of the room. Returning to get the last two drinks, except my own. I grab a napkin to dry my hands. Someone had knocked my hands as I was putting down the last drinks and my hands were sticky with beer. A familiar voice from behind startled me.  
  
"Hello, Kelly, fancy meeting you here..." Turning to see Hilary McKay, one of my company's most important clients. A tough businesswoman, who usually got what she wanted. She had my boss wrapped around her little finger and by all those who worked for her, thought she was a Bitch. With a capital 'B'.  
  
"Hello, Hillary." I caught a moments tightening around the eyes at that familiarity. She was rather uptight at work that we keep our positions straight, but I'd not put up with that here. "What takes you so far from London?"  
  
"My anniversary. My husband's idea of a romantic weekend. Why he couldn't choose Paris, I've no idea. At least there are things to do and see there."  
  
"I thought the idea of a romantic weekend was more about the person you're with?" I said it without thinking. Her expression hardens and I try to find a quick way to defuse it. Instead, she moved on.  
  
"What brings you to the wilds of Somerset?"  
  
"Family wedding..." I nod over to the hen party and reach for the drinks. "You'd never see me here normally."  
  
"Why? You seem to pop up in all sorts of strange places." The booze in my stomach turns to lead. The way she said it rang like a tolling bell of doom.  
  
"What do you mean?" I ask, and cannot help notice the brittleness of my voice.  
  
"Don't be coy. Last month ago at a little club I know..." From the look eyes I know I've no chance of bluffing. She was a brilliant negotiator and my half dozen vodka and cokes rob me of any clever deceptions. "Not that I normally go there, but occasionally I have clients who like that sort of thing and I've known the owner for years. I helped him start up his business." My mouth went completely dry and like an automaton, I pick of the other drinks and took them to the table.  
  
As I walk back I see she's leaning back against the bar with a knowing look on her face. The few seconds respite hasn't given me a brilliant insight to get out of this.  
  
"What would your boss do if he found out?" Damn, if only I'd held my tongue. Not tried to be clever and join in her verbal fencing. I thought I knew what he'd do, either sack me or, worse, become even creepier and pester me. Assuming, wrongly, why I'd done it. I stood up straight and was pleased to see, even in her high heels I had at least three inches taller than her. In my most confident voice, I reply.  
  
"I've no idea what you're talking about..." Her smile widens fractionally and cracks appear in my confidence. "And whatever you might say, I'd deny. It would be your word against mine." Hurriedly I reviewed if anything could link to me. I'd used a friends phone to call the club, used a false name and my signature was legible and entirely different to my own. Only Trish had seen my ID and I felt I could trust her.  
  
"True, except, not only am I one of your company's largest accounts and my word carries more weight. You also forget I know the owner. One phone call and I'm sure I can get a copy of his CCTV footage for your boss to let him decide if it's you or not?" Defeated my shoulders slump.  
  
"I split up with my boyfriend and couldn't afford the rent in my new place and..."  
  
"I don't want your life story Kelly." She turns to the bar take a sip of her drink. Catching my eyes in the mirror behind the bar she asks.  
  
"How much did you earn?" Opening my mouth to reply, but she interrupts. "How much did you earn for parading naked in front of a roomful of men?"  
  
"250" I blurt out before she could turn the knife any more. She nods thoughtfully and I down half my drink to drown out the humiliation. After perhaps half a minute with no reply, I turn to return to the hen party. Not that I was in the mood now.  
  
"I have a proposition for you." Not wanting to, I stop and look back. She turns and rests both elbows on the bar, resting against it. "My husband bought me these gaudy, but expensive earrings and paid for this trip. My gift to him was rather paltry in comparison. I might pay 250 for a private performance to spice up our romantic weekend."  
  
I want to tell her to fuck off. But, damn! She had me over a barrel, metaphorically. She wasn't a person to cross and had destroyed people's businesses on a whim. To her the money was nothing, but to me, it would give me breathing room on my expenses. She'd have no qualms ruining my life just for the fun of it. To make matters worse I'd been thinking about it ever since. I'd been suffering, if that's the right expression, from erotic dreams about it. But even if you threatened to pull out my fingernails, I'd never admit that to her. The idea of being the object of desire and the guy being unable to do anything. Gave me the power, it gave me a rush of, well to be honest a rush of sexual excitement. Perhaps it was withdrawal symptoms from no longer having a boyfriend. I was horny at the touch of a button and the button in question had been pressed often in the last weeks thinking about teasing men beyond control.  
  
Looking her in the eye, she must have sensed my capitulation.  
  
"I've changed my mind..." I'm not sure if it was the mental image of the money disappearing or the opportunity to explore this new kink of my psyche.  
  
"What?" I ask alarmed.  
  
"As this would primarily about my husband..." That triggers a random memory, a comment from one of the other girls at work, that Hillary was either gay or bi. "I think we should perform together. If we stripped each other I think my husband would appreciate it more." The word 'perform' bothered me, but I managed to ask.  
  
"Would it be the same as the club with..." I glance down at her crotch and she picks up on it.  
  
"I don't think those rules apply..." She moved in close to me and added. "We'd both be entirely naked at the end."  
  
"And then?"  
  
"What? Oh, I see. Don't worry you wouldn't be expected to do anything with my husband. I'd cut his balls off if he tried it. He'd not touch you," That was a relief.  
  
"I notice you don't say you won't touch me?" I'm not entirely clueless to her word games. Her expression flickers then settles on amused.  
  
"How would you expect me to take your clothes off without some touching?" She had a point, but I knew her.  
  
"Is that it?"  
  
"Well, I suppose we might press up against each other. I'm sure my husband would expect us to kiss. Maybe caress a buttock or breast." She moves in so she's only a couple of inches from me.  
  
"Nothing more..." I struggle for a word. "Invasive?"  
  
"Not if you don't want to."  
  
"500!" I reply moving back to give us more space. She smiles, enjoying that not all of the fight has gone out of me.  
  
"I'll go as high as 400, but you know you'll do it, whatever I pay. Room 420, wait in the bathroom and we'll be there in twenty minutes." She puts her room card on the bar and turns without another word returns to her husband. God, I hate her.  
  
Glancing over at the hen party, I know they'll not miss me. I down the rest of my drink and snatch up the card and head to the toilet. Hillary and her husband are in an animated conversation and don't see me. As I close the cubicle door I'm conflicted and angry. Angry it had to be Hillary of all people to have discovered my secret. I literally could not think of a simple person worse in the world. I was also angry with myself, that the idea of getting naked again would excite me. Hiking my shirt up and yanking down damp crotch knickers. They were physical evidence of it.  
  
If you'd have told me a few months ago I'd strip naked in front of strange men, I'd have scoffed and been appalled. Now, having experienced the rush of exposing myself to a room full of men. The thrill of being an object of desire that they just can't have. Only this time without the barrier of the stage. This time we'd be within touching distance, he could see every inch of my body and be unable to do anything about it.  
  
After peeing I dabbed myself dry, which was going be a losing battle, and dressed. Washing my hands I check myself in the mirror. I look good and while not dressed super sexy, I still looked pretty nice. Checking my phone on reflex I realise I've only ten minutes to get upstairs.  
  
It felt a little weird in the lift going to another person's room. Opening the door and putting the key card in the slot to turn on the lights I'd delighted to see their room is hardly different from the one I shared with my parents downstairs. I cannot help noticing her toiletries are the most expensive as I fold a towel and sit on it on the edge of the bath to wait.  
  
The sound of the door opening pulls me from my excited anticipation. A male voice says.  
  
"You left the lights on."  
  
"Sorry, but at least you're not paying the bill."  
  
"Fine, I just need the loo..."  
  
"Me first!" Hillary steps into the bathroom and smiles seeing me sitting there. "Why don't you turn on some nice music?" She calls through the closed door. "You ready?" She mouthed more than said. The sound of Jazz came through the door and I replied.  
  
"Yes." Trying to cover my excitement by sounding resentful. I've no idea if it works as I stand and followed her from the room.  
  
Her husband had his back to us standing next to the bed, taking his jacket off.  
  
"That was quick." He starts removing his tie and turns to face us, a look of shocked confusion covers his face.  
  
"I felt bad about how my gift to you was so paltry. So when I met Kelly and remembered her dancing skills, I thought you might like a little show." His confusion turns to a shit eating grin. "From both of us actually. Sit and you can look but not touch."  
  
I can see his disappointment as he sat and resigned himself to reality. Hillary reaches up and puts her hand behind my head and pulls my face towards hers, then checks her husband is watching, kisses me.  
  
"Good God!" He exclaims.  
  
"Oh, it gets better yet!" Hillary replies and slips behind me and starts to unbutton my blouse from the bottom up. Her husband's eyes light up, but I thought just undressing was a little boring. So I put my arms above my head and twisted a hip to take a pose as Hillary's hands grazed over my bust and opened the last button.  
  
Before she can open or reveal myself further to her husband, I twist around, place a hand on her shoulder and pirouetted on one foot to move behind her. She stumbles forward a little caught off balance by my move. Standing up against her back, one arm over her shoulder and another came around her from her waist to meet together of the topmost button of her blouse. It popped open easily as did the next and the next. When I finish I grasp the silky cloth and pull it back to reveal her bra-clad breasts to her husband. The expression on his face is as is he's never seen them before. Hillary turns and slips her blouse off.  
  
I have to admit a little jealousy that her breasts are far fuller than mine and her bra is far nicer. She pulls me into a hug and we both look at her husband's expression of delight, she kisses me again and I find myself kissing back, just for the show of course. My blouse falls from my shoulders as Hillary pushes it off.  
  
As she pulls back I realise she's already unsnapped my bra as she draws it from my shoulder.  
  
"Wonderful!" Exclaims her husband from the bed and I feel better about my smaller offering. She drops the bra and stands in front of her husband and I step close behind, only to notice it's a front fastening bra. I reach around tentatively to find the fastening and her hand's capture mine and pull them up over her breasts, giving them a little squeeze first. As I release the catch, the elastic of her bra pulls back and her hands tighten over mine. Drawing my hands over her breasts and hard nipples as she pulls my hands to expose her breasts to her husband and myself.  
  
This time, when she turns to hug me, naked breast to naked, it was different. Her hard nipples press against the underside of my breasts. Part way through the kiss I feel her hand slip up my side and capture a breast. When she pulls back from the kiss, she left her hand on my breast and turns to her husband.  
  
"Enjoying your gift?" He grins and nods.  
  
"Which do you prefer, these..." She jiggled my breast. "Or..." she took my hand and holds it to her breast. I jiggled it, but with less enthusiasm.  
  
"I'm not an idiot Hillary. I know a trick question. Yours, always yours. No offense Kelly, but no matter how lovely your boobs are, I have to choose my wife."  
  
"Thanks, lover, I don't believe you, but thanks. However, we're not finished yet.  
  
She drops to her knees and my skirt drops to the floor a few moments later. I'm intensely aware of my arousal and I could tell Hillary, with her nose closer to my crotch, would smell it. I expect to remove her tailored trousers next, but instead, it seems Hillary is in a hurry to get me naked. Her fingers hook into the waistband of my knickers and start to slip them down, and then she stops.  
  
"Turn around..." I feel a little confused. Was she playing it out for time, to tease her husband or.  
  
"And bend over." Ok, now I know what she's up to. This is further than I'd gone on stage and I have doubts. It doesn't stop me bending over with my bum pointing at her husband and Hillary between us. She peels the back my knickers slowly down exposing my arse and more to both of them. It's impossible not to notice how the material has stuck to my pussy.  
  
Stepping out of them I turned and faced the pair naked. Hillary reaches out and runs a hand up the back of my leg, pulling me closer and stopping to cup my bum.  
  
"I've always wondered what it would be like if I shaved completely. What do you think my love?"  
  
"It's pretty."  
  
"I agree, and I can see some advantages. For some things in particular." Before I know what was happening she leans in and places a kiss directly on my mons. I step back shocked, that was definitely outside our agreement.  
  
"Except its hell when it starts to grow back," I reply and I think Hillary realises she's crossed a line and replies.  
  
"Perhaps not then."  
  
I pull her to her feet and she touches my shoulder to indicate I should kneel. Her hands behind her back and I hear the zipper of her trousers. The pair of us tugs on her trousers and they ease over her thick hips, and then fall to her ankles. She might be a little heavy in the thighs but had exquisitely sexy knickers. Hardly surprising, I suppose, as it is her anniversary.  
  
Hillary puts her hand, on the top of my head, to steady herself as she stepped out of her trousers.  
  
"I'm bought these especially for you, not expecting I'd have a larger audience."  
  
"They are breathtaking my love." Her husband replies.  
  
"After so many years it's hard to find something special to please you."  
  
"You have excelled yourself tonight. In so many ways." The pair are grinning at me.  
  
I know what to do and cannot delay it longer, so I reach for the thin waistband of her knickers. They slip over her hips exposing a neatly done Brazilian, and again she puts her hand on my head to steady herself as she steps from them.  
  
This time however, she does not let go immediately.  
  
"Not as tidy as yours I'm sure." I feel a pressure, pulling me closer, but I tense and after a moment she concedes that I'll not repeat what she did to me. Instead, she pulls me to my feet and we fall into another embrace. Hillary reaches down and hooks my knee up so my leg wraps around her and I feel her thigh pressing against my pussy and we kissed.  
  
Gentle applause from the husband broke our kiss and I figure the show is over.  
  
"Bravo ladies. Thank you both very much." he's standing and his erection is tenting the front of his pants.  
  
"I think you're a little overdressed now dear." Hillary steps up to her husband and starts unbuttoning his shirt and he finishes taking off his tie. That seems like my cue to leave. Instead, Hillary asked for my help.  
  
This wasn't what we'd agreed and I'm tempted to leave, but I'd not been paid and the threat to my job still hangs over me. She nods to his pants, ignoring my scowl in reply. Trying to avoid touching his erection, I pull his trousers down. His silk boxers do nothing to hide his hard dick. Not too long, but fatter than and I've ever seen in person. Not that I'd see too many this closely.  
  
Chickened out I remove his shoes and socks and let Hillary handle the boxers. I sit back on my heels while she does and hmms in her throat as she sees it. Unlike Hillary, who looks after her figure, her husband doesn't. Spindly legs topped with a paunch, that I evilly think he's not seen his knob for years.  
  
It doesn't put off Hillary as she grasps the base possessively and plants a kiss on the tip. Looking towards me she gradually opened her mouth wider and wider until the tip just slips inside. After some slurping sounds, she pulls back and exposed the purple glans glistening with her saliva. She angles it slightly towards me and I almost imperceptibly shake my head. She pauses and for a moment I worry she's going to push our arrangement again. Instead, she looks at her husband.

"You know what I need right now?" He pulls her to her feet and she clambers onto her hands and knees on the edge of the bed.  
  
Her husband wastes no time and moves in behind. Her grunt confirms he's forced his thick dick inside her with a single thrust. Now that's definitely my cue to leave. I get as far as picking up my panties when Hillary looks over.  
  
"You're not quite done yet, Kelly. Pull that chair closer to the bed and give us some more visual stimulation."  
  
The sound of their flesh slapping together is both disgusting and arousing at the same time. Sitting demurely, but naked in front of the pair. Hillary's breasts hang down and swing violently with each of her husband's thrusts. It makes me less jealous with my smaller breasts that don't do that.  
  
Hilary scowls and nods at me and I realise my pose isn't what she wants. Lifting my legs over the arms of the chair exposes my pussy completely to the pair. I know it's swollen and wet and ready for action. Without instructions from Hillary one hand slips down my stomach to touch myself. I could try to convince myself I was only doing it under duress from Hillary, but I'd be lying to myself. I'd watched porn obviously, but never watched people have sex in front of me before.  
  
There was nothing attractive about him, but watching Hilary pounded from behind. Her large breasts hanging down like udders shuddering with each impact. My fingers spread my labia partially for his visual stimulation, but mostly for me. I'm really wet, really wet, and my fingertip toys with my opening. Revelling in the way his eyes are glued to their movement. Knowing he's thinking about fucking me. He may have his dick in his wife, but in his mind, he's pushing his fat dick into me.  
  
My other hand cups my breast, tweaking my nipple as my finger at my pussy slips inside. It drives him into overdrive and I watch as sweat pours off his face and Hillary drops her head to the mattress stifling a moan. I'm starting to worry he'll have a heart attack, but I really need to cum and my fingers work on my clit and nipple.  
  
Suddenly everything happens at once. Hilary squeals, shudders and collapses forward on the bed. Her head lands almost in my crotch. I jump back, stopping what I'm doing. Her husband's, unable to restrain himself, starts cumming. And for an old guy, there is quite a lot. I wonder if he popped a little blue pill. The cum arches through the air to fall square onto Hillary's backside.  
  
Everyone pauses and it seems the performance is over. The husband mutters something about needing the bathroom and hurries off. I grab my skirt and start putting it on as Hilary rolls on her side with a freshly fucked expression on her face.  
  
"Money?" I ask as I zip up my skirt. Hilary shrugs and gets up, seemingly untroubled by her nudity. She goes to her purse and pulls out her cheque book. Not as good as cash, but I knew she was good for it.  
  
"Here!" She says stepping very close. "I added a little extra as we overstepped what we had agreed." I want to look, but don't want to give her the satisfaction. "You know, it's my birthday in a couple of months. Perhaps, after this, we can arrange a repeat performance. With a little more cooperation?"  
  
"No thank you. This was a onetime thing."  
  
"Are you sure?" She moves in pressing up against me. Her breasts pressing up against the underside of mine.  
  
"I'm sure." Stepping back and bending to pick up my panties. Hilary beats me to it.  
  
"Shame, but your choice. I won't push it." Then she uses my panties to wipe the cum off her bum and holds them out to me. What a Bitch. "You know how to contact me if you change your mind and need the money. Or whatever other reasons you can think of."  
  
Tossing the panties in the bin I grab my blouse slip it on and grab my bra. I want out of here as quick as possible so don't wait to do up more than a single button before I head out into the corridor and back to my parent's room.  
  
The lights were out, but my mum was sitting up illuminated by her Kindle.  
  
"Hey love, you're back sooner than I thought. Had enough?"  
  
"Sort of," I reply holding my bra out of sight. "Would it bother you if I took a shower?"  
  
"Of course not. It would take a bomb to wake your father right now."  
  
In the bathroom, I check out the cheque, 500. I feel dirty, did this make me a prostitute? Where is the line? Last month I'd just stripped. 'Just' seems such a minor word now. Tonight I'd touched a woman. Admittedly no more intimately than I might have had we been stripping on stage. Wow! How messed up am I that I'm justifying my action like that. I'd not touched him in an intimate way, although I had touched myself. Speaking of which I'm still super horny. I was so close to cumming upstairs.  
  
Stripping off I hop into the shower and use the showerhead to get me off. All the while with images of being watched while I did it.