**Backpackers Waitress in Gentleman's Club**

**by [Racqel](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=85873&page=submissions)**

Anne and I were travelling around Europe in our late teens trying out being backpackers. It had taken us a whole year to convince our parents that we were old enough and responsible enough to do it. Things didn’t work out as planned.   
  
A week into our trip we were in Frankfurt Germany. We had just arrived by train from Paris and we went to the closest hostel left our things there while our dorm was being cleaned and went to get some lunch. We arrived back later that afternoon to discover that our backpacks, with all our clothes, our travelers cheques and passports had been stolen. It could not have been worse as we had left our wallets in the backpacks and taken only a few eurodollars to get lunch.   
  
It was horrible feeling so helpless and desperate. We immediately went to the police, who were unhelpful in laying a charge against the hostel. They claimed that if we left it in an unlocked area in the hostel that we had no claim against them. Such was life. Anne and I were two very unhappy backpackers. We had only the clothes we wore on our bodies and between us about US$30.   
  
That night we used 10 dollars eating at Macdonald’s as that was all we could afford, as the other 20 dollars went for applications for new passports. We tried calling our parents reverse charges but to our dismay they were away on holiday and this was before cell phones existed. It was quite terrible having no money, not even enough to buy a meal.   
  
We stayed at the hostel that night telling them we would pay them as soon as money was sent to us from our families. The next day we both set off to try the police again. They told us it would take 1 week to get us new passports and to get the traveler’s cheques reissued.   
  
Anne and I decided we best get temporary waiting jobs or whatever to buy us food and clothes until the week was over. We were still wearing our clothes from day before.   
  
After 3 hours of walking in and out of restaurants asking for any job we sat down together and just cried. We were tired, hungry and now had 2 dollars left so we shared a muffin and decided we would continue to search for a job.   
  
We finally came to a restaurant nightclub. It was down a few stairs below the street level and had a huge neon light on the side with the name "Night Owls" and a picture of owls. We walked down the stairs and asked for any job whether it be waiting tables, or cleaning dishes.  
  
The man at the front desk was wearing a tuxedo and in perfect English said " I may be able to help you, but you would earn minimum wages. You can earn good tips however".   
  
We were ecstatic that a lifeline had been given to us and we would be able to have some cash again. It is a terrible feeling to be so desperate. The man then said, "You need to arrive at 6pm for work".   
  
We thanked him for the job and then Anne sheepishly said to him "We had our bags stolen so we don't have any other clothes to wear".   
  
He smiled and said that didn't matter as the club provided the clothes to its staff anyway. We were so relieved.   
  
At 6pm we arrived at the restaurant and went inside. It was nothing like we expected. It had tables set up with poles for table dancing and was very dark inside. In we walked wearing our jeans and tourist T-shirts. A lady approached us and ushered us into a room behind the kitchen.   
  
In a strong German accent she introduced herself "Hello my name is Claude, I am the manageress, you first eat", and she pointed us to sit down at this table and gave us menus, "and then you change into the outfits I give you". She looked us up and down and said pointing at me "you a small" and then at Anne "and you a medium".   
  
We were starving. We had not eaten anything all day other than the muffin we shared. We ordered huge meals and then Claude came back holding some hangers of clothes and placed them on the table. She then said this was all she had and we would have select one each and change into them after we had finished our meals. We were so ravenous that we didn't even look at what she had handed us to wear.   
  
She then said "you must start work at 6:30 and your job is to serve the food and drinks to the guests. You will get paid 2 dollars an hour." She placed our meals on the table in front of us and she left the room.   
  
We shifted the hangers of clothes onto the next table and ate our meals. We finished them off in only a few minutes. We were starving from fasting all day and suddenly felt re-energised from the sumptuous meal.   
  
It was almost 6:20 so we finished our drinks and lifted up the hangers and started looking at the clothes we would have to put on. There were three hangars and three different coloured outfits. I took the white one and passed the black and blue ones to Anne. The white outfit I was holding was a very short miniskirt, made of sheer material. It was see through. I just laughed, knowing I would never get into this and I looked on at Anne who was holding the black outfit. It looked like a long stocking in black lycra, a shiny and stretchy material. The last outfit was a blue shiny miniskirt, also quite short and made of a spandex.   
  
"Anne, I will take the blue one", I said.  
  
"You can't have it, I have to wear it as its a size 12 and the black one is too small for me", she replied. Anne is about a foot taller than me and much bigger boned. Clearly, she would not fit into anything smaller than a 12 and with these form fitting outfits it would still be a squeeze.   
  
I took the black outfit and looked at the label. It had written on it - size 8 catsuit. It looked like a long stocking with not much there. I said to Anne, "I can't wear this thing- whatever it is".  
  
We both looked at each other and then at the door and whispered "Should we run for it, and quickly get out of this strange place". There had to be more options, we can't parade in these revealing outfits looking like prostitutes. It then dawned upon me that in a nightclub with lady table dancing the waitresses would be expected to dress like this. Why didn't we realise this before we walked in.   
  
We thought about a way for us to go to the Claude and say we were sorry but we never realised that this nightclub was that type of club. The problem was that we had already eaten dinner and didn't even have the money to pay for it. We reminded each other that we were pretty desperate for money and we best just work and earn some so we could eat and buy some clothes to wear. I had been wearing the same jeans and underwear and t-shirt for 2 days and so had Anne. She was more aware of it and had thrown her panties and bra into the basin in our dorm in the morning refusing to wear it until it had been washed. It was still wet when we left so she was in her jeans and t-shirt with nothing underneath.   
  
It was 6:30 now and Claude came back into the room sounding irritated she said "You both need to get to work now" and she looked at her watch. We had not changed yet. She continued "Hurry up, leave your clothes in bags here and get changed and then out to the restaurant, there are customers sitting and waiting for service".   
  
I took a chance and said "Claude, have you got any other outfits, these don't fit us", I lied.   
  
I had asked the wrong question and she came down on us "I have been good giving you a job. This is what the waitresses wear, I have given you sizes 8 and 12 as you asked. The other outfits are all away being cleaned. This is all I have, so you better get changed and to work NOW!"   
  
There was a tiny stock room with a mirror where we decided to go change. We grabbed the clothes and went inside closing the door behind us. Anne had the blue miniskirt in her hands and I had the catsuit. Anne was already squeezing her body into the blue dress. It was tight around the hips and butt. She actually looked quite good in it. It had a round opening between the breasts, but Anne had small size A breasts. The dress was skintight and quite short.   
  
I unzipped my jeans and pulled them down my legs, throwing them onto the chair. I lifted the black shiny catsuit off the hangar and after working out where the leg openings were I slid my feet in and with my hands I pulled the hosiery material up over my torso. Anne looked at me and said "your panties are showing right through!".   
  
I looked in the mirror and could see not only my panty line but the whole thing stood out and gathered under the lycra which pulled taut over my stomach, thighs, and legs. I was panicking and said to Anne "what should I do, this looks stupid?". She said "there is only one thing to do and that is to take them off". I wished I was wearing a g-string but I wasn’t.   
  
I pulled my feet out of the catsuit and took my panties off and then put them on again. I pulled the hosiery spandex material up and over my hips. Anne wanted to go in to the restaurant already so I started rushing. I quickly removed my sweatshirt, reached out for the sleeves of the catsuit and pulled my arms up through the sleeves and stretched my shoulders into the material. My bra also showed right through it so I put my right hand behind my back, unclasped the clip and pulled it off. The catsuit seemed like it was a size too small but when I arched my back and pulled myself into it, it sort of pulled and stretched around my body, but the outfit was totally skintight. It was like a bodystocking.   
  
I looked at myself inthe mirror again. You could see every contour of my body. The material pulled right up my butt like a second skin and when I looked in the mirror it was like a nude silhouette. The material outlined the exact shapeof my breasts and my nipples poked out of the lycra material. My hipbones showed clearly and just below them my mound even showed like a little bump and the material just pulled into every contour of my body. It was also quite uncomfortable. The seam pulled right into my ass and then up my front pulling in everywhere. There was no ways I was going to wear this out in public. I might as well be nude, I thought to myself, as I pulled the spandex out from creeping into my crotch. I felt nervous and rushed as if I was about to go on stage. I thought about putting my jeans over the catsuit and wearing that.   
  
Claude arrived back on the scene and pulled the door open. She threw a whole bunch of high heel shoes at us and told us to get to work or out. Anne put on a pair of shoes and started walking through the door to the kitchen. I didn't know what to do, I desperately wanted to pull out. I felt like a sore thumb, but then I couldn't do anything. I was in a catch 22 situation. I just thought to myself that the room would be dark as there would be a show on and then again its probably only me being self conscious. With all that in mind I reached down to put on the high heel shoes.   
  
Claude was back again and she pointed at the restaurant and said "in" or "out". I got the message and without thinking much opened the door to the restaurant and went in.   
  
The restaurant had many tables with mostly guys sitting around them. It was quite full already. On two of the tables against the wall there were girls dancing and stripping to music. I looked around and saw Anne taking some guys order. I then noticed the girl on the table near me in her bright red silky sarong and bikini top. Claude came up to me and handed me a tray, an order taking book and a pen. I thanked her and went over to the closest table. "Good evening, I am your waitress, my name is Rachel", I introduced myself.   
  
In an american accent he said "how has your day been?". I tried to focus on the order book as he was thinking about which cocktail he wanted, but I knew he was ogling me.  
  
I pulled the order book up and crossed my left hand across my breasts hoping in some way to hide my nipples which were erect from the strong air conditioning above me, pushing out at the stretchy material.   
  
" I will have a double whiskey" he ordered. I went to the bar to place the order.   
  
The whiskey was placed in front of me. I took it to the American. He never tipped me but he whispered " I like your shapely figure, if you do a private dance for me I will give you 150 dollars".   
  
I was so angry that he even thought of me like that but I had to be polite so I just smiled embarrasingly and went away to the next table. The next table was a youngish couple and the guy in a French accent asked me a whole lot of questions about the food and drinks. He had the nerve to put his hand on my hips while he was talking to me. I then felt his hands drop down to the top of my butt. I did not like that and I moved further away. We had really picked up a seedy joint to waitress. I could not wait to get some money and out of there.   
  
It was quiet for a while so I stood at the back and watched the strip dancing. I noticed a few men go into little rooms on the side. Each room had a chair in it and was like a change room cubicle with its own door. Following the men, dancers went into the room. I realised this was what was meant by a private dance. The night went on and the restaurant got busier. Even some couples came in and sat at tables. I had delivered quite a few drinks but only got about 20 dollars in tips. Anne was up to 30 dollars. We needed to raise at least 150 dollars to cover the hostel for the last few nights else we would be on the street next morning.   
  
I thought about the private dance offer. I had done modern dancing at school, so if all I had to do was go into a room and do that for him it woud be an easy way to make money. The only thing was I could not be caught as I was a waitress and not a dancer. The American called for me and ordered another drink. I actually started convincing myself that I should go forthe private dance. I would be over in only a few minutes and it would be in a dark room and I would just do some made up dance routines. I thought I better check with Anne what she thought first.   
  
Anne was given a different part of the restaurant to serve than me and every time I tried to tell her I wanted to speak to her she just didn't get the message. I still had only 22 dollars in tips and it was 12pm and we finished at 1am. I had to go back to the bar. Anne told me she had 170 dollars in tips. I wondered how she had done that and I kept an eye on her. I saw her go to the toilet and so I followed her. I was shocked when I heard a man’s voice inside the cubicle she had gone into. The door was slightly ajar as I passed the cubicle and I saw that her blue dress was peeled down to her waist and I saw hands caressing her tiny breasts. I could not believe this. I quickly made my way out of the toilet so that she would not see me.   
  
Although I now understood how she had earned 170 dollars in tips it still bugged me and I was dissappointed at my tips. The image of my friend having her breasts touched by a stranger for money, and maybe other things just was so unbelievabe to me. Anne, was not a slut.   
  
As I passed the table with the American he said "meet me in five minutes at the cubicle room with the yellow door handle, I will be there waiting for you. 200 dollars!"   
  
I kept on walking but I did look around for the yellow handle. This cubicle was concealed from the restaurant. He sure had a nerve as I never agreed to anything. I thought to myself that maybe it’s an easy buck just dancing for 200 dollars. I could still remember some routines from dancing school. 170 dollars, that bloody slut. I was angry. I was not thinking. Five minutes passed and I had just delivered another drink. I noticed the American get up and walk towards the cubicles. My heart started to beat fast and I felt it and even heard it in my chest. I almost tripped on my high heels in nervousness. A few minutes passed and I felt I had to go to tell this guy the deal was not on, so I briskly walked to the passage and on to the cubicle. He was standing at the entrance to a cubicle. He went inside and I followed him.   
  
It was the size of a change room at a department store. It had mirrors on all walls, the two chairs against the back mirrored wall, and a little platform with a silver pole in the front. The room had purples ultraviolet lights along the top of the mirrors and a light on top.   
  
As I walked in, the American got up and closed the door behind me and then pulled down a latch on the door. In a strong American accent he introduced himself "My name is Andy. Thanks for accepting my invitation".  
  
It was so unusual. I just coyly said, "hi, my name is Rachel". Andy then sat down and handed me the money. I wanted to say no but I couldn't do this as he handed me 200 dollars.  
  
I was almost shaking from anxiety that I dropped it. I got up to collect it and Andy said, "if you give me a really good dance I will throw in more money as a bonus". I didn't know what to say. He put his hand on my back as I bent down to collect the money off the floor. He then softly said "relax, I am not a demon".   
  
I looked at him as I got up and said I had never done anything like this before. He was holding his whiskey and he passed it to me and told me to down it. He asked me where I was from and I told him I was Australian and was touring Europe with a friend.   
  
Andy was wearing black stylish pants and a black buttoned up shirt. He was quite good looking with black hair and probably in his late thirties. I felt so embarrassed. I stood there and handed him back the empty glass. I was already warming up inside and feeling very relaxed, in fact quite drunk. I stood up and started dancing in little circles.   
  
I had watched the table dancers earlier that evening. I remembered how they swung around the poles so I grabbed the pole and twisted my one leg around it. I then dropped my head back and my long brown hair swung down and I came up quickly swinging around again. I then turned around and leaned forwards and as I was lifting myself up I felt a hand on top of my but cheeks. I did not expect this but I just swung around again and he lost his grip. I was now totally drunk and so I thought I should just do a good dance, get lost in it and I would be out of there in five minutes with 200 dollars.   
  
I moved my body in rapid swirls of movement. He sat down on the chair as I danced. I forgot where I was and what I was doing and what I was wearing. I felt heat waves from the alcohol and I got caught up in the whirl of the moment. I was sweating and into the dancing. I lent backwards and went into a backbend. I felt hands touching my hips and thighs. I quickly launched myself forward and lifted my body back up. His hands were already around my waist and he pulled me back towards him. I didn't resist. I felt myself sitting down on his lap. It was good to sit. I was sweated out and needed to regain my balance.   
  
I was sitting on his thighs and He shifted me around to face away from him. I just went with the flow. I felt something hard under my groin. I felt him shift me until I was sitting right squarely on top of it. It felt warm and was poking into me. His hands were still on my waist and he was slowly pulling me and pushing me forward along his hard on.   
  
This was getting too strange. It started rubbing against my pussy through the thin catsuit material and I started getting aroused. I could not believe myself. I was leaning forward so that his cock would get better friction against my clitoris as he continued to sway me forward and backward. I was also really wet, I put my hand there to position myself better on his hard on and I felt the catsuit was soaked through with my juices.   
  
He placed his hands on my breasts and started caressing and twisting my nipples between his fingers. I felt deep sensations and a throbbing feeling going right through my breasts and down deep into my groin. My nipples responded to his touch and pushed out at lest half an inch as they do when sexually stimulated.   
  
I was naughty as I wanted more. I wanted sex. I had not had it since leaving Australia. I plainly wanted to be fucked wildly and passionately without thinking. I thought about the last time I had sex. I desired to just let go, to scream and clench all my muscles to orgasm.

He told me to stand up. As I did he got onto the floor and knelt down. He put his hands on my pussy mound. The lycra was well wedged inside my pussy and he pulled my feet apart a bit and rested his hands on my thighs. He then stuck his tongue out and licked up and down my pussy crack. I felt the warmth moist sensation and on each stroke down my clitoris I felt it swell up and the nerve end start buzzing. I took my hands and pulled the lycra material out of my lips and with my fingers I pulled them apart so that he would get even closer access to my wet swollen excited clitoris. I was dripping in sweat wearing this full body lycra. He took his fingers and poked them into my wetness through the catsuit and pushed it deep into me.   
  
Without realising it I had my fingers caressing my nipples, rubbing them raw with intense desire. I could not hold it back any longer. I arched my body backward and as he pushed in and out of me I felt the waves rushing forward. I felt the contraction in my pelvis and then the pleasure came rushing forward. I clenched my eyes shut. I moaned loudly. I let it flow. I leaned forward, opened my eyes. I felt so good.   
  
I got on my knees in front of him. I unzipped his fly and I pulled his erect cock and without thinking much I took it into my right hand. It was red, sweaty and hard. I pulled it up and down a bit and he just looked at me with a dreamy look in his eyes. I swirled my tongue on my lips to wet them and I opened my mouth and went down on his penis. It was big and the head of his cock filled my mouth. I plucked my lips and went up and down, bobbing on the end of it. I did this for about half a minute going faster after a while. He was panting and breathing deeply.   
  
I looked up at Andy. He had a dazed look in his eyes. I knew I just had to finish it and continue until he came. I got my breath back and this time as I went down he lifted his legs up on the sides of the chair. I stuck my tongue out and flicked it against the side of his shaft. He put his one hand on my back and with the other he pushed my head down a bit. I put my tongue back in my mouth and swooshed around some saliva and I let some drip out of my mouth and onto his cock. I then put my head to the side and with my tongue I made twisting motions on his balls. He was enjoying this as he tensed and was letting out groans between his heavy breathing. He was getting caught up in the rhythm and I suddenly felt his right hand sliding down the front of my top and touching my breasts. My nipples hardened to his touch. I kept on licking away furiously. With my hand I pulled up and down his shaft as I licked beneath. His balls were soaked from my saliva and his hairs started coming into my mouth.   
  
I started choking. I had to stand up to stop my coughing. As I stood there, he was touching himself again. He reached around my waist and put his hands on my butt. I let them stay there. He pushed his fingers through my butt crack and was trying to get into my anus. I had never had this done to me before. I just continued sucking his cock and letting him go on with his fingers pushing them in and out and I went with the flow feeling a rippling wave overcome me again.   
  
I didn't think too deeply and just enjoyed each ecstatic moment. I took my hand and gripped his cock with my whole palm and I yanked it up and down really hard and in jerky motions. As I bent forward he lost his hold on me, but he was about to cum. I pulled again and went faster. It started throbbing. As I let go his cock pulsated once twice and again. His sperm jumped up and then jumped up again landing on the floor and then it jumped up again and his cum landed right on my face.   
  
I took my hand to wipe it away from my nose and cheeks, It was already dripping down my lips. I used the catsuit sleeves to wipe it but by mistake tasted some of it. I was too embarrassed to say anything and so was he. It tasted salty mixed with the sweat beads running down my face. I wiped my face again.   
  
He thanked me and opened his wallet taking out 4 fifty dollar notes. I felt like a prostitute, like a whore. I didn't want to take it. He said I had to and I did need it so I did. I got up and saw that I was sweated out.   
  
I looked in the mirror and my fringe was sweaty, my face was red, the catsuit was wet in patches all over. My groin area was totally soaked through. I asked Andy if he could go find Anne and organise my clothes. I could never go out looking like this.