**Claire's Career**

by[Calandria](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=661204&page=submissions)©

I always knew I was an exhibitionist – in a mild sort of a way, and wanted to be a fashion model. I just loved the idea off walking down the catwalk in those impossibly high heels, wearing all those lovely clothes, the silks, the satins, the transparent tops..........  
  
So I was shattered when, after a visit to one modelling agency after another, it was clear I wasn't going to make it. It wasn't that I didn't have good body. I did, I knew I did. But they all wanted me to pay a sum of money up front for 'tuition fees' – a sum of money I didn't have – and they wanted portfolios of photos, and, what's more, I got the distinct impression it was a question of who you knew.  
  
So I thought I'd try elsewhere, and Paris seemed like a good idea. I simply caught the Eurostar, and sallied forth, armed with the address of an old boyfriend and his new girlfriend, who were living in the posh 16th arrondissement, and who I understood were connected to the fashion business.  
  
When I got there, I discovered that not all addresses were necessarily up-market, even in well-heeled districts, and they lived in a tiny attic, up a beetling staircase. Emma and Mark made me welcome enough, in a 'hope you're not staying too long' kind of way, and Emma, made me up a bed on the sofa for the night, then promised to take me and introduce me to someone she knew next morning.  
  
Stiff as a board from the sofa, I stretched and had a coffee with Emma, Mark having gone off to work in a nearby studio where he was engaged in some kind off project.  
  
We went by Metro to Montmartre, and she led me into some seedy back-streets, where lots of dark faces seemed to be leering at us from the shadows, even at ten o'clock in the morning. Emma stopped at a chipped red door.  
  
'You know this isn't Yves Saint Laurent, don't you, darling?' she said.  
  
Before I had chance to reply, the door opened, and a bald, coffee-coloured man held it open for us to go in, then shut and locked it behind us. We went up a dimly-lit staircase to a carpeted landing, then waited until the man squeezed past us, turned around and showed us a grin which contained several gold teeth, then opened a door, to usher us into a huge office.  
  
In complete contrast to what we had seen, it was palatial, and a sophisticated-looking man in his late forties sat behind a large mahogany desk, formally dressed, but with his jacket draped over his shoulders, his arms free of it, and displaying expensive-looking gold cuff-links. His black hair had hints of grey at the temples.  
  
'Ah, Emma,' he said, in accented but correct English, 'so this is the friend about whom you spoke to me. You may leave us alone now. I will see that your friend is returned to your home.'  
  
I was about to protest, but there was something in the man's manner which precluded such a strategy, and Emma simply touched my elbow, and meekly left.'  
  
I turned to face him, and he smiled slightly, 'I am Roger. You need know no more,' he said, 'and I understand you have been unable to find work in England. Is that not so?'  
  
'I couldn't find modelling work.'  
  
'Just so, just so.' He regarded me in a way I found very unnerving for what must have been more than a minute, in total silence, and then pressed a buzzer on his desk. A door I hadn't seen, because it was covered in wallpaper, like the rest of the wall, opened, and a slim young Asian girl came into the office, dressed in a black minidress and high-heeled mules.  
  
'Take this young lady.....' Then he interrupted himself, turning to me, 'What is your name, dear?'  
  
'Claire,' I said.  
  
He turned back to the Asian girl, 'Take Claire, and dress her for me. I want to see how she would look in four or five outfits for one of our shows. Think in terms of the Club Grand Duc.'  
  
The girl nodded and extending a hand to me, led me from the room.  
  
'I am Ti-Liu,' she told me, as we entered a carpeted room, surrounded by mirrors, with row after row of racks, and banks of shelves and cupboards. It was a large, well-equipped dressing-room.  
  
Ti-Liu bade me undress, and I took off my jacket, jeans, and tee-shirt, then kicked off my shoes, so that I stood in bra and panties.  
  
'Everything,' she said.  
  
'Everything?' I repeated.  
  
'Oh yes,' she confirmed, and I unhooked the bra, then wriggled out of my panties, feeling very self-conscious as I stood in front of the Chinese girl completely naked, aa hand over my pubes.  
  
'Don't be shy,' she giggled, ' you're going to have to get used to being seen.'  
  
I didn't know what to make of this last remark, but Ti-Liu wanted to look me over, and seemed more than a little interested in my pubic hair. I shaved enough so that it didn't show around my skimpy bikinis, but left a little triangle.  
  
'Hmmm,' she said, 'I think that will have to go, but not just now. We'll see what the boss says, shall we?'  
  
Panic again started to set in, as it had when Emma had left me. The boss was going to look at my pubic hair? What was I letting myself in for?  
  
But Ti-Liu was busy selecting things from the racks. Satisfied, she came back to where I stood, a garment draped over her arm. When she slipped it over my head, I gasped. It was a halter-necked gown, ivory in colour, of a shiny translucent material, the skirt only slightly more opaque than the top, by virtue of the fact that it was pleated. My breasts could be seen quite clearly, nipples jutting through the fine material, and my black pubic hair formed a distinct shadow through the skirt. She clipped a big silver belt around my slim waist, and had me step into needle-heeled stilettos. Giving my long black hair a deft brush, Ti-Liu pronounced me ready, and led me back into the office.  
  
Roger hadn't moved, and sat, steepling his fingers as I tottered in on my heels.  
  
'Can't you walk better than that?' he demanded, and I took up the challenge, doing a proud twirl in front of him.  
  
He said something in French to Ti-Liu, then she ushered me out.  
  
As soon as we were in the dressing room again, she said, 'He wants to see you in something more revealing.'  
  
'More revealing? Christ, what could be more revealing than that?' I looked at her in disbelief, as I slipped out of the flimsy gown.  
  
She rummaged around along the racks, and soon returned to me with another garment.  
  
'Here, put this on,' she said, handing me a black nylon creation. I dropped it over my head, and found that it was a very tight fit, even before I had had the long zippers done up. It covered me from the high neck to the floor, and had long sleeves, which I had to wriggle my arms into. The skirt was so tight around my legs that I could only take short mincing steps, but the gown was completely sheer, and every detail of my body could be seen through it.  
  
'I can't wear this,' I declared, 'I'm naked.'  
  
'Come on,' urged Ti-Liu, 'put some shoes on, and we'll see what the boss says.'  
  
She propelled me through into the office, where I stood, blushing, in front of the massive desk.  
  
'Take your hands away from your pussy,' said Roger, 'think I don't know what you've got there?'  
  
Sheepishly, I did as he told me.  
  
'That hair's got to go if you're going to work for me,' he said.  
  
'But.....but,' I started.  
  
'But you want to know what it's all about,' he smiled momentarily, and then told me to sit down in a leather chair. I did so, with difficulty, due to the tightness of the skirt.  
  
He waved Ti-Liu away, then started to tell me: 'I do fashion shows with a difference. I cater for fetish fashion, and for people who appreciate that kind of thing. I cater for many different tastes, and I am very flexible, so that my models have to be flexible too. They also need to be very broad-minded. For this, and their loyalty and discretion, I reward them extremely well. I have seven models currently working for me. I need one more. You could be she. Are you interested? I will have your answer tomorrow at this time. Now I will call a taxi to take you back to Emma's apartment.'  
  
Half an hour later I was sat on Emma's sofa, telling her all about it, though I suspected she already knew more than half of the story, as it was Emma who had introduced me to Roger, after all. But when I asked her how she knew him, she said she did a bit of part-time work for him, and wouldn't elaborate.  
  
When I asked her what she thought, she said, 'What have you got to lose, you're no virgin after all?'  
  
'So you think it'll go beyond just modelling, then?'  
  
'Get real, girl,' she said, 'he's got some well-heeled clients to look after. He doesn't pay good money for just walking up and down.'  
  
Next morning, my mind was made up. I would tell him to stuff his job, but Emma thought I ought to go and see him, in any case. I took the Metro, and walked through the grotty streets, rang the bell, and Gold-teeth again let me in, and led me upstairs. When I entered the office, I got a surprise. Sat on the corner of the desk was a guy in his early twenties who was quite simply the most drop-dead gorgeous man I had ever seen. Black hair curled down to the collar of his open-necked shirt, liquid dark eyes shone from an open face with a strong, square chin.  
  
'My father asked me to meet you,' he said, in faultless English, 'and apologised for not being here.'  
  
He embraced me in the French fashion, and went on, 'I understand you would like to work for us. That means we shall be seeing a lot of each other, as my father lets me organise the shows. I think we shall get along very well.'  
  
Whether it was his Monsieur Rochas cologne, or the extended embrace, or simply his presence, whatever – my resolve melted, there and then.  
  
'Er....yes, I think so,' I heard myself saying.  
  
'Good,' he said, 'I am Robert, and I think you are Claire, right?'  
  
I nodded, and he took my hand, and led me out to the familiar dressing room, talking all the time. It seemed that there was to be a show that afternoon, and they wanted me to take part. It was to be at the Club Grand Duc, which meant nothing to me.  
  
Robert called Ti-Liu, who appeared as if from nowhere, and spoke to her in rapid French, then left me with her, and went off back into the office, saying he would see me later with papers for me to sign.  
  
'Come,' said Ti-Liu, and led me into a curtained alcove, where there was a large, triangular bath. She told me to undress, and I quickly did so, still in a bit of a daze, and wondering why I had agreed to all this.  
  
As I stripped, she was running the bath, and I lowered myself into the warm water, although I had recently showered at Emma's flat. Ti-Liu went out, and returned almost immediately with a plastic razor and a canister of foam. She bade me sit up on the edge of the bath, then kicked off her shoes, and, giggling, came and sat beside me.  
  
'Open your legs wide,' she said, and spread foam all around my pussy, smoothing it right into the crack of my arse. I was starting to get excited, in spite of myself, at her touch, and trembled a little, as she took the first strokes with the razor. She took infinite care to remove every vestige of hair from my cunt-lips, and from around the tiny puckered hole of my anus, and when she hosed my pussy down with the shower-head, I saw that I was as clean-shaven as a ten-year-old girl. I thought it looked quite charming, admiring myself in the mirror as I dried myself off. Ti-Liu then had me sit in a hairdresser's chair, and carefully painted my finger- and toe-nails, applied a little rouge to my nipples, and, to my alarm, to my labia.  
  
When I asked her what that was for she said, 'just in case.'  
  
'In case of what?' I asked, but she merely smiled.  
  
Next she brushed my long black hair to a silken sheen, and pronounced me ready. I had heard sounds issuing from the dressing room whilst she was working, and when I slipped on a robe she passed me, and went out amongst the racks, three more girls were sat around awaiting Ti-Liu's attention. One walked straight in, a tall black girl with very long legs, wearing a tiny miniskirt, leaving the other two, who greeted me in French, and introduced themselves as Cecile and Anne. Both were blondes with long hair, and wore short skirts. I made conversation as best I could, but Robert came to my rescue, and, so far as I could understand, told the other two that I was a new recruit. They laughed as if sharing some joke, and Robert led me off to the far end of the racks, where hung rows of corsets. He slipped the robe from my shoulders before I could protest, and I stood completely naked before him.  
  
'Mmm,' he said, 'you have a nice body, Claire.'  
  
I had a tingling sensation as he ran a warm hand over my breasts, resting a forefinger for just a moment on a sensitive nipple, then he turned to the rack, seeming to know exactly what was my size, and offered a white satin corset up to my body, inviting me to slip my arms through the straps. It was a perfect fit, moulding my narrow waist exactly, the bra just forming no more than a platform for my breasts, which were completely exposed. At the hem it finished just above my shaven pussy, and was cut high at the back, so that my buttocks were entirely bare. It had long garter straps. When I had fastened all the hooks and eyes at the front, I thought it was a snug fit, but Robert came around behind me, and tugged hard at the laces, which tightened the garment much more fiercely, so that my waist was now tightly constricted, and my breasts were forced higher, their nipples pointing above horizontal. In spite of the discomfort the corset gave me, I felt sexy, and was looking at myself in a long mirror when Robert gave me a packet containing a pair of long white, lace-top stockings. I put these on, coupling them to the garter belt. Meantime, he had found me a pair of platform-soled, needle-heeled silver shoes. The heels were at least five inches high, and I was going to have to practice walking in them. Whilst I was doing so, Ti-Liu had returned, and handed a garment to Robert, who passed it on to me. 'Slip this on now,' he said, 'and you are ready, apart from a little jewellery.'  
  
It was a white nylon nightdress, totally transparent, which came down to mid-thigh. When I looked in the mirror, I might just as well have been naked.  
  
'I can't face people like this,' I said to Robert.  
  
'You look terrific,' he said, and glancing around to see that none of the other girls were watching, he reached around behind me, and ran his hand down the crack of my bare arse, just all too briefly letting a playful finger tease the very portals of my eager cunt. I thought I should die with desire for him, and knew I could show myself to anyone, anywhere, if only there was a chance of being fucked by Robert. Secretly, within myself, I also knew I should really love showing myself, anyway.  
  
I sat and waited whilst the other girls were dressed in similar outfits to my own, the black girl, whose name was Nadine, looking especially good in white, whilst the blondes wore red outfits. Ti-Liu gave us all long pendant ear-rings and fake gold bracelets and anklets, and we were ready to go, after Robert had sent out for pizzas and a drink for us all.  
  
I followed the other girls to the last rack in the dressing room, when it was time to go, and we all put on long fur coats, which was apparently how they always covered themselves on the way to appointments. Robert drove us the ten kilometres in his Mercedes, to the plush club, in the outskirts of the city, where we were met by a doorman, and ushered in through a side door.  
  
Whilst we sat down in a nice dressing room, and waited for the call, with Robert off talking to the management of the club, I tried to get some information from the other girls about what really went on, but they weren't able – or willing – to impart very much. 'Just do what we do,' said Nadine, who spoke some English.  
  
Robert came in, and said in French, 'Five minutes, girls.' We put the finishing touches to our make-up, then Robert opened the door, and pushed us out on to what I imagined was the cat-walk.  
  
The blondes went first, then Nadine, and I brought up the rear. There was no cat-walk! We had to walk between tables, where people, by no means all men, sat drinking, smoking, and, as we entered, applauding. There was a tiny dance floor in the centre of the room, and we all made our way there, several hands stroking my flanks as I passed, then walked up and down, following the lead of Cecile, who seemed the most experienced at showing off her lingerie under the spotlights which played on us. The music was slow and sensual, and I soon got into the mood, slinking around, cupping my tits in my hands, then running them down between my legs, and letting them linger around my buttocks when I turned my arse to the audience and let my nightdress ride up. Anne was on her hands and knees, creeping towards a florid man, who held out a hand to her, so that she could grab it and suck his thumb.  
  
Nadine went amongst the audience, carefully selecting a couple who were sat on a small sofa. She sat on the man's lap, and kissed the woman full on the lips, bringing a roar from everyone watching. Cecile now borrowed a chair and sat on it in the middle of the dance floor, opening her slim legs wide, to show her naked pussy to all and sundry. With the fingers of both hands, she parted the lips, exposing her pink cunt, and gaping dark fuck-hole. A gasp came from nearby watchers, some of whom were now masturbating openly. I knew I had to do something to match them, and, seeing a fit-looking middle-aged man sat near the floor, I pulled him from his seat, and got him to dance with me to the strains of the slow music. His massive erection ground into me as I squirmed and wriggled around the floor with him, and his hot breath came in short gusts, as his hands found my arse. Then he suddenly thrust me away, and raced back to his seat, his face bright red. I knew he had shot his load in his trousers! Those who noticed roared with laughter, but I tried to cover for the poor man, by carrying on dancing.  
  
The show went on in this mode for upwards of an hour, then the lights came on, and it was all over. All of us had teased, none of us had yielded very much. We left to tumultuous applause, put our fur coats back on, and went back to the office. Our work for the day was done.  
  
When I reported for duty next morning, Robert was back in his place.  
  
'I'm told you did well yesterday, my dear,' he said, 'here are the papers my son should have had you sign yesterday.'  
  
He passed three sheets of typed A4 over the desk, and showed me where to sign. It was pointless trying to understand the convoluted French, so I scribbled my signature and passed them back.  
  
He smiled, 'Trusting, aren't you?'  
  
'Do I have an option?'  
  
He changed the subject, 'My son is very impressed with you, Claire.'  
  
I raised my eyebrows – he hadn't shown any signs of being particularly taken with me at all.  
  
'We have a show lined up for you this afternoon, just you and Nadine, then my son says he would like you to have dinner with him.'  
  
I was staggered by the proposition – a date with the boss's son! The most beautiful man I had clapped eyes on in years, I could hardly believe it.  
  
There was a lot of coming and going in the dressing room, as both Cecile and Anne, together with two more girls I hadn't seen before, brunettes by the names of Giselle and Jacqueline, got ready to be taken to what they described as a 'big private party' near Versailles. They all wore nothing more than skimpy garter belts, stockings and half-bras under their fur coats when they left the building, to be driven to their destination by Robert, who arrived looking stressed and in a hurry, appearing hardly to notice me.  
  
Nadine and I had a little more time to don our outfit for the show we were to give – in my case a black mesh catsuit, with a lewdly suggestive opening at the crotch, whilst Nadine was to wear an identical one in white, to contrast with her black skin. We each cinched microscopic flared nylon miniskirts around our waists, mine barely covering my pussy, and were pronounced ready. My nipples stuck out through the mesh of the catsuit, and seemed to be harder than usual, whether due to the thrill of exposure, or to the chill, I couldn't say.

The show this time was in a club similar to the previous day's venue (we were driven there by Roger), and we were very popular in our minimal outfits. Nadine and I did a number together on a low, revolving, stage, culminating in a sort of semi – 'sixty-nine' position, where we showed each other's pussies to the audience. I loved the pinkness of Nadine's slit, inside the secrecy of her black, puffy lips, and found my own sex getting wet as I stroked her. Then we circulated, teasing the audience as much as we dared, and, comparing notes later, decided that about twenty percent of the men had been masturbating openly, and many of the rest in secret. When Roger took us back to Montmartre, his son was waiting for us, having just arrived with the other girls from their own show. He now looked relaxed, and greeted me warmly, kissing me on both cheeks. 'You look lovely in your fur coat,' he said, 'but I hope my father told you that I should like to take you to dinner tonight?'  
  
'Yes,' I said, then, feeling a sudden panic, 'but I have nothing to wear – I came in jeans.'  
  
'Don't worry about that,' he said, 'Ti-Liu will see to it – I have already spoken with her. I am going home to change now, and I'll collect you at eight, OK?'  
  
Before I had chance to reply, he was gone, and, when I turned, Ti-Liu was at my shoulder, helping me off with my coat, and smiling.  
  
The little Asian girl helped me with my hair and make-up, and fussed around the racks, which were her domain.  
  
'You must be very beautiful tonight,' she said, 'Monsieur Robert will take you to a very special place.'  
  
Butterflies were circulating in my stomach when she helped me off with my robe and slipped the dress she had chosen over my head in a swish of silk. It was a short, pure white, halter-necked, backless dress of soft silk, all but revealing the top of the crack between my buttocks, so deep was the décolleté at the back, whilst the soft silk of the bodice would allow my breasts to jiggle as I walked, my nipples grazing and jutting through the material. The skirt was flared, and mid-thigh length, and I debated with myself about underwear, but Ti-Liu had decided for me, and a pair of white lace-top hold-ups was as much as she thought I should wear. I loved the feeling of going without panties, my shaven pussy accentuating the sensation of nakedness, and the silk of the dress against my bare skin was a caress. I stepped into a pair of needle-heeled silver sandals, and let Ti-Liu fit me with a pair of very long silver pendant ear-rings.  
  
'You look stunning,' said Robert, when he picked me up, and he was looking pretty good himself, in a white tuxedo.  
  
We went to a wonderful restaurant, not too far from Emma's flat, I thought, with my hazy knowledge of Paris, and I felt hungry eyes on me as we took our place at a corner table. Our young waiter lost no opportunity to ogle my tits, and when I dropped a fork on the floor, he 'accidentally' let his arm brush against my breast when he replaced it.  
  
Robert watched this in quiet amusement, and, when we had finished our delicious meal, washed down with ample and excellent wine, and were sat 'side-saddle' in our chairs, taking coffee and brandies, he leaned over and pointed out to me the couple at the next table, about three or four metres away, until then half-hidden by a vase of flowers. The darkly-handsome man was older than his blonde companion, who was petite, her small face framed by opulent cascades of silken hair. She wore a skin-tight black minidress.  
  
'I know you are an exhibitionist, Claire,' said Robert, in a low voice, 'and I imagine you didn't wear panties?' He raised his eyebrows, and went on, 'No? Why don't you show her your cunt, then?' As he spoke, he was looking across at the girl, and she was smiling back at him. He inclined his head toward me.  
  
I was at first too shocked to move, but he reached across the table and patted my arm, 'Go on, who knows where it may lead?'  
  
Whether it was the wine, the brandy, Robert, or a combination of all three, I don't know. Perhaps it was just me. I caught the blonde's eye, and realised that her escort was engaged in studying the wine list just at that moment. As subtly as I could, I let a hand trail down between my thighs, and eased the loose hem of my skirt jut a few inches upwards, simultaneously parting my legs just enough so that I was sure the blonde could see my naked slit. At the same time I opened my mouth fractionally, and let my tongue run momentarily into the gap between my teeth.  
  
I smoothed my dress back down, and lifted my brandy glass, to see the blonde mirroring my action – we silently drank a toast to each other, and she squirmed on her seat, as if she was undecided whether to reciprocate fully.  
  
'Now go to the toilet,' said Robert, 'if she goes too, invite them both back for drinks. I live nearby.'  
  
I wasn't sure what I thought about this new role, but I was very excited, anyway, and picked up my purse and threaded my way through the tables to the marble-clad toilets, conscious of being watched all the way. I was no sooner standing by the vanity basin, repairing my lipstick, than the blonde was beside me. She was taller than I had thought, but a little shorter than myself, and even more beautiful than I had thought, close up.  
  
'Je m'appelle Danielle,' she said simply, extending a beautifully manicured hand, with scarlet nails an inch beyond her finger-tips. I used my rudimentary French to introduce myself, and to invite her and her partner, as Robert had asked me to. She accepted, then, putting her arm quickly around my neck, pulled me into an embrace, and kissed me full on the lips, her tongue instantly pushing its way into my mouth, as her lithe body moulded itself against me. Then the door of the toilet started to open, and an older woman came in. We parted, my breathing shallow, and as I glanced at Danielle, her green eyes shone.  
  
'A bientôt, cherie,' she said, and we made our separate ways back to our respective tables.  
  
I reported my success to Robert, and he merely scribbled a time on a business card, handed it to the attentive waiter, and told him to give it to the gentleman at the other table.  
  
We drove for about five minutes, and pulled up outside a large, early nineteenth century house with a big, semi-circular driveway. A pretty Asian maid in uniform answered the door and we went into a large comfortable lounge with a log fire roaring away, and three big sofas arrayed in front of it.  
  
I think I had been expecting Robert to ravish me there and then. It must have been a combination of wearing the sexy dress, being ogled by all those eyes, showing my pussy to Danielle, the episode with her in the loo, the drink, altogether, my whole being was begging to be fucked, and fucked there and then. When I sat down on the sofa next to Robert, the wetness between my legs was a conscious presence, and it was all I could do not to masturbate right there beside him – I so much needed to cum. He called the maid – Lily was her name – and she trotted in, all high heels and long legs in her black silk miniskirt and mesh stockings, and served us drinks, though I wanted no more. At that moment, the doorbell sounded, and she scampered off, to return, ushering in Danielle, shrugging off an opulent mink coat, and her escort, whom I learned was called Paul.  
  
Robert put a CD on the hi-fi, smoochy blues, and poured a large brandy for Paul, then suggested that Danielle and myself may like to dance. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to dance with her, even though I hadn't danced closely with another girl since my schooldays, and we held each other like lovers. Her hands soon found the hem of my skirt, and caressed my buttocks, as I returned the compliment, and we kissed lightly at first, then more searchingly, our tongues meeting and probing, as her heady perfume intoxicated me.  
  
Before I knew it, her long-nailed fingers were busy, questing gently into my tight little arsehole, where she let a finger rest a moment until I let out a little gasp, then she ran her delicate touch further down. We were static now, and she eased my legs apart, and quite suddenly speared a finger deep into my sopping wet cunt.  
  
'Oh!' I said, and felt my knees begin to buckle. I pulled Danielle down onto a sofa, and we were in a '69' position in seconds. She too was soaking, and her pussy was shaven and sweet, with puffy lips, and, most beautifully, a large silver ring through her clitoris-hood. I delved into her honey-pot with my tongue, and felt her lapping me. I came with a shuddering violence I hadn't known was within me, and Danielle stiffened and then bucked as she too felt the throes of an orgasm.  
  
Before I had fully recovered from my climax, she was pulling my legs wide apart, and I felt, rather than saw, a new presence, as Robert climbed onto the sofa, and started to penetrate me with what must have been an enormous weapon. I thought he was going to tear me for sure as he forced himself into me, and his huge prick filled my cunt as it had never been filled before. As if his great width wasn't enough, his length took him to the very neck of my womb, and when he started slowly to pound in and out, his balls slapped against my arse with each mighty stroke.  
  
'Oh, Robert,' I yelled, 'fuck me, fuck me hard.' But when I opened my eyes and looked up, I saw that it wasn't Robert who was inside me at all, but Paul, and Robert was fucking Danielle, at the other end of the sofa! I didn't care, and abandoned myself to being fucked as never before. When I felt that he was about to cum, I pulled him deep into me, and flexed my cunt-muscles as hard as I could, and he grunted with animal pleasure as he shot his load of hot spunk into my very centre. I gripped him with my legs, and rammed a finger abruptly up his rectum, which kept him hard, and when, after a time, I started to move gently under him again, he was ready to fuck me again. But I pushed him away, and grabbed Robert, who was laying quietly with Danielle, saying, 'Your turn now.'  
  
Whilst Paul used his new-found erection on Danielle, I concentrated on Robert, whose flaccid cock needed attention. It got that, from my mouth, and I soon had him hard again, first licking him clean after his fuck with the lovely blonde. Then he soon started to enjoy my lips, as I took his whole length deep in my throat, and he played with my erect nipples under the silk of my dress.  
  
Then I lay back and opened my legs, parting my labia with the fingers of both hands, so that he could see my recently-fucked cunt in all its pink wetness. This is a posture, I know, that no man can resist, and he threw himself on me and plunged his shaft into me without ceremony. He was nowhere near as big as Paul, but I was able to use my muscles on him very well, and he soon gave a great trembling heave, and a roar, as he spent his wad of creamy cum.  
  
A week later I moved in with Robert, and have indulged my exhibitionism since then. I never wear panties now, and, when we go out together, he often has me show my body off to someone he happens to like. We have a lot of visitors, sometimes the girls from the firm. Nadine, the black girl, is a great favourite of ours – she may even come to live with us one day.

**Claire's Career Ch. 02**

My career on the 'alternative' catwalks of Paris was always exciting, but not much more so than my personal life, with Robert, who indulged my taste for showing off my body, and didn't mind a bit that I myself enjoyed nothing better than the knowledge that a stranger had been treated to a view of my shaven pussy, or, better still, that I had made love with him – or someone else – in a public place.  
  
We took to inviting Ti-Liu, the little Asian girl from our office, to our house-parties. She was agile and inventive, and Robert loved to have me masturbate him while we watched Ti-Liu and his servant Lily making love together.  
  
Then one day, Robert said to me, 'I've been talking to my father, and he thinks the time is right to open a new type of Club. The people who come to our shows are demanding more and more, and are no longer satisfied with just looking at pussy – they want to see live sex, and some variety.'  
  
I must have looked doubtful, because he laughed lightly and went on, 'Don't worry, we shall vet our clients very carefully. The new club must be very exclusive. After all, it won't be the first one in Paris, I assure you – but it will certainly be the best.'  
  
'And who do you think will take part in these shows?' I asked.  
  
'I thought we should ask the blonde, Cecile, Nadine, and perhaps Ti-Liu and Giselle, but I have no doubt as to whom I want to be the star.'  
  
'Oh no!' I said, 'being fucked on stage? I draw the line at that.'  
  
'But I haven't yet told you who the studs will be, have I?'  
  
'It doesn't matter, I couldn't fake orgasms on stage – and they'd have to be fake; no way could I cum with an audience.'  
  
'I'll tell you what,' he said, 'I'll come to a compromise – how about you do a strip and warm up the guys for the other girls? Could you cope with something like that?'  
  
'We'll see,' was all I would say, and I never asked him what he had meant by 'variety.'  
  
During the next weeks, we acquired a lovely old mansion near Versailles, and a lot of conversion work went ahead with great speed. Staff was trained, and Robert and I spent most of our time at the new Club. His father, Roger, was a frequent visitor. During that time, I met the two 'studs.' One was a huge black guy, Paul, who was distantly related to Nadine, and the other an athletic-looking blond Ukranian called Sergei, who spoke minimal French and no English at all. I had to agree with Robert that they were a fine pair of specimens, but then I asked him if he didn't fancy getting involved in the action himself. 'I may, sometimes,' he replied, 'but I'll keep my options open.'  
  
We opened in front of an invited audience, on a cold November evening. When I glanced out at the cars arriving, there was a stream of Mercedes, BMW's and the like, and the people coming in through the plush foyer might have been arriving for an evening at the opera, well-dressed, with a preponderance of men, though many escorted by women, often young and beautiful ones, too.  
  
Once the forty of fifty people were seated in the auditorium, all on plush sofas, with low mahogany tables in front of them, the blue velvet curtains parted for the show to begin, and Roger came on to make a short welcoming speech.  
  
I was nervous, waiting in the wings. Although I had faced the public in the erotic fashion shows many times by now, I had never actually done a striptease, as such. I was both frightened and thrilled by the prospect.  
  
In keeping with the evening, I was 'dressed up,' in a long evening gown of black velvet with long gloves. For the first number, 'A Whiter Shade of Pale,' I gyrated around as sexily as I knew how, running my hands around my body, without removing anything but my gloves, which I did as artfully as I could. Then the music changed to 'Tiene que Marchar' and I reached behind me, and unzipped my dress, revealing my stark nakedness in contrast to the black dress. I had deliberately worn no underwear, to create the impact. I eased the dress off my shoulders, and thee tension was building as I let it bunch around my hips, cupping my breasts, and making a great play of kneading them, and tweaking my nipples between thumb and forefinger. When the music changed again, this time to 'Je t'aime, moi non plus' I pushed the dress down over my hips and stood naked but for my stilettos. I sat on an upholstered stool centre stage, and faced the audience, smiling, my hand covering my shaven pussy. Then I simply, and, I hope gracefully, to the music, whisked my hand away, and opened my legs wide.  
  
A ripple of applause grew, as I put two fingers of my right hand between my legs, and parted my labia, showing all and sundry the damp pinkness of my cunt.  
  
Then I stood, and that was a signal for Sergei to enter from the wings. He came striding in dressed in a long brocade robe, and I had to say he looked magnificent, his broad shoulders and narrow hips making him look like a Greek God.  
  
The music changed again. This time to a stronger beat, something I didn't recognise, and I did as I had been told, and put my hands on his shoulders, whereupon he bent down and kissed me. In spite of myself, I felt a little tremor of excitement, knowing what I was about to do.  
  
Slowly, for the audience's benefit, I parted his robe, and found his flaccid cock, already large and heavy in my hand. I looked into his eyes, and saw a gleam in them as I stroked life into him, then dropped to my knees, and took him straight into my mouth, while he seized my hair with both hands. I looked up at him as I sucked him, taking him all the way into my throat, and the audience was now applauding wildly. He was rock-hard, massive, in moments.  
  
As the music faded, Nadine strutted on to the stage, her black skin contrasting with white half-bra, garter-belt and stockings. It was my signal to exit, and share the applause with her. As she reached Sergei, she imperiously whisked away his robe, while I watched from the darkness of the wings, a wrap thrown around me by Robert. Sergei sat on the stool I had vacated, facing the audience, a slight smile on his handsome face, toying with his erection, as Nadine came around in front of him, straddling him with her long black, white-stockinged legs, also facing the audience, and writhing slowly to the music as she lowered herself with infinite slowness onto his waiting phallus. The audience let forth an audible intake of breath as she impaled herself on his cock, her cavernous, hungry cunt swallowing even his prodigious tool with comfort. She rode him, crying out with each stroke, but I knew that was for the audience's benefit, as was the subtly added sound-track, of little squelching noises, running along with the music.  
  
But, in spite of myself, I was getting quite excited watching the spectacle, and Robert, behind me, knew it, just by the feel of my hardening nipples.  
  
'They're not bad, are they?' he said, rhetorically, as Nadine went into the last phase of her routine, and climbing off the Ukranian's lap, knelt beside him, and took him in her lips. She pumped him with her hand, her lips just at his crown, and his facial expression showed that he was close to climax.  
  
I switched my gaze to the audience, and saw, although it was not easy to see anything in the gloom out there, that many of the couples present were embracing in one way or another – it looked as if the show was a success in that respect, at least.  
  
Sergei was now heard to utter one of his few phrases off French, 'j'arrive!' and Nadine let him shoot his load of creamy cum all over her face. The white cum contrasted well with her black face under the lights, I thought. The curtain came down to great applause.  
  
After an interval of about a quarter of an hour, Robert said, 'OK, girls, positions, please!'  
  
I wasn't to be involved in this one, so went around and sat at a spare table off to one side, to watch. The stripper this time was the blonde Giselle, a tall, voluptuous girl, with heavy breasts, but a narrow waist.  
  
She had dressed in a white whale-boned corset which enhanced her curves still more, and revealed it when, at the first change off music, she took off her short red velvet dress. Then her breasts stood out proudly above the cruel corset, which also had the effect of thrusting out her buttocks. She came to the edge of the stage and invited one of the audience to untie the bows on her panties. When the white-haired gentleman had done so, she leaned over and put a nipple in his mouth, to much enthusiastic applause. She wore extravagantly high heels now, but nothing else, other than the corset, and, as the music changed, Paul entered, stark naked, impressive, I thought, as hell. What a body! He could have been an Olympic sprinter, it was said, but for an unfortunate tendon injury, and I believed it. Giselle sidled up to him, walking around him, as if to appraise his body, and I now saw why she had been chosen. Again the contrast of her blonde hair and white corset against his black beauty – it was highly effective. She came up to him and took his hand, pulling it straight to her pussy, and pressing it there, meanwhile rubbing her tits around his body. His enormous prick immediately started to show signs of life, and she seized it, then dropped to her knees, making sure they were centre-stage, and took him in her mouth. She gave him a terrific blow-job, alternately sucking and licking, massaging his huge balls as she went. But then the music changed, and she took her bow, again to much applause. I was just wondering if this was going to be a bit of a 'repeat' of what our previous performance had been, when Cecile allayed my fears. Cecile was another blonde, but slimmer, almost like a fashion-model. I didn't know her too well, but she had a reputation for being very sexy, and I was to see why.  
  
She came on stage in a fishnet cat-suit, rather like ones we had worn at some of our erotic fashion shows. It covered her all over, from her neck to her feet, but when she sat on the stool, and threw her legs wide apart, she revealed that the crotch was entirely open. She fingered herself, while Paul massaged her firm tits through the mesh of her suit, then she pushed him roughly away from her, and did an abrupt about-turn, so that she was now kneeling, with her breasts on the stool. She parted her knees, and, reaching behind her with both hands, pulled her arse-cheeks wide apart. The audience gave a collective gasp, and the music swelled, as she showed the wide, dark cavern of a well-used arsehole!  
  
Paul knew his role, and, needing no lubricant, he rammed his huge cock right into her waiting rectum. I was dripping wet by now – I had no idea that Cecile was going to be taken like this, and could hardly wait for my own turn. I had only had anal sex on one fairly unsuccessful occasion, a long time ago, and was now fairly bursting for Robert to do it with me.  
  
Paul shafted Cecile brutally, and she screamed, probably mainly for the audience, until he pulled out and came copiously across her back. The curtain came down to tumultuous applause.  
  
After another, longer interval, Robert asked me how I thought it had gone, so far. I said I thought it was very good.  
  
'Good,' he said, 'but you know what I said about variety?'  
  
'I thought we'd already had that.'  
  
'Some,' he said, 'but Ti-Liu wants to try something else.'  
  
'Something else?'  
  
'Yes, she wants you to whip her.'  
  
'But I'm not into that sort of thing,' I protested.  
  
'It's only for the show,' he said, spreading his arms wide, 'besides, it's what she wants, and who knows, you may enjoy it.'  
  
After the episode with Cecile, I was, in truth, ready for anything, so I found myself in the wings again, dressed in a black leather, crotchless cat-suit and spiky boots. I carried a leather flogger. Ti-Liu was dressed in a long white silk gown, was barefoot, and had her wrists and ankles shackled. Sergei, who claimed to have recovered, was dressed in a black monk's cowelled robe.  
  
When a Georgian chant started up, we trooped on stage, as the curtain came up on a scene with a St. Andrew's Cross prominent in centre stage, snap-links at its extremities, and a low couch.  
  
I acted around a bit, and had Ti-Liu get down on all fours and kiss my naked pussy (which I found myself actually enjoying quite a lot) Then I undid the clasps at her shoulders and her dress fell to the floor. I swished my whip theatrically, and Sergei responded by clipping Ti-Liu's wrists and ankles to the cross, her back to the audience. I stood back and swung the flogger around with more show than force, and brought it down across her back.  
  
'Harder,' she whispered, 'hurt me!'  
  
I didn't want to hurt her, my sweet friend, but she was asking me to, and I knew she meant it. I lashed her a bit harder, and a slight reddening appeared.  
  
'Much harder, Claire,' she pleaded, under cover of the music, and I laid about her with all the force I could muster, until she moaned with……with what? Pain, pleasure? I wasn't sure. After a few more strokes, with the audience now roaring, I told Sergei to take her down, he did so, and then laid her across the couch, and penetrated her instantly, driving his shaft into her as she moaned with all the intensity of someone who knows real desire. It was a lifelike performance, I thought, as I left the scene to much applause.  
  
'Well, what did you think to our first night,' said Robert, on our way home.  
  
'Just get me home and fuck me, will you,' I said.