**Dancer on Display**

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I know I had a choice. I didn't like the available options, but too bad, really. This wasn't magic fairyland where you could close your eyes, click your heels three times and have it all go away. This was real life, where when you owe $5,000 to a loan shark, you either pay up or dance his dance. So, in this case, I literally danced.

My name's Harriet Wilde. I'm a middle school teacher in a relatively small California town. I'm 34, single, brunette, slim and relatively attractive. In my mind, I'm no slut – I mean, I only date one guy at a time, although sometimes that's only one date – but I'm no "Miss Priss" either. I keep in shape. I keep my pussy hair shaved; I have 36D boobs and I tend to dress to keep them covered. I mean, I teach middle school, for crying out loud. That's when my students bump into puberty, and I do not want to become the masturbatory fantasy of the young boys because I flash too much skin. It wouldn't be fair to them, and it would make teaching tougher.

On the other hand, when I go out, I'm not at all shy about showing off what nature gave me. Most of my "going-out-wear" consists of demi-bras that barely cover my nipples (if at all); thongs, stockings, garters and short skirts. Of course, I live a few towns away to the west of where I teach, and I go even further west away from there when I'm out. That lets me be as free and exhibitionistic as I want. And since I enjoy the male attention that gives me, I'm fine with flashing various portions of my anatomy. I occasionally go out commando; depending on the location and my alcohol intake, I've been known to flash my cooch a bit. Hell, one bartender at a favorite watering hole trades me drinks for flashes!

So, as you might guess, I'm not bashful about my body or sex life. But I have limits. At least, I thought I had limits. But that was before I made the mistake of borrowing money from a high-roller at one of the clubs I visit. I was worried that my bank wouldn't give me a loan, or that people I know would think bad of me for asking for money – in other words, I was thinking with my feelings and worries instead of my brain. Never-the-less, I needed money (I'm not saying why, so don't go looking for the answer to that question) and I borrowed $5,000 from Tony (I know, it sounds like something from the Sopranos – but it really was his name!) without really paying close attention to his terms. That was my mistake – not the blowjob I gave him as a thank you. There were only two blowjobs I ever regretted in my life, and I try to keep the memory of them buried down deep. The rest – hey, sex is part of life! What's to regret?

Anyway, a month had gone by, and I showed up the club where I met Tony with $200 of what I owed him, which is what I could afford and what seemed to me to be a sincere effort on my part. I walked in and saw him alone at a table, so I walked over and sat down.

"Hey, there's my Teacher! How are you, honey?"

"Hi, Tony. I came to make my first payment. Here's.."

He cut me off with a gesture. "There's certain things we don't talk about, okay? You could just slip me what you have and we'll take it from there."

I nodded. I mean, it was his money, so it was his rule. No problem. I reached into my purse and pulled out the cash and then slid it into has hand below the table, blocking the view of the transaction with my legs. He took it from me and then spoke.

"Excuse me a minute, Teacher. I have to see a man about a horse. Be right back. Go ahead and order yourself a drink. It's on me." He slid out of our booth and headed in the direction of the restrooms. While he was gone, I snagged a waitress and ordered a vodka martini. The drink arrived just as Tony returned.

"Put it on my tab, Gwen" He said to the waitress.

"And as for you," he said, turning to me, "are you joking? Are you pulling my leg?"

"What? What do you mean?"

"I mean, the amount you gave me was due three weeks ago. You owe me three times that amount at this point. Did you think I wouldn't notice? Did you think that your little oral adventures would dim my recollections?"

"No! It's all I've been able to save so far. I mean, I have to eat and pay rent. I haven't gone out, the only coffee I've had has been that crap in the teacher's lounge – I'm saving every penny I can to get it back to you."

"Oh, woe is me. The problem with your story is that you borrowed money and have an agreement about repaying it. And if your first effort is any measure, we'll both be old and grey when you are done. IF you ever get done."

"I'm doing everything I know how to get it back to you as quickly as possible. I just don't see any other way."

"Well, sweetie, you should have thought of that before you took the cash. So now, you better find a way to come up with more the next time you see me, or be prepared to face the consequences."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Nah. I'm just letting you know that, like everything else in life, there are consequences to your actions. You watch too much crappy TV. You'll get a choice if you don't deliver. That's all. And don't go thinking about going to 'the authorities' about anything – that would be a big mistake, given why you needed the money. Understood?"

"Yes. I understand."

"Good, then get out of here. See you soon, Teacher."

I left that night, and it was a long drive home. I began to think of how I could raise money. Bake sale? Not a valid option. A GoFundMe page – maybe I should have done that to begin with, but after seeing how they went after the crew that put up that BS about the homeless guy and his last $20, there's no way I could pull that off. I had no relatives to speak of, let alone any with money. I thought about selling things, and decided I'd go with that first.

The Saturday after my meeting with Tony I spent the entire day going through my belongings looking for things of value. I had some older comics, some first edition signed books, some older vinyl records and some jewelry that I no longer needed. Putting all that together, and then visiting consignment shops and pawn shops I came up with $350. With the $200 I pulled from my next check, I was a little more confident when it came time to meet with Tony.

Once again, I visited the bar he frequented. Again, we did the little dance with the "sit in the booth, slide him the money, wait for him to go count it and come back" steps.

"Better, Teacher, much better. But you got yourself a problem, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"This is the kind of thing I see all the time – someone realizes they have to dig deep to

deal with their obligations, so they sell personal stuff and bring me back a larger payment. Except they can't sustain it. They run out of things to sell. Tell me something, Teacher – do you dance?"

"What? Dance? What do you mean?"

"I mean, do you have any rhythm? Can you shake your tail? Can you express yourself in motion?" He giggled! "I stole that from somewhere. Kind of like the phrase, don't you?"

"It's okay. But I don't understand."

"You owe me money and you aren't going to be able to pay it off in a timely manner. So, your choice is simple – go to work for me, or give it all up and run away. And I don't think that's a very inviting alternative. Do you?"

"No, not at all. So, what would I do for you?"

"Like I said, if you can dance, I got some acceptable work. If you can't dance, I also got work available, but I doubt it would be a first choice. So? Can you dance?"

"Yeah, Tony, I can dance."

"Good. Then this coming Friday night, I expect you to show up at 6:00 at my club. Ask for Francie."

"And how long do I have to dance for you?"

"If you're really good, you could be earning $200 a night in tips. That will all go to me. I'll pay you a salary and that will cover your gas and stuff. But turn over the tips to me and it'll pay me off in a year. If you're good, of course."

"But..." I stammered.

"Your other choice is an old fashioned one – they call it the world's oldest profession for a reason. Take your pick. You now work for me until you pay me back or I let your school district in on what you've been up to. Is that understood?"

"Yes. It's understood. And I'll take the dancing."

"Good. Then get out of here. See Francie on Friday at 6PM and don't be late."

I left, and the drive back home was horrendous. See, I knew the name of the club on that card. I hadn't agreed to being a social dance partner – I'd agreed to be an exotic dancer. An ecdysiast. A stripper in a titty bar. But then, it could have been worse – it appears the alternative was working as a hooker for Tony. Interesting choice. Get up on stage and get naked (or very close) or get fucked by strangers. I'll admit that, at some point in my life when I had too little money and too much to drink, I had contemplated turning tricks. But only as long as it took me to sober up. So, the choice with Tony didn't require much thinking. However, I didn't know shit about dancing for a living.

Thank goodness for the Internet! I got on Google and searched for a bunch of things. Came up with a bunch of YouTube videos on how to dance on stage, instructional videos on pole dancing, and more. A lot farther down the list, I found some very interesting articles. One was from a former stripper and I spent two hours reading it.

To say it opened my eyes would be an understatement. Carolyn (her stage name) had been interviewed for a sociologist's project, and she was very up front about everything that happened in the clubs where she danced. She told about club owners and managers who expected sexual favors from dancers (and that was where I realized Tony's blowjob was a big mistake); about gay dancers; about how the real money was in lap dances; about how many dancers did drugs to numb themselves to selling themselves; and how it really was possible to get successful without all of that – but how hard that was. She talked about how many of the dancers who came and went while she worked were younger women who started it out as a lark but who got lured by money into turning tricks. What the fuck had I gotten myself into?

I think I spent about one minute trying to figure a way out of my dilemma before I gave that up. I got myself into it. I could get myself through it – if I was smart about it. That's when I started looking at the videos. I also took a good, long look at my body, naked, in a mirror. Front and back. My boobs were probably the outstanding feature – like I said, 36D, firm, with large nipples. My stomach was flat. One thing in my favor – no tan lines. I spent all my sun time in the nude. I worked up a sweat doing what I thought was a pretty good imitation of the videos I found, then took a shower and went to bed.

The next few days in school were nothing special. As Friday approached, I began to get nervous. But I made it through the day, and arrived at the Kit-Kat Klub at 5:45. I waited in my car until 5:55 and then went in. The club wasn't all that much – especially with the lights on as the staff cleaned and prepped. I went up to the bar.

"I'm looking for Francie." I said.

"You must be the new girl. I'm Joe, I have the opening shifts. Francie's in back – through that door." He said, pointing.

"Thanks, Joe. See you later." I went into the back, and the first person I found was a big, very muscled dude in a t-shirt. When I say big, I mean he was over 6-foot, 5-inches, and probably weight about 300, of which most of it was muscled.

"I'm looking for Francie. I'm Harriet. Tony told me to see her." I held out my hand.

"If Tony told you to see 'her' then he was pulling your leg. I'm Francie. Francie Ederle. I'm the club manager." His hand swallowed mine but held it delicately.

"Oh. I'm sorry, just assumed with that name..."

"Don't worry. Most folks do that. I'm used to it. Anyway, let's go back to the dressing area. None of the girls get here until 7, so we won't be disturbed."

"Um, I don't know..."

"Look, Harriet, you are in the body business now. I ain't gonna try anything, but I do need to know what we're working with. See this ring? It's real and you'll get to meet my wife at some point, since she's like a mother for the girls. And I'm absolutely faithful to her. Besides, I need to show you the ropes. Okay?"

"Yes. Sorry. I'm nervous."

"No shit. It would be weird if you weren't. I understand. And I know all the back story, so relax. I'll be your partner, and we'll get this handled, okay?"

"Yeah. Okay."

He took me into a back area, with makeup tables and mirrors. There was an open closet with stuff in it with sequins and spangles.

"This is the dressing area. You'll share it with all the other girls. The last table on that side is available – take it as yours. Now, let's talk about being here. First, if you bring in anything that you need to keep safe, give it to either Joe or Damon (he's the late-night leader) and they'll lock it up for you. Leave it in here and there's no guarantee you'll find it when you come back. That means money, papers – anything. For makeup, don't go buying that high-end shit. I recommend you take a look at what the other girls are using, and stick with those brands. Really good stuff has led to fights – and not just name-calling. Getting started, you can go into the closet and use what fits. After a shift, put it in the basket and we get it cleaned – don't put it back on the hangers."

"Understood."

"Okay, now it's time to get naked."

"What? I thought you said..."

"Relax, Harriet. You are going to be naked – or pretty damn close – up on stage. You are gonna be naked back here getting ready. You don't have anything I haven't seen before – but this is where we deal with inhibitions. I'm not going to touch, but while I'm probably going to enjoy the view, that's all I'll enjoy. I told you, I'm a married man and, so far, no one's shown me anything that will change that or make me give up my vows. Now, get naked."

With that, I simply followed "orders" – I got naked. I had a small gym bag with me, so as I took things off, they went in the bag. Since I started out in jeans and a t-shirt, it didn't take long until I was naked. Once I was, I stood still for a moment, then did a slow 360 with my arms held out wide.

"Well?" I asked.

"Nice. The customers will definitely enjoy the view. The lack of tan lines might make you some money; ask the other girls how to make the most of it. You're a little skinny in the butt, but that won't be a problem. The boobs are good – natural, yes?"

"Yup. No surgeries of any type. No tattoos, and just an appendectomy scar."

"Keep up the shaving – all the girls tell me they started getting better tips when they did it."

"And how do I go about getting tips?"

"Oh, that's right. You're the school teacher. This isn't your normal working environment, is it?" He grinned.

"Nope, I'm used to boys and girls on the edge of puberty, and I keep covered up NOT to temp them."

"Yeah, that's a different crowd, for sure." We both laughed.

"Well, you get tips a couple of ways. But remember, Tony told me the arrangement, and no matter what you get, you can't keep any. That means whatever you do get, you hand over to me. I'll keep it safe and let you know the totals every night. Understood?"

"Yes. I do. But you were going to tell me how I get them, remember?"

"Oh, I remember. First set of tips is while you're dancing. Get close enough to the edge of the stage and the boys will be happy to respond with cash. Which is the second reason why you never take off your G-string – they need something to put the money in. If you don't have a string you might find it being inserted in whatever hole they can reach. If you don't mind, hey, feel free to lose it all. But trust me – you'll only do it once before you go back to the G-string."

"You said that's the second reason to wear a G-string. What's the first?"

"The law. The state's not giving out full-nudity licenses where liquor is sold by the drink. And yeah, I know I intimated that sometimes it happens. Here's the deal – if you are ever so moved, be sure to check with me first. If there's no law enforcement, we tend to ignore that bit of licensing. But I strongly urge you to trust me and not your beginner's senses. Deal?"

"Deal."

"Anyway, after dances on stage there's lap-dances. The customers stay dressed. You can get however you like. It's 50 bucks for 10 minutes, and that counts as tips. They will all try to get more than a dance – don't. Vice puts undercover guys in here every once in a while, and every time they do at least one girl gets busted. Plus, we get closed for a week – and nobody makes money. They want more time – fine. They want more action – no go."

"Any other ways?"

"There are two. Get them to buy you drinks, and the bartenders will keep track. You'll get 50% counted as tips."

"You said there was another one. What is it?"

"This last one kind of crosses the border. From time to time, we get asked to provide dancers for certain social events. The girls who go usually come back with a lot of money – but they generally have to do a lot more than dance. If you catch my drift."

"I do. I'll keep it in mind, but for now I'll see about maxing out the first three ways. Okay?" I asked.

"Fine by me. If you do decide on that last way, let me know and I will put you on the list. Till then, nothing to do. Now, you ready to go out on stage?"

"I'm naked!"

"Right. I'm Francie. So, what? You're now a dancer at a strip club. Being almost naked on stage is how you make money, remember? And since we aren't open, naked is allowed."

"Right. I was just surprised. Let's go." And with that, we walked through the curtain at the far end of the dressing room and we were on the stage. The lights were still on, and there were people all over, stocking the bar, cleaning the floors, and more. None of them looked up. Why should they? Francie was right – it wasn't like I was anything unusual. Now, if I had another boob, or one less, or maybe even a cock and boobs, I suppose I'd be different.

"Okay, take some time and get used to the stage area. If you can walk there, you can go there. That means on the bar, out on the runway, on the sides of the stage. You want to start off away from all the hands until you at least start showing your boobs. Then you can start getting close enough to let them slip tips. If any of the customers get out of hand – they grab or pinch or try to stick a finger where it doesn't belong – then just step back. We have two bouncers at the door – I'll introduce you when they get here – at least two more inside, and I'm almost always around. If it's really bad, there's a couple of buttons we have hidden. Step on one of them and you'll see three or four of us show up. Then point out the jerk and we'll handle it. If we haven't already seen it and removed him."

"Show me those buttons, okay?" He did, and made sure that I knew when to use them and when NOT to use them. I moved all over the staging areas, looking to be sure of the surfaces. I got comfortable up there and confident that I knew how much space I had to dance in.

"No pole?" I asked.

"We have one, but none of our current dancers uses it so we took it down. You use one?"

"Well, I figured I could enhance the gift giving on one, But I need to practice a bit."

"Tell you what. I can set it up tomorrow afternoon and you can use it from 3-6. Will that work?"

"That would be great!"

"Okay, let me make a note." He pulled out a little pad and wrote it down.

Then I heard female voice coming from the door area. Francie spoke up.

"Hey girls, come on in. Want you to meet your new sister."

Four young women came into the bar. They were a rather colorful lot – and they included a face I never, ever expected to see. She was just as shocked to see me as I was to see her.

"Harriet?! What the fuck?!"

"Hi, Melanie. Never thought I'd run into you here! It explains a lot, thought, doesn't it?"

"You two know each other?" Asked one of the other girls – a rather tall blond with enormous tits. "Neat!"

"That's Harriet Wilde. She and I went to college together. We graduated together. We did a lot of things together, for a while." Said Melanie.

Mel and I were best of friends through college and after, and somehow, about a year ago, she'd disappeared from my life. She was never home. She stopped returning calls. I thought I'd lost her. Seeing her here suddenly connected dots for me. I wondered if we could rebuild that friendship.

"Harriet, come on over." Said Melanie. "This big drink of water is Thalia. She's got the biggest natural tits I've ever seen but she can't dance for shit." That brought laughter all around.

"Honey, with boobs like mine, no man cares if I dance. They just want to see them shake! Hi Harriet!" We shook.

"And this tiny little Latina dynamo is Maria – she can do things with her butt that make men drool."

"And give me great tips, don't forget!" We shook. Maria was indeed a tiny thing. I doubt if she was even five feet tall.

"This is Caroline. She uses her dark skin for evil – wraps the men around her little finger!"

Caroline was black, with a shaved head and deep, dark eyes. She looked me up and down, as if measuring every inch of my body. We shook hands as well.

Francie spoke up. "Excuse me, but can we move on from this lovely social scene. We open in 25 minutes, so you all better go backstage. Mel, since you know Harriet, can you get her set up? Have her sit out the first round and watch everyone, then she'll be up first after you've each gone once. The order is on the board."

We all went back to the dressing area and the girls all stripped down as they talked and got ready. Two other girls came in as well: Donna was almost as small as Maria, but built very differently – she was thin as a rail with enormous boobs, clearly enhanced. And Nadia was the only one who hadn't shaved her pubes – which were the same bright red as her hair. I could see how that would be attractive. There was a lot of banter between them; talk of boyfriends and customers and the like. Most of them took a few minutes to talk with me one-on-one and welcome me in.

Mel, meanwhile, had gone into the costume closet and came out with a sequined bandeau top and a matching G-string.

"It's the same kind of top I usually use, so when I come out you can see at least one way to remove it that works. I'm sure Francie told you about keeping the G-string on – do it! That doesn't mean it has to stay in place, by the way. If it happens to move around and reveal something while you've got your ass to the crowd, it draws dollars! Watch Caroline – she's a master of the technique. Pretty much everyone here's been doing this a while, and we all started by stealing techniques from others. The key is to develop what you appropriate so it's truly yours. One other thing – barefoot is okay, but if you really want to bring in some bucks, invest in high heels. We don't have any to give out."

"Mel, thanks. I want to get to talk about..."

"Harriet, we will. But now's not the time. Our fans are filing in. Put this on, grab a robe, and there's a seat in the back where we are allowed. Joe will show you. Time to play observer, so you don't look like a complete dork when you get out there."

Joe did indeed set up me in the girls' booth. He mixed up a couple of drinks for me ("On the house tonight. Most girls appreciate them their first night.") I made a little mental note to repay the favor at some point. The place was filling up fast, with an overwhelmingly male clientele. Not that I was surprised – I WAS surprised that there were women in the audience, actually. I was trying to see more about them when the house lights went down.

What followed was a wide range of women and their tastes in music. I watched them all, but mostly I was watching the audience to see what they reacted to. Sneaky boob reveals got tips. Splits on the dance floor. Doggy style humping. Backing into the faces of a group at stage side – all produced dollar bills. But the one that got the most was Caroline, like Mel said. She was actually looking at me a lot through her show. And at one point the G-string was still around her waist but it wasn't covering up her cunt – and that got more tips than any other move. When the house lights went up, I went back stage. With those drinks in me I was feeling fine, frankly. Not drunk – but lubricated.

Backstage, all the girls were talking. The all noticed me come in and it got quiet.

"Can I ask a couple of questions?" I got nods and murmured yeses.

"I don't have a routine of my own, but I saw things each of you did that I want to use – is that like stealing or something? Until I get good, can I borrow some moves? Is that okay?"

Mel looked at me funny. Then I remembered that she'd said something about that before the night started. I looked at her and shrugged.

Thalia spoke up. "Listen, Harriet, we all started with nothing. We've all borrowed stuff and we don't own anything. Besides, you don't have a pair like this, so I'm not worried."

That brought a round of laughter.

"And would you guys take a look and help me out at some point? I mean, oh, fuck, I don't know what I mean. I'm nervous, I'm worried I'll get laughed off stage, and I'm afraid I won't make any money."

Mel spoke up. "Relax, Harriet. We all know the feeling. As long as you can take coaching, we've all taught each other things. You'll do fine. And you better get ready, because you're on in a few. Go give the DJ your set list. Start out with four songs and get done."

I gave Willy (the DJ) my list. He looked at it for a minute, and then nodded his head.

"Nice choices. Go get 'em, girl! What are we calling you?"

"Oh, shit! I need a stage name! Um, Little Miss Wild. For now, anyway."

"You got it."

The house lights went down, and Willy announced me.

"Let's hear it for our newest KitKat Klub dancer, Little Miss Wild!" and then he dropped the needle on "Sunshine of Your Love" and I slunk out on stage. A few hands clapped.

I made it through that number and had a few dollars. As that faded out, "Hip to Be Square" came on and I got moving. That one always gets me pumped, so I worked the whole damn room and began to see signs of life among the men. When the horn section came on, my top worked itself off and I set my boobs in motion. During the sax solo I was down on my knees, bent backwards, pumping my pussy. By the time that number ended I saw lots of green on floor and had more than a bunch in my string. Then the opening notes of "What is Hip?" came on and I let it move me around the stage. I tried a little break dancing with my legs spread wide, and used the driving horns to simulate masturbation. That allowed me to get my hands under the G-string and that really got a reaction. The guitar solo was perfect for faking a climax and I rolled around the stage, picking up tips like crazy. I just kept my mind on sex the whole time, and acted it out. Then I ended my set with "You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet" and played it for all I had. By the time it had finished I was sweating, wet, horny and about $50 richer, just from what was in my g-string.

I exited from the stage to a waiting circle of all the other girls who were all applauding! There was good-natured kidding, a little teasing, and when Francie came back and announced that I had broken the record for a first appearance with $150 in tips, they all cheered. And at least two of the girls asked if they could borrow from ME! I was completely stoked – this was so different from teaching middle school. It was like a whole other side of me showed up. I put on a robe, and then went out to mix with the paying customers.

That was an education in itself. Somehow, more than a few of those guys thought that since they'd seen a whole lot of me, they somehow had permission to touch it. I started to get upset, but Francie stepped in right away (I guess he was shadowing me) and abused them of their thinking. He pulled me aside.

"Harriet, you made yourself a mark tonight. That means you now have a problem – the one you just ran into. The more alcohol some of these guys imbibe, the better the tips. The hotter the dancing – the better the tips. And somehow, they ain't mature enough to understand the difference between looking and touching. You are going to need to be able to extricate yourself from them or you are going to lose out. Go back up in the booth and watch as the other girls work the room. Learn from them. You ain't going to make up all Tony's money in one night, so be content to start slow. You could go real far, given what you already did – now build up the persona that can deal with it all."

I reached up on tip-toe and kissed Francie's cheek. "Thank you, Francie. I'll do that. And when do I get to meet the Mrs. to let her know what a wonderful man you are?" Then I turned and made it to the booth to watch. On Saturday I came in super early to try out the pole, with Francie's help. For a beginner, I wasn't bad, but I knew I needed to practice. I arranged with him to leave it up, and then set time to come in early from now on in order to practice on it. The other thing I did was spend a lot of time in that booth that first weekend, but by the end of the night on Sunday I had $500 for Tony's payback, just from dancing 5 sets the whole weekend. I was pretty proud of myself as I left for home.

School on Monday morning was a little tough to deal with. First off, I was sore in places I never expected – dancing is hard work! And the hours had me going to the teacher's lounge every chance I could for coffee. But I made it through the day, took work home to correct, and spend my week teaching.

When it got to Friday, I was back at the KitKatKlub. Two sets a night Friday, pole work practice on Saturday and Sunday and two sets each of those nights, as well as some lap dances on Saturday night and my total was even better than the previous week. And I was having fun! Seems strange, I know, to relating to getting next to naked, feigning sex and showing off my dance moves as fun, but I was satisfying a streak of exhibitionism I didn't know I had in me. As for the lap dances, well, I was pretty selective about who I went with. The first guy reminded me of my father as I imagined he would have been if he'd made it to his fifties, and so I had fun acting out my daddy issues with him. I really let myself go and played the role of cock-teaser with him. If we'd kept it up, I suspect he would have cum in his pants!

Then there was the young kid – he was just over the legal age and there for his birthday, so his friends paid for our time together. It was fun playing the dirty slut with him. And then I felt the size of his cock. We were all alone in the room, and so I unzipped his pants, took it out and sucked him. He came within one minute and I swallowed it all, then zipped him up, told him that was our secret and then I thanked him! He stumbled out and went back to his friends. I felt like a dirty slut and I realized that I loved it.

The other men that night were all a little older than me; they were married but clearly not getting it at home. They tipped well, and behaved themselves. The crowd was smaller on Sunday night, so no lap dances. I was fine with it all. And I had managed to reduce my debt to Tony again, so I considered it a win and drove home satisfied with myself.

Monday, once again, was a bit of a struggle, but nowhere near as physically uncomfortable. And once again I wished for a coffee IV and had to settle for fresh cups at every change of period. The week went on as usual.

The next Friday night I actually got to meet Francie's wife, Suzy. She came in briefly, and came into the dressing room. Turns out that all the other girls knew her because she was like the den mother or something – she had been a dancer some time ago, before she met Francie, as it happens. She knew things about our life style, and, according to the other girls, she was one of the few people who could hear anything and still be a comfort and a friend. We sat and talked for a few minutes before she had to leave, but there was a special feel to how she listened. So not only was Suzy lucky to have Francie, he was equally lucky. They were simply good people.

By now I had a six-song slot midway through the lineup, then floor time and lap dances, and then my second six song slot. I had a pretty standard rotation of tunes; nothing repeated on any given night and I had a long list of tunes to use. I had invested in platform stilettos and they immediately plaid for themselves in the tips I took in. When I came back in on Saturday, Francie asked me if I'd do three sets and I agreed. After I sorted out all the music, I asked him what was up.

"Caroline and Thalia are only doing one set each tonight. Then they are off to a special event. They'll be back tomorrow."

"Is that one of those optional special events you told me about?"

He nodded.

Needless to say, that third set made it a rather long night for me. But it gave me the chance to throw in some pole work, and that helped pick up tips, so I slept late on Sunday and made use of the hot tub in my condo before I went back for the final night of the weekend. I was a little early, and Thalia was early as well, so naturally, I asked about the special event.

"Well, let me put it this way. There're no rules about clothing at most of these, so eventually you wind up naked. What you do then kind of depends."

"Depends on what?"

"What you are willing to do, I guess."

"Come on, Thalia, what are you talking about?"

"Well, before I started dancing last night, I put a butt plug with a jeweled end in my ass. I leave some toys in a bag on stage. I come out, dance, strip, and I start to enjoy my body. That's right – I play with myself in front of all those horny men. They've already noticed the butt plug, so when I pull out the vibrators and the dildos, I have a very attentive audience. I usually cum two or three times before I even really look at them – and then at least a few of them have their dicks in their hands. I pick the biggest one I can see and I start with him."

"What do you mean, you start with him?"

"Well, the whole point is to do them all, so you have to start somewhere, right?"

I was speechless. And I was also very wet – the idea of masturbating for a roomful of men flipped some switch somewhere and I was now very horny.

"Now don't get all righteous with me, Harriet!"

"No, no, no, Thalia. I just speechless because the idea of playing with myself in front of a room full of men turns me on! I'm not sure about fucking them all – but I might be interested. Have you done this before?"

"Oh yes. Caroline and I have done a number of these. And we do things together at time..."

"You and Caroline? That must be hot!"

"We like it. I almost wish we didn't have to take on those dicks sometimes. But that's what pays the bills."

"Wow. I gotta think on this one."

And it was still in my mind at the end of the night. Hell, during my second set I didn't fake playing with myself – I did. On stage (under my G-string). And I came hard. When I was leaving, I let Francie know that he could include my name on the list for special events.

Another few weeks went by, dancing on the weekends and teaching during the week. I had knocked off $2500 from what I owed Tony by now. I was beginning to think about maybe not coming back to school after the year ended and just working the clubs – because that was good money and I hadn't seen a penny of it! If I wasn't teaching, I could go to four or even five nights a week, and be making more than ever.

While I was thinking about that, I came in on a Friday and Francie pulled me aside.

"I have a special event tomorrow night. You said you were interested – are you still?"

"Who else is going to be there?"

"It's a big one. Caroline and Thalia are both scheduled, but there's room for one more. It pays $1,000."

"Not that money drives me, but hell, yes. I'm in."

"Good. Talk to both of them and work out your routine. Suzy said she will call you tomorrow during the day to talk about it. If that's okay."

"Absolutely. I'd love to talk with her."

I went back to the dressing area and got myself ready for the evening. Thalia and Caroline came in at the same time. Caroline was the first to speak.

"Harriet, I hear you said you'd come with us tonight. Are you sure? Do you really understand what you are agreeing to?"

"I'm sure. And, as far as I can tell, I'm agreeing to get down and dirty onstage, and then probably fuck and suck a lot of guys. Am I right?"

They looked at one another.

"Pretty close. Almost dead on, as a matter of fact." Said Thalia.

"What did I miss?" I asked.

"Well, Thalia and I perform individually, and then together, before we bring on the men. Would you be up for that?"

"With her tits, and your body, who wouldn't?" I said, surprising them if expressions were any judge.

"Didn't know you were into that." Said Thalia.

"Not as a regular thing, but I've walked that side of the street before and enjoyed it very much. And the idea of doing it with both of you, in front of a crowd, well, that's something that I find very interesting. So, tonight it's no holes barred, right? That's a pun, get it?"

Thalia looked puzzled. "No. I don't."

"The correct expression is actually no HOLDS barred. I said no HOLES barred. Sorry, bad joke."

"Yup. Bad joke. But anyway, you got that right. Now let's get ready so we can each do a set and get out of here."

The three of us were up first to dance, so we got naked and then got into our costumes.

"Anything special I need for later?" I asked.

"Just start thinking dirty thoughts" answered Thalia with a wink. Caroline nodded.

"I can do that."

Caroline went out first for her set, then Thalia, and then me. We threw on some sweats and sneakers, each of us took along a small bag to change into, and Carolina brought a small rolling suitcase as well. She caught me looking at it.

"Props, lotions and lubes." She said, understanding my question.

It took us about 45 minutes to get to the location of the private event. We each drove our own car, and along the way I got a phone call. It was Thalia.

"Can you drive and talk? Like, go hands-free? Then I can conference us all in and we can plan our evening."

"I'm already hands-free – can't you tell by the background noise?"

"Thought so, but didn't want to take a risk. Hang on, let me get Caroline." The phone grew quiet for a moment. She was going to suck and fuck a bunch of strange men and didn't want to risk getting caught talking on her cell phone while driving? How funny!

"Harriet? Caroline? We all here?"

She got affirmatives from both of us.

"What's the plan?" I asked.

Caroline took over. "Well, normally Thalia goes on first and gets things started. She has a pretty set routine. You want to describe it, girl?"

"Well, I start out with a butt plug in my ass, and then, like in the club, take stuff off until I'm naked. At that point, they see the butt plug so they know something's different. After that, I use a chair and start to play with myself. Somewhere in there, I turn on the vibrations in the butt plug. That usually drives them wild. Then I pull out a dildo and suck on it for a bit, all the while moving my hips. I line up the dildo with my pussy, and begin to play with it on the outside. That's usually when Caroline comes in. What do you think?"

"I think that's a pretty good start. I could join in any time, especially if you enjoy having those big boobs loved on."

"Oh yes! You could come on, stand behind the chair and grab them. Squeeze them hard, especially my nipples. I love getting them pinched and twisted. You do that and I'll wind up fucking myself with that dildo."

"And I can come on behind you, Harriet, and undress you while you play with her tits. Then we can come around in front of Thalia and you could go down on her. You do like to suck pussy, right?"

"Caroline, how did you know?"

"I can tell. Anyway, you suck on her pussy for a bit and then turn around and suck on my cock."

"Your cock? Wait a minute..."

"It's a fucking dildo! I'm a woman, not a T-girl. But nothing seems to drive them nuts like watching me get sucked off. Except for me using it to fuck Thalia with."

"Did you bring another harness and dildo?" I asked. "Because how would it be if both of us came onstage with dildos?"

"I like your dirty mind, girl! I assume that you are up for anything? Is there any taboo? Do you do anal?"

"Not my favorite, but I do it. I've even managed to enjoy it."

"Good, because if you really want to make some money tonight, in addition to the big payout, the more you offer, the better the tips."

"Have you ever thought of pegging some guy onstage?"

"That hot! I never did. Do you think we can get a volunteer?" Asked Thalia.

"We can try it. Will you let me? Make the announcement, I mean." They both agreed.

"After we've had a bunch of fun onstage, we take a bow and move off into the audience. That's when it becomes a free-for-all. Tony has a couple of security guys there, to make sure everyone behaves. It's a good thing, since before he did that, I had some scary times."

"I'm good. Do we know the security guys?"

"They are regulars at the KitKatKlub. You'll recognize them. And since they just watch, Thalia and I have taken to giving them some very personal thank yous after we're done. You probably should consider that as well."

"Done. That will be my treat!"

We finally arrived at the location for the event. It was a walled-in property, among a bunch of walled-in properties, set on a hillside. We came in through the gates and followed the directions to parking. The house appeared huge.

"Good evening, ladies, I'm Thomas and I'm managing tonight's event. Would you care for food? Drinks?"

Each of us asked for something with alcohol, and we followed him inside. The inside of the house was huge – like those mansions you see in architectural magazines. He brought us to a small room with a couch, table and chairs, and an attached bathroom.

The drinks arrived as we did.

"Ladies, this is your room for the evening. All the necessary supplies are in the bathroom. Walking over to the fake fireplace, he turned on the big flat screen tv on it. It showed a stage in front of a room, but the room was not really visible.

"That's your view of the stage. When you move from it, we have cameras in the corners to continue filming. Before you leave you'll each receive a copy of the night's performance for your collection. If there's nothing else, I'll leave you to prepare. Curtain goes up in 45 minutes."

"How do we reach you?" I asked.

"Press this button while here, or simply say to whomever you are with that you need to see me and I'll respond. Should it be necessary, and I trust that it won't be."

As he left, Thalia went into the bathroom first as Caroline and I undressed and looked through the supplies she'd brought. After 15 minutes Thalia came out, naked and with that "just stepped out of the shower" look. I went next.

The biggest deal was the enema. Let's face it – if I'm giving up my ass, then I want it cleaned out. Some dickwad is going to want ass-to-mouth, and since I know it will affect tips, I'm willing as long as I know I'm cleaned out. I flushed myself out. Twice. Then a quick shower and it was Caroline's turn. As she came into the bathroom, I took another look at her body.

Carolina was about five-four. She was basically slim, with wide hips, a pair of grapefruit sized boobs with large nipples. Her body was completely hairless, and for the first time I noticed her piercings – both nipples and the hood of her clit. She had very little body fat, and with the shiny, shaved head she was a very unique figure.

"Like what you see?" She asked.

"Now that I look close up, very much so." I said moving up close to her so our boobs were just about touching. I looked in her eyes and she looked back at me.

"Anything goes, Harriet?"

"Anything."

"Good. This should be the start of something big and prosperous." With that we separated; I went into the dressing area and she took over the bathroom.

Eventually, all three of us were ready. We'd each had a few drinks, and Thalia broke out a joint. We were feeling no pain when Thomas walked back in.

"Ladies, it's show time!" I could feel the music start; we'd worked out a sound track with heavy, sinuous bass track and solid drums. Thalia settled her top and G-string and followed Thomas out to the stage, carrying our bag of goodies for us. Caroline and I stood in front of the monitor and watched as Thomas walked out, put down the bag and introduced Thalia, stepping aside as she came strutting on the stage.

And she really was strutting, making sure to land in a way that had her boobs bounce. She immediately got cheers and wolf whistles. As she began her routine, Caroline and I adjusted the straps on our rigs, and then added the dildoes. I chose the 9-inch black one, and she had the 9-inch white one. We looked, and then decided to switch. Some of that was simply because I wanted to get fucked by the black one, although we said it was about the looks.

By now, Thalia's top was off and she was doing things with her boobs. I mean, when they are that big, normal behavior doesn't apply. She takes each one in both hands and work it, caressing it, squeezing it, pulling it and even sucking on it before switching to her other one. I was getting turned on watching it.

"If it weren't for the back problems, I've often thought of getting mine enhanced like that. That and the fact that hers are natural." Caroline's eyes were glued to the screen, but her hand was caressing the folds of her pussy.

"Nothing wrong with what you already have, honey." I began to play with her dark brown nipples. She began returning the favor and so we were stirring each other up as we watched Thalia begin to work on her pussy, her hand beneath the G-string. That was my cue.

"Later, babe."

I walked onto the stage from the back, from out of the darkness, so only a few of the men might have seen the strap-on I was wearing. By the time I was standing behind Thalia, however, it was hidden behind her. She had stepped out of her G-string and was busily playing with her clit as I reached over her shoulders to grab her boobs. One thing about big boobs – they're heavy! I never thought about it before, but all that flesh weighs something. So yeah, back problems were coming her way if they didn't already exist.

Meanwhile, the audience reacted to me. The atmosphere altered – it became almost electric and I groped and fondled those big tits. Bent forward and began to whisper in her ear as I pulled on her nipples.

"Oh, baby, I love your boobs. They are big and heavy and soft all at the same time. Do you like my hands on them? Would you like me to kiss them? Suck them? Would you?"

"Oh, yes!" She said, loud enough to be heard by the room.

I picked up her left boob and pulled it back towards me, fastening my mouth on the nipple and surrounding it with my hands. I sucked hard and heard her moan with pleasure. Then I switched to the other one, doing things just a little bit differently. I was enjoying myself, getting hornier by the moment when I suddenly felt a pair of hands on my ass. It was Caroline. She was almost invisible due to the lighting, but when her hands shifted to my tits the room reacted. I threw my head back in pleasure as she began to work over my boobs.

The music changed, and that was my cue for the next piece. I stood up straight, letting go of Thalia's massive breasts and moved around the front of her. My strap-on was very visible as I walked around. Then I brought it up to her face and she opened her mouth to take it in. That got a cheer from the boys in the room. I spent a few minutes in that position, feeling my juices flowing harder than ever. Then, like we agreed, I backed off and dropped to my knees in between her legs. I threw her legs over her shoulders and dove into her dripping cunt. I suspect that got a cheer as well, although I couldn't hear with her thighs covering my ears.

It had been some time since I'd had pussy in my face. It had been a six-month affair in my senior year of college, and I'd become one of a harem of sorts – four different women all enraptured by one very dominant teacher. It all came back to me now as my tongue parted her lips and began to suck at the juices. I grabbed her ass and pulled her forward, concentrating all my attention on getting her off. I soon had two fingers sawing in and out as I concentrated on her clit. And then I felt hands on my ass and something very hard between my legs. Caroline had moved into her position. Since I was on my knees, she simply spread them wider and with no resistance plunged that big black dildo deep into my twat. It was a little different than we had planned it, but that didn't seem to matter. It filled me up and I was immediately on the verge of my first orgasm of the night.

Three strokes and I was cumming hard. I heard one of them say

"Exaggerate it, girl. Make a big deal out of cumming for the men." And I did. I moaned and wailed and took my mouth off Thalia's cunt to make noises. After it stopped Caroline pulled out and we both stood up. I pulled Thalia onto her hands and knees, and then Caroline filled her mouth with the dildo, dripping my juices. I moved to her rear and just jammed that cock into Thalia's wide-open twat and began to pump. She was now spit-roasting on two dildos and the three of us were having a blast. After Thalia came, I had her lie down and Caroline fill her pussy with the dildo. As she was pumping, I got behind Caroline and entered her pussy. This went on until we had all cum a few times. Finally, we pulled ourselves apart and stood next to one another. I raised my hand for some quiet.

"Gentlemen, did you enjoy that?" We got a solid five minutes of applause.

"Well, we're not done – not by a long shot. I would hope we managed to excite a few of you enough so that we can dispense with the artificial and just get down to real meat!"

That brought another round of noise.

"But before we remove our obviously artificial enhancements, we thought we would offer to fulfill a fantasy or two – but only if someone among you is willing. Anyone ever think about getting pegged? We got any fans out there?" The place was completely silent for at least a minute, and then we got applause from at least two pair of hands.

"Ah, I see we have some experienced men. Now this is where we get really dirty – any of your want to come up here and give us the pleasure of pleasuring you? Obviously, you will have to be a very brave man to admit to liking it, let alone letting your friends watch you get it. Take a minute and think on it."

We let a minute go by – it seemed a lot longer, but we had timed it.

"Okay, gentlemen, no problem. It was worth asking. For those of you who have tried to play it cool, now's the time to give that up. We came here for your pleasure, so it's time to take out your dicks and bring them to us. All three of us like it all, so let's have it!"

From that point on, the rest of the night was a blur of cocks in every hole. Some times it was one at a time, but more often it was two and even three men. They laughed, they cheered each other on, they treated us exactly as we expected – we were they're cum dumps for the night.

Thalia had a long line of men wanting to fuck her tits. She was prepared – I mean, when you have a pair like hers, you grow used to men relating to you as your boobs. We talked about it afterwards – none of us were particularly turned on by titty fucking, but if it kept a man interested and happy, we did it.

I was the first one whose ass got fucked. I was riding a nice sized cock and sucking on another one, leaving my ass very exposed. I was partially lubricated there by my own hand (before we came out on stage), but took my mouth off the cock I was sucking to tell the guy at my ass to lube himself if he wanted to really love it. He did, and soon I was full of cock, getting face fucked, pussy fucked and ass fucked all at the same time. I started cumming at that point and it kept going even as each man finished and others took their place. It was just so much stimulation that I surrendered to it and let them use my body. Fine by me – I was getting off and every cock was adding to it.

I swallowed all the cum I could – some guys seemed to shoot quarts of it and that wound up on my chin and on my boobs. I felt it oozing out of my ass and my pussy. The smell of it enveloped me as if I was breathing it in. And it was a good thing they kept filling my ass and pussy – I needed the lubrication to continue. I had never had that much sex at one time in my life. I lost track of all but a few of the cocks I took. Those few I remembered were special, though. One of them was the fattest cock on the planet – it felt like he shoved a watermelon into my pussy at first. But then, as I stretched, I felt it reaching places I didn't even know were there to be reached. Two strokes of his cock and I came, gushing like a faucet.

"You like that?" He asked in my ear as his cock injected his sticky cum deep into me.

"Oh, man, that was magical! I want more of it!"

"Not tonight, but ask Thomas how to reach me. My name's Art. If you forget, just describe the cock – he'll know. I'd give you my card but you don't really have any place to put it right now." We both laughed. When he pulled out of me it was stunning how empty I felt. I would look him up, for sure.

Then there were the two black guys. They obviously knew each other, and they operated as if they rehearsed. The dick on the first guy was a monster – thick as my wrist (although Thomas still had that beat), at least a foot long and uncircumcised. I started off trying to suck him, but then he got on the floor and told me to sit on him. What choice did I have? I remember working that big thing into myself, slowly rising and dropping a little more each time, feeling as if it was coming out of my throat when I finally had him all the way in me. Then he twitched it, and it was as if it was a living organism deep in my guts. As I opened my mouth to say something, his buddy stepped up and pushed his black snake into my face. This one was smaller – thank goodness – and thinner, although it was still bigger than average. What I remember about him was that I felt like he was making love to my mouth. Not the frantic "pound it into her face" usual stuff, but a slow, steady, teasing of my mouth and tongue. Between the two of them I felt like I was in another world. The mood they created was spoiled when someone's cock filled my ass, but by then I was cumming continuously.

At some point, I didn't have a cock anywhere near me. It was like waking up. I looked around. Men were everywhere. Some naked, some with just their dicks hanging out. But all of them seemed to be out cold. I looked for Caroline and Thalia and found them.

Thalia was flat on her back on a mattress on the floor. Her ginormous boobs fell to either side of her chest, covered in spunk. As a matter of fact, it seemed like every inch of her was covered in sticky cum. She was slowly trying to clear her face of it.

Caroline was visible from the rear. She was face down on a couch, but kneeling on the floor. Her ass and her pussy were leaking cum and it had puddled between her legs. All three of us were covered in jizz. I had no idea what time it was. I was sore, in a good way, and figured they were as well. I made my way over to Thalia as she cleared her eyes and looked at me. She started laughing, and I joined her. I lay down on her and felt the squishy, drying cum between us. We continued to laugh. Caroline made her way over and joined us in laughing as we played with the mess on our bodies. We were giddy, drunk with the experience.

Thomas made his way to us. "Ladies, I assume you would like to clean up. I can bring a wheelchair if that will make it easier to get there." Thalia wanted it, and so I rolled off her.

When I tried to stand up, I figured I had better avail myself of his offer, and Caroline came to the same conclusion. Thalia had started the shower by the time I got there, so I just joined her in it. We were busy cleaning each other when Caroline came in, and we just added her. We washed off buckets of jizz, even using the hand-held spray head to clean our pussies and asses. Even so, we all knew we'd be leaking cum for a while.

As we got out of the shower, we toweled each other off and agreed that we'd clean up our toys back at the club. We were still naked when Thomas came back in the room, pushing a cart with drinks and snacks. None of us moved to cover up – we just sat there as he served us. Then he surprised us by taking the toys and bringing them into the bathroom to clean them. When he was finished, he brought them back out and put them in the travel bag. Then he reached for a shelf of the serving cart.

"Ladies, you put on an amazing show tonight. The first envelope is the agreed-upon fee; the second one contains an even larger amount, courtesy of our attendees. To a man, they all contributed and a few left their cards as well. It appears you now have personal fans. There's only one thing left for the evening." He paused.

"Well, Thomas, don't keep us in suspense. What is it?" Asked Caroline.

"After you three finished your display of affection for one another, you asked if anyone wanted to take advantage of your services and experience being on the receiving end, so to speak. Since I as host had to remain apart from the crowd, I wasn't at liberty to speak up. Now that the evening has ended, however, I would love to experience the joys of being pegged. That is, of course, if the offer still stands."

We looked at one another and all three of us smiled. I spoke up.

"Well, Thomas, that offer is indeed still on the table, but before we take you up on it, we wanted to know if we could have a few moments with the security team so we could give them an appropriate thanks. Are they around?"

He nodded.

"Then please ask them to come in, and when they leave, we'll be delighted to fulfill your request as a way of finishing off this glorious evening!" I said. He left the room to get them.

"Damn, woman, that was some fancy talk. I think I'm completely fucked out and you want us to deal with three more men?" Said Caroline.

"I think you'll manage."

At that moment, the door opened. In walked two man-mountains dressed in black. I mean, they were easily both over six-five and made of muscle. Then I noticed that both of them seemed rather young – not a day over twenty-five. This was going to be fun!

"Hello, gentlemen. We wanted to offer you both our personal thanks for your work tonight. We may have been thoroughly fucked and used like cumsluts, but no one got out of line. That had to be because you were there. Not only that, but unless you're gay, you might have suffered with some frustration, just watching." They nodded.

I walked up to the one closest to me. "Then allow us to reward your gallant service."

I dropped to my knees and reached out to his pants. Running my hands over them, I could feel a sizable level of discomfort. It didn't take all that long until I had unbuckled his belt, unzipped him and pulled down his pants and his shorts to reveal a stunning nine inches of very hard cock. His pubic hair was trimmed short, and his balls were enormous. I bent forward to begin paying attention to them. I heard similar sounds from across the room and knew one of my two compatriots had responded. Then I began attending to what was in front of me. Holding his cock up, I began kissing his sack, then tonguing it, and finally sucking it into my mouth. I felt the large, egg like ball inside and worked my tongue around it. Then I let it out and replaced it with its companion.

Meanwhile, my hands were slowly stroking the large cock about my head. I began kissing my way up the length of it and then back down. I covered the entire surface of his now rigid cock with kisses and tongue dabs, and then I turned him around. He managed to follow the direction of my hands and I had his very solid ass in my face.

"Bend over" I said.

"But..." He started to reply.

"Don't worry. You will love this. I promise." He bent over. As he did, I spread the cheeks of his ass and licked from the back of his balls up and over his ass hole. He shuddered, and stayed in that position. That's when I began to work on his ass. I swirled my tongue around the tight sphincter, poking it and teasing it. Slowly he began to relax, and my tongue poked through the tightness. I began to use my tongue as if it were a cock, fucking his asshole with it. I felt someone come up close but had no ability to see anything with my face pressed into his ass, but he jerked for a moment, then adjusted his stance. I realized that one of my partners was sucking his cock at the same time. That was all I needed – I kept up my assault with my tongue, and used my hands to work on his balls. I actually felt them tighten and rise and then his ass clenched on my tongue as he began to empty his balls into a receptive mouth. Eventually I felt his hand on my hand, pushing me away – my signal to lay off. When he moved, I found out that it was Thalia who had been on the other end. We high-fived and turned to watch as Caroline finished off her work by burying her face in his pubes as he came down her throat.

Both of them were a little stunned at the turn of events, but in a very good way. They managed to pull up their pants and leave, offering their services "any time we wanted."

As they left, Thomas came back in, dressed only in a robe with a bulge in front.

"Thomas, lose the robe!" commanded Caroline.

When he did, we all gasped. That bulge I spoke about, well, it was more than just a bulge. Thomas was hung like a stallion! Long, thick, uncut, with moisture around the head, he had a cock that most men would envy and the three of us clearly wanted. But he was here for something else.

"On your knees, Thomas." Said Thalia, who had put on the belt and inserted one of the dildos in it. She walked up to him and pressed it into his face.

"Open up, Thomas." He did, and although he was tentative at first, he closed his eyes and began to lose himself in the sensations he mouth was bringing to him. Caroline and I both got prepared as well, although the dildo she grabbed was at least a few inches bigger than the ones Thalia and I wore.

"Time to move to a bed, Thomas. Take us to one and then get on it on your hands and knees." Said Caroline. We didn't say anything to one another, but we didn't need to. We followed him to a room with a bed and as he got on it, Thalia got in front of his face, once again presenting him with her tool. He didn't hesitate – he resumed his oral admiration of it.

I moved to his rear and spread the cheeks of his butt. He had recently washed – it was obvious by the lack of odor. That made it very easy, and I went to work on his asshole. It didn't take long before he'd relaxed enough to allow my tongue deep into him. I felt something at my hand – it was a tube of lube. I pulled my face back from his ass, and opened the lube, pouring it on his crack and working it in with my fingers. I then applied it to my "cock" in preparation. Then I moved it forward until it rested on his sphincter and began to press forward.

"Bear down, Thomas, as if you were taking a shit." With that his resistance disappeared and I sank into his ass. I kept up the pressure, forcing my dildo into his body. Bit by bit is slipped into him until my body was pressed up against the cheeks of his butt. I felt a tingle in my pussy as it happened. Then I began to withdraw from him, inch after inch, until just the head was inside him. I wiggled my hips, then pressed forward once again until I was all the way in, and then pulled back. I began to move faster and faster and as I did, I reached around him to grab at his magnificent cock. I found it was buried in a mouth, and as I groped, I realize it was Caroline who was feeding from his dick. I picked up the pace. I began to hump him long, hard and deep and he responded by cumming. I heard Caroline sputter and swallow as his cum entered her mouth. I heard his moans around the rubber cock in his mouth. As his ass twitched it hit some button and I began to cum at the same time. It was amazing!

After he stopped spewing his cum, Caroline removed her mouth and pulled herself out from underneath him. As I pulled out of his ass, she took over and pushed her larger dildo into his ass. The noises he made were amazing, considering his mouth was full. And Caroline didn't care – she just began to pump her hips and drive hard into his ass. I kissed her as she fucked him, sucking up all the cum that she hadn't been able to swallow. And he came again, all over the bed. I'd never seen anything like it.

When he recovered his senses, he thanked all three of us. I thought about availing myself of that man-snake between his legs, but I was beginning to notice that I was sore down there. And in back as well. So I refrained, but managed to be sure to get his contact information. While we dressed he once again cleaned off our toys, and we left the mansion that night in our separate cars. I'm not sure how I made it home safely, but I did. In the morning as I was peeing I drew a hot bath – I needed to relieve the soreness, so along with some aleve, a hot bath worked.

True to her word, Suzy Ederle called me during the day, asking how the previous night had gone, and if I was okay.

"Suzy, I'm more than okay. I am out-fucking-standing! I discovered that I am a full-fledged exhibitionist and cum slut. I love showing off. I love sex of all kinds and when you put the two together I'm a very happy woman. Did you ever...?"

"Harriet, before Francie and I got married, I danced and performed. Just like that. I did it long enough to get out of debt and to scratch every sexual itch I had. But I remember some of those nights. Sometimes I tease Francie about it – but no way am I ever going back to it. Understand?"

"I do."

"So the whole point is this – if you need to talk to someone who understands your world, I'm available. I've held hands, figuratively and literally, with almost every dancer who has worked for Francie, and the offer is open to you at any time."

I thanked her, hung up, and just sat there thinking about how life had changed. By the time I left the house at 6, I was feeling well enough to take on my normal three sets.

When I arrived, Francie drew me aside. He opened an envelope and handed me $350.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Between all your dancing and the money that came in from last night, you've paid off Tony and that's all yours. From now on, you get to keep your tips. Tony told me to tell you this is the fastest anyone has ever paid him off, and that you are free and clear. Oh yes, he said to tell you 'don't do anything stupid like that again.' And that he'd love to have you continue working here. If you want. It's your choice."

What could I do – I grabbed Francie and place a big, fat, wet kiss on his mouth! I said I'd let him know about continuing at the end of the night, but I already knew what my answer would be. I think he did as well.

Then I went backstage and got ready to dance.