**Desiree**

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**Desiree Ch. 01: Prince Charming**

I'm Desiree, and I'm a dancer. No, not a ballerina. And you won't see me in Broadway shows. Or backing up singers at rock concerts. The dancing I do is a bit more...exotic. Yeah, okay, I'm a stripper.

Strippers traffic in fantasy. We embody fantasy. We facilitate it. We act it out. We ARE fantasy. Our audiences (usually men) see something in us that they want. They see what they want to be. Everyone has fantasies, and my job is to bring them to life.

You might be surprised to know that strippers have fantasies too. I'm not talking about kinky shit, like bondage or whatever. I mean just regular, everyday fantasies about how our day could be a little more exciting.

I think the most common stripper fantasy, and definitely my favorite, is Prince Charming. The perfect guy who waltzes in and sweeps you off your feet. Funny, interesting...sexy. A man who knows how to take care of a woman. Especially in bed.

Like most strippers, my fantasy plays out at work. I'm at the club, it's a slow day, nobody's making much money, the girls are bored, the customers aren't very interesting...and then this GUY walks in...

In my fantasy, the first thing I see is he's kind of tall and well put together. I can't see his face or anything else, just his body backlit as he comes through the door. From a distance, I can see he's dressed well...preferably a suit and tie. Carries himself well. The girls all notice him right away.

It's always pretty dark in clubs, so I can't really see him in detail yet, but so far he's checking all my boxes. He walks in confidently, sits down and spreads out, acting like he feels at home. Not one of those nervous guys who looks like he's expecting to be arrested or robbed.

The other girls are all trying to approach him. Trying to get a lap dance out of him, or at least a drink. He sends them all away. This Prince Charming has his own fantasy princess. He knows what he wants, and he's confident enough to wait for it patiently.

His eyes scan the room. And they land on me. I'm just going about my own business, but I can feel his eyes on me, and every time I look back at him he's still watching me. He doesn't look away when I make eye contact. He just gives me a cocky smile and keeps helping himself to the eye candy.

So eventually I go to him. Up close, he's good looking. Good talker. Funny, interesting...sexy. Wants to get to know me a little bit, doesn't treat me like a piece of meat.

And, of course...generous. What can I say, I'm a stripper.

There's instant heat between us. Chemistry. A real connection. We're into each other. Where does it go from there? Who knows, your fantasy is as good as mine. Love? Marriage? He flies me off to Paris on his private jet? He "takes me away from all of this" and we live happily ever after?

Maybe...but maybe it's just some fucking great SEX. We go somewhere, we get naked, he fills me with his big hard cock and just takes me. Rides me hard until the sun comes up. Forget about happily ever after.

I have to admit...lately, my fantasies usually end with that last one. Why? Because these days, I seem to spend most of my waking hours (sleeping hours too, I guess) in an advanced state of sexual arousal. Yeah, HORNY. Maybe you don't think strippers get horny? You think we're jaded, we're sex professionals, we spend so much time catering to sexually charged men that we get tired of thinking about sex? Well, think again. Strange as it may seem, plenty of exotic dancers don't get laid as often as they'd like. It's one of the things I don't like about my job.

Think about it. Stripping isn't the right job for you if you're shy about your body. Typically, we're natural exhibitionists. I get off on undressing in front of men. I like walking around all day in sexy lingerie with men staring at me. I get turned on by dancing up on a stage and men throwing money at me because I'm turning them on.

The guys who come into the club are a mixed bag, but some of them are pretty cool and decent looking, and most of them I can stand to be around for at least a little while. They like to touch, if they can get away with it. I'm no prude and I don't mind being groped a little bit, as long as they follow the rules and show a little bit of respect...and generosity. In fact...most of the time I like it, and it adds to my general state of unrequited horniness.

And the girls...wow. I'm not a lesbian, and I'm not even very bi, but let's face it, strippers are HOT. All day long I'm surrounded by beautiful, sexy girls who are barely dressed out on the floor and mostly naked in the dressing room. Most of them are just as frustrated and horny as I am. A lot of them are bi if not outright dykes, and some of them are pretty aggressive. They look. They flirt. Sometimes they touch. Sometimes my body responds to all that naked beauty on display.

So yes, I spend most of my day sexually aroused. I get wet enough that I have to change panties at least once or twice per shift. I keep a vibe in my clothes bag and maybe two or three times a week, I'll get so desperate that I take a trip to the ladies room and jill myself off.

But as a stripper, a hot girl, it should be easy for me to get laid, right? Well...not so much. Relationships are difficult. In my line of work, it's really tough to have a normal boyfriend relationship without an unbearable amount of drama. Every guy thinks it would be so fucking cool to have a stripper girlfriend, but the number of them that can actually handle it is close to zero. Plus, stripping is hard work, and at the end of a shift, I'm too exhausted to play the dating game.

I can hook up with one of those gorgeous dykes and bi-cuties I work with. Lots of girls do that, and sometimes I do, but interoffice romances are always tricky. Besides that, I just don't get complete satisfaction without...ummm...COCK.

Okay, but there must be plenty of opportunities for random hookups, right? True, I have guys hitting on me constantly, when I'm at work or on my own time. While sex with a stranger can be wildly fun, it can also be dangerous. You don't know that person, you don't know if he's a teddy bear or a serial killer. Oddly enough, I feel safer with guys I met in the club than outsiders, because their agenda is more open and obvious.

But dating customers has its own challenges. Most clubs will fire you if you get caught seeing clients "outside the club". And of course, you need to worry about undercover cops busting you for soliciting . If you're gonna do "private shows," but you have to be selective...and cautious.

I'm one of those girls that will do a private from time to time. I always get paid for it, but oddly enough, I usually agree to see a guy outside the club because I'm desperate to get laid, not because I need the money.

So that's where the Prince Charming fantasy kicks in for me. At the ripe old age of 23, I'm no longer waiting for Richard Gere to come walking in the door, recognize my heart of gold and make me his Pretty Woman. But I'm pretty much always on the prowl for that GUY who's got some game, has some cash in his pocket and is ready to take me to a cheap hotel room on my off day and fuck me like I need to be fucked.

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I spotted the sign I was looking for. It had one word: Skin. And a silhouette of a sexy girl in a seductive pose, in case the name alone didn't clue you in about what kind of a business it was. I was there to see a guy about a job.

I heard about Skin from a dancer at the West LA club where I used to work. Skin is located in a low-end industrial suburb east of downtown. For some reason, the local enforcement is pretty laid back about adult entertainment, so the town has more than its share of porn shops and strip clubs.

The thing that got my attention was her description of how they run the VIP rooms out there. VIP rooms are private or semi-private rooms inside of a club where a customer can pay extra to take one of the dancers for a more intimate show. Every club has its own written and unwritten rules about what's allowed in the VIP room. Most places, it's just a glorified lap dance, often with a bouncer watching the whole time to make sure nobody is having too much fun. Other places, it's actually private, with a curtain blocking anyone from seeing inside, and maybe some touching by the customer is allowed. Maybe on the ass, sometimes the boobs, rarely in the naughty bits. At least, not officially.

At a few clubs, the girls get away with, ummm, let's call them sexual favors, if the client has enough cash on hand. Mostly handjobs, occasionally oral.

But, sex in a strip club? Actual fucking? No way that's gonna be allowed. Maybe it happens once in a blue moon, when a very daring dancer runs into a very generous customer on a night when a very lazy management team is on duty. But no club could allow it to happen on a regular basis, because word would get out and the place would get raided and shut down.

Except, it was said, in this low end insustrial suburb east of downtown, home to Skin and three or four other clubs. I got confirmation of the rumors from the girl that used to work at Skin. She said the girls there would take suitably generous gentlemen back into the VIP rooms on a regular basis, and, as she put it, "go all the way." Not officially on the menu of course, but the girls did it and the guys paid for it and the clubs let it happen. And the local cops didn't interfere. Needless to say, girls could make good money doing it, and it was safer than meeting up with a customer on your own outside the club, because you had bouncers for backup if things got out of hand.

I was intrigued. I was also broke, between jobs, and horny. So I put on a sexy dress and drove out to Skin one morning.

For such a dumpy neighborhood, the place itself was pretty nice. I was ushered in to meet the manager, Gary. He sat at his desk, and the only other chair in his office was filled by an older woman he introduced as Martina, one of the bartenders. So I stood.

"Desiree Watkins," he said. "Nice to meet you. So you worked at Garden of Eden. I know a DJ that used to work there, Paul Gaines."

"PauliBoi! Yeah, I know Pauli. Great guy!"

"I talked to Pauli, he vouched for you. Said you pulled in some pretty good business, and that you aren't a flake. He said you left a few months ago."

"Yeah. I thought I'd try something besides dancing. Found an office job."

"Didn't work out?" he asked.

"No." I decided not to go into the details. The perv who hired me didn't really care about my office skills. He had something else in mind, but I didn't provide it. Maybe I would have, if he wasn't such a creepy toad. Anyway, after a couple of months he found an excuse to get rid of me.

Gary didn't press me for details, but no doubt he'd heard similar stories before. He just got down to business.

"So, go ahead and get naked for us," he said.

If that sounds shocking, keep in mind what I do for a living. It's a legit request, he needed to know what I look like. And if I wasn't comfortable stripping for him, how was I gonna do it onstage? Of course, he was in a position to take advantage of me, but the fact that he had someone else in the room - a woman - told me it was strictly business.

And I came prepared, wearing something easy to put on...and of course take off. I undid one clasp, did a little shimmy, and the dress slid down my golden brown skin and pooled around my 6" stilettos. I stepped out of it, and stood before Gary and Martina in a sheer pink bra and G-string set.

"Niiice," said Gary. "Very, very nice." Martina actually whistled.

To fill you in on what they were looking at, I should tell you that my nickname in high school was Betty Boop. Like the cartoon character, I had big sexy eyes, pouty lips, and curves for days. A tiny waist and flat tummy flared out into sturdy hips and a deliciously thick but firm ass. Sleek, trim legs that looked long on my petite 5'4" frame, and positively Amazonian in stripper heels. And the boobs...

Oh dear lord, my fucking boobs. At any given moment in my life, they had been my greatest blessing or my greatest curse. They showed up early when I was just a scrawny 13-year old, and they've left a trail of jealous girls and brokenhearted boys everywhere they've been. My bra size is 34DD, in case you're wondering, and they're 100% natural. But that doesn't tell the whole story. They're ridiculously firm so I can skip the bra and get away with it, but when I do, my thick, dark, sensitive nipples put on a show of their own.

I reached behind, unhooked my bra and showed them the goods. I did a little pirouette so they could see all the angles. Gary was clearly impressed. Martina looked at me like I was filet mignon and she hadn't eaten in a couple of days. At first I had been relieved to see another woman in the room for my interview, but now I was glad Gary was there.

"Yeah, I think we can use you," Gary understated. "Now let's see the rest of it."

I slipped off my panties revealing a tuft of medium brown curls.

"Very nice," said Gary. "Bushes are back in fashion. Just keep it neat, okay?"

"Anything you say, boss," I said with a naughty smile. "I'll shave your name into it if you want."

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My first night was a Wednesday, and it was so damn slow. I got some decent tips at the rail when I was onstage, and a couple guys bought me drinks, which are way overpriced. We get paid a few bucks for each one that someone buys us.

I did a few lap dances, which take place back in these little booths that are open, so other customers (and bouncers) can see what you're doing. We can do them nude, and the customer is allowed to touch everywhere we let them, except tits, ass and pussy. Except it was obvious almost all the other girls were letting guys get away with stuff and the bouncers let most of it slide. I pretty much played by the rules since it was my first night, but I did let a couple of customers play with my boobs a bit. All in all, the guys were nothing special, but in my horny state I enjoyed grinding my pussy and ass against the bulges in their pants.

I was a little intimidated about doing a VIP, so I didn't offer it to any of the lap dance customers. One guy asked me about doing one, but when I told him the price ($200 to the club for 20 minutes in the booth, plus the obvious expectation of a big tip), he changed his mind.

I spent most of the evening shooting the shit with a couple of the other girls. One of them, Natasha, was a hot little Asian who I'd worked with at another club. Natasha and her friend Tiffany were nice to me and made me feel welcome. Most of the other girls were pretty standoffish. I noticed that one of them kept staring at me. She was a tall, slender, athletic girl with a killer body and waist length black hair. She looked Hispanic. She had a bunch of tattoos on her arms, back and chest, and they were sexy on her. When I caught her staring, she didn't look away, so I kind of avoided her because I couldn't tell what her deal was.

Late in the evening, I ran into her in the hallway just outside the dressing room. She was staring at me again, but she managed a little smile this time.

"Hey, new girl," she said. "What's your name?"

"I'm Desiree. Nice to meet you. What's your name?"

"Miranda," she said. I was a little nervous, so I giggled.

"Hi, Miranda," I said. "Are you gonna read me my rights?"

She didn't laugh. Instead she stepped closer to me. I tried to back up, but the wall was in the way. Oops, I thought, I guess she doesn't like being teased about her name. I flinched as she reached toward me, but all she did was touch my cheek as her beautiful brown eyes stared into mine.

"You have the right to remain sexy," she said as she leaned in and closed the distance between her lips and mine. Her kiss was soft but confident. She tasted like cinnamon. I wanted to push away, but then her mouth opened an her tongue slid forward and caressed mine. I was melting into my panties. I felt dizzy. She finally pulled back for a second.

"My body can and will be held against you," she continued, before locking up with me for another kiss. Her hands caressed my hips and waist. My hands decided on their own to grab both of her ass cheeks and pull her toward me. I felt, rather than heard, her moan. Christ, I was so fucking horny, I could feel an orgasm building inside me already.

"Ahem," said a deep male voice behind her. It was Steve, one of the bouncers.

"This is a private conversation," said Miranda, but she was already pulling away from me as she turned to face him.

"Yeah," he said. "Looks like you're about to talk her brains out. Don't do it out here in the hall where the customers can see you." I grabbed her hand and started to pull her toward the dressing room, but I heard the DJ calling me to the stage.

We didn't run into each other again until after 1:00 am closing. She caught up with me in the parking lot and asked me to have a drink with her. Tempting as it was, I didn't want to look like a total slut on the first night of a new job, and besides I had to get up early the next afternoon to do some domestic stuff like laundry and grocery shopping. So I told her no, but promised we'd do it some other time.

When I got home and fell into bed, I replayed the kiss in my mind and my hand drifted down to my pussy. Damn, I was so fucking wet. I desperately needed an orgasm, but my horniness was battling against exhaustion. Exhaustion won, so I drifted off to sleep with my hand still inside my soaked panties.

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Went to sleep horny, woke up hornier. I'm not good at remembering dreams, but I think I had a naughty one. Pieces of my Prince Charming fantasy were floating in my head. I really wanted to jill off, but I was already running late and didn't have time.

So I was up and out the door by 1:30 pm (which is bright and early for night shifters). That gave me about four hours to get my personal shit done before I had to get to the club and start making myself pretty for the customers.

One of my errands was to get to a lingerie store to buy some new stuff for work. My old outfits were looking a little tired, and in my horny, dripping wet state I was having to change panties constantly. The laundry basket was filling up and the panty drawer was almost empty.

I skipped the shopping mall chain stores which all carry the same boring stuff and went to a little shop in Beverly Hills. Expensive but worth it.

The salesgirl was a cute redhead who was very helpful. Very, very helpful. Spent a lot time taking my measurements and adjusting things and otherwise finding excuses to put her hands on my body. She insisted on bringing me out of the dressing room to a big mirror out in the middle of the shop. There was a guy shopping there who saw me several times in my unmentionables. With her hands and his eyes all over me, my sexual frustration kicked up another notch.

I bought a few sexy bra and panty sets, plus a black fishnet bodysuit that looked fun. Also a couple of garter belts and stockings. The guy was gone by the time I left. The salesgirl insisted on giving me her personal phone number, "in case you need any help fitting it."

Fitting it? Like I really needed her help putting it on. No, she didn't want to help me get into it...she wanted to help me get out of it.

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Natasha told me that Thursdays at Skin were a little weird. Like Wednesdays, the night shift was pretty slow at the beginning, but like Fridays it got pretty busy later on.

I was hanging out with Natasha and Tiffany up near the bar. My new friend Miranda was nearby, not saying much but giving me smoldering looks. Martina was working the bar. She was probably pushing 40, but still pretty hot, and she had a dancer's body that was still pretty tight. My guess was she had started out as a stripper and worked her way up into lower management.

A couple of the white girls were sitting with guys and getting drinks. Nobody was giving a second look at me, but that's not unusual. As a "mixed girl," half black and half white, I don't always show up on the radar of guys who like blondies. Like I said, strippers operate in the world of fantasy. Some guys just like hot girls of any size, shape or color, but most guys have something specific that floats their boat. Fortunately, there are plenty of guys that go for "exotic" flavors like me, but they hadn't shown up yet.

So, tell me if this sounds familiar...

...I'm at the club, it's a slow night, nobody's making much money, the girls are bored, the customers aren't very interesting...

...and this GUY walks in...

...straight out of my fantasy and in through the front door. Tall, well put together, suit and tie, moving like a big cat. All the girls perked up. He strolled in like he owned the place and walked up to the stage. Arranged the chairs how he wanted them...plenty of room on his right, and a chair right next to him on the left . He leaned back comfortably, crossed his legs, and put one arm up on the chair to his left.

When a guy is sitting at the tip rail, the girl onstage has priority. That's just protocol. None of the other girls are supposed to hit him up until the stage is empty. My read on him was that he knew it. He didn't want to be bothered until he had a chance to check the place out and make his own choice about who was gonna keep him company tonight.

Unfortunately, the stage was empty at that moment, and a busty brunette named Kelli swooped in for the kill. Damn, I thought. I missed my chance. Should have been more aggressive. Kelli was flirting and touching his shoulder and flipping her hair. He smiled, and gave a little shake of his head.

Not interested.

Kelli was persistent and didn't leave right away. But his friendly smile did. I could read his lips: no thanks, maybe later. She finally got the hint. I was ready to make a move, and so were about five other girls, when the DJ's voice interrupted the music.

"Next up...gorgeous Desiree!"

Well, fuck me. I had forgotten the rotation, and I was the next dancer up. Girls were lining up for their shot at my Prince Charming. I fumed and moved quickly to the stage. The sooner I got there, the sooner the other girls would have to back off.

I walked up the little staircase and stepped out onto the stage. There were a handful of guys at the rail, and more were moving up. Thursday night weirdness...a moment ago the placed seemed almost empty, now suddenly it felt crowded. The rail seats started to fill, which is great for a girl's ego. Prince Charming continued to occupy two seats. He was a big, confident looking guy, so nobody was asking him if that extra seat was taken.

Showtime. I like being onstage. I usually get good tips. I have a hot body, I move well and I have a good presence. Or so I've been told. I walked slowly past where Prince Charming was sitting, giving everything a little bit of extra sway. I gave him a quick glance. Damn, he was good looking. Early to mid-40's, I estimated. In shape, still had all his hair. He was staring laser beams at me. I couldn't help smiling a little, and he smiled back. I started to move to the music, and the other girls reluctantly backed away from him. I strutted across the stage, letting all the guys get a good look. There was a loud wolf whistle from the back; I chuckled when I realized it wasn't one of the customers, it was Martina.

I moved on past Prince Charming and paraded up one side of the stage and down the other, giving all the guys a look. Hungry eyes caressed me from all directions, but even with my back to the big guy, I could feel his power. I had to will myself to be patient and not turn back toward him.

I reached back and unhooked my bra, and I could feel the temperature in the room rise when it dropped away and my breasts made their first appearance of the night. Horny as I was, my nipples were and throbbing. The tips started to flow. A fat guy sitting down near the end opposite Prince Charming dropped a fiver and smirked at me like he'd just bought me on the auction block. Wow, big spender. I forced a smile for him and gave him a little bit of extra time, then turned back to my guy.

There was a twenty sitting in front of him. Yeah, I thought. This guy knows how to play. He was staring at me. At my eyes, not my boobs. I started to get tingly. I gave him my best heartbreaker smile and shimmied seductively in front of him. I could hear the fat guy grumbling, but I tuned him out. I was dancing now for an audience of one.

I moved my shoulders slightly, and my tits did their thing. Firm as hell, but a lot of bounce and sway. I needed him to see exactly what they could do. For a moment, I was almost overcome by desire. I closed my eyes and shivered. When they opened, another twenty had joined its twin brother onstage. Fucking hell. I felt myself start to melt, and I knew I better get my panties off before I started showing a really slutty looking wet spot.

He smiled hungrily when my bush came into view. Aha, a guy who likes a little fur. I stepped out of my panties, squatted down in front of him and spread my legs, realizing too late that I was already drenched. I felt my meaty lips separate and cool air touched my wetness. I saw his nostrils flare, and then I picked it up too: the scent of my arousal.

I stared back into his eyes, and I was drawn fully into his world. No one there but the two of us. I licked my lips, and I heard him growl. I reached down to touch myself, and I was so wet that my middle finger sank deep inside. Fuck me, I was ready to burst. A little bit of pressure on the g-spot, and I would have cum right there in front of him. Trust me, I wanted to. I wanted to spray his handsome face with my liquid love. I wanted to grab him by his tie and drag him up on stage and let him fuck me in front of everyone.

Internal alarm bells started ringing. This was too hot even for a strip club. Reluctantly I withdrew my finger. I gave it a lick, then extended it toward his mouth. His lips opened and then closed wetly around it. I shivered again at my first physical contact with Prince Charming. I felt his tongue circling my finger. Gently sucking my juice back into his mouth. I felt him swallow.

I was surprised to notice that I was already well into my second song of a two-song set. In fact, it was just about to end. Jesus, how long had I been there in front of him with my legs spread wide and my flowing pussy on full display? I stood up as the song ended, smiled at the loud applause and began to make my way around the rail, picking up tips and thanking the guys. Several of them tried to talk to me and ask for me to come sit with them, but I just smiled and didn't reply.

When I finally got around to the fat guy, he leered at me and dropped another single on top of the five. I turned away from him, back toward my guy. I felt a stab in my heart when I saw he was no longer there. He couldn't have left me after that, could he? I looked down and saw that the twin twenties had become triplets. My smile was back. He was still in the club somewhere, waiting for me to come find him.

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I picked up my bra and wet panties and came down off the stage naked. We weren't allowed to be nude out on the floor with customers, but if you walked straight back to the dressing room after being onstage, it was kind of a gray area. Dark gray. He was sitting at a small table near the bar, so I had to walk past him. I didn't see any bouncers looking, so I leaned over and kissed him. On the lips. With some tongue.

"Thanks baby," I purred. "I gotta get pretty for you, so sit tight and I'll be right back."

Miranda was waiting for me in the dressing room. She grabbed me, shoved me against the lockers and gave me a deep, sloppy french kiss as her hands mauled my breasts. Her bare thigh pushed up between my legs and slid wetly over my pussy and clit.

"You're so fucking hot," she said when we broke for air. "I'm gonna fuck you right here, right now." Apparently she was unfazed by the other two girls in the room, who were ogling us without shame. Miranda unhooked her bra and shrugged it off. She pressed against me, scraping her nipples across mine. She reached for my wet pussy, and it took all my willpower to stop her.

"Baby, I can't," I said. "I got a customer waiting."

"Fuck him, he can wait."

"Yeah, Miranda. Fuck him is exactly what I'm gonna do, but I don't think it can wait."

I managed to wrestle free when Patti, the waitress, stuck her head to ask me what I was drinking. Prince Charming was buying and sent her in to find out.

"Sparkling water," I said to her, then turned back to "Miranda, I gotta take a rain check. Love you, gorgeous!"

While she pouted, I reached into my bag and pulled out one of my new bra and panty sets. I chose a black one, so the wet spot would be harder to see when I soaked through. I dressed quickly and got out of there before Miranda could jump me again. And before any of the other girls could move in on Prince Charming.

Before approaching his table, I took a quick look at myself in a hallway mirror. My skin was still shiny with sweat from my stage show. My hair was wild. My nipples were trying to claw their way through the sheer bra. I smelled like sex. My entire body throbbed with need. I was hot, slutty mess.

Perfect.

I caught my breath and slowed down as I reached his table. He smiled and gestured to the open seat. He held out his hand as I sat.

"DJ," he said. I was confused.

"DJ?" I asked. "You want to talk to the DJ?" He laughed.

"DJ," he repeated. "That's my name."

"Oh, sorry," I giggled. "I'm Desiree."

"Sexy name," he said. "For a sexy girl. Wanna go do a VIP?"

"I'd love to," I purred. "C'mon, we gotta go pay the bartender."

"Already done," he said. Well, okay then. I was liking this guy more and more.

"Are we just doing one, or...two?" I asked hopefully.

"Three," he said. Oh hell yeah. Check the box for "generous." More importantly, it meant one full hour of playtime.

I stood, took his hand and led the way toward the VIP rooms in the back. The biggest room was available, so I took him in.

"I'll be right back," I told him. "Get naked." I had a couple of things to take care of first.

The DJ (the actual one, not my Prince Charming) was almost drooling as he watched me approach. I gave him some requests, since we were between dancers, and then caught Patti's attention to let her know to bring our drinks back to the VIP area. As I walked past the bar, Martina leered at me.

"Somebody's about to get her cherry popped," she called. Patti and another waitress laughed out loud. It felt like every eye in the club was watching me.

DJ (Prince Charming) was taking his time. Shirt off, showing a nicely muscled upper body, but still had his pants on. I closed the curtain behind me, then stepped out of my stilettos and into his arms. Without my "stripper heels," he towered over me. My boobs fit nicely into his hard abs.

"Hi baby," I whispered before he silenced with a DFK (Deep French Kiss, if you need the English translation). Fuck me, it was so damn hot. I accepted his tongue into my mouth and it made my head spin.

"Wow," was all I could manage when we paused for breath. My body tingled with anticipation; in a matter of moments, I was FINALLY gonna get seriously fucked.

I took a step back, then slid my little black thong down and off. He loosened his belt and dropped his pants, but I didn't see the underwear I expected.

He was commando.

He was rock hard.

And he was BIG. Oh dear lord. Niiiiice and big.

I pushed him back and he sat down on the little sofa that was the room's only furniture. I straddled him, and I slid my juicy lips along the length of that big, beautiful, bare cock. He groaned as I painted him with my liquid love. Damn, I was so wet.

After a long, slow upstroke, his cock swelled and caught on my clit as I slid back down. I held still and looked into his eyes. I could see the same hunger that I knew he was seeing in mine.

So there I sat, straddling him, with the very tip of his cock just barely inside my front entrance. This would have been a great time to cool things off a bit and reach for the condoms. I had a couple in my purse, and I was sure a guy like this wouldn't show up unprepared.

But I hesitated. I didn't really want him to put on a condom; I wanted feel him. His skin on mine. Yeah, I know, letting him take me bareback would be a really bad idea. But at that moment, my dirty little mind was full of bad ideas.

"Go ahead," his deep voice rumbled. "You want to. You and I both know you want to."

Fucking hell. I waved goodbye to my better judgement and let myself freefall onto his bare cock. My naked skin slid on his. I was so dripping wet that he slid in balls deep on that first stroke. From somewhere deep, deep inside me, a moan rose up and escaped my lips.

For a brief moment, I just felt pleasure, but then came the impact of his size. He stretched my pussy walls to their limits and maybe a little beyond. I threw back my head as white hot jolts tore through my body.

I gasped for breath, and after a few excruciating moments I began to adjust and endorphins flooded into me. Sweet Jesus, he was big. I felt like my entire body was filled by his giant cock.

For a few moments, I stayed right there, bottomed out on that big beautiful cock. I savored the delicious mix of warm pleasure and hot pain. I felt a huge orgasm beginning to stir deep within me.

"Oh fuck yeah," I groaned. His hands took my hips in a powerful grip, and he lifted me almost all the way back up, the tip of his cock barely inside me. Then he slammed me back down hard, almost violently, thrusting upward at the same time. His cock went deeper into me than before, deeper than any cock had ever been inside me. Up once more, and when he threw me down again, the orgasm hit me like a train. My deep moan rose into a primal scream. As I lifted again, my pussy convulsed and squirted my juice out onto his cock, his stomach, the couch, and pretty much the entire room. The orgasm seemed to recede for a moment, but when I dropped onto him once more, I came again. I kept riding him hard, and two more violent orgasms tore through me.

"Oh FUCK YEAH!" I yelled, forgetting and not caring that other people were nearby.

"Desiree, are you okay in there?" asked a concerned bouncer from the outside the curtain.

"Yeah, I'm good," I said. My throat felt raw and painful. How long had I been screaming?

"Oh yeah, she is SO good!" called one of the other girls in a nearby booth. It sounded like Tiffany. I heard several others laugh. I blushed secretly in the dark, a tiny drop of private embarrassment that quickly turned into a rushing river of renewed lust. Hell yeah, I LIKED being heard.

"Oh shiiiiit," I moaned as my pussy gripped his cock, a shudder ripped through me, and I came again.

I slumped against him, gasping for breath. His iron grip on my hips was gone, and now his arms held me gently. His fingers caressed my back, drawing little patterns in my sweat.

"Easy, baby," he whispered. I shivered again as his lips brushed my ear, my cheek, my neck.

"Sweet Jesus, you have no idea how bad I needed that," I whispered back.

"I think I have some idea," he chuckled.

"I think I need a rest," I said. I eased myself carefully off of his cock. He was either still hard or someone had stuck a steel pipe in between his legs.

"Sure, baby," he said. "Catch your breath. We still got plenty of time."

"You didn't come yet?" I asked, regarding the lumber he was showing. I felt a twinge of guilt for putting out my fire and not taking care of him.

"Don't worry about me. I'm just getting warmed up."

"I'm sorry. I was just so fucking horny..."

"No worries, gorgeous. I get off on getting you off. Catch your breath, then we'll get a couple dozen more out of you before we worry about me." Holy shit. Could this guy be any more perfect?

DJ took a big gulp from his drink, and then he was down to ice cubes.

"Thirsty work," he said.

"You want me to get you another?" I asked.

"Yeah." He had a mischievous look in his eyes. What was he up to?

"Okay, let me flag down Patti."

"No," he said. "I want you to get it for me."

"No problem," I said, searching for my bra and soaking panties. Hey, at that point I would have brought a basket of alligators for him if he asked.

"Don't get dressed," he said. "Go like that."

"But I'm..."

"Naked, yeah." He grinned, his white teeth flashed in the semi-darkness.

"But I can't go out there naked."

"Why not? You're naked onstage all the time."

"I know, but...we're not supposed to be out on the floor naked."

"C'mon. What are they gonna do, fire you?"

"Well yeah, they might. It's only my second night here."

"Don't worry," he said. "They won't fire you. Trust me."

Trust him? I had absolutely no reason why I should, but for some reason I did. He seemed so confident, so strong. I felt like if they tried to fire me, he would protect me somehow, even though the tiny scrap of rational brain I had remaining was telling me that was ridiculous.

But I realized it didn't matter whether I trusted him or not. My heart was pounding with excitement, and I felt like my whole body was blushing from just thinking about it. I WANTED to do it. Just like he knew I would.

I gave him a sweet smile and a quick kiss on the lips.

"Okay baby," I said. "I'll be right back."

I slipped out past the curtain and headed down the short hallway to the main floor. I couldn't believe I was doing this. I was terrified, I was excited, and I was so fucking turned on. Just before I stepped out, I suddenly realized I hadn't put my shoes back on, and I thought about going back for them. But being barefoot made me feel even sexier.

As I stepped out into the main room, a couple of people noticed me right away. Immediately they were tapping other people on the shoulder, and in seconds I had every eye in the place locked in on me.

And so I began my humiliating but thrilling walk of shame. The bar was only a couple of dozen steps away, but it seemed like the other side of the continent. I started walking, taking slow, careful, self-conscious steps. I tried not to make eye contact, but everywhere I looked, people were staring at me.

My second or third step took me under an air conditioning vent. A cool breeze swept over my naked body, and I was hyper-aware of every part of my body that was wet. Which was every part of my body. I was still covered in sweat from the athletic fucking I'd received just seconds before. And my pussy was leaking like a faucet.

Yeah. Leaking like a faucet. I could literally feel droplets running down my legs. Moments earlier, I had squirted...no, FLOODED like I never had before, and I was too much of a horny little slut to bother wiping myself off. And everyone could see.

Oh dear lord. I remembered seeing myself in the mirror right before sitting down with DJ. Before he fucked me senseless and ripped half a dozen monster orgasms out of the depths of my soul. I had looked like sex on a stick even then; it had to be way nastier now. I guess I must have looked pretty much like I felt: deliriously, deliciously, decisively FUCKED.

I risked a nervous glance around and noticed that even the dancer onstage, who happened to be Tiffany, had stopped mid-dance and was just staring at me. Tiffany. Oh sweet Jesus. That reminded me that I had cut loose with a wild scream of passion just a few minutes earlier, and Tiffany had heard it...as most people in the room probably had.

I felt humiliated. I felt like a piece of meat. I felt like the worst slut in the world. I felt amazing. I felt ALIVE. And I felt horny again. I thought about getting back to the room and fucking DJ again until his cock bled.

But I still had to get to the bar, get the drinks, and re-do my whole walk of shame in reverse. Martina was waiting for me at the bar, an unreadable expression on her face. She stared at me. I started back.

"Please don't fire me," I whispered. "I'm just getting him a drink." She laughed out loud.

"Don't worry, beautiful," she said. "You're not getting fired. Stay there, I'll get you your drink in a second."

Then she walked away. Wiped off the counter. Inspected a couple of recently washed mugs. Filled an order from a waitress. Left me standing there, with all those eyes devouring my naked, sweaty, just-fucked body. Bitch. I couldn't help but chuckle.

What the hell, I thought. Might as well relax and enjoy myself. I turned to face the stage and leaned back on the bar. Natasha and a couple of other girls had been standing right behind me, and they started giggling when I turned.

"What the fuck, Desiree," she said. "Forget something?" All the girls laughed, but it wasn't mean-spirited so I laughed too.

"VIP request," I said. "What can I do?"

"Yeah," said Natasha. "Like they say, the customer is always right."

"That's not how it goes," said a sexy black girl named Lexus. "It's, 'the customer always cums first.'" They all laughed again.

"Not my man," I said. "He takes care of his lady first." That caused enough hooting and hollering and laughing that Martina finally came back to take my order.

"You got balls, kid," she said as she handed me the drink.

The return trip was much easier. Now that the shock had worn off, everyone was smiling at me or giving me a thumbs up. Much easier, that is...until I got jumped by Miranda.

She appeared from nowhere, grabbed me by the arm and yanked me into an empty VIP room right next to the one where DJ was waiting. Somehow I managed to spill only half of his drink before I set it down. She shoved me down onto the couch and fell on top of me. Her eyes blazed with raw lust.

"I fucking need you," she growled. "NOW."

She locked up my mouth with a deep, powerful kiss. Her lips then migrated down my neck, across my upper chest and over each breast (with special attention to the nipples), then down my tummy and in between my open legs. Her long, thick, muscular tongue plunged deep into me and touched my secret spot. I was well on the way to another orgasm before I could even think of trying to push her away.

"Oh fuck, fuck, FUCK," I moaned.

Her tongue came out of my pussy and attacked my clit. She circled, swirled, sucked and finally bit me until I screamed and squirted my orgasm onto her face. She slid back up my body and kissed me again, and I tasted myself on her lips and tongue.

"Desiree, are you okay?" called Steve the bouncer.

"I'm good," I managed to croak.

"Oh yeah, she is SO good!" called DJ from the room next door. I'm not sure how many people in the club were able to hear this conversation, but I heard a couple of people laughing somewhere nearby.

I heard a moan next to me, and I was surprised to realize that I had two fingers inside Miranda's pussy. I didn't remember starting on her, but I was sure as hell going to finish her. She was so switched on that it was only a few more seconds before she groaned, convulsed and gave me a nice sexy orgasm.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

DJ wasn't kidding when he said he was just getting warmed up. In the time we had left, he fucked me like a beast, and when the first hour was up he rented the room for twenty more minutes. I lost track of how many times I came, but it was at least five more times, bringing me to somewhere around a dozen orgasms for the evening. I'd never done anything close to that before.

And yeah, he finished off the night in style, blowing a huge load in my mouth, telling me how sexy I looked with his cum drippling down my chin, and leaving me with a ridiculously generous tip. My kinda guy.

And...there's something else to look forward to.

"Get his number," Miranda had told me before I left her and returned to DJ's room. "Let's do a threesome with him."

Which happens to be another one of my naughty fantasies...

**Desiree Ch. 02: Dirty Diva**

Her name was Melrose, and she was the queen of the scene. The new It Girl. Her Cover Girl gorgeous face was everywhere. Her debut album had just gone platinum and was spinning off hit after hit. She had just returned from a European tour, selling out stadiums all over the continent. Her kinky bi-vibe and naughty antics created a paparazzi feeding frenzy and kept her in the headlines.

Melrose was the brightest light in the hip hop galaxy, and her blazing star was about to heat up my world.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So what's this staff meeting all about?" asked Camille, a tall, slender blonde. She would be opening on the day shift crew, and she was already decked out in a lacy black thong-and-panties set that looked drop-dead sexy against her pale skin.

"No clue," said Mercedes, a voluptuous Latina, still in street clothes. "Who ever heard of a staff meeting at a strip club? I can't remember having one since I've been here."

"You've only been here six months," said Bill, the massive tattooed bouncer. "Ask Angela if we had one before. She's been here for years."

"She quit two months ago," said Camille. "How did you not know that, dumbass?"

"Shut up, bitch," he replied. Everyone tried not to laugh, because we all knew the one thing that Bill and Camille didn't think anyone knew: they were sleeping together.

"How about you, Dez?" asked Latasha, an uninhibited young black dancer who was apparently going to attend her first staff meeting entirely naked. "You got any idea what this is all about?"

All eyes turned toward me. I hadn't danced at this club much longer than Mercedes, but they all knew I'd worked with Nate, the new manager, at a different club a couple of years ago. I could only shrug, because I was as clueless as everyone else. But the suspense was about to end, as Nate strolled into the room with Mac, the head bartender, and some dude in a flashy suit who we'd never seen before.

My first thought was the club was getting sold. I'd been through that before, and it wasn't a good memory. Then again, the suit guy didn't look quite sleazy enough to be a club owner. I was expecting the normally bombastic Nate to jump right in and lead the meeting, but he and Mac just sat down in chairs facing us and flanking the suit guy, who remained standing. It looked like this was going to be his show.

"Hi everyone, and thanks for coming in early for the meeting," he said. If he knew that only about half the dancers were there, he didn't let on. "I'm Steve Shields, and I'm VP of Publicity for Nuclear Records."

Whoa. That got everyone's attention. Nuclear was one of the biggest labels in the hip hop world. They represented some of the hottest artists around, including a certain rising star whose first album had just gone platinum as she was returning to LA from a sold out European tour.

"We're going to be using your club for a photo shoot for one of our artists," he said. "I can't tell you who, because you'll need to sign non-disclosure agreements, which we'll hand out after the meeting."

I happened to catch Nate's eye. I raised an eyebrow at him, like "what the fuck." He mouthed something that I was pretty sure was "Melrose."

"We're going to shut down the club down next Tuesday for the shoot. We're going to need as many of you as possible as extras, and we'll make it worth your while. Of course, you can't participate if you don't sign the agreement."

"What kinda photoshoot?" asked naked Latasha. "I'll do girl-girl, or boy-girl as long as it's not anal." The room erupted in laughter. God bless Latasha, she was as open with her thoughts as she was with her body.

"Not that kind of shoot," said Steve the Suit as the laughter died down. "This isn't porn, this is just gonna be...I guess you'd call it risqué mainstream. Our star and a few of her friends will be hanging out, and some of you will be in the background. We want it to look casual and spontaneous. Like they just decided to drop in, not like it was staged."

"Even though it was," said Mac, which flooded the room with more hilarity. Steve the Suit was unfazed. He was apparently one of those people who doesn't embarrass easily. You see a lot of that type in the entertainment world.

"Sounds like you're copycatting Rihanna," said Latasha. "She posted some photos partying with her friends in a strip club a few years back. Only hers weren't staged."

"Who says they weren't?" responded Steve. Well, I guess he had a point.

Nate finally stood up to speak, but just to go over some logistical stuff. A few minutes later, the meeting ended, and everyone headed out the door, either to get ready to work or to head home and get some more sleep before the night shift.

Well...almost everyone...

"Latasha, Desiree, Ferrari," said Nate. "You three stick around for a minute."

Latasha, Ferrari and I were the only three black dancers currently working for the club. Well, I guess you'd call me "mixed," and Latasha maybe "blasian," but whatever. Latasha was young and cute, but almost no tits. Ferrari was thick and tattooed, and put out a gangsta vibe.

"We need one of you to play a bigger role in the shoot," said Steve. "You'll be doing some closeups with our star. There's some extra money in it, and we can blur out your face if you want."

Latasha and Ferrari were on their feet immediately, swarming Steve and talking over each other They both wanted the job. Nate held up his hand, and they backed off a bit. Nate looked at me. So did the girls.

"It's okay, let one of them do it," I said. I was making big money on tips, but Latasha and Ferrari had a harder time of it. And I didn't know enough about this shoot yet to know whether I wanted to be involved in it.

"Not my call," said Steve. "The client gets to make the choose."

"How does that work?" asked Ferrari.

"Well, she wants me to sends pics of you."

"Right now?"

"Yeah."

"Okay," said Latasha. Ferrari and i looked at each other and shrugged.

"Great," said Steve. He took out his phone, then hesitated.

"Go ahead," said Ferrari.

"Oh, ummm...I need you to uhhh..." There was an awkward moment, and Steve turned red. Okay, so he could be embarrassed.

"Strip," said Nate. "They wanna see you naked."

"Uh, yeah, I mean if that's cool, or we could-"

"Sure," said Ferrari. She stood up and started peeling off her clothes. Latasha was already naked.

Why not, I thought, and I followed suit. No pun intended. Steve was still looking nervous, like he thought the #MeToo police were going to crash the party and haul him away. But it really wasn't a big deal. We undressed for a living

"Awesome," Steve mumbled. He recovered his cool and took a few shots of each of us from various angles. Next he spent a few minutes sending them, and then simply sat patiently. I was about to get dressed again, but the phone chirped less than a minute later.

"Yeah," Steve said into the phone. "Okay. Yeah, sounds good to me. We'll talk later about doing Conan's show, I got some questions. Yeah, okay babe. Talk later."

He ended the call, fiddled with his phone for a second, then looked up to see all of us staring at him in suspense.

"You," he said pointing at me.

"Me?" I squeaked. By now, I was caught up in the excitement like the other girls.

"You," he repeated. "You got the job. We got some paperwork for you, we'll send it to Nate and we'll pass any other instructions through him. Cool? Okay, I gotta roll."

And with that, he was out the door. Ferrari was staring daggers at me, then she grabbed her clothes and stomped out. We all knew she was obsessed with Melrose; dressed like her, memorized her song lyrics, travelled long distances to see her live, never stopped talking about her. The opportunity of a lifetime had been dangled in front of her, then snatched away. My sympathy, however, was blunted by her bitchiness.

Latasha, meanwhile, threw herself into and gave me a big hug, which felt pretty nice since we were both still naked.

"I'm so excited for you!" She screeched, and kissed me hard on the lips. Tash was a sweetheart; she was genuinely as delighted as she would've been if she'd gotten the job.

"Get a room, you two," said Nate. We all shared a chuckle and Tash took another taste of my lips.

"Go get ready, Tash, you're second onstage," he said. "Dez, go home and get some sleep, then we'll talk more about this when you come in tonight."

\* \* \* \* \*

The day of the photo shoot had arrived. A surprisingly large crowd was jammed into the club, and the place was buzzing with excitement. There must have been 70 or 80 people, including most of the dancers and club employees, Steve and a couple other suits, various low-level grunts from Nuclear, and a handful of high-rolling club "regulars" that Nate had strong-armed onto the guest list. Also a photo crew with some high-end lighting equipment and, strangely enough, no cameras. Apparently they were going to shoot the whole thing with cell phones, to give the staged event a more "authentic" feel.

By now we all knew the star of the show was Melrose. In true diva style, she and her entourage were late, but so far we were only 45 minutes behind schedule, so I figured it was going to be awhile longer.

I was hiding out in stall in the ladies' restroom. Normally, I'd be spending my downtime in the spacious dancers' dressing room, but that was reserved for Melrose's crew and off limits to us little people.

I was feeling seriously spooked. The crowd was larger and more boisterous than I'd expected, and they'd been crowding my space since I arrived, staring at me and talking to me and even groping me. Ferrari kept lurking nearby and glaring at me, occasionally muttering curses under her breath. Lucky me, I had my own vindictive stalker.

I was already dressed for the shoot in a tiny red bra and g-string set that Steve the Suit insisted I change into the second I arrived. Didn't want the Diva to have to wait for me when (if) she ever decided to show up. Being nearly naked didn't make me feel more confident in dealing with the general weirdness of the people around me.

The crowd was also spooking me in another way. I was going to be photographed doing a sensuous, intimate lapdance for hip hop royalty...

...with ALL THOSE PEOPLE WATCHING.

Obviously, you can't be shy about your body if you're going to survive as a stripper, and to be complety honest I'm a natural exhibitionist. But this event and this crowd were way outside my comfort zone. For the tenth time that day, I was seriously thinking about pulling out. I groaned inwardly when I heard the restroom door open, hoping my hiding spot hadn't been discovered.

"Dez, you in here?"

"No," I said. I wouldn't have answered, but it was my best friend Jasmine.

"Dez, you ok?"

"No."

"You wanna talk?"

"No."

"You wanna come out?"

"No."

"Can I come in?"

"No."

"Well, that's a shame," she said. "I got something that might help..."

I opened the stall door. My sexy Asian friend looked hotter than ever, with her silky ass-length black hair, bewitching green eyes, and tight, tattooed body. But I only had eyes for what she had in hand: a big-ass, freshly rolled blunt. I felt a huge grin split my face.

"Girl," I said, "I love you so much right now I wanna have your baby."

"Let's burn this bitch," she said, sparking a lighter. And we did.

\* \* \* \* \*

...which in retrospect might not have been a great idea. Because Jazz wasn't playing, this was some quality kush. And I hadn't smoked in about two months, so it hit me pretty hard.

Now, I should explain my hiatus. Weed has a very positive impact on my libido. For me, fucking and smoking go together like...like...sex and weed. I'd been abstaining from weed because I'd sworn off men (and women) since I got out of a toxic love triangle awhile back. And unfortunately I'm one of those girls who starts climbing the walls if she doesn't get laid pretty often. And lately I'd been climbing more walls than Humpty Dumpty.

So...after two months without sex, I'd suddenly inhaled a lethal dose of my sexual kryptonite. Suffice it to say I was feeling insanely...

"...HORNY," I shouted over the loud music, but the loud music had been switched off a second earlier. There was an instant of shocked silence, then some nervous tittering, a loud guffaw and a "you go girl" from nearby.

I was standing in my nearly non-existent lingerie with my back to the crowd. I felt my whole body blush, and I really didn't want to turn around, but Jazz was staring...not at me, but something behind me. I took a peek over my shoulder...and there she was.

Melrose.

She had apparently just come in through the back door and was heading toward the dressing room that had been commandeered on her behalf, a path that passed through the point where she was now standing: about 15 feet away from me. She was surrounded a small entourage of professional beauties, each a goddess in her own right, but they looked ordinary compared to The Diva Herself. She was so gorgeous, so sexy, she almost seemed to make my eyes sizzle in their sockets.

Elegantly tall; skin-tight jeans with tantalizing rips, little ankle boots that probably cost more than my car, and legs that seemed impossibly long and perfect.

Sinfully curvy; wondrously firm, braless breasts that shimmied seductively inside a tight white tank top, highlighting a tiny waist and hard abs flowing into deliciously wide hips and, as I would learn a moment later when she turned and walked away, a gorgeously thick ass.

Dangerously beautiful; huge, green, kitty cat eyes, silky milk chocolate skin, naughty blowjob lips curled into a predatory smile; impeccable medium-length bleach-blond dreadlocks that would swirl sensually around her bare shoulders when she was in motion...

...but those dreads weren't swirling now, though because she had stopped dead in her tracks, motionless yet coiled with the energy of a cobra ready to strike.

And she had me in her sights.

"Mmm...hold that thought, Miss Desiree," she purred. Her tone was deeper and richer than I had expected...not quite masculine, but lower than her singing range. That intoxicating voice vibrated deep inside me, mixing with the weed and my desperate horniness and the overwhelming sensuality of the The Diva Herself. Blended together, these ingredients formed a sweet slippery liquid that sloshed warmly inside me but was starting leak out into my tiny panties.

Melrose laughed, then the dreads were swirling again as she and her giggling posse strolled into the dressing room - OUR dressing room - like she owned it.

And all I could think about was how badly I wanted to follow her in there, tear off what little clothing we were collectively wearing, and bury my face between those long legs until one of us passed out.

"Holy fucking shit," said Jazz, who knew me well enough to understand precisely what was going on inside me. "I want a front row seat for this."

\* \* \* \* \*

I waited, stewing in my own juices, while she to took her sweet-ass time getting ready for the shoot. One by one, the girls from her entourage came out, dressed to kill in sexy clubwear, mingling with my scantily clad co-workers while photographers hovered nearby to get candid shots.

Meanwhile, an androgynous assistant stylist was dispatched to fuss over me. She stripped off my undies and stepped me out of my heels, leaving me naked and barefoot in front of the increasingly boisterous crowd. She tut-tutted over my wetness, and rather rudely rubbed a towel between my legs. Another assistant used a large, soft cosmetic brush to apply a whisper-thin layer of dust and glitter all over my body; I moaned involuntarily when the soft bristles caressed my achingly hard nipples. I felt like I was being prepared as a sacrifice in some kind of pagan ritual (but if they were looking for a virgin, they had the wrong girl).

The stylists had me try on different panties while Steve and the head photographer looked on. They talked about the lighting and which colors might work best on me. I had just slipped on a nude G-string (not my favorite color, because it really shows off your wetness), when I sensed a presence behind me.

"That one," she said. "And we won't be needing the bra."

The room fell silent as I turned to face her. She was almost close enough to kiss, towering over me in black stilettos. She looked unbearably sexy in a red micro-mini skirt and a sleeveless black tube top that looked like it was painted onto her breasts.

"Hey, beautiful," she said, making me shiver as she reached out to caress my cheek. "You're even prettier than your pictures."

"Pictures?" My voice was barely a whisper.

"The ones Steve sent," she said. "The naked ones." She leaned forward and down, and I could feel her breath on my skin.

"I masturbated with them," she whispered.

"Oh!" I gasped. My pussy clenched and un-clenched, and I could feel myself starting to soak through the panties that had been fresh and clean just seconds earlier.

She strolled over to a chair that had been brought in especially for her. It was big and comfortable, with plenty of room to play. It didn't look like anything else we had in the club, but it didn't look out of place either. The lights were lowered to a romantic level that was still quite a bit brighter than the freaky-dark you would normally find in strip clubs during working hours. The DJ spun a tune at half-volume so we'd be able to hear the photographer's instructions. The tune was slow, sultry, sexy. One of Melrose's, of course.

I started to move toward her, swaying with exaggerated hip and shoulder movements. She stared at my bare breasts as they swayed and bounced. My anxieties and fears melted away as I shifted into stripper mood, spinning a web of seduction with my body and my attitude. She was in my world now.

I moved in close and leaned over her, stopping myself from making contact by extending my arms and putting my hands on the chair behind her head. My boobs were tantalizingly close to her mouth, and I gave her a little shimmy. She reached up to touch them, and I let her cop a quick feel before I playfully slapped her hands away and retreated. I stayed out of reach for a moment, moving my hips to the music and showing her the magical things my body could do.

I moved in again, this time touching a nipple to her lips. Her tongue came out and caressed me, and she tried to get her hands on my ass. Once again, I pushed her away and retreated. I could hear the photographer trying to give me instructions, but I ignored him. I moved in a third time, this time spinning at the last second, bending at the waist and shaking my ass in her face. Her hand went between my legs and she stroked my panties, feeling my wetness. I let her play for a moment, then moved away. When I turned back to face her, she brought her fingers to her sexy lips and tasted me.

That was when I decided I was going to make her cum for me.

I moved toward her again. She smiled, expecting another tease and enjoying the game. But the game was over. I came in hard this time, using my legs to spread her thighs and shoving my knee up her skirt until it made contact. I straddled one of her legs and ground my soaked panties against her bare thigh. I shoved her hard into the cushioned back of the chair, then lifted her tube top to expose her exquisite breasts to the cameras and the crowd. But they only got a flash, because I pressed my boobs into hers, feeling a dizzying thrill as our hard nipples came into contact. I sucked her neck, bit her ear, and then brought my lips onto hers on a violent kiss. My tongue forced its way in and she yielded, opening wide and letting me explore.

This was pure shock and awe. She was reeling, stumbling backwards, unable to rally against my assault. I never did let her regain her footing, I just kept forcing her back, back, toward a limitless abyss of ecstasy. Within seconds, she was at the edge and beyond; her body trembled, and stiffened, her legs tightened around me and her long fingernails raked my back. I looked into her eyes and watched them roll back until only the ghostly white was visible. Her entire body spasmed once, twice, three times. She screamed into my mouth where only I could hear.

I released her mouth and she gasped for breath. Her body was shiny with sweat, and her panties were slick and wet against my knee.

"Let's take five," said Steve the Suit. I looked around, and saw a room full of open mouths and wide eyes staring my way. I grinned back smugly. I was supposed to be The Diva's helpless little plaything, but I had flipped the script. The prey had taken down the predator.

At least for the moment. I looked back at Melrose, and her eyes blazed with anger.

"You fucking slut," she growled. "How dare you."

I laughed and walked away, but her attitude sent a chill down my spine. I had a feeling the party was just getting started.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No fucking way! I won't do it!"

My cheeks burned with anger and shame as I stood alone against my tormentors. I had just been summoned into Melrose's lair, still wearing nothing but a soaked g-string. Facing me were Steve the Suit, both photographers, and an uncomfortable-looking Nate. Sitting off to the side was Melrose, wearing an expensive robe and a nasty, triumphant smile. Her posse stood behind her, giving me the evil eye.

"Well, that would put you in violation of your contract," said Steve. Even he looked a bit uncomfortable.

"Fine," I said. "So don't pay me." I'd be walking away from a nice chunk of change, but at this point I didn't care.

"It's not that simple," said Steve. "If you do anything to disrupt the shoot, it triggers the liquidated damages clause."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning you'd have to pay us $50 grand."

I gulped. I vaguely remembered seeing the language when I skimmed through the contract, but I didn't have any idea what it meant. The only thing I did know was that there was no way I could come up with that kind of money on short notice.

"Nate, is this for real?" I asked. I had zero trust in him at this point, but I at least wanted to make him say it. He denied me even that tiny grain of satisfaction.

"Fuck if I know," he said with a shrug. "I told you to show it to a lawyer."

They had me. I glared at Melrose.

"Fine," I said. "Let's get it over with."

She laughed and held up the object of contention: a jeweled butt plug. Not the biggest I'd ever seen, but not the beginner's size either. It was going to be a tight fit in my little virgin asshole.

"Lose the panties and bend over," she said.

The men in the room all lined behind me for the best view. Of course. One of Melrose's harpies produced a tube of lube and dribbled it onto me. She massaged me, getting me nice and oily. She entered me with one finger, moving it around and stretching me slowly. She was surprisingly gentle, and it felt way better than I wanted it to. The second finger felt even better. I bit my lip to prevent a moan from sneaking out.

My eyes had been closed, and I opened them to see Melrose watching me. She was less interested in seeing my ass get violated than she was in seeing my reaction to it. She handed the butt plug to another one of her girls, who walked around behind me. Seconds later, warm fingers withdrew from my body to be replaced by cold steel.

This girl was less gentle than the first, and my outer ring began to stretch painfully as she pushed the tip in deeper.

"Fuck," I hissed.

"Easy there!" barked the photographer. "Don't make her bleed."

"Wow," said Melrose. "Aren't you the gentleman."

"No, I just don't think blood will photograph well in this light." Everyone laughed. Except me, of course. The plug went deeper into me, and my sphincter blazed with pain.

"Stop!" I screeched. "I can't..." Melrose glanced at the girl behind me and nodded. The girl gave it a hard shove and it popped in.

I screamed. It felt like they'd shoved a knife in my ass. But the worst was over, and my poor abused ring quivered as it gripped the thin section. I gasped for breath and wiped away tears. The pain began to subside, and I felt an oddly satisfying fullness deeper inside.

"That wasn't so bad, now, was it?" she asked. I flipped her off, and she laughed.

"Let's go take some pictures," she said.

Everyone started heading for the door. I stood up straight, but hesitated when I felt the toy moving inside me. I shivered with unwelcome pleasure.

"Come on, move it," said Steve, holding the door open as Nate and the photographers stepped out. Melrose and crew hung back, watching me closely. I took a deep breath and gingerly stepped forward. A couple of more steps, and I felt like I was getting used to it...

...until it exploded deep up in my ass.

The shock knocked me to my knees and took my breath away. The fucking thing had a built in vibrator! The bitches howled with laughter, and Melrose held up a small remote control device.

"Turn it off!" I gasped. "I can't even fucking walk."

Melrose turned it down, but not off. And it wasn't just a steady vibration; it throbbed and pulsed and re-ignited my libido, which had been pushed to the back burner by my anger with Melrose's little games. She tossed the remote to one of her girls.

As I rose to my feet, my own hand betrayed me and sensuously caressed the front of my body, pausing at my erect nipples and again at my dripping pussy. Melrose shed her robe, and she was spectacularly nude underneath. She did a little pirouette, showing me everything, then headed out the door.

"C'mon, Dez," she called. "Let's go play." If my mind had any intention of refusing, my body overrode it and I followed her.

There was a collective gasp as she strolled naked into the room. The crowd was getting a much better show than expected. The buzz intensified as I walked past the fringes of the crowd and people started to see my rear view. I could hear a few individual words: oh my god, she's got a...what's that in her...that's so fucking naughty...

"Is that a butt plug?" Latasha asked loudly, and everyone laughed. I burned with shame.

Melrose grabbed my hand and pulled me forward as she sat on her throne. I stumbled and fell forward into her lap. She grabbed my ass and pulled my cheeks open so everyone could get a good look at the toy buried inside me. The girl with the remote turned it up a level and I couldn't stifle a groan. I writhed with pleasure, and Melrose turned me over so my back was against her.

Her hands reached around my body and mauled my breasts. She squeezed them, slapped them, twisted my nipples. The vibrations in my ass intensified once again, and I couldn't stop my legs from splaying open.

One of her hands slid down my body, caressing my tummy and then reaching my open pussy. I was so wet that she had no trouble sliding two long fingers into me and they quickly found my slippery g-spot while the heel of her hand ground against my throbbing clit.

Deep inside me, something moved. Besides the vibrator, I mean. A massive, powerful, violent beast that stirred restlessly, waiting to be summoned. An orgasm so huge that it gave me a twitch of fear.

The plug in my ass was buzzing so hard that her fingers felt like a vibrating dildo in my pussy. My building orgasm made a sudden violent twist inside me and began rushing toward the surface with a force that was completely beyond my control. And as the beast rose from the depths, it brought the entire ocean up with it.

And then it crashed headlong into me. My entire body spasmed. I heard a scream in the distance that I knew was me.

These fireworks were followed by a water show that must have rivalled the fountains at the Bellagio. I didn't squirt, I erupted. Melrose removed her fingers and began spanking my gushing pussy, turning my liquid love into a shower of droplets. I felt them falling on my tummy, my tits and even my face. I held my tongue out and for the first time experienced a rainfall that tasted like me.

She shoved her fingers back inside and hatefucked me. Her violence thrilled me, and another massive orgasm ripped through. It was too much for me. I felt like my head was exploding, and everything went white.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had no idea where I was. I tried to move, but I was held in a strong, comforting embrace.

"Shhh, hush baby," my gentle lover whispered in my ear. I purred and snuggled, feeling content, fulfilled, safe. My lover and I were wrapped in a shroud of delight and pleasure, and it was like we were the only two people in the world.

And then...

"CLEANUP ON AISLE 4," someone said loudly, and the room exploded with laughter. My eyes snapped open and I screamed as reality hit me like a locomotive.

I yanked her hand out of my pussy, snapped my thighs together and leaped up out of her lap. I tried to run away, but I slipped on the wet floor and landed on my ass in a puddle of my own cum. I struggled back to my feet and the laughter continued as I stood before the crowd naked, dripping, with a butt plug up my ass.

A butt plug...

I found myself standing in front of the girl with the the remote. Her lips twisted into a cruel smile, as her finger hovered over the button. I grabbed the remote, but she hung on. We wrestled for a few seconds, then my other hand shot out and gripped her throat.

"Fucking let go!" I screeched, and she did. I dropped the remote on the floor and crushed it with my heel. My bare heel. Pain shot up my leg, but I didn't care. I tugged at the base of the butt plug, I quickly realized it was going to be a struggle to get it out, and I wanted some privacy for that.

"Aaand, that's a wrap, people!" shouted the photographer. There was scattered applause, shouting and a few loud sighs of relief. The people from Nuclear and the photography crew began putting away the equipment and supplies they had brought with them. Others milled about aimlessly, and a few headed for the exits.

I was parched and I limped toward the bar. Mac was already holding out a water bottle for me, bless his heart. Before I could even open it, I was jostled by the crowd that was now following me. Some leering perv was right up in my face, trying to talk to me while he groped my boob. I tried to back away from him, but someone was behind me, pawing at my ass and trying get a better look at my plug. I felt a rising panic, but then a huge, tattooed arm reached across and gave the leering guy a hard shove.

"Beat it creep," rumbled Bill the bouncer. His angry gaze swept the crowd, and everyone drew back a little. Jasmine, Camille, Latasha and even Ferrari shoved their way in, forming a protective phalanx around me. Another bouncer, a couple more girls and even Nate stepped in, reinforcing my wall and crowding everyone else away from the bar.

Jasmine squeezed me hard and kissed me on the lips. Others touched me, caressed me, patted me on the back. But this time it was comforting instead of terrifying, because these were MY people.

"That was fucking amazing," gushed Jazz. "You're fucking amazing."

"Watch your back, girl," grumbled Ferrari. "I still might shank you one of these days."

"Give it a rest," sighed Camille, but we could all hear that the venom was gone from Ferrari's voice. She looked at me and almost managed a smile.

On the outskirts of my crowd, I saw Steve the Suit trying to catch my eye.

"Melrose needs you," he said. "Right away."

My friends grew silent, glancing at him, glancing at me, glancing at each other. Any one of them would have been happy to jump his ass right now. I was tempted to tell him to take a hike, but a sudden inspiration hit me.

"Okay, Stevie," I said with cheerful smile. I started to follow him...and grabbed Ferrari's hand, dragging her along with me. She looked surprised, but followed. Steve looked pissed.

"I said you, not - "

"Fuck off, Stevie," I said, with the same cheerful smile. He shrugged, then decided not to argue.

I barged into the dressing room without knocking. The air was thick with weed smoke, and Melrose's girls were in various states of lounging and undress. Melrose herself was reclining on a sofa, still naked, sipping a beer. Her legs were spread wide, and she was fingering herself.

"My turn now," she said. "Get on your knees and get me off."

"Ummm, no thanks," I said. "Not gonna happen."

"Better read your contract again, girl," she said.

"You better read it, bitch," I replied. "It expires as soon as the shoot ends. And I heard your boy say 'That's a wrap.' So I'm off the clock."

Melrose glanced at Steve, who shrugged but nodded. Melrose started to fume. Divas don't like to be told no.

"However," I continued, "my associate here, the lovely and talented Ferrari, may be willing to put in some overtime. If you ask nicely."

I popped the back of Ferrari's bra, and pulled it away before she could stop me. Now you could get the full effect of the intricate tattoos that traced her upper body. You could also get a good look at her tits, which were her best feature. Big, firm and natural, with long, pierced nipples. Melrose's eyes scanned my rival's body, and she nodded with approval.

"Works for me," she said. "What do you say, Miss Ferrari, you wanna put in some OT?"

Ferrari looked at me with a combination of gratitude, affection and wonder.

"I love you, Dez," she said. "I wanna have your baby." With that, she skipped forward to the couch, dropped to her knees and buried her face aggressively in Melrose's steaming pussy. No ceremony, no foreplay, just straight to business.

I had planned on leaving, but Melrose squirming in ecstasy was too sexy to miss. Even a confirmed exhibitionist like me likes to enjoy some voyeur fun once in awhile. Ferrari only needed a couple of minutes to take the Diva up and over the top. She kept going and made Melrose cum again, and then a third time before she came up for air. Melrose took her hand and drew her up onto the sofa. The two snuggled together contentedly.

"I guess my work here is done," I said, making my way to the door.

"See you around, Desiree," said Melrose.

"Not if I see you first," I replied. But somehow I knew our paths would cross again.

**Desiree Ch. 03: Diva's Sharp Clause**

My pursuer was so close now I could see her eyes glowing emerald green in the darkness. All I could do was keep running, but I was exhausted and she was relentless.

A few seconds later, she took me down. Her sharp claws tore away my dress and left bleeding scratches on my skin. Her blond dreadlocks swirled around her head and whipped my face. Her breath was hot against my skin in the cold moonlight. Her eyes stared straight into my soul, while her lips parted in a feral smile, showing her dazzling, sharply pointed teeth.

Her tongue was all over my body, starting at my breasts and moving down. It wasn't wet and smooth like I expected, but instead was rough and sandpaper-scratchy. Like the tongue of a cat.

She dragged her tongue through my pussy. Even though it was rough, it slid easily because I was soaking wet. I moaned as a long finger went up my ass. Thank God she had sheathed her claws.

Her mouth opened onto my clit. She sucked it up into her mouth and assaulted it with her tongue. The pleasure was almost unbearable. Then she bit down, her needle sharp teeth stabbing into the most sensitive part of my body. I screamed in pain. I climaxed uncontrollably.

And then I woke up.

\* \* \* \* \*

I untangled my nude body from soaked sheets. It had been a hot night, but I knew the sheets weren't just wet from sweat. I touched between my legs and found a seemingly bottomless pool of creamy, slippery juice.

Another fucking wet dream about Melrose.

Melrose: a blazing-hot hip hop diva with an insane combination of beauty and talent, her debut album had just gone platinum. She had a naughty reputation, and her team decided to leverage it by doing a photo shoot of her partying in a strip club, including closeups of the young diva with a hot, sexy stripper.

The club they chose was mine. The stripper she picked was me.

The photo shoot quickly spun out of control, as the kinky diva did desperately naughty things to me, forcing me into orgasm after soul-shattering orgasm in front of a crowd of onlookers. That night, she dragged me unwillingly to levels of ecstasy I never knew existed.

I despised the way she had toyed with me, but I couldn't forget the magic we had created together. A month had gone by, and I couldn't stop thinking about her. Dreaming about her.

It didn't help that the tabloids were full of pics from the photo shoot (the tamest ones), with headlines screaming things like "Melrose has private party with mystery woman in strip club." Some of the less tame shots made it onto porn sites. The whole city seemed to be buzzing about Melrose's "secret stripper girlfriend." My face was blurred in all the pics, but I still got asked several times a day if it was me.

I could (and did) deny it, but I couldn't deny my own emotions. Melrose was on my mind, under my skin, in my blood. I craved her desperately but swore I would die before I went back to her, and I was beginning to think I might.

I sat in bed watching the sun come up. I didn't need to get up for hours, but I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep again. As I lit a cigarette, my phone buzzed with an incoming text. I knew it was her before I looked.

I know you're thinking about me, the text said, because I'm thinking about you. Just fucking call me.

I stared at her words for several minutes before finally finding the strength to delete them. Not today, I thought. Today will be the day I forget you.

But I was very, very wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I walked into the club that evening, I knew something was off. There was an energy in the air, but a strange one. People seemed tense. They avoided eye contact with me. Nate, the club manager, had his door closed, which was rare.

"What's going on?" I asked Mac, the bartender.

"Boss wants to see you," he said. "Right away." He turned away and busied himself before I could ask any questions.

My stomach crawled with dread as I approached Nate's door. Had a customer complained? Were the cops here? Was I going to get fired? Or...was it something to do with Melrose?

Fuck it, I thought and boldly opened the door without knocking. I almost turned around, as my worst fears were confirmed. Nate was talking to Steve Shields, aka Steve the Suit, a high-end gopher at the record label that carried Melrose. He was the one who organized the photo shoot, and he seemed to relish his role as Melrose's fixer.

"Fuck you, asshole," I greeted Steve.

"Hey, watch your mouth," said Nate. I just ignored him; he was in Steve's pocket.

"Nice to see you too, Dez," said Steve. "We've been trying to reach you, but you're not returning our calls."

"So she sent you down to fetch me?"

"She tried to call you herself to let you know what's going on."

"Okay," I said. "So tell me what's going on and then get the fuck out of my life."

Steve paused for a moment, letting the suspense build. It was one of his tricks. He wanted to see if I'd ask again. If I did, it was a sign of fear or weakness or desperation, and it meant he'd already won. I waited him out.

"We need you for another photo shoot," he said.

"Oh HELL no," I said and spun around toward the door. I nearly ran into Bill, an enormous bouncer, who must have snuck in behind me before the door closed, stealthy despite his bulk. He was leaning back against the doorframe, and he wasn't moving aside. He'd obviously been stationed there to keep me from leaving. He had an apologetic look on his face.

"Hear him out," said Nate.

I considered throwing a shit fit, but I decided it would just look weak and foolish. I grabbed the chair next to Steve and dragged it over to the side wall, where I'd be able to see all three of them.

"No fucking way," I said. "I won't do it."

"You have to," said Steve. "It's in the contract you signed for the first shoot. There's a clause that gives us an option to do another shoot. We're exercising that option."

"The fuck it says that."

"The fuck it doesn't," he said, sliding a copy acoss the the floor to me. "Fourth page. Halfway down."

I picked it up and scanned the page. Sure enough, there it was. As far as I could tell, it said I would have return the $20k they'd paid me for the first shoot if I refused to honor the option. That gave me pause. I had plans for that money. Luckily, though, most of it was still parked at my local credit union.

"Fine," I said. "I'll give you back the money." Steve laughed.

"Not that simple, sweetheart," he said. "Remember the liquidated damages clause?"

My dread spiked to a new level. The liquidated damages clause required me to pay Melrose's record label an additional $50,000 if I did anything that caused the cancellation of the original shoot once it was scheduled. It was the leverage they'd used to force me to do some freaky stuff in that shoot.

"It also applies to a second shoot, if we exercise the option," Steve told me helpfully.

I flipped to the page it was on. I read it quickly, and it seemed that he was right. I read through it again more slowly. On the third reading, I spotted it: my way out.

"Sorry, Stevie," I said with a triumphant smile. "It says scheduled shoots. This one isn't scheduled yet. And the option expired three days ago, so it's too late now."

"Actually, it's been scheduled for about two weeks," he said. "Which you would know, if you'd read any of the emails we sent to notify you."

Well, fuck me sideways.

"Nate?" I asked. "You're really gonna let them trash the club again?" Now I was just grasping at straws.

"It's gonna be at Mel's place," said Steve.

"Mel?" I said. "You got nicknames for each other? How adorable. What does she call you, Suit Boy?" It looked like I was going to lose the argument, but at least I could be bitchy about it.

A tiny trace of anger flared on his face, but it was gone in an instant. Interesting. For a moment, I toyed with the idea of trying to provoke a bigger response. If I could get him to slap me or maybe even just yell at me, maybe Nate and Bill would remember they had penises and stick up for me (no pun intended). But I knew Steve dealt with Melrose every day, so his skin must have been thick to the point of being bulletproof. And Steve would certainly have lined the pockets of Nate and Bill well enough to ensure their loyalty.

Suit Boy stood and stretched, then started toward the door as Bill scrambled out of his way. He paused for a moment before exiting.

"It's gonna be a week from Friday," he said. "I know you normally work that night, but Nate has graciously agreed to give you the night off. We'll send a car for you at 9:00."

Bill the bouncer slipped away. The door was unguarded and now I could leave whenever I wanted. But all I could do was sit there, wallowing in my defeat.

"I'm sorry about this," Nate said. "I really am."

"No you're not, you lying piece of shit," I answered. He shrugged.

"Have it your way," he said. "If you want to fight them, I know some lawyers."

"No thanks," I said, finally rising to my feet. "I already have one."

\* \* \* \* \*

Maximilian Cordero, Esquire, was prompt as always. He showed up at the hotel room with a single rose, bless his heart.

Max was medium height, his body beefy but a bit soft. His curly brown hair and short beard were just beginning to show traces of gray. He looked and felt a bit like a life-sized teddy bear.

"Fucking hell, Dez," he said. "Where have you been for the last month? I really missed you."

"Sorry, babe, just had some personal stuff going on," I said, feeling twinges of guilt and regret about losing a month of my life while wrestling with my feelings about...her. Anyway, Max was all smiles, excited as ever to see me.

"Well, I'm glad you remembered my birthday's coming up," he said. "Speaking of which...what's this big birthday surprise you were promising me?"

"That would be me," said my best friend Jasmine, intoxicatingly nude as she stepped from the bathroom. Well, not entirely nude...she had a red ribbon around her neck, tied at her throat into a pretty bow.

And far from nude, actually, if you included the tattoos. My gorgeous Asian friend's slender body was a work of art. Dragons, serpents, flowers, ninjas and geishas began at her shoulders and travelled intricate paths all the way down to her tiny, delicate feet. Her breasts, surprisingly large for such a petite girl, rose from the fray like mountains in the mist. Mountains topped by radio antennae, I guess, as her cute nipples flashed metallic piercings.

"Fucking hell," said Max.

"Calm down, sweetie," I said. "Put your eyeballs back in your head and stop drooling. This is my friend Jasmine, she's been dying to meet you."

"Hi," she whispered, playing shy as she extended a dainty hand. Instead of shaking it, he raised it to lips and kissed it.

"Oh my," she giggled. "Such a gentleman."

There was instant chemistry between them, as I had expected. I knew Max would be smitten, because, well, he had eyes. As for for her...I knew my exquisite co-worker had a lifelong passion for teddy bears. I'd spent some time in her bed, fighting for space with her large collection of furry critters.

"There's beer in the fridge," I said, "and I think I saw a big fat blunt around here somewhere. Let's sit down and chat a bit, so you too can get acquainted. And then you can fuck each other's brains out."

The chatting lasted through only about half of the blunt, and then Jaz lay back on the bed and started caressing herself and moaning. Max slipped out of his clothes, climbed onto the bed and buried his face in her delicious pussy. It was on.

Max was a skilled and considerate lover. He had a talented mouth and liked to use it. Jaz was making strange but sexy noises. Her hands gripped his hair as she seemed to be trying to push his entire head inside her. His hands slid under her, and he gripped and raised her ass, enhancing his angle of attack. She screeched and shuddered, enjoying what would be the first of many orgasms that evening.

I had already stripped, but instead of joining them, I settled back in my chair to watch the show. I wasn't quite ready to party yet. I needed to get my mind off of a certain green-eyed tigress who stalked me in my dreams. My thoughts started to drift again, until Jaz rolled Max onto his back and straddled him. It was about to get real.

Jasmine had the sexiest hair I'd ever seen. Ass-length, jet-black, brilliantly shiny and utterly subservient to her will. When she was on top, her hair was the show. One second it would be wildly out of control, flying around her head like a cloud. Then she would twitch her head, and all her hair would snap together into a tight coil, which she could twirl and crack like a whip.

And tonight, her hair was bringing out its A-game. Max lay mesmerized beneath her. Jaz slammed her hips into him, approaching her next O. His average-sized cock, which was sometimes a bit underwhelming for me, was perfect for tiny Jaz. She often complained to me about her struggles with well-endowed lovers.

Meanwhile, I leisurely fingered myself, enjoying a slow build. My pussy was getting nice and wet. I removed my dripping fingers from my slit and smeared the magic potion on my nipples. I loved how it made me feel like a decadent slut.

On the bed, Max had recovered from the hypnotic effects of Jaz's hair. He had rolled her onto her back before morphing from considerate lover into Teddy Bear From Hell. He pounded her without mercy.

"GIVE ME THAT FUCKING COCK!" Jaz screamed as she exploded into a massive orgasm. He didn't slow down as her climax faded; instead he pushed the pace even harder, and I could see her eyes roll back as the next wave overtook her...

\* \* \* \* \*

I hugged Jaz as she was heading out the door. I held her that way for a long time, not caring if a lucky passerby caught sight of a bare-assed ebony beauty making out with a barely dressed, tattooed sex goddess.

"Thanks baby," I whispered, kissing her on the lips while Max snored on the bed.

"I should be thanking you," she said. "That was so fucking hot. I wish I could stay, but I gotta work tonight. I'm covering for Charlotte."

"No worries," I said. "I'm sure Max won't mind doing this again." A hint of anxiety crossed her face.

"About that," she said. "He kind of, ummm, slipped me his number." I kissed her again, slipping in some tongue in appreciation for her loyalty.

"Go ahead and call him," I said. "He and I are both ready to move on, and it's obvious you two are meant for each other. Just don't let on that you told me. Let him feel like a player."

"Thanks, beautiful," she said, and we kissed again.

I watched as her sweet little ass danced with her mini skirt while she walked away. It looked like she was wearing stockings that laced up the back of her legs, but I knew those were tattoos. As she reached the landing to the stairs she turned back to me.

"Good luck on Friday," she said with a wink, and then she was gone. I stood there in openmouthed surprise. How did she know about Friday? I hadn't told anyone. Only Nate and Bill had been in the room when Steve delivered the ultimatum, and they were both known for being tight-lipped.

I snapped back to the present when I noticed some dude in the parking lot staring up at me in all my naked glory. I retreated into the room and closed the door. I got back into bed, snuggled with with Max and fell asleep.

I woke up tp see Max sitting up in bed, smoking a cigarette and playing with his phone.

"Hey, sleeping beauty," he said. He handed me his cigarette and I took a drag.

"Did you like your birthday present, baby?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"Oh FUCK yeah!" he said. "That was amazing! Jaz is so..."

He was going to say more, but stopped himself. He had a secret little plan, and he didn't want to raise my suspicions. I stifled a chuckle. Men are so transparent.

"It was great," he said, kissing my forehead. "You can bring her along anytime. Uh, anytime you feel like it, I mean..."

"So Maxxie..." I said, batting my eyes and biting my lower lip. He laughed.

"Yeah babe," he said. "The legal thing. Did you bring it?"

"Yeah." I handed it to him.

"Let me take a look," he said, and almost immediately he laughed.

"I KNEW that was you in the photos," he said. I rolled my eyes.

"You and everyone else in LA," I said.

"Hey, ummm...I saw some pics online...was that a, uh..."

"A plug up my ass, yeah."

"Oh wow. I wish I'd known you're into anal."

"I'm NOT, ok?" My voice rose a bit as the anger flowed back into me. "It wasn't my fucking idea."

"Oh...sorry," he said. I forced a smile.

"It's okay," I said. "So about that document.."

"Yeah, I'm on it," he said.

After a few minutes, he set the document aside.

"So," he said, "you're trying to..."

"...get out of the second photo shoot," I finished.

"It's not crystal clear whether you can or not," he said. "But I can kind of give you both sides of it, if that would help."

"It definitely would, Max."

"Okay, here it is," he said. "I'll do another read, but here's my first take. The contract itself is really tight, as you'd expect. They do a lot of litigation in the entertainment business. There aren't any obvious holes in it that you could attack. Plus, you're required to go through arbitration. That probably works against you. Arbitrators aren't usually trying to set landmark legal precedent, they're more about interpreting and enforcing contracts."

"Ugh," I said. "Is there any good news?"

"Well, if you step back and look at the big picture, it's kind of draconian to force someone to do something like that, and a judge or jury might consider it be unenforceable. But that's kind of a crapshoot, and it wouldn't be easy to get the case moved out of arbitration. And If you lose, then you gotta come up with the $50k, plus find a way to pay your lawyers.

"Alternatively, you could go to the media and try to make this a #MeToo case. But they've anticipated that, and there's some language rhat would make it riskier to do that. Plus, your entire life would be picked apart and publicly scrutinized, you might not want that."

"No," I agreed. "So my only other option..."

"Just do the shoot," he said. "If you want, I'll hit them up for a llttle more money, They probably won't care much, it's small potatoes to them. And it would make them look a bit more humane and reasonable, in case they have to defend their conduct later."

"Fucking cocksuckers," I said.

"My advice is just go do it," he said. "It's just a photo shoot. How bad can it be?" I laughed at him bitterly.

"You have no idea," I said.

\* \* \* \* \*

A large, uniformed, clean-shaven black man was at my door at precisely 9:00 pm. Muscles bulged inside his dark suit, and he was actually kind of sexy, although he looked to be well into middle age.

"Your car is here, miss," he rumbled. He looked like he would be more than capable of throwing me over his shoulder and carrying me if I resisted, but I was resigned to my fate. I gave him a cheerful smile.

"Let's get it over with," I said, following him toward the stairs.

I had gotten a massage in the morning and then pampered myself with a manicure, pedicure, facial and Brazilian wax. The entire afternoon had beem dedicated to soothing music and meditation. And I was stoned as fuck for good measure. Even so, the butterflies were back in my stomach. Butterflies? No, more like angry hornets. I was throwing my fate into the hands of an evil, sadistic snake who felt like she had unfinished business with me. And I really had no idea how far she might take this.

The "car" was a super-stretch Hummer. My escort opened the door and I stepped into darkness. I heard female giggles, and someone shushing them.

Someone grabbed my hands. I felt cold metal on my wrists and heard a double click. I was handcuffed.

Suddenly, I had bright lights shining into my eyes. I squinted and could barely see the outlines of heads moving behind the lights. Sitting a little closer was a beautiful goddess named Bianca, who I knew was one of the girls in Melrose's entourage. She was brandishing a wickedly large, sharp pair of scissors, which looked warm and friendly compared to her smile.

"Seriously?" I said. "After all this drama, she's just gonna have you shank me?"

"No," she said. "She's not letting you off that easy." She slid closer and started snipping.

What's the dress code for an event like this? I had no clue. I had decided to go with practical and wear nothing but a bathrobe and slippers. I knew I'd be forced to remove everything eventually.

"Fuck me," said Bianca, seeing my bare skin under the tatters of my robe. "I was really looking forward to cutting up your skank clothes."

"Sorry to spoil your fun," I replied.

"Don't worry," she said. "The fun is just getting started."

The lights went out, leaving me with colorful, exploding afterimages. Someone grabbed the chain of my handcuffs and pulled me forward. I slid out of my seat and tried to knee walk, but something solid at mid-thigh height brought me to a halt. I started to fall forward, but my elbows landed on something.

I heard the car's engine rumble to life, and the cabin was immediately lit by normal overhead lighting. I was bent over a short table that was built into the floor. There were two more of Melrose's bitches in the car besides Deputy Diva Bianca.

One of them, a girl whose name I think was Wendy, yanked my chain again, and held on. I was stretched out over the table. Tits down, ass up.

"Look at this dirty little stripper slut," said Bianca. "What should we do with this little skank?"

"Light her ass up," said Alexa, the third girl.

"Yeah," said Wendy. "Let's get that ass nice and red."

Bianca hauled off and smacked my ass pretty hard. It stung, but I held in my reaction and showed them nothing.

"I'm gonna beat you raw," she said, giving me another whack. Again, I held it in. Bianca hissed, and I knew her hand was stinging.

"Fucking skank," she said. "Pretending it doesn't hurt. I'm gonna make you cry like a little bitch." She hit me on the other cheek, not quite as hard. She was already needing to switch hands.

"I'm ready," I said. "Whenever you wanna start."

Bianca howled in anger and started trying using both hands. The anger messed up her aim, and she wasn't landing clean shots. I was laughing and moving my ass around, frustrating her even more. Wendy lost her grip on my chain, so I rolled onto my back to face Bianca.

She was enraged. Seeing my face, she brought up her hands, nails facing me. Whoa there, crazy-ass bitch wanted to scratch me! I pulled my knees up to my chest, and as she lunged, I got my feet into her mid-section and pushed her backward. She took a serious tumble; her legs flew apart, her skirt ripped, and she flashed us some baby-pink panties.

"Awww, how precious," I said, and howled with laughter. And then they all dove on me and it got crazy.

I'd like to tell you I pulled martial arts moves out of my ass and beat them down. But there were three of them, and I was naked and handcuffed. Eventually they subdued me, but not before Bianca's skirt was destroyed, Wendy had a scratch on her face (which I think came from Bianca, not me), and Alexa had a bloody nose (okay, that was me).

Alexa ended up holding my chain, giving me a furious scowl while she tried to snort blood back up into her sinuses. Wendy had my legs in a bear hug, and was gasping like beached whale.

"Hold her down!" screeched Bianca. She reached into a cubby hole, and brought out a paddle. A very evil-looking, heavy paddle, painted black with metal studs dotting its strike zone.

"Who the fuck keeps a paddle in their limo?" I asked.

"We got it just for you," said Bianca.

This was no toy. It could do real damage. I struggled to get free but they had me. So I tried something else.

"If you touch me with that," I said, "I will hunt you down, cut you up, and throw the pieces off the end of Santa Monica Pier."

"When I'm done with you," replied Bianca, "you won't be doing much of anything for a long, long time." She moved menacingly toward me.

"Ladies!" barked Ethan over the intercom. His voice was deep, commanding, sucking the tension and danger out of the room in an instant. The girls immediately stood down. I was relieved, but a bit surprised. These psychotically egotistical bitches were taking orders from the chauffer? Bianca put away the paddle and the other two released me. We all sat in opposite corners in a sulky silence. It felt oppressive, uncomfortable, heavy.

"Why do you guys hate me so much?" I finally asked. Bianca huffed and looked away.

"You always fucking laugh at us," said Alexa. "You and your stuck up slut friends, laughing at us the whole time we were in your stupid club."

I could only shrug at that. I didn't realize it was that obvious, but she had accurately described the vibe that night.

"She always talks about you," blurted Wendy. "It's like, she fucked you once, and she's still obsessing over you, and she just tunes us out, and..."

"Shut up!" snapped Bianca. "Don't be talking our business in front of her!"

"Huh?" I said, genuinely puzzled. Was she talking about Melrose? That didn't square with my mental picture, which saw her more as a criminally insane stalker who was obsessed with ruining my life.

The silence continued. Suddenly, a light bulb seemed to go off in Bianca's head. She slid over to a panel of switches, examined them for a moment.

"What..." said Alexa, but Bianca put a finger to her lips, then flipped a switch.

"Ethan," she cooed. "Can you hear me?"

Silence.

"Ethan, can you please fuck me in the ass?"

The other two broke out into shocked giggles.

"Stop!" whispered Wendy. "What if he hears you?"

"If he hears us," said Alexa, "he'll know that Wendy says he has a teeny, tiny little pee pee." They burst out into snorts and guffaws. Even I laughed a little bit. Which was a mistake, because it triggered Alexa.

"Why are you laughing, slut?" she growled, reaching down and grabbing my chain again. She pulled me forward, stretching me out across the table.

"Lookie what I have," said Alexa. I suddenly remembered she was the one who had gleefully shoved the plug in my ass in the first shoot, because now she was holding up another plug. Instead of a jewel at its base, this one had a raccoon tail attached. She handed it to Bianca.

"Who's got the lube?" Bianca asked.

"Wendy was supposed to bring it," said Alexa

"I forgot the lube," said Wendy, and they all dissolved into laughter.

"Well, that sucks for Dez," said said Bianca. She started fingering my anus.

"What the fuck!" she growled. "You're already lubed?"

"Seemed like a good idea," I said, "considering your unnatural fascination with my ass."

"We're here," Ethan's voice crackled. The girls jumped, looking wide-eyed at each other and wondering if Ethan had heard them after all.

"Oh shit," said Bianca, waving the tail plug. "We gotta hurry up with this thing."

By now my initial panic had worn off, and I had observed more of the details of my situation. Like, the handcuffs I was wearing weren't the genuine article. They were the fake ones you could find in a porn shop. I had played enough kinky games in my life to recognize the difference. I found the little safety switches and freed myself.

"What the hell?" said Bianca.

"Allow me," I said, snatching the plug away from her. I popped it quickly into my own ass.

"Whoa," said Wendy. "Somebody's been practicing."

"Yeah," I said. "With the one that dumbass Alexa forgot to take outa my ass last time."

Bianca glared at Alexa, who blushed deeply.

"Well, at least now we can tell Mel we found it," said Wendy, with an eye roll.

"We're ready, Ethan," I said as I twitched my ass, causing the tail to wag playfully. "How do I look?" Based on the way Bianca was staring at my ass, I guess I looked okay.

Ethan popped the door open and reached in to take my hand. He had a toothy grin, so I figured he must have heard everything.

"Hey, wait," said Wendy as I stepped naked and barefoot into the warm evening. "You're supposed to wear these!" She was holding a dog collar, a leash, cat ears and a little chain with nipple clamps on each end. I grabbed the nip clips.

"Put the rest of it on Alexa," I said, stepping out and leaving the girls behind to argue.

Behind us was a tall, gated wall. Ahead was a walkway leading to an enormous mansion. The walkway was covered with an actual red carpet.

I handed the nips clips to Ethan.

"Would you do the honors?" I asked him.

"Of course, miss," he said. His huge hands were surprisingly quick and precise, and the clips were on in seconds. Not too tight, not too loose, just a deliciously distracting ache that made my clit throb. I gasped when he gave the chain a little tug.

"How's that, miss?" He asked.

"Heavenly," I purred. "And Ethan...you can call me Desiree if you want." He smiled and kissed my cheek.

"I think I like miss better," he said. "Come on, your public awaits. I'll walk you in."

He took my hand. As we started toward the front door, a crowd of people swarmed out of the house and began lining up along both sides of the walkway.

"What the actual fuck," I said. "Why are all these people here?"

"To see you," he said. "The Secret Stripper Girlfriend. Everyone in the world is talking about you. Originally, the idea was just to invite a few of Michelle's friends..."

"Who's Michelle?" I asked.

"Sorry, that's Melrose's real name. Anyway, word got out, and everyone in town was clamoring for an invite to the party. We managed to keep it to a few hundred, and had to hire extra security to keep out the gate crashers."

"You're really well-informed for a limo driver."

"Well, you know, we hear stuff..."

My path was lined with flaming tiki torches, and people were jostling for space in between them. They chattered excitedly with each other while they shouted and cheered and jeered at me. A few reached out to touch me, until Ethan's angry glower scared them off. People in front of me goggled at the delicate chain dancing between my bare, swaying breasts. As I passed them, they buzzed excitedly about the twitching tail that sprouted lewdly from between my ass cheeks. The atmosphere was festive yet ominous, like I was being led to a public execution.

Stevie the Suit Boy was waiting at the door. Not a small man himself, he seemed intimidated by my massive escort. Ethan looked at Steve like he'd just found gum on his shoe.

"The torches are kind of over the top," Ethan said. "Feels like Tribal Council on 'Survivor.'" Steve looked annoyed by the dig, but didn't reply.

"I'll leave you here," Ethan said to me. "Maybe we'll catch up later."

"I hope so," I said, stepping toward him and rising on my tiptoes. He leaned forward, took my nude body in his arms and gave me a deep kiss that fanned the flames of my lust.

"I wouldn't mind having a play date with you," I whispered in his ear.

"You have no idea how flattering and tempting that is," he said. "But honestly, I just can't."

"Professional ethics?" I asked.

"Something like that," he replied, and I decided to kiss him again.

After a few moments, he broke the kiss and stepped back, leaving me dizzy and breathless. He was a very sexy man...massive, mature, muscular...I stared into his sexy green eyes...

...And then another pair of identical green eyes appeared next to his. I blinked and shook my head. Was I seeing double? I looked again...

Melrose.

She was dressed to kill. Black leather corset, tightly laced, so her waist looked impossibly small while her boobs seemed enormous. The corset was accented with black lace panties, fishnet thigh highs, and skyscraper stilettos that brought her close to Ethan's height. They smiled at each other, and she gave him an innocent peck on the cheek.

"You kids have fun tonight," he said, like it was a 7th grade sleepover.

"Thanks, Daddy," she said.

\* \* \* \* \*

DADDY????

\* \* \* \* \*

"Can you give Steve a ride home?" she asked.

"What the-?" stuttered Steve. Whatever was going down tonight, he thought he was going to be a part of it.

"Sure," said Melrose's large, sexy father. "Let's go Stevie." For a second, it looked like Steve was going to argue, but the big man's eyebrows drew together and the temperature in the room seemed to rise. Ethan (it seemed strange to call him that now) turned and started marching back toward the car. Steve wisely followed.

"The tribe has spoken," I called after him. Without looking back or breaking stride, he raised his middle finger at me.

Melrose and I laughed so hard I thought one of us might choke. I lost my balance and she caught me in her arms to keep me on my feet.

Moments later, the laughter died down. I stepped away from her. We made eye contact, then both looked away. The intimacy had vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

I gazed at her as powerful emotions warred inside me. She was even more beautiful than I remembered. Every cell in my body screamed at me to drag her to the ground and fuck her for hours. But every cell in my brain seethed with rage at how she had treated me. I closed my eyes and took several deeps breaths, bringing myself under control.

"I thought this was a photo shoot," I said. "I don't see any cameras."

"Oh shit," she said, eyes widening in mock surprise. "I knew we forgot something."

"You summoned me," I said. "It's your show."

"Walk with me," she said, hooking her finger inside the chain running between my nipples. She started to move, and I nearly had to jog to keep up. My little bare feet pitter-pattered on the marble floor, while the stilettos at the end of her long legs cracked and echoed like gunshots.

We wandered down three long hallways, then entered a richly furnished but surprisingly small room. There was a bed in the center of the room. Two long chains with manacles hung from a ridiculously high ceiling, directly over the bed. Melrose sat in an overstuffed love seat and gestured for me to sit next to her.

Somewhere nearby, but not too near, I heard a low murmur that sounded like a very large group of people. Even though I couldn't make out any words, I felt a rising buzz of anticipation pulsing through the crowd. It made me nervous, set me on edge. Mel seemed to sense my anxiety, so she lit up a thin white joint and passed it to me.

"Small hits," she said. "It"s strong." I coughed and she poured me a big glass of water.

I drank the water, and we continued to smoke. The crowd noise seemed to get louder, so she turned on some soothing music to drown it out. We finished the joint, and the weed hit me like a bus. A bus dropped from the sky.

It took me a few minutes to get my bearings, but when I did, I felt calm, relaxed and happy.

But I also felt oddly separated from reality. It occurred to me that she could have easily spiked the weed or the water, but for some reason it just didn't seem to matter that much to me.

"Come," she said, rising to take my hand and lead me to the bed. We knelt together facing each other. She gave me a gentle kiss. She carefully removed the nip clips. I winced as blood returned to my tormented flesh, bringing blazing pain along with it. She tenderly licked and kissed my swollen nipples until the pain was managable.

"Do you trust me?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"Good," she said. "This will be more fun if you don't."

She lifted each of my hands and locked them into the manacles. She turned a crank on the wall that tightened the chains. Not uncomfortably so; in fact, it took away slack and gave me more support, preventing me from slumping forward.

"It's show time," she said, and flipped some switches on the wall.

There was a rumble, and I saw that I was on a rising platform. No, that wasn't it...the walls were sinking into the floor. The murmur of distant voices became a hum, then a buzz, then a roar. When the walls finally vanished, the small room had become a large, multi-tiered ballroom. I was on a ground-level stage, surrounded on three sides by the horseshoe-shaped tiers. Plush chairs and sofas had been brought in, making it feel like a stadium with grandstands. There were hundreds of seats, and every seat was full, and there were quite a few people standing and kneeling in the spaces between.

I knelt on the bed, dangling from the chains on my wrists, hanging naked and helpless in front of them all. I felt my entire body blush. I closed my eyes and trembled. I could feel their eyes, their voices, caressing my skin. My nipples went achingly hard, my clit tingled, my pussy spasmed...

I came hard, convulsing and moaning, fluid gushing out of me as my ass clenched against the unyielding steel butt plug. I held my eyes tightly shut, not wanting to share my shame with the audience.

Melrose approached and turned me away from the crowd. Now I was looking at a big movie screen. The lights dimmed, and a video began to play...

It was my strip club on the night of Melrose's photo shoot. I saw familiar sights, but I remembered seeing them from different angles. I saw a sexy, curvy black girl in red lingerie talking to a tattoed Asian babe. I realized I was seeing myself and Jaz from the eyes of someone else who'd been there that night. Someone who'd shot a video.

I watched myself talking to Jaz, and then suddenly Melrose was in the picture. The videographer moved up closer as she and I were face for the first time. I hadn't noticed anyone shooting us at the time, but in the video, you could see why. I was staring at her, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. I remembered that moment; I had been completely mesmerized by her beauty. My eyes never left her, and I saw now that hers never left me.

The video was skillfilly edited, capturing the essence of that entire wild evening in just a couple of minutes. The next scene showed Melrose in the dressing room, looking devastatingly sexy in the micro-mini and tube top combo she'd worn for our first dance. I remembered when she had first walked out onto the floor dressed like that, and she'd looked so confident and powerful. Behind the scenes she looked nervous and giddy, like a girl going to the prom.

"Do you think she'll like it?" she asked one of her stylists.

"Girl, she's gonna want to devour you," the other woman answered. "You ready for this?

"I've been ready since I first saw her picture," said Melrose. "Fucking hell, she gives me butterflies."

In the next scene, I was beginning my seductive dance for her, nude except for a tiny g-string. I watched myself teasing her, and the videographer captured something I hadn't noticed that night: a look of longing and desire on Melrose's beautiful face as my body moved seductively in front of her, just out of reach.

And then I watched myself pounce on her, baring her breasts just before dropping my body roughly on her. I writhed against her for a much longer time than I remembered, several times bringing her close to orgasm before backing away and leaving her frustrated. Finally, I took her over the top, and the cameraman got a closeup of her face, revealing the intense ecstasy that ripped through her body.

In the next scene, I was in her lap, my ass toward the camera, her hands spreading me to show the painful, humiliating anal plug I'd been forced to accept. And then I was lying on my back on top of her, legs spread while, while her fingers pistoned in and out of my drenched pussy. The cameraman moved in closer just as an explosive orgasm ripped through me and my pussy turned into a fountain. Drops of my liquid love launched intp the air, but the spectacular scene was cut short when the camera lens was splattered and everything went blurry.

The audience watching was as mesmerized as the live audience had been at the shoot. As the screen went dark and the lights in the room came back up there were gasps and moans, and a spontaneous ovation broke out.

Melrose gazed at me from the edge of the stage. She was holding something in her hand...a flogger? Yeah, that's what it was. Apparently Bianca, Alexa and Wendy hadn't inflicted enough damage, and I was scheduled for another beating.

Movement from the other side of the stage caught my eye, and a hot girl with long black hair, dressed in a kimono, approached me. She dropped the robe quickly, revealing a stunning body covered with intricate tattoos, drawing a gasp from the crowd.

It was Jasmine.

"What the actual fuck," I said as she passed near me. She smiled and winked.

She approached Melrose, then stood on tiptoes to exchange a kiss. I felt a stab of jealousy. Jaz then moved behind her and pulled on one end of the knotted laces at the base of the corset. Melrose sighed in relief as the restrictive garment fell away. Jaz then pulled the side ties on Melrose's panties.

My nemesis stepped out of her heels and stood nude except for her stockings. To my surprise, she handed the flogger to Jaz.

"Et tu, Brute?" I said to Jaz as she circled me (okay, yeah, I was a drama nerd in high school). Jaz flicked her wrist, and the lashes snaked across my ass, leaving hot stinging trails behind.

"Keep your Shakespeare in your pants, honey," she said.

Melrose knelt in front of me, and I couldn't read the expression in her beautiful eyes. Without warning, she grabbed my hips and lifted, exhibiting surprising strength. With Jaz's help, she put my thighs over her shoulders and buried her face in my muff. I almost lost my balance, but the chains caught me.

Melrose wasted no time before attacking. Unlike in my dreams, her tongue was smooth, wet and hot, not to mention long and powerful. She widened and flattened it, pressing hard against my clit, then narrowed and thickened it to penetrate me. She flexed it and dragged it across my g-spot, then brought it back out to circle my clit once, twice, and on the third time I came hard.

She continued the assault, and I was rolling down the runway again towards takeoff...

WHACK!

Sharp hot pain laced by upper back.

WHACK!

Jaz hit me again in the same spot.

"Bitch, I'm gonna paddle your ass till you bleed!" I screeched at her.

"Promises, promises," she said.

WHACK!

This time she torched my sensitive tummy, causing a convulsion of pain that was followed immediately by a long, exquisite orgasm.

"Jeezus fuck," I moaned. Melrose slowed the pace for a moment, and I caught my breath. My upper body glowed with pain, while my pussy pulsed and throbbed and poured my love potion directly into Melrose's mouth.

My enemy/lover slowly began to rebuild the intensity of her assault. Sensations and emotions swirled through my body like a tornado.

"She's gonna make you cum again," said Jaz, still circling me like a hungry shark. "She's gonna make that slutty pussy explode for her alllll night."

"Oh fuck," i groaned.

"Cum for her. Be her naughty bitch and cum all over her face."

"Ohhhhh..."

"All these people wanna see you do it, babygirl. They wanna see u cum hard like you did before."

"Oh god..."

"Are you ready, dirty girl? You gonna cum for us like a nasty little slut?"

"Oh FUCK YES, I'm gonna-"

WHACK!

This time she let me have it right across the tits. My poor tormented nipples, still recovering from the delicious agony of the nip clips, took the brunt of it.

I came. And I came and I came and I came. It seemed like this one would never stop, like I might be doomed to spend the rest of my life trapped in an eternal orgasm. Finally, it seemed to be running out of steam...

WHACK!

Another perfectly delivered kill shot to the tatas, and it took me to another world...

\* \* \* \* \*

I was only vaguely aware of big stong hands liftng me off her shoulders, and my chains being taken away. Someone laid me down on the bed, and I could hear myself purring like a kitten.

"Are you okay, baby?" someone whispered. I was able to open me eyes just a crack, to see gorgeous green eyes peering at me.

"Hell yeah," I mumbled.

"Sleep now," she said.

"'Kay," I managed. I began to drift...

"I love you," I thought I heard her say.

"I love you," I tried to answer, but I'm not sure if the words made it out before the warm, soft, sleepy darkness carried me away...