Felicity's Horny Holiday

by ken philipsÂ©

Please note that this is a work of fiction, and no resemblance to any person

living or dead is intended.

Hi! My name is Felicity, but my friends call me Fi. I live in Sydney, Australia,

and am 22 years of age.

I am like a Kylie Minogue copy in many ways. I am only about 5 feet 2, and am a

Size 8. My boobs are about 34c, & and my bottom is also about 34 â€“ so I pack a

fair bit of shape into my little frame. I have my left boob pierced â€“ boy that

hurt at the time, but I like it a lot now. I could pass for only 18 or 19 â€“ I

often get asked for my ID at clubs.

I work for this really nice man, Ken, who is a prominent Finance Sector

Executive in Sydney. Ken reckons he's the luckiest Exec in Sydney because he has

the most gorgeous EA around. He's a happily married man though of some 20 years

(his wife is also gorgeous), so although we tease each other a lot, & he tries

to make our very busy job as much fun as possible, we never get it on. I would

probably love him to get inside my panties one day, but as I say not to be.

I have done some modelling & hostessing over the years, which I have really

enjoyed. I like to think I am pretty good at it â€“ I look great in a skimpy

bikini. My aim is to get into some of the Men's magazines one day like FHM or

Zoo Weekly. Once or twice I have done stuff a bit on the naughty side (like the

time I was a hostess at the Australian Grand Prix car race), but not often. I do

like to tell Ken about it though as a tease â€“ it definitely turns him on.

Anyway, I want to tell you about my recent round the world holiday. Let's just

say things went beyond a bit naughty this time, & as a special treat to Ken, I

wanted to put it down for you all to read about.

I was planning on "getting it on" as part of the trip, as I have had two very

disappointing relationships in the past two years with two services guys (a

policeman & a firie), who both turned out to be deadshits. I really felt that I

needed to let go, & rediscover some young guys as nice as my boss.

The first part of my trip was to catch up with my cousin, Sharon, who lives in

London. We spent just over a fortnight together, including a weekend in Paris

(we caught the Chunnel Train there Friday arvo & came back Sunday night). She

took me to lots of places, & we did a fair bit of night clubbing both in London

& Paris.

We met a number of cute guys in the clubs, and a bit happened â€“ but the real

story is yet to come.

There was one nice dark guy I met - Jerome. He was big â€“ about 185 cms but quite

gentle, especially given he had the biggest dick I had seen in my life at about

10 inches or so. He was quite romantic, & we had a great night together in

Paris. We met in a nightclub, and with Sharon's blessing, we went off to have

dinner together in the Hotel Restaurant & then back up to my room for some fun.

He fucked me slowly, but deep. He didn't hurt me, though, he worked his big dick

into me gently & carefully â€“ a real lover!! We must have fucked about 4 times

through the night. He slipped away in the early hours of the morning, before I

could get a decent contact for him. Ah well, at least the memory will last! He

was the first black guy I had been with - might have a bit more of that.

Anyway, he was the only guy I went with in London & Paris. I met and danced with

several others in the night clubs, but none caught my eye enough (even with

several drinks in me) to want to grab them to fuck me back at my Hotel or at the

room I had at Sharon's apartment in St. John's Wood.

The bigger problem I had though with being with Sharon, & with London & Paris,

was the money situation. We did quite a bit of clothes shopping, and eating out

and stuff. My money rapidly disappeared, and I still had nearly two weeks to go

in Copenhagen & Los Angeles (I had a round the world ticket for the month-long

trip which meant I had to come back via the USA to Australia).

Why did I pick Copenhagen you ask? Especially given I would be visiting these

two cities for about a week each on my own. I don't know, but looking back,

maybe it was always in my mind that I would want to go to Copenhagen to check

out its famous "after dark" delights, its jazz clubs & night clubs, & the

world-renowned relaxed Danish attitude to sex.

Maybe, secretly, with the bit of modelling & hostessing I had done back at home,

there was a desire in me to try something more daring in a place far away from

home where there would be no one who knows me to see me.

As I said, the most daring I had previously got was a hostessing job I did in

Melbourne a couple of years ago with one of my best friends (Amy, she's nearly 6

foot tall & built like a goddess) at the Australian Grand Prix car race. Through

an agency that Amy sometimes worked for (I knew she had did more naughty things

previously than me), we agreed to a nude hostessing job in one of the Hotel

Suites overlooking the race track to help pay for the trip to the race. The

Suite had been booked out by some concrete company.

There were about 8 guys, and they were pretty drunk. We were booked for 3 hours

to serve drinks and food for them wearing nothing but high heel boots and a cap.

There was a big bodyguard from the Agency with us. It didn't involve any sex

officially, but let's just say we got our boobs, bums and pussies well and truly

worked over by all the groping hands all afternoon. I was a little bit shocked

at first (looking back, I was a bit naÃ¯ve to think otherwise), but it got to be

quite a lot of fun which I ended up enjoying.

I actually ended up getting quite horny and very wet down there as the afternoon

wore on. So did Amy. As a big thank you to the boys for not going "over the

line" with us, towards the end we let the boys finger our sopping wet pussies,

and we also put on a little lesbian show of some kissing, boob sucking & mutual

pussy fingering. It turned out to be a fun day that paid well. While it

flickered a little flame down in my loins, until this trip I had never

contemplated going back down that path.

I also have been quite comfy & loved playing with other pretty girls.

I arrived in Copenhagen fairly short of cash â€“ certainly not enough to get me

through Copenhagen & L.A. without calling on some help from mum and dad. I did

have the Citywide pass which got you to about 40 places plus I had heard of a

website called "Copenhagen After Dark". I originally planned to use it to find

some nightclubs to dance in. I hadn't looked at it previously, so when I did I

soon realised it was not what I thought it was â€“ instead, it was full of

contacts for nightclubs which were topless and nude strip clubs, escorts, gay

and lesbian clubs, saunas which read like glorified brothels, and so on.

The first day in Copenhagen I did the usual tourist-y things. That night,

though, I surfed the "After Dark" site, and a new idea came over me. I thought

that perhaps I could work for a few days in Copenhagen on the sly, and get

together some cash to pay for the rest of the trip. No one would know me, & I

could be a bit naughty.

I dressed in some of my slutty Nightclub gear â€“ a short shift "bubble" dress

that shows off my cleavage really well and also only just covers my bum. I put

on stockings and a little g-string brief underneath together with knee high

boots to finish. I skipped my bra, and let my boobs sit freely in the dress.

Ready to thrill, I called in early that evening to a place called the Doll House

Night Club which I had identified from the website, and asked to see the

Manager. Thankfully, Sven spoke good English, because my Danish was very

limited. I explained my situation, and that I was looking for just 3 or 4 days

work to rebuild my cash reserves.

He took me into his back office behind the bar. We were alone â€“ I guess I knew

what was coming next as I had faced the same in Australia with some of the

modelling work I have done. He asked me to do a short strip for him in the

Office, making sure to take off all my clothes so he could inspect me for any

flaws, piercings, tattoos, etc â€“ the usual drill. He had no problem with my

pierced left boob.

I am a very good dancer, & I made the strip as sensuous as I could. I had

decided I really wanted to do it, so I got a bit more daring once I had removed

my bubble dress & g-string. I gradually began to rub myself up, getting very

horny. Before I knew it, in front of this stranger, I had lowered myself onto

the floor with my legs wide open â€“ and three of my fingers shoved up inside my

sopping wet pussy working my clit and insides as hard as I could go. I was in

ecstacy.

Sven pulled out his engorged cock â€“ it was about a solid 7", and was openly

wanking himself watching me. I was clearly making a good impression. To finish

off and score the job, as well as score myself a much needed good fucking, I

quickly grabbed the opportunity. I got up off the floor and lowered myself onto

his big cock as he sat in his chair. I rode him hard and vigorously. It didn't

take long at all, and he burst his cum into me just as I was having an enormous

second orgasm myself. It was a real good "quickie".

Needless to say I got the job. At the Doll House, I would earn about 1,000 Euros

or more per night depending on how many private lap dances I did. That sounded

real good. But then he went on.

He was also associated with a private members only club, "The Red Club", which

was much more daring, but where I could make serious money over 3 or 4 nights.

When he said it, I knew it meant being a prostitute. I thought about it for only

a few seconds. Again, it's the other side of the world, I was feeling up for

naughty things, so why not? I said it sounded interesting, "what did it

involve?"

Sven said it was like an upmarket strip club, except all the girls not only

stripped and did lap shows â€“ they fucked the clients in the club, both onstage

and in the private booths. To work in the club you had to be beautiful model

material â€“ he said I definitely made it on that score and that he knew the

moment I jumped on his cock that I was up to working in the private club. He

said I could expect to make 2,500-3,000 Euro per night, and even more if I was

prepared to do some very naughty, dirty things! My pussy tingled at the thought.

He said he would drive me over to start tonight, and introduce me to the

Manageress, Anna-Freid, who was herself a former dancer who still occasionally,

in her late 30s, kept her hand in for special clients.

The Red Club was in a quiet part of the city, down a small alley in one of the

older buildings with only a small single door to mark the entrance. It only took

a few minutes to get there. I am pretty good with my street awareness, and

worked out it was only about 10-15 minutes brisk walk from my hotel.

He called ahead and spoke to Anna-Freid on the handsfree mobile (which meant I

heard the conversation). Although it was in Danish, I worked out that he had

told her I was cute and very hot, but only here for a few days and out to make

some good money fast. Anna-Freid replied they were down a couple of girls at

present with flu, and my presence would fill the gap very well. She would give

me a go.

Anna-Freid was a stunning, voluptuous woman. Her boobs must have been 37D's,

probably enhanced as they seemed very firm for a lady in her late 30s. She

clearly did a lot of gym work or exercise, as she had great muscle tone all

over. She would have weighted perhaps 60 kg, and towered over me at about 180

cms. Like me, she had platinum blonde hair. She had a great tight, but

businesswoman-like, suit on.

Sven left me with Anna-Freid after a short introductory conversation. She took

me to the change room for the girls, which was to the side of the stage towards

the back of the club which was surprisingly roomy for a venue in old building.

It was already about 7.30 pm by then, and there were about 8 girls â€“ all

beautiful and stunning, getting dressed, doing hair and make-up, putting on

pumps, etc.

Anna-Freid introduced me to them â€“ there was Carmen, Milla, Cilla, Anastacia,

Sophie, Claudia, Martine, and Johanne. She said as it was Tuesday night, it

shouldn't be hugely busy, and that she would only call in any more girls if an

unexpectedly large group came in. She indicated the club had an arrangement with

one of the city's escort services â€“ Escorts Hollywood â€“ to provide quality girls

at short notice if there was a rush.

I immediately noticed that the club certainly was more daring than your usual

strip club when I looked around the room at the girls' "outfits". They seemed to

be all wearing outfits that left very little to the imagination. A couple of

girls were in very small "Wicked Weasel" g-string bikinis with tiny tops

(clearly they were shaved or trimmed, or you would have seen pubic hair bursting

out everywhere), and a couple were in leather corset outfits with little

g-strings that had cutouts where your boobs went â€“ that's right, they had their

titties already on full display. The other two were in one-piece swimmers that

were just a string at the back, and had to be carefully manoeuvred at the front

to just cover the nipples leaving most of their boobs on display. Again, you

have to shave or trim to wear them.

Anna-Freid asked if I had a preference as she went over to the wardrobe â€“ I went

for the Wicked Weasels. She pulled out a pretty green pair with the tiniest

g-string bikini pants shaped in a "V". It really complemented my blonde hair and

suntanned skin (I regularly go to a tanning centre back home, and have an ALL

OVER tan as I do it in the nude â€“ it really turned Ken on the day I told him; he

was shocked girls stripped naked in those tanning centres. Guys are sometimes

very innocent).

I slipped the bikini on, Anna-Freid said to keep the knee high boots on as they

went well with it. She noticed that even though I have a trimmed "runway", some

pussy hairs were peeking out over the top and to the side of the bikini bottom.

She said they would have to go. She got out a set of mini, battery powered

clippers, sat me down on the dressing table, and got to work. She got me to pull

the bikini pants down a little first while she trimmed the top of my runway,

then she got me to pull it across exposing my slit both ways, while she trimmed

the sides. Anna-Freid could clearly see that my pussy was already wet â€“ she

gently touched it with her fingers after finishing the shaving, giving me a real

tingle. "Just checking for any stray hairs", she said. "Sure thing", I thought,

hoping she would go further and slip in a finger into my wet fuckhole. She

didn't though, she was only teasing (or was it testing?) me.

As the other girls filed out of the change room to start work for the evening,

Anna-Freid then asked me to wait back for a bit while she went on to explain

more about "the Red Club" to me.

The club was open 7 nights per week from around 7.30 pm till the last member

left which was usually 1-2 am during the week, but as late as 5 am on weekends.

It was not open to the public though. You have to either be a member, be

accompanied by a member (a member can bring up to 3 friends with them at a

time), or be on the nomination list to become a member (can't bring a friend if

a nominee).

You can only join on the majority vote of the other members, but she added they

only had knocked back about 3 or 4 applications over the years from people with

jail records or other unsavoury characters.

Membership was not cheap â€“ equivalent to about 10,000 Euro per year, so all the

members tended to be businessmen, finance sector types, top bureaucrats, judges,

politicians, etc. Members were expected to visit the club at least once a month

(you could have your membership cancelled if you didn't use it enough â€“ that had

happened a few times), and all accounts were settled at the end of each month.

It seemed to me that in how the place operated, it was not unlike the old-style

"Gentleman's Clubs".

The club included a full restaurant service which Anna-Freid advised me the

girls provided the table service for. The restaurant tables were arranged around

the stage in the centre of the room, and the bar at the back. Anna-Freid showed

me the private booths to the left of the entrance the opposite side of the

restaurant section and stage. All the booths were quite small, but large enough

to hold a queen size bed, a little side table and enough floor space to do a

private show. Finally, down the corridor were bathroom facilities, showers,

etc., for the members to use after they had been "serviced".

She said the club was just like Sven had said â€“ like an upmarket strip club in

how it operated except it was a "full service" club as she put it. She indicated

all the members were gentlemen, and respected any girls who had a limit. That

bit worried me a little at first â€“ "what do you mean by that?"

Anna-Freid said, "In here, honey, as in Denmark generally, nothing is taboo. It

is entirely a matter for the members and the girl or girls. We work on trust for

the member and girl to agree on the services formally provided, and that is

charged to the members' monthly account. The girls receive half of the fee â€“ we

take the rest for managing the club. Of course, if the girl is happy to provide

some personal "extras" for the member, she can arrange directly with him and

take the cash on the night".

She gave me a schedule of service fees â€“ it started with a 30 minute stripper

service and progressed through full kissing, hand jobs, oral sex (both ways),

full sex, anal sex, 2 girls, and "specials".

The two that jumped out at me were anal sex and "specials". I had taken cocks a

few times before in my life up my bum, each time enjoying it more as I got more

experienced, but still it was a bit of a shock to see it set out so explicitly

on the schedule of services. "What were Specials?" I asked.

Anna-Freid said "This was a "catch-all" to cover things like hot wax candle

shows, fruit and vege shows, pissing, nipple clamps and other consensual BDSM

type games, and other daring things girls might agree to if requested". She

added the specials area was where some girls made really serious money as the

house took a standard fee for this, but the final price for such services was

always a direct negotiation between the member and the girl. After the list she

said, I pondered what else could she be talking about when she said "other

daring things"?

Anna-Freid then went on to explain that I would be asked to go on stage each

night at least twice. The other girls all did likewise. Each stage show was to

take about 15-20 minutes, with the aim of 3 per hour. On a Friday night through

to 5 am, that could mean up to 27 or so stage shows. She then dropped a clanger

to me I wasn't expecting â€“ "you have to pick a guy each time to fuck on stage in

that 15 or so minutes, unless I have asked you to do a lesbian show in which

case we require the full thing â€“ not fake".

She added members weren't charged for this â€“ the stage shows were about

"shopping our talents for the members to see and help them then choose their

partner or partners for the evening".

"Okay", she said. "Are you still ready and willing to do it? We will pay a base

rate of $2,000 Euro per night at a minimum. If you see enough members, and are

willing enough, you could make much more."

"Oh! Yes", I replied. "This place sounds just wild, and will enable to be

naughty and make money at the same time. I knew Copenhagen was out there, but

wow this is something else".

"Excellent!" said Anna-Freid. "You can be first on stage tonight â€“ in 15 minutes

at 8 pm. Our DJ, Horst, will introduce you. You better pop over for a minute

with him and make sure you have some familiar songs to dance to. Sven tells me

you are quite a dancer! After that, I suggest you do a little table waiting with

the restaurant tables so you can get an idea of who is here tonight and pick out

a nice guy to fuck on stage in front of all of us. Oh, I almost forgot â€“ the

condoms are in a box to the left just before you step out on stage. Always play

safe and use them. That's our policy here".

My head was spinning and my pussy burning and getting wet. What had I got myself

into?

To be continued...