**Hilary, Exotic Dancer**

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**Chapter 1**  
My name is Hilary. I'm a senior at Georgia Tech, just back from a year of overseas study in France. And I'm running out of money. If I can't make some money quickly, I'm going to have to drop out. My parents don't want that, but they don't have another dollar to give me, and I am borrowed up to the max.  
  
I work on campus 16 hours a week, but they pay me a pathetic $8 an hour, and that's for cleaning the dishes after dinner in the dorm cafeteria. What a godawful job!!  
  
I've been whining about this to anyone who will listen, but no one has any ideas. I check the want ads for any retail jobs that might pay $10 or $11, but the economy sucks, and I can't find a thing.  
  
One day I was perusing the want ads, feeling like I was wasting my time, when I came across an ad that said "Exotic dancers wanted. Great pay. Short hours. Contact Steve at \*\*\*-\*\*\*\* at The Pussy Willow Club." I thought, yeah right, but a friend from high school had become an exotic dancer, and she said the money was beyond her wildest dreams. Beyond my wildest dreams was about how much money I needed to complete school.  
  
I hesitated, but not very long. I called the number.   
  
"Pussy Willow Club"   
  
"Yes, I saw your ad for exotic dancers. Can I speak to Steve?"  
  
"Hold on."   
  
I waited a couple of minutes.   
  
"Hi, this is Steve."   
  
"This is Hilary. I'm calling about the exotic dancer job."   
  
"Well, how old are you?"   
  
"I'm 20."   
  
"That's legal. Are you hot?"   
  
I didn't like the way this conversation was going, but what choice did I have? I decided to be a wiseass.   
  
"Well, all the guys I've blown have told me I am."   
  
Steve laughed.   
  
"Well, I can't tell if you are hot over the phone, but I love smartasses. Come on in for an interview."  
  
I scheduled a time on Tuesday, and arrived promptly. The club looked a little seedy with all the lights up, but I figured it wouldn't be too bad in the dim illumination of evening. And it didn't smell like old beer, which was a welcome change from most bars I had been in. Steve came out and shook my hand.   
  
"Hi, Hilary."   
  
"Call me Hil," I said.   
  
"OK, Hil, come into my office."   
  
We sat down, him behind his desk, and me in front in a swivel chair. I had decided to dress conservatively. I have no idea why. I was wearing a calf length brown skirt, and a white blouse with long sleeves, buttoned all the way up.   
  
Steve said "I like your look right away. Have you ever done this before?"   
  
"No, but I really need money, and I've heard this pays really well."   
  
"You heard right. Now, the first time a girl decides to try this for a living, it can be a bit of a shock. I'm going to ask you to do some things that may make you uncomfortable, but they are things you need to be able to do to perform this work, and performance is what it's all about. So will you trust me to walk you through some exercises?"  
  
I could see where this was going, and I was no shrinking flower, so I said "I can handle whatever you throw at me."  
  
"Leave your shoes here and follow me."  
  
We went out to the dance platform (stage), where the floor was shiny, and there was a pole every 3 or 4 feet.   
  
"OK, Hil, take off your skirt, and your blouse. For now you can leave your bra and panties on."  
  
I did it, put them down, and stood there in front of him. He handed me a pair of spiked high heels, which I put on. He looked me up and down.   
  
"Yes, you are hot. If you can get through the training, you will make a whole lot of money."  
  
"How much money?" I asked.   
  
"Well, we pay you $25 an hour"   
  
Before he could go on, I was already excited. How naïve I was.   
  
"You work 15 minutes each hour of a 4 hour shift. We pay you for the whole hour. You work 4 nights a week. Then in tips you can expect anywhere from $100 to $250, depending on how good you are."  
  
"Wow, I said, you mean I could earn, like, about $200 or $300 each night?"  
  
Steve looked at me and laughed.   
  
"No, I meant $100 to $250 in tips AN HOUR!! You could earn a $1000 or more every night you work."  
  
I stopped breathing. I looked for a chair to sit down, but there wasn't one, so I leaned against the pole. Steve laughed again.   
  
"Yeah, I know how you feel. The first time a girl hears that, she's rendered speechless."  
  
I got my wits about me, and said "OK, you certainly have my attention. What's next?"  
  
"OK," said Steve, "I want to see if you can play with the pole and how you dance."   
  
He walked over to the music console, pushed a button, and I heard Donna Summer's Hot Stuff firing up. Great song to dance to. Steve turned the volume down so I could hear him.   
  
"You're on," said Steve.   
  
I closed my eyes and started to dance. I swiveled my hips and moved my arms over my head, and just generally tried to look sexy. I don't know why I wasn't bothered by doing this in my bra and panties in front of Steve, but I guess all I could think about was the money, and money has a way of lowering your inhibitions.  
  
"Now play with the pole".   
  
I grabbed the pole, and swung to one side, then the other. I straddled the pole, and wrapped my long hair around it. I climbed up a foot, then slid down, with my pussy rubbing up against the pole.   
  
"Very nice," said Steve. "You're not going to need much training. Now, don't get uncomfortable, but I need you to be completely naked."  
  
I froze. Why, I wondered. Was he going to pull some funny stuff?   
  
"Relax, kid. I've been doing this for 12 years. I've hired well over 100 girls, and I've seen them all naked, many times. It just goes with the territory."  
  
I eyed him warily, but what was I to do? I took my high heels off first, and set them down. Then I removed my bra, and set that down. I hesitated, then pulled my panties down quickly and kicked them aside. Steve looked me up and down.   
  
"You have a spectacular body for this sort of work. Only one thing. The bush has to go."  
  
"What? I have to shave my pubic hair?"   
  
"Yes. Believe me, I'm an old timer, and I really miss the days of hairy pussies, but those days are gone. The men sitting around the dance platform want to see a slit, and the more naked it looks, the more money you get."  
  
"I've never shaved there before."   
  
"OK, come with me to the dressing room."   
  
He started to walk away. I grabbed my bra and panties, skirt and blouse, and put the bra and panties on awkwardly as we were walking.  
  
We got to the dressing room and there before me was a beautiful statuesque black girl, 6 feet tall if she was an inch, high cheekbones, long smooth hair, gorgeous chocolate color skin, breasts that were the most perfect I had ever seen, and legs that went from here to eternity. She was wearing a thong and no top, as she was in the process of changing. She seemed totally relaxed in her body.   
  
"Jet, meet Hil, our newest dancer. She needs help. First, what should we call her?"  
  
Jet looked me up and down and said "Celeste."  
  
I had no idea how she arrived at that name so quickly, but I kind of liked it. It had a European flavor.   
  
"That's good, Jet. You have the knack. Now do me a favor, and shave Celeste's bush."   
  
OK, now this was going too far.   
  
"What? Why can't I do it myself?"   
  
Steve laughed.   
  
"If you've never shaved your bush before, you will cut yourself about 12 times, and be no good for performing for about 2 weeks."  
  
I thought about losing possibly $8000, and that made my decision.   
  
"Fine. Now?"   
  
"Yes, now", said Jet.   
  
She pointed to the massage table that apparently was used to relax the girls after a strenuous dance, and she said "take off your panties and lay down". I did.  
  
Jet got a razor and a mug and brush (the old fashioned way), a glass of warm water, a washcloth, and a hand towel. She sat down on a stool next to the table, took the washcloth, dipped it in the water, squeezed out the excess, and started to wash my pussy. Honestly, the table was relaxing, and the warm water really felt good. She was gentle. I didn't say anything. I figured it was up to her to make conversation.  
  
She washed me for quite awhile. She made no effort to be discrete. What I mean is, she washed my clit and lips without hesitation. Having warm water rubbed over my clit with a washcloth was making me just a little turned on. I didn't think that was such a good idea, but it felt so good that I didn't say anything.  
  
She then poured a little water in the shaving mug, sloshed it around, and then soaped up the brush. If you've never felt a badger hair brush against your skin, you don't know what the word sensual means. She soaped up my cunt, and I was really getting into it. Then she took the razor. I was a little nervous, but she seemed confident. She grabbed my clit hood and pulled back so that the skin was stretched and she started shaving. I couldn't believe she was actually holding my clit, when I was already turned on.   
  
Each time she finished one section, she let go of my clit, and rinsed the razor in the glass. Then she grabbed my clit again, and shaved some more. After 5 or 6 times, I was feeling really hot, and my cunt was getting wet. This was embarrassing, but what could I do? She kept it up, and I uttered an involuntary groan at one point, and closed my eyes in shame.   
  
"Celeste, you're fine. Everyone gets turned on when they get shaved. Just go with it. But don't lift your butt while I'm shaving you, or I might amputate something that you would miss very dearly."   
  
I laughed. Jet had the most beautiful accent. I wasn't sure where from, probably the Caribbean, and I could listen to her talk forever. I couldn't believe how relaxed she was, so I did as I was told. Each time she grabbed, I got hotter and hotter. The shave itself felt great. It was like cool air blowing on my pussy.  
  
She finished before I did, which was a BIG disappointment. She wiped me off with the handtowel.   
  
Then she put her hand fully on my shaved pussy, feeling the wetness, and said "I know how you feel. Would you mind if I help?"  
  
I had never been with a woman, but it was pretty clear what she meant. I was so turned on that I blurted out "go ahead, knock yourself out".   
  
She laughed. She got up from the stool, and walked to the front of the table. She parted my legs so that they hung over the edge on each side. She climbed up between my legs, lowered her head, and began to kiss my inner thighs. Her beautiful breasts were hanging just a foot away, and I couldn't stop looking at them.  
  
Jet started to lick my pussy and clit. I've had oral done on me by men, but Jet was world class. I wondered why I had never tried this before. My ass began to undulate, and she licked alternately gently and then rough. She bit my clit softly and I almost exploded right there. She stuck her tongue inside me, and seemed to enjoy licking the wetness from my lips. She reached up, pushed her hand under my bra, and massaged my breast. I reached down as far as I could, and massaged one of her perfect breasts. Omigod, it felt so firm. I could tell they were real, and they were killer.  
  
More licking, sucking, fondling. What was I doing? Shit, who cared. I was beyond saving at this point. One last bite on my clit, and I screamed, arched my back, and came like I hadn't come for years. My back kept arching for what seemed like a full minute, and my kegels kept squeezing open and shut involuntarily, each time giving me another mini orgasm. It took awhile to regain control.   
  
Jet got up off the table and started to clean up the shaving gear. I got up on my elbows so I could look at her.   
  
"Jet, that was better than any orgasm I ever got from a man. What's your secret?"   
  
She laughed. "I'm a woman, that's the secret. I know what feels good to me, and I just did it to you."   
  
I wanted to reciprocate, but I didn't know how to ask.   
  
"Jet, you must need some help right now, I would think."   
  
"Celeste, just relax. I'm going to take a bath and have sex with the faucet. Don't always feel you have to give when you get. Don't worry, I want you to do me some time, but it will be when you least expect it."   
  
With that she walked away. I watched her ass cheeks sway as she headed for the shower area. I got up from the table, put my panties back on, then my skirt and blouse.  
  
I walked back to Steve's office and knocked. He said "come in."   
  
I entered. I sat down and put my shoes back on.   
  
"I guess I'm ready to start", I said.   
  
Steve said "I see you passed Jet's initiation."  
  
"How can you tell?"   
  
"Your face is all flushed. Jet doesn't do that for everyone. She must find you very attractive. Jet is the hottest dancer we have ever had here. Her typical weekly earnings are about $9000. You do the math. When she is done here in about 3 years, she will be heading back to Jamaica a very wealthy woman. But enough about Jet. You are now Celeste. Today is Tuesday. Be here at 7:00 on Thursday for some last minute instruction, and your first dance."  
  
I walked out of the office, and headed for the door. I felt unbelievably relaxed, excited about the prospect of earning so much money, and frankly quite enamored of Jet. I was really looking forward to another sexual encounter with her.

**Chapter 2**  
I arrived promptly at 7:00 on Thursday at the Pussy Willow Club. The club was noisy, but I could not see anyone in the audience as I had come in through the private entrance. It would not do for the girls to walk in the front door. That would be asking for trouble.  
  
I went right to the dressing room. There were 3 girls already there, including Jet. They were in various states of dress and undress, getting ready for the set to begin at 8:00. I was nervous, and wanted to say hi to Jet. I walked up to her, and tapped her shoulder. When she turned around, she smiled and, despite her naked breasts, gave me a big hug.   
  
"Nice to see you again, Celeste. Girls, this is Celeste, the latest addition to our Pussy Club. Celeste, this is Chili and this is North Star."  
  
I actually shook hands with the half naked young ladies. This would have been funny if I wasn't so nervous.  
  
Jet was clearly in charge, and I was grateful for that. She showed me to my locker, gave me a choice of costumes (I picked a French maid affair. Cliché, but it fit with the name Celeste).   
  
"Now, under that outfit you will be wearing a very, very skimpy lace bra, and a thong that might as well not be there. Here's a drawer full of them, so pick out what you like"   
  
I did.   
  
"Now, change into your costume, and we'll go over the schedule."   
  
There was no privacy here, and I could see that it didn't matter, so I got completely naked in front of my locker, and put on the thong, bra, and maid outfit. Jet then told me that I would be the 3rd dancer of the set, meaning I'd be on at 8:30 (Jet was ALWAYS last, and most anticipated by the crowd).  
  
8:00 came around quickly. I watched from behind the curtain as Chili was announced and walked out on the stage. She got a hearty round of applause. I was able to see the line of men from where I stood. They looked pretty ordinary. Every man had a drink in front of him, and some were eating sandwiches. These were the men at the ringside seats around the stage. I could see more men in the shadows behind them.  
  
Chili started her routine, and I was mesmerized. She had a way of moving her body that was sexy as hell, and it was obvious that the men thought so too. In short order she was down to her bra and thong, wiggling up to the men, and getting bills put in the tiny elastic band around her pussy. After collecting a whole lot of bills, she removed her bra, and she started to work the poll. Very cool athletic moves.   
  
Then she did something that I wasn't prepared for. She did a slow strip off of her thong. Now, I hadn't discussed this with Steve, but I thought that being totally naked in a strip club was illegal in Georgia. Apparently I was wrong. This meant I was expected to do the same thing. I was taken aback, but I had gone this far, and I had already mentally spent the money, and I rationalized that the thong was so miniscule that I might as well be naked anyway.  
  
Chili undulated around the pole, and spread her legs, and bent over, and walked the stage giving every man a close view of her shaved cunt. Bills were flying through the air as she simulated masturbation while sitting on the floor. This was quite a performance, and I could see how all the attention from the men would be intoxicating.  
  
Chili finished her routine to thunderous applause.  
  
North Star came on next and I won't bother you with all the details except to say that she got completely naked, too.  
  
I was on next. I heard Steve announce that a new girl, Celeste, was starting tonight, and that the men should give her a grand welcome.  
  
Next thing I knew I was out on the platform, getting a lot of clapping and whistling. I smiled, and before I knew it, I was dancing. I did some moves with the pole, and I sashayed up to the men in the front row. I was still fully clothed, but they still seemed to be very attentive. Actually, as I got closer, I noticed a couple of the men were actually young and cute. This surprised me, but it made me eager to please. My fantasy mode kicked in, and I began to dance more erotically. I removed my apron, then my top, and then my skirt. I took my time doing it, and made it strip-teasy. I must have done well, because bills were floating around me even before I was down to bra and thong.  
  
As soon as I was almost naked, I began to feel cool and quivery. The exhibitionist side of my personality was coming out. I was actually getting turned on. I could feel a bit of moisture between my legs, which I knew was not supposed to happen to a professional exotic dancer. But I couldn't help it.  
  
I danced up to the men, and focused on one cute guy in particular. I squatted down, pointed my ass to him, and wiggled suggestively. He reached out and put a bill in the string. His hand lingered, and he rubbed my thigh gently. I trembled and I could feel more moisture.  
  
I moved to the pole, and slithered up and down as I removed my bra. Much whistling from the men, and I massaged and squeezed my ample breasts. They liked it, and I liked it.  
  
I was ready for the final exposure. I stepped away from the pole, spread my legs wide, put my thumbs under the thong, and pulled it down slowly. It stretched across my thighs, and exposed my newly shaved pussy. I left the thong half way down, and danced around the whole perimeter of the stage, rubbing my pussy, and jiggling my boobs. I could see more bills flying. I stopped, and ripped the thong off completely.   
  
I was now naked, and loving it. The whirling and whistling and gyrating and playing with myself, and fucking the pole. Well, I was hot, and there was nothing I could do about it. I could feel the moisture running down my leg.  
  
I was now so turned on that I decided to do something that would either get me in trouble, or make me the most popular dancer ever to perform at the Pussy Willow.  
  
I sat down in front of the pole, and leaned against it. I spread my legs as far as they would go, so that nearly every man there could see my cunt. I started to seriously play with my clit and lips, and with the other hand, massage my breasts.   
  
The men got quiet, and when I opened my eyes to see what was going on, I could see some of them frantically moving a hand in their laps. I couldn't see below the edge of the stage, but it was pretty obvious what they were doing. I was delighted. Masturbation in a strip club was grounds for arrest, but I was getting them so hot that they didn't care. Knowing that a dozen men were beating off while intently watching my face and neck and tits and cunt and ass cheeks and thighs and moving fingers just doubled my excitement and euphoria.  
  
I closed my eyes again and drifted into a state of ecstacy.  
  
I continued to massage myself, moisture now dripping on the platform in front of me. I undulated my body, and the harmonic pulsations I was feeling were overwhelming. I knew that I was going to actually come, and that was the thing that could make or break me.

My rubbing got more vigorous, and I felt an explosion forming deep inside. I put two fingers inside of me, and massaged my g-spot, then jammed the fingers deeper. I removed my fingers, and squeezed and kneaded my clit. I actually spread my legs even further, further than I thought they could go. I felt the explosion climb higher and higher. I bent my knees, and I lifted my ass, and my head fell back, and then I screamed and I came and came and came, stiffening my shoulders and arms and legs with the intensity of the orgasm. I gyrated uncontrollably, and I actually think I came twice, which I'd never done before. I lifted my body in the air a few more times, then sat back down on the floor and rested for a moment.   
  
I opened my eyes.   
  
All the men were dead silent, some were still stroking, most were done, and reaching for their handkerchiefs. There was a mood of astonishment, as though nothing like this had ever happened before, and maybe it hadn't. I thought the men wanted to cheer, but it would have broken the mood.  
  
Then one man, the cute one I was dancing for earlier, stood up, took out his wallet, removed a $100 bill, and placed it reverently on the platform. Then he saluted me, and sat down.  
  
Others followed suit, and before long the edge of the platform was covered in large bills.  
  
I got up. There was a puddle where I had been sitting. I didn't know what to do about that, so I did nothing. I remained naked, and walked around the stage picking up the bills. I saw the glazed look on the faces of the men as I smiled at them.  
  
I was proud of what I had just done. I was probably going to get in trouble, but I had given a bunch of men a lot of pleasure, I had given myself a wonderful orgasm in public (a particularly nice fantasy of mine), and I had made a bunch of money.   
  
As I left the stage and went behind the curtain, I passed Jet on her way out. She had a look of what I can only describe as awe on her face. This made me feel even better.  
  
When I got back stage, I did a quick count of the bills. Nearly $2000!!!! I had to sit down to digest what was happening. I had made nearly $2000 for 15 minutes work. And I could do this 4 nights a week. And live out a fantasy at the same time. I thought, forget college. I believe I have found my new career.