**Sold For Sex, Stripping For Strangers**
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 University student sells her body for sex and ends up stripping in a club.

 A true story about my time at University and some of the escapades my friends and I got up to.

 On one occasion while at university a few of us lassies were wanting to go to see a top boy band that was going to play in the city. I confess it was not my ‘cup of tea’ however, I did not want to miss out. Of course, all being students money was short, and tickets were expensive.

 I had just turned twenty at the time.

 Knowing that I was a free spirit with the boys, one of my friends suggested that a great way to pay for the tickets would be to charge guys to come and fuck me. I initially laughed at the idea. Enjoying the company of lots of guys was one thing, becoming a total whore and someone paying me for sex was another. However, the idea kept being raised again and again as an exciting possibility.

 To cut quite a long story short, I eventually, cautiously and after a lot of persuasion, agreed. Within a few days, my friends had obtained a room at a male student's rented house. The ‘Fuckfest’ as it was aptly named was to take place one Saturday, and would last the whole day allowing each guy a maximum of half an hour with me.

 Another friend had the idea of selling timed tickets to stop queues forming. They had stolen the idea from some stately home they had recently visited. When they sold a ticket, they wrote on it the activity each male student wanted to perform with me. Added to this was the time they were to arrive at the house.

 The result was that those taking part arrived at the house and were, more or less, able to use me in whatever way they desired without having to wait. Despite this arrangement, some still turned up offering to pay at the door.

 I had to wear just a bra and panties which were then removed by every student arriving to have sex with me. Upon arrival, a friend showed each visitor to the bedroom and announced to me what they had paid to do.

Pussy fuck £5 (PUF)

Bum Fuck £4 (BUF)

Blow Job £4 (BOB)

5 Hard Arse Smacks £5 (HAS)

Anything else Price on Request

I was whored out all day from 10 am until 8 pm. Some of the guys were great and very gentlemanly in their conduct, some were a little pushy, and at least a couple were not too attractive. I serviced them all, even one guy who must have been over twenty-two stone who I was sure would crush me to death. His cock was hard and thick and stretched me open until I thought I would split.

 The girls received the cash; the lads enjoyed the sex, and I became a very sore whore! A few weeks later, the results of the day materialized when we all saw the band!

 After this day of action, I was pretty much continually pestered for sex, by some of the guys who had paid to use me plus others who had head about what had taken place. At first, I refused, but after about a month, a handsome guy who had fucked my pussy on that day asked if he could pay again to use my body. He was too hot and his money too good to turn down.

 Once he had had his fill, or more correctly, I had been filled by him, I received requests on an almost daily basis for sex. These invitations came in various ways. To me directly, to my closest friends or sometimes written and pushed under my door in the halls of residence. They asked for differing forms of sex and a variety of other sexual related practices. I even had several letters posted to me asking me if I would attend all-night parties and get paid to be the sexual entertainment!

 To some, I agreed, and for a while, it seemed, to me at least, that I was visiting some student’s accommodation almost nightly. I loved learning to please people at these meetings.

 One one of these occasions I was asked how much I would charge to allow them to flush my head down the toilet. I replied £8 because there were four of them! That resulted in HIT (Head in Toilet) added to my list.

 Several times before sex, enquiries were made as to how much extra it would be to allow a personal examination of my naked body. I have learnt through the years that this is a prevalent desire of the male species. Quite often, a speculum was used to open me up to gain a better and more intimate look inside me. Therefore, FIE (Full Internal Examination) also appeared on my list along with, BOR (Bound on Request) and WAO (Whipped All Over). I had never thought of abbreviations before but now tried to think one up for each new request I was asked to perform.

 Some students knew that I enjoyed group sex and asked if I would have a weekend with them SAW (Sex Away Weekend) for which I received £50 a time to be fucked hard all weekend by between five and ten guys.

 It was at one of these that I suggested an iced bath. Cold water has always made my nipples stand out hard and erect. I knew that the inconvenience and cold that I experienced would be worth it seeing the reaction of those with me when it happened.

 The first time we tried it, there were almost instant erections all around even from those who, just a few minutes before, had dumped their cum into me! As a result, FIB (Freezing Iced Bath) was formed. This was immensely popular as guys loved stripping me and binding me before putting me into an empty bath and turning on the cold tap. Adding ice and watching me shiver was an added attraction! It seemed to turn them on big time.

 On one occasion, when I had agreed to a whipping, I was asked how much I would charge to allow my tits and pussy to be whipped too. I have discovered that such actions are trendy and exceedingly good at getting sagging cocks rock hard again. A price was agreed for two strokes of the leather tip of a riding crop on each nipple and four strokes of a soft belt over my pussy while having my legs held apart. I realised that I had undersold these two activities and so WOT (Whipping Of Tits) and WOP (Whipping Of Pussy) were at the more expensive end of my paid to play events.

 Just after my twenty-first birthday one guy took me aside and suggested I made some real money in a local club and handed me an advert he had picked up. ‘Pretty young women wanted to audition for a part-time post in a local club – excellent rates of pay. Phone …’

 I had four good friends, and we all decided to give it a go and see what happened. We were so naïve at the time that it never entered our heads what sort of club it might be. We thought it would be waitressing or something like cleaning. One of us phoned the number, and we were all asked for an interview.

 Where we ever surprised when we got there to discover it was a strip club and they were looking for new performers! Two of my friends immediately dropped out at this news, however, Gemma and I decided we’d see how the interview went just for the fun of it.

 There were two men and a woman who greeted us very civilly and once they realised we were friends were happy to interview Gemma and me together. I did think that if they were to choose one of us, it would be Gemma. She was fuller in the body than I and boasted a C cup. My breasts just about managed an A cup and therefore, in my mind not likely to be so exciting to possible clients.

 Gemma was also a beautiful woman with lovely curly black hair and a delicately boned face. I knew if they wanted a stripper to have the WOW factor, it would be Gemma.

 The questions at the interview were mostly about our courses and lectures at University. We were grilled about possible boyfriends and what sex life we had.

 After the questioning was over we were asked to strip naked. I was expecting this invitation, it was obvious really, but it still came as a bit of a shock when they put the question to us. We both obediently obeyed and stood there like a pair of lemons in front of the interview panel.

 All three were rather deadpan at our appearance naked in front of them. We told to twirl around, bend over, shake our bums and bounce our tits before being invited to sit down without a stitch of clothing covering our naked bodies.

 More questions followed, such as how we would feel about men ogling at us during the performance. We were also asked how we would react if university lecturers or fellow students were also in the crowd and would see us in the week during lectures. Neither of us had thought of that before as it was only forty-five minutes prior that we had discovered we were applying to be amateur strippers.

 We were also informed that ‘extra’ money could be easily made by providing sexual favours for some of the clientele after the show and that suitable rooms were available for such fun and games.

 “Would that not make us little more than simple prostitutes?” Gemma asked a little taken aback.

 “Not at all,” we were informed, “A prostitute goes looking for sex; however your natural charm and beauty would bring the guys looking for you!”

 Neither of us was sure how correct that definition was; however, we decided to let the subject drop at least during the interview.

 We were told the rates of pay (which were beyond our wildest dreams) and informed that we could make up our routines if we were successful in getting the job.

 The interview ended, and we dressed still being carefully scrutinised by the three-person panel. We were told that we would hear one way or another in a few days.

 We both left in uproarious laughter as we considered how mad, bold, or stupid we had been to follow through an interview for such work. Imagine therefore our shock, surprise and great embarrassment when a couple of days later we were contacted to be told that we had got the jobs. We were told to start straight away.

 Neither Gemma or myself could really believe that we had managed to impress the interview panel enough to hire us. It was surreal and we had real doubts as to both our ability to carry out such work and the fear of being discovered!

 It was arranged that we go that night in order to meet one of the men who interviewed us who, we discovered later, was the owner and was called Brian. He was very welcoming and showed us around the empty building, explaining what was what and where was where.

 We were shown what he called to ‘Intimate Rooms’ where we could go privately if we fancied anyone and in doing so, could top up what he was paying us to perform.

 Neither Gemma or I ever thought that we would use these facilities at the time. We were also showed a much larger room that had quite a bit of mostly crude and homemade bondage equipment.

 “This,” Brian said with a smile, “Is where naughty girls are corrected!”

 I confess to a wee shudder of expectation for that room if things worked out.

 After completing the tour Brian asked, “How about starting tomorrow at 8 pm?”

 Both Gemma and I looked at each other a little doubtfully. We had not expected to be performing so soon. Suddenly it hit us just what we agreed to do. To be paid to take our clothes off for the pleasure of others! It was a bit of a shocking moment—a sudden coming back to the reality of the situation. Tomorrow we would be naked to the gaze of maybe fifty to one hundred men! It was rather a subduing and nerve-racking thought!

 As agreed, we turned up the next day without even considering what we would wear to perform in. We both stupidly wore jeans and T-shirts with jumpers under our coats. Brian’s wife, who we found out was the female interviewer, looked rather curiously at us and asked if we intended to perform in THOSE clothes.

 She then went on to explain that skirts were much better than trousers as they could be lifted, flounced and then quickly removed whereas trousers were cumbersome to take off while trying to maintain an aurora of sexuality.

 She also advised that blouses or button-up tops were better than T-shirts as the buttons were easy to undo one by one and the item slipped on and off the shoulders in a teasing and provocative manner. A T-shirt did not have so many variations, just up, over and off.

 I felt rather stupid at being told such basic things; however, I had never required to think about them before. As both Gemma and myself were only twenty-one and about to perform in a strip club for the first time, it was not surprising that we had failed to consider the attire we would wear.

 That night I remember just how incredibly nervous we both were. We were trembling as we waited for the events to begin and even when we talked, it seemed that our speech was somewhat shaky!

 Brian appeared just as we were about to step out onto the stage, “Don’t try and do too much tonight,” he advised kindly, “I suggest, as it’s your first time, you leave your panties on and flash your boobs. Rachel, don’t be alarmed if guys laugh at you because of your... er...” His voice died away as he sought the right words to describe my wholly inadequate bosom.

 “Because I’m titless?” I added, trying to be helpful.

 He smiled, “Don’t worry; your personality will win them over!”

 With that, I could hear our names announced. I went alternately hot and cold as I am sure Gemma did too and I noticed my hands were trembling.

 I remember thinking, ‘I hope that I can undo my trouser button without fumbling it!’

 Gemma was to follow me, so I wanted to try and give her a good lead-in and not mess up my little show.

 I remember stepping out onto a low stage about one foot high and about twelve to fifteen feet long backdropped by a large and slightly faded blue curtain. No music played, as we had not requested any. We had not thought in any way of dancing while removing our clothes.

 I gave a little shimmy as I lifted my T-shirt to expose my bra. There were a couple of Ohs and Ahs. I tried to smile at the audience sitting in front of me. All I could see however were shadowy figures due to the bright glare of two lights that shone down from a gantry on the ceiling.

 I lifted my T-shirt entirely off and threw it almost carelessly to one side. I had been on stage perhaps less than a minute. I had decided to undress down to my underwear before the grand unveiling of any flesh.

 I turned my back on the many watching eyes and to my great relief managed to undo the button on my jeans despite my still trembling hands. I immediately commenced to pull them down to expose my white panties covering my bottom.

 As soon as I had allowed a sight of around four inches, I teasingly pulled them up again and turned round to face the people. It was then that I discovered why you should never wear jeans while trying to strip in public.

 I pulled them down past my hips and immediately realised that whatever I did next would be very ungainly as I bent down, seeking to take them lower to my knees. The lowering of my jeans hampered the movement of my feet, and I felt a sudden fear of falling over.

 I could hear little titters of laughter as I sought to extricate myself from such a problematic situation. At last, I managed to work one foot free and tried to shake the other trouser leg off my left foot, but it seemed that it wanted to remain firmly in place. I could feel myself going bright red with embarrassment until I eventually bent right down and almost hopping on one foot got my jeans off, leaving just my underwear in place.

 All I wanted to do was get finished and out of the lights. The whole thing had become, in my eyes at least, a catastrophe! I could not understand why I had not thought more seriously about what attire I would wear for such an occasion. I knew that I was going to make an exhibition of myself anyway by stripping naked but to do it in this highly embarrassing way was a bit dumb, to say the least.

 I knew things could get no worse so decided to go for the ‘coup-de-grace’ and whip off my bra giving everyone a good look at my small breasts. I intended to swirl the bra around my fingers like an aircraft propeller. In what I thought was a smart move, I undid and took off my bra, smiling broadly as I did so. I then commenced turning right around while continuing to twirl my bra enthusiastically.

 I had often done this in mock fun before a mirror without any problems. The bra, on this occasion, took on a mind of its own. It flew off my fingers, and away from the stage. I froze as yet another calamity seemed to befall my first act as an amateur stripper. To laughter, I jumped off the stage, picked up the errant item and dashed to the safety of the small corridor at the side of the stage. Here, I found Gemma her eyes wet with tears of laughter, having witnessed my unorthodox performance.

 “Thank you,” she said as she passed to go onto the stage, “I’m not nervous anymore!”

 I sat in a chair red with embarrassment and determined never to do such a stupid thing again, no matter how much someone might pay me. My only day as a stripper was over.

 I looked on with a degree of envy as Gemma managed to succeed with great aplomb where I had so miserably failed. I did have a wry smile to myself as even she struggled in the removal of her jeans.

 Once we had both settled down from our first daring escapade at the club, Brian informed us that the clientele there that night were not patrons but friends of the owners and employees. They were attending so that we did not publicly humiliate ourselves, and the club, on our first appearance. What a relief that was to me at least. Mind you, I had to be persuaded in order actually to go through with a full performance again.

 It was a week and a day later on a Saturday night that Gemma and myself, now suitable attired in proper skirts and blouses and having had our hair professionally styled arrived for our first public showing. Once again, we were as nervous as could be, and I even struggled to take my jacket off in the changing rooms as I fumbled for the buttons. I guess that the debacle of the previous week was uppermost in my mind. I was determined not to look so stupid again.

 This week, I had chosen some music that I thought was appropriate for the evening and that I felt I could try and cavort to as I undressed. The owners informed us that panties could stay on and that no touching of us by the public was allowed although we could if we wanted, walk between the tables while in a state of undress.

 There were two other girls there that night who had clearly done the whole thing previously. I think one of them was a bit jealous of Gemma as she was a beautiful girl with a much better chest than mine, and a smile for which to die. She, like me, tended to wear little makeup. To be honest, we never needed to.

 The other two girls were plastered with mascara, eye shadow and lipstick. We watched them perform and do a full-body strip – nothing left to the imagination. I let Gemma go first this time but soon wondered if it was a good idea. The longer she continued, the more clammy my hands became, the drier my throat became, and the more scared I became.

 Suddenly, Gemma was walking off to great applause, and it was my turn! Out I went like a rabbit caught in the headlights determined that this time things would work out well. They did!

 I danced slowly, and I hoped provocatively to the number I had chosen Dean Martin’s ‘That’s Amore.’ I felt that a slower song would be easier to move to and with the aspect of love within the words thought it would work in putting those in attendance in a right frame of mind to be kind and warm towards me. It seemed to work.

 I flounced my skirt a little lifting it at both sides to reveal what I have always concluded to be my best assets, my legs. I then teasingly undid the buttons on my blouse and after popping the last one did several open and closing movements providing a glimpse each time of my bra and then my bare shoulders until I decided to go further.

 I undid the little zip at the side of my skirt and let it fall to the floor, which it did, to my great relief, without any hitch. My legs were now exposed, although the long blouse still covered the majority of my panties. I alternately pulled the blouse up, dropped it off my shoulders and held it open to allow a little taste of what was to come.

 Then I stepped off the stage and deliberately let my blouse drop off my arms behind me as I did so. I was feeling a lot more confident now, even though with coming onto the floor from the stage, I could see far more faces than the lights on the stage usually allowed.

 I decided that I would not twirl my bra when I removed it. I pulled it down a few times teasingly giving customers a sneak peek of my tiny breasts. This strategy seemed to work well as wolf whistles that I had heard previously for Gemma resounded round the room.

 I became so brave I turned around and pulled my panties down just once providing a wee peek at my backside. As I turned back I reached behind me and undid the catch on my bra quickly pulling it off and holding it on one finger I let it too drop to the floor.

 I was a twenty-one-year-old university student, standing before about fifty people, mostly men in a club that allowed girls like me to show their charms to paying guests. It was rather a strange sensation. I walked between the tables knowing that everyone there wanted a full display and my panties to come off too. I now knew that I would be able to do that on my next visit. I desired to please everyone!

 On our way home in my little car, Gemma and I discussed and giggled about every little moment of our experience that night. We smiled at the thought of seeing men obviously in their sixties sitting looking at us with lustful eyes. We laughed at the impossible idea they might want to pay us for sex after another show, and we both agreed that some were disappointed not to have seen us cavort totally naked. If Brian and his wife agreed, we decided next time we would do the full Monty and leave nothing to the imagination. Anything those other made-up girls could do we could do just as well if not better!

 It was three weeks later when the request came asking if we wished to ‘perform.’ We were both happy enough to accept the offer, although, once again, very nervous, especially so as we had decided that we would let everyone see everything.

 We informed Brian of our decision, and he was happy enough after checking to ensure we meant what we said and had said what we meant.

 In the intervening period both Gemma and I had gone out to purchase some new what we termed ‘sexy, racy and lacy’ bra and pantie set underwear. I had gone very daring with all red and to link had asked that the song ‘Lady in Red’ by Chris DeBurgh to be played when I stripped. I, therefore, decided to wear a red skirt, tartan red (Stewart) blouse and short red cardigan. It all seemed to match perfectly. Gemma seemed more abstract; however, I did think her black underwear was somewhat classy.

 This night it was my turn to go first and after the announcement of my name and that no touching of the performers was allowed I strode fairly confidently out into the glare of the lights and gaze of the people. The wee cardigan soon lay discarded on the floor as I undid the buttons in a copy of what I had done previously. Eventually, the skirt and blouse joined my cardigan in a pile.

 The song played again, and I could tell that the crowd in tonight were enjoying the thrill of watching a young twenty-one-year-old girl from Edinburgh baring all before them. A few more teases and I removed my bra. To my surprise, no one seemed disappointed that my breasts were so small. There was plenty of wolf-whistling and chanting from those watching.

 I then teased as I walked between the tables alternately pulling my knickers down and up in, what I hoped was a provocative manner. Eventually, I bent over and pulled them down to my knees, ensuring the guys on the nearest table, who just happened to be the youngest and fittest, got a good eyeful of my bum. Then with a little wiggle, I let them fall to the floor and standing up did a wee twirl so that all could see my naked form.

 More whistles rang out along with a pretty good round of applause from the appreciative onlookers. I sauntered between each table to ensure that no one missed having a closer look at what they considered were my charms. Some asked if they could touch, which was not allowed. Others asked for my number or where we could meet. To my mind, it was clear that what I had accomplished had been appreciated, and the terrible jeans fiasco melted into my dim memory.

 Gemma got on equally well if not more so with her much better endowment. After we had completed our stint, we were blown away when five guys came asking if they could meet us for sex in the ‘private rooms.’

 Although Brian had shown us the rooms and explained what they were for, I am sure that neither Gemma or I had ever thought that we would be seriously propositioned for sex after our performances. It just had not fully crossed our radar at that time. We were both more than a little gobsmacked at these offers but politely declined on that occasion. We needed time to think about such advances and any advantages to be gained from them.

 Next day as we chatted together in my room about the events, Gemma asked how I would feel if we suggested any there were allowed to touch us as we moved around. I had gone to sleep the previous evening, thinking that it might be more fun and more interactive if I had chosen several guys to come and remove my various clothes during the show. It seemed, to me anyway, an exciting idea. I also knew that hands feeling my body were a big turn on and readily agreed with Gemma that we should suggest both options to Brian.

 We also discussed what to do if we were again asked for sex after the next show. Being from Scotland, I had been brought up to value money and not to waste it as it was so hard to come by. But here was an opportunity to earn not just our fee paid each time we stripped but an awful lot more. Gemma was more careful, questioning if we really did want to play at being whores. I pointed out that we would not be playing at being whores if we were getting paid. That made us both giggle at the thought and we decided just to wait and see what happened on the next occasion. We had not long to wait.

 Brian contacted us, asking if we could perform again on Friday as, due to illness, two of his regulars had let him down. I had a pretty hefty and complex essay to complete and hand in so was a little hesitant, but eventually, we agreed.

 I had decided that I needed a new wardrobe and it was at that time that I found charity shops to be of such sound value, especially those situated in the better-off areas. I managed to obtain two excellent knee-length dresses that were a perfect fit. I also purchased a couple of skirts, one long and one rather short, as well as a beautiful sequined and initially costly dress in pink that looked fabulous on me. I knew too that I needed some new underwear, but that would have to wait until limited funds allowed.