The Hunt

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**1. The Midnight Bluez club.**
It was just another night of dancing in the club. Ashley, anthropology student by day and pole dancer twice a week by night, just finished her second performance of the night. After collecting her tips, she sat down on in the small, somewhat worn-out dressing room of the club and poured herself a drink.

"Busy night, isn't it?" remarked her colleague Christie - two years her senior in age, and a few more years her senior in the field.

"Yes, it's a busy night, the club is packed. But that's good, more tips for us. And good business means that tomorrow we get to dance and make money again," she answered.

"It's always packed when you dance, isn't it?"

"What you suggest? That they come for me? Well I'm not that pretty or great at dancing. It's more like just because I only work weekends."

"You do take in quite some tips. Maybe you can tell me how you do that."

"If I find out, I'll let you know. By the way, isn't it time for you to get moving? See you in 15."

"Yes, see you later!" Christie got in her heels and walked to the stage for her next dance. Ashley would join her a little later for the night's final performance: a four-girl, two-pole dance act where she partnered up with Christie while her colleagues Jackie and Francis performed on a pole next to them. This part of the show she enjoyed to do most. It was a seriously practised part of their performance, very sexy, and the customers loved it. This part of the show always got them a good amount of tips. Christie was out there already warming up the audience, she would join a little later.

The music was pounding, the guests were screaming: it was a good night at the Midnight Bluez club. She watched Christie as she left in her high heels, wearing no more than a string and bra, both embossed with strings of shiny beads, the same as Ashley was wearing now in preparation of her final dance of the night.

Christie, she thought, should be the more popular of the two of them. She looked like the stereotypical bimbo: long blonde curly hair, blue eyes, full red lips. She stood slightly taller than Ashley. Long legs, made even longer by her heels, round ass and a full bosom, a lot bigger than Ashley's. Whenever she would take of her bra and shake those tits the crowd would go crazy.

Pole dancing was not that bad a job, in Ashley's view. The Midnight Bluez was a decent club, fairly classy without being too upmarket, one where they expected pole dancers to give a good performance, a proper pole dance. A club which could boast quite some females in their audience too. The club even hired a special pole dancing coach, and all dancers were required to train twice a week, besides the performances. And after the scheduled performances there would always be plenty of requests for more private lap dances -- always good for big tips.

Ashley looked at herself in the large mirror on the wall. Not too bad either, but she did not consider herself a match for Christie. She saw a body she thought she had really no need to be ashamed of: rather average height and build, with dark eyes and long brown hair. The dancing kept her waist slim and her behind nice and firm.

Her breasts she considered a bit on the small size, but she had learned to live with that. Her boyfriends had always loved them, they were a nice hand full they said. Her firm breasts did not need the support of a bra, and they were topped of with large dark nipples that stood out nicely, especially when wearing high heels which forced her chest forward.

Ashley was hired by the club almost two years ago, at the start of summer vacation when she had run out of money and was looking for a job to help her make ends meet. First as house girl, dancing for tips only, later when she had had more training and gained experience she was promoted to feature dancer. She was pretty popular with the customers, and would frequently give private lap dances which usually involved quite some touching, but would go no further than that.

Good pole dancing is physically demanding, which she considered to be a good thing as it helped to keep her body fit and well toned. And she actually enjoyed the training, it was interesting, the coach could teach her many rather challenging moves.

She just had to accept all those eyes on her body, and all those hands touching her skin to put banknotes under her string or in her bra (if wearing one). Dancers were seen by the customers as lust objects, not as people, and that was something Ashley was fully aware of, though also not fully at ease with. She had to accept being reduced to just a pretty body.

Her colleague Jackie came back to the dressing room for a short break and to don the same attire as Ashley and Christie were wearing already, and five minutes later the girls walked to the stage where they joined there respective partners for their performance.

After the dance, there was another hour or so where they would give lap dances to the heated up audience, before the club closed for the night. The girls went to the dressing room to relax and change back into their normal clothes. They would usually have a chat, discussing the night, and amongst them they would vote for "dirty old man of the night" and more of that kind of fun. It helped also creating more of a distance between themselves and the customers, making the downsides of the job more bearable.

That night most of her colleagues left quickly, leaving Ashley with Christie and Francis.

Christie was telling a bit about her escort work: when not working in the club, she would sometimes go out for an escort bureau. She told the money is good, and as she intended to retire by 40, so she had to try to make a lot now, while still in her good years, as she'd call it.

"What I now heard in the scene, is beyond imagination," she told her colleagues. "The other day a colleague mentioned that she had heard from a friend that there is an underground, up-market scene for the very rich, that hire escort girls for all kinds of erotic fantasies."

"Oh, really, well with those rich guys I wouldn't be surprised about anything," remarked Francis.

"Indeed, it sounds plausible at least. I wonder if it's true. You know they said they would take the escorts to exotic locations, in upmarket hotels, where they would have sex with them in all kinds of different settings and scenarios," Christie continued.

"You mean, you'd have to pretend to be their wife, or a casual pick-up or what?" Ashley said.

"You're too naive, dear," Christie said to Ashley. "That's the regular stuff. Now this would be far crazier. Involving several women at the same time, for jobs that last anywhere from a days to weeks or so they say. I mean, here the rumours became vague, and I have no idea what would be true and what would be exaggerated, if anything is true about it at all. Probably not."

"Wow, that'd be a top job for an escort," said Ashley. "You should try to get to the bottom of it, I bet they pay so well, you may even retire early."

"Well there was talk about tens of thousands in payment, indeed. Can you believe it? A thousand for a day of entertaining a bunch of horny men, that's good money no matter how you look at it, here in the club I make maybe two, three hundred a night.

"But well, no-one will ever pay that much for a regular girl like me. I get a fraction of that for my normal escort jobs. And then I'm getting paid quite well already, compared to others."

"I have an idea why that might be," Francis said, looking straight at Christie's chest.

"Well for me it'd be great to make ten grand in one go, can pay for a year of studies," said Ashley. "Though I'm not interested in becoming a hooker."

"Sounds creepy to me," said Francis. "Indeed who in their right mind would pay that much just to get laid? Those rich guys can get any chick they want, no? And the whole thing if true sounds totally out of my league. I'm happy dancing, but not interested in more than that, I ain't no hooker too. The money be damned. Well that's not to say so either, tonight was quite good. I got more than normal in tips, so anyway I'm happy."

"Me too," said Ashley. "Especially my strip act paid well this time. One guy gave me fifty just so he could take off my bra by himself. Good deal, I'd say. He kept it of course, I wonder what he's doing with it now. Or I'd rather not wonder about that, really."

The other two laughed, and the topic was back on the events of the night. They had a last drink, and soon after left the club to go back home.

These twice-weekly performances earned Ashley enough to pay for her studies and to make some savings. She lived in a cheap apartment high up in a walk-up tenement, that she shared with two other students, and the occasional rodent. It was not a nice home, but it was cheap and not too far away from everything. As a student you can not live the high life, she was just hoping to find a good job after her studies so it would all have been worth it.

That story from Christie about the special escort jobs did make her interested. If even the amounts paid were grossly exaggerated (likely), and the requirements were polished (also very likely), it was still an attractive proposal. Give some time of her life and temporary full access to her body, and she would not have to work in this club any more, as she would have enough money to last for the rest of her studies, and maybe some more.

But then she also quickly put the whole thought aside as being too good to be true. Too crazy, too weird, too bizarre - just someone's fantasy only.

And actually allowing someone to have sex with her is quite different from just showing off her curves. She never accepted any of the club's customers' request to have sex with her, that was just a bridge too far. Sex was not something to have with random strangers.

**2. Special activities?**
During the following week at a practice session, Ashley asked Christie whether she had enrolled already in these special escorts, hoping get more info about it without sounding too interested. Christie said she had not, that she had only heard the rumours, and as it was a super-rich-men's game they would probably do everything extremely confidentially, it it were true to begin with. No way you were going to get any details unless they wanted to give it to you. Ashley said she was curious about it, upon which Christie suggested to introduce her to some regular escort work instead.

The idea of escort work was not totally unfamiliar to Ashley, even though she had never done it herself. Like Christie, some of Ashley's colleagues in the club would do this kind of work too, and talk about it after work or during practice. Basically it normally involved going out with a man for a night, giving him a good time and a lot of attention, usually ending with sex in a cheap hotel. The pay was good, better than what she would make for a night of dancing in the club. Ashley had given it a though before but never made the move to find an escort job. She liked the safety of the club, the fixed hours, and not having to engage in sex with strangers.

The weekend came and went, Ashley danced her regular Friday and Saturday nights. The club was busy, as usual, and the tips were good. She did not ask any further questions to Christie, who also let the subject rest.

The weekend after the club was packed. It was a holiday weekend, and that always meant extra business for them. Friday she went home with a good amount in tips, and Saturday started off no different.

When she returned to the dressing room after her second performance and collected all the banknotes that were strung in her clothing, one note caught her attention, as it had something written on it. This happened more, people leaving their phone number hoping she would call them or whatever (she never did), but this message caught her attention nonetheless.

*Recruitment for participation in special activities.*

And a telephone number. That was all. She looked at it curiously, and then put it with the other notes, tucked it into her wallet and started to get changed and ready for the next session. But while doing so she changed her mind, took the note, and separated it from the other notes.

The next day, when she woke up in the early afternoon, she was still thinking about the message. Her flatmates were out, so she had the freedom to talk in private, and dialled the number written on the bill. A woman answered the phone.

"Hello, my name is Ashley, and I'm calling you as yesterday I received a note with this telephone number on it. And the note that you're recruiting for special activities."

"Oh yes sure, thank you for calling. Let me introduce myself: my name is Angel Jones, you may just call me Angel, and I'm recruiting on behalf of a model agency. You must be that gorgeous pole dancer from the Midnight Bluez club yesterday."

"I guess that's me then," Ashley replied. "I work there twice a week only though."

"Well great coincidence that I saw you then, as I think you're a suitable candidate for our next project," said Angel.

Ashley didn't reply right away, she didn't know what to think really.

Angel continued, "Let me explain a little more. As you probably guessed already it's an erotic project. Our agency is specialised in handling recruitment for such projects. We are not a normal escort service; we help to fulfil special fantasies."

Ashley listened with interest and great surprise, she of course guessed already the recruitment was erotic service related but had no idea what to really expect, and could say no more than a simple, "I see."

"These projects are usually ordered by rich clients that wish to keep their private lives, private. So everything will be done very discreetly. What I'm about to tell you is meant to remain strictly confidential, including the fact that we had this conversation. Can you do that?"

"Euhm... yes... that's OK..." stuttered Ashley, who was a bit overwhelmed and did not know what to say.

Angel stressed, "If you do not like to know stuff you must keep confidential, please let me know, no offence, then we just stop talking now. And anyway what I can tell you over the phone is very limited. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do," said Ashley, composing herself.

"That's great. This project will require you to leave your home for just over a week. It does involve sex. The project will be during summer holidays, in a warm location not too far from here, just over an hour by plane. Pay will be five hundred a day, doubled when the contract is finished. You're allowed to quit any time and will be paid for the time stayed but no bonus."

Ashley's brain started to overflow. That amount would probably allow her to pay for a whole year study! Without having to work in the Midnight Bluez! And she was talking about taking a plane as if it was just like taking the bus to work. This was really rich men's territory.

"OK, so what is expected from me then?" Ashley asked, getting curious.

"I can not tell you much more at this moment, over the phone. Do you have time tomorrow?"

"Yes, in the evening I'm free."

"Great. Then we can discuss it further in person. Sleep over it for a night, and think whether you are really willing to do this. Call me tomorrow, OK?"

"OK. Talk to you tomorrow," Ashley said, and hung up the phone. She was stunned. Shaking a bit, anxious, nervous, afraid, curious - everything at once. The pay offered was good: over a week, plus bonus, that's easily seven or eight grand. That would mean no more financial difficulties for her, and allowing her to study with less distractions.

But going to a secret location, for a secret project, that no-one knows about, not even that she would be on such a project, it sounds scary. Also the lady said it would involve sex. Sex for pay, that is prostitution. And Ashley did not think of herself as a whore. On the contrary. Now she was no stranger to sex, doing it with a total stranger just for the money is different, why would she allow a stranger that much access to her body?

She had a few boyfriends before, her latest boyfriend broke up with her a few months ago as he could not accept her work as a dancer. Since then she was single. She realised she had a few one-night-stands too, that was pretty anonymous, allowing a guy to pick her up from a bar, and take her to a cheap hotel nearby for the night. A hooker would at get cash for what she considered was in a way pretty much the same act.

The idea of prostitution was getting more and more interesting to her. The money was very appealing. The sex was just like sex with a random pick-up in a bar. But wasn't she trying to talk herself into it too much?

The money offered was really good, She was curious about escort services, but never dared to do it. Even not by recommendation of Christie, or other colleagues, whom she trusted.

Ashley could not concentrate on her studies that evening. She could not sleep much that night. The next day she concentrate on the lectures, her mind wandering off all the time. And in the end her curiosity and the outlook of a fat pay-out won from her fears. And, she figured, after the meeting with that Angel if it all sounded too dodgy she could always pull out. No risk there, right?

So she called Angel and was ordered to wait outside a nearby metro station. There she would be picked up. At the appointed time, a large car with dark windows pulled over. The driver, a middle-aged man wearing a nice suit, rolled down the window and asked whether she is Ashley, and when she confirmed, he asked her to get in the car. The back door opened. A woman looking to be in her early to mid thirties was sitting on the back seat. She was good looking, well groomed and wearing a stylish long dress.

"Hello, Ashley," the woman said.

"You must be Angel," Ashley replied, recognising the voice from the phone calls.

"Indeed. Please come in and sit down, Charles will drive us around while we can have a private discussion."

Ashley hesitated for a moment, but then got in, and sat down next to Angel.

"You must be nervous and anxious. That's normal. It is quite something to step into a car with a total stranger," Angel started. "I am happy that you didn't change your mind at the last moment. I would have taken no offence, for this work I need to find girls that are self-confident. I appreciate your courage. But as I said before what I have to tell is confidential, and really this is the best way to be sure no-one will overhear us.

"Now could you please introduce yourself a bit to me? I only know your name, and that you dance in the Midnight Bluez."

"Well, the dancing is just a job to help me pay the bills," Ashley told. "I'm a student by day, 23 years old, living in a cheap condo with two friends. I dance in the Midnight Bluez for two years now, performing twice a week. I have no experience with escort jobs or prostitution in general whatsoever but you got me interested."

"It's the pay, isn't it?" Angel asked.

"Yes, that's very interesting," Ashley admitted, blushing a bit.

"Don't be ashamed - everyone is in it for the money. It's not just because we pay well. The requirements are high too, of course, there is no such thing as easy money.

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

Ashley was a bit shocked by the direct question. "No, broke up a few months ago."

"Sorry to hear that, but it's all the better for now. At least that's not getting in the way. As I told you before it involves sex, and having a relationship may complicate things for you.

"Now the project I'm recruiting for is a yearly event, held in early summer, one and a half months from now, in a location with a warm climate. This location is a rather remote plot of land, owned by our main client, who wishes to remain anonymous and keep the actual location confidential. It is private property, no outsiders allowed.

"The event is called The Hunt. Basically it's a game where some fifteen naked women are released in the area, and then the male guests try to hunt them down. When caught, the girl will be their slave for some time, after which she'll be released for the game to start all over again."

"With slave, you mean sex slave, right?"

"Yes."

"And they can do anything to their slave?"

"No, not just anything. There are rules on what they can, and can not do with the girls."

"I see. Why did you think I'm suitable? I mean, you gave me that banknote with your telephone number on it."

"You were recommended by a friend from the club."

"Really? How so? Who?"

"She said you were interested in the work. And then I came to have a look at you dance for a few nights, and decided that you are a suitable candidate. Pretty, strong, self-confident. That's what we need."

"Christie." Ashley realised now that Christie hadn't been telling rumours. That was personal experience.

"Correct, that's the one."

Knowing that Christie was involved in this, and introduced her, gave her a lot of faith. She trusted Christie that much, having danced with her for two years. Christie would not introduce her to some dodgy service, she was positive about that, and it seemed Christie had direct experience with these projects already.

The women continued to talk about the project and related things for another hour, Ashley trying to get more details than Angel was willing to tell. And finally Ashley was dropped off at the metro station, with Angel's name card in hand, and made her way home. She was told to take some time to think about it, and if she wanted to join, to call her. If any questions, Ashley could also call. And if no call by Ashley the offer would be over, Angel would not contact her any more. She was just to keep all information given to herself.