

Dancing at Club XTC

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Dancing at Club XTC

This story is Copyright© 2013 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

Dancing at Club XTC is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to CrimsonRoseErotica.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Sam was going about her weekly housecleaning duties when there came a knock at the door. "Damn it," she grumbled irritably. Dropping the feather duster on the coffee table, she grabbed the blue and black terrycloth robe from its hook on the wall and then looked through the peep hole to see her best friend Nikki standing on the front porch looking anxious. Putting the robe back on the hook, she opened the door, grabbed Nikki by the arm and quickly dragged her inside.

"Doing housework?" Nikki asked, staring at her half naked friend.

"Trying to. It's only three in the afternoon. What brings you by so early?" she asked with a glance at the clock hanging on the wall behind her friend.

"I need your help Sam. Shit, I don't know what I'll do if you say no," Nikki said as she began pacing back and forth nervously.

"You know I'll do whatever I can to help, so, what's going on? I haven't seen you this anxious since that time you thought you were pregnant. You're not pregnant are you? Because I don't know how I can help you with that."

"No, I'm not pregnant. And are you sure you'll do anything to help?"

"Well, within reason of course. I'm not doing anything illegal even for you. So, what's got you so upset?"

"I need your help at the club"

"What kind of help?" Sam asked, already not liking where the conversation was headed.

"You know the routines you've been helping me with for the last month? The ones for duo week? Well, my partner went and broke her leg and now I'm in need of another. You're the only other person I know that knows the routines as well as I do."

"You want me to be a stripper? You know how I feel about that sort of thing."

"Please, Sammy," Nikki pleaded, tears forming in her eyes "my job is on the line. I know you think it's the most degrading job in the world, but it's the only one I have. And if you don't help I can kiss it goodbye."

"Why not ask one of the other women at the club?"

"They're all busy with routines of their own. Besides, no one else knows the routines as well as you do and it'll take far too long to teach one of them even if they did have the time."

"I'm not a stripper," Sam protested.

"No, but you are a dancer. And you can't say you don't know your way around a pole."

"I only had that installed because you weren't allow to at your apartment."

"Yeah, but you've used it plenty. Please do this for me. I'll owe you big time."

"What exactly would I have to do? Will I have to get fully naked?"

"You know that you will. We'll be doing four different routines throughout the night. Do you remember the nurse/patient, schoolgirl/teacher, boss/secretary, and lovers routines we worked on? That's what we'll be doing tonight."

"Don't most of those require a lot of touching? I helped you with refining your techniques, but you know I'm not into women."

"I know, I know. And yes, there will be a fair bit of touching. Groping mostly and some kissing. I know you don't want to do that sort of thing, but you're my last hope. I'll give you 60% of whatever we make if you do this for me. And I'll still owe you big time."

"Will I have to do lap dances and all that?"

“Unfortunately yes,” Nikki replied biting her lower lip. “I talked Gregory into allowing you to work at the club this week under the table so to speak. Between routines we’ll have to work the club floor. Mostly it’s walking around looking sexy, but there will be the occasional lap dance and groping.”

“I’m liking this less and less.

“There’s one more thing I feel I should tell you before you agree to help me.”

“IF I agree to help you that is.

“Yes, well...there is a simulated sex scene.”

“A WHAT? I’m not having sex in front of a crowd of people. That’s asking too damn much! I’m sorry, but you’ll have to find someone else.”

“Hold on,” Nikki said holding her hands up “let me explain. It’s not actually sex. Like I said it’s simulated. Basically I’ll be wearing a giant strap-on and pretending to fuck you with it. I chose a huge one so there’s no chance of it accidentally going into you.”

“You’re out of your freaking mind. I can’t do that.”

“The sex scene starts at the end of the lover’s routine and continues into the last scene which you are really going to hate.”

“How much worse could it possibly get?”

“One of the bouncers, Big Ben will join us on stage. Don’t worry he’s joined us on stage many times and is quite the professional. He and I will have an argument about how to properly fuck a woman. I’ll get pissed and take off the strap-on and sit angrily in a chair. He’ll bend you over so that your face appears to be in my crotch and he’ll demonstrate how to properly fuck a woman. Again it will all be simulated. The strap-on I’ll be wearing is actually molded after his huge dick so there’s no cause for alarm there.”

“Oh no,” Sam said rolling her eyes “no cause for alarm at all. You just want me to pretend I’m doing a three-way with my best friend and some guy I don’t even know in front of god knows how many people. I’m sorry, but I really don’t think I can help you.”

“I know I’m asking a lot. And you know I never would impose if it wasn’t serious. I’ll lose my job if I back out now. The club has invested a lot in this event and all of our asses are on the line. You’re a trained dancer. You’ve helped me with all of my routines for the last two years. Please Sammy, you’re the only one I have left to turn to here. I’ll give you 70% of whatever we make on stage. Plus you get to keep everything you get for any lap dances you might do.”

“I spent ten years doing ballet, jazz, and hip hop,” Sam replied. “That hardly qualifies me to be a stripper.”

“Maybe not, but you’ve got skills. Hell, I’d be a wreck on the dance floor if it weren’t for your tricks and tips. Like it or not, you have a grace while dancing that is both sensual and hypnotic.”

“I’ll think about it,” Sam sighed “but I’m not making any promises.”

“Sure, but I’ll need to know in the next couple of hours. By the way why are you half naked?”

“I was cleaning the house. The air conditioning is on the fritz again so I said the hell with it and took off everything but my bra and panties.”

“It’ll prepare you for tonight if you take those off as well.” In all honesty, Nikki simply wanted to see her friend naked. At 5’7” and 125 pounds, Samantha Hardy was the picture of sexiness whether she admitted it or not and a decade of rigorous dance lessons gave her strong

toned legs to go along with her round ass, narrow waist, and large breasts. “If it makes you feel more comfortable I’ll strip naked too.”

“Whatever makes you happy,” Sam shrugged. Although she was not into women sexually, she was secure enough in her own sexuality to admit her best friend was a very beautiful woman – at 5’9” and 135 pounds with long brown hair and hypnotic hazel eyes. And a body to die for. Large natural breasts capped with nipples that always seemed to be erect, slender waist and rounded hips leading down to well-toned legs, and a heart-shaped ass that begged to be squeezed. “You assume I’m going to say yes,” Sam continued, reaching back to unhook her bra. Laying it over the back of the recliner, she hooked her fingers in the waistband of her panties and tugged them down her legs.

“You’re either stripping to get used to others seeing you naked, or you’re finally going to let me have sex with you. Either way is cool with me. And pardon me for saying this but *fuck* I love your tits. You’ve got the biggest, most suckable nipples I’ve ever seen. Perhaps you should forget the cleaning for now and take me to the bedroom so we can practice the routines.”

“Yeah right, you’re not fooling anyone. You just want to get me close to the bed in the hopes I’ll finally cave in. Well, it’s not going to happen. I’m not into women and never will be.”

“A woman can dream.”

“Make yourself at home. I’ll be about another hour with the cleaning and then we can talk about this mess you’re trying to drag me into.”

“Fair enough. I’ll go wait in the kitchen.”

“You can wait in here if you want.”

“No I can’t. The more I look at your naked body, the naughtier my thoughts get. Trust me, for the sake of our friendship its best if I wait in another room.”