

Maid for Breeding

By: Nicole Ashley

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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

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Chapter 1: Job Interview

I took another sip of coffee, blinked the dryness from my eyes, and flipped the page of the newspaper for the third, or is this the fourth time? The tiny print was starting to make my eyes hurt. "Uhgh," I sighed. "Finding a job shouldn't be this damn hard. Three damn months. Every morning it's the same thing. I buy a newspaper, search the want ads, circle those I qualify for, and get rejected. "Too qualified," they tell me. "Or Sorry, the position's already taken." How the hell could the position be taken when the paper just came out and I called within three minutes of the company opening? My personal favorite is experience needed. How the hell do companies expect someone to gain experience if no one will hire them without it? Ah, gotta love the old catch 22.

Me? I have experience in my field. And that's what makes it even funnier. I got a job fresh out of college and worked for two years in banking before being laid off. What makes this all so funny, you ask? Every job I seek in my chosen field wants three or more years' experience.

This morning I had eleven jobs circled. Five were hopefules, three were maybes, and three were jobs I'd take as a last resort. Two of the last resorts were for strippers. That's how desperate I was becoming. And the other last resort was for a maid at some sort of farm. I majored in business and minored in math at college, I didn't want to put five years of education on display by shaking my naked ass on stage for a bunch of perverted men.

I was nearing my wits end with this whole job search thing. My savings was quickly running out and soon the bills would begin piling up. I've spent my entire life – all twenty-six years of it, doing my best not to get behind and I didn't want to start now.

I made my calls. I got my rejections. I stared at my last three prospects – two strip clubs, and a maid on a farm. I took a deep breath and dialed the number for Club XTC. I hated myself for it, but what's a woman to do?

"Club XTC, this is Brianna," said the sultry voice on the other end of the line "how can I help you?"

"Um, hi, I'm calling about the ad in the paper," I replied nervously.

"Which ad sweetie?" Brianna asked.

"There's more than one?"

"And what is your name?"

"Kiera."

"Well Kiera, we have ads in several papers for strippers and waitresses. Which are you interested in?"

"To be perfectly honest neither," I replied very much out of character. I knew better than to say such things during a phone interview such as this, but I felt I needed to be honest. "But I can't find any other job."

"Do you have any experience as a stripper or a waitress?"

"I waited tables for a few semesters in college. No experience as a stripper, but I do have eleven years of dance experience."

"What style of dance?"

"Seven years ballet, three years of tango, and a year of pole dancing. You can blame my mother for the last one."

"Your mother got you into pole dancing?" Brianna asked. I could hear the humor in her voice.

"She did. Said it was very good exercise. And she was right."

"Well Kiera, It sounds to me as if you have all the qualifications of a stripper already. This is going to sound shallow, and please don't be offended, but are you good looking?"

"No offence taken. I understand the need to ask. I won't say that I'm the most beautiful woman in the world, but I like to think I'm good looking. And if the cat-calls I get is any indicator so do the men I pass on the street."

"Describe yourself to me."

"I'm tall, a little on the thin side but with curves in all the right places. I've got Brown hair that I dye blonde and light brown eyes."

"And your measurements?"

"34C-24-36."

"You sound perfect sweetie. Would you be interested in coming in for a personal interview?"

"Um, sure. When would be a good time?" I couldn't believe I was even asking. Oh, how far I've fallen. Mom and dad would be so proud of me.

"Can you make it in by noon?"

"Sure, I'll see you at noon." I hung up the phone. I had butterflies in my stomach as I paced back and forth for an hour. I thought about not going in, but then what? Buy another paper, get more rejections, rinse and repeat? No thanks. I was going to take this damn job and like it because it was all I could freaking find. I guess in the long run it was a good idea for me to do that year of pole dancing with mother.

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Club XTC was a large two story brick building with parking in rear. There were only three vehicles in the parking lot – a Dodge Ram pick-up truck, a Ford Taurus, and a Lexus. I parked as far from the street as I could and fast stepped it into the back door. I was stopped by a large man that looked like he belonged in a wrestling ring. His arms were bigger than my waist.

"Sorry Miss," the large man said eyeing me over "we're not open yet."

"I'm here for an interview with Brianna," I replied. "I'm Kiera Jacobs."

"Wait here. I'll be right back."

"Sure."

He left the small entryway. For the split second the door was open I could see the empty club beyond. I could see the stage and the two gold poles on opposite sides. I saw myself up there shaking my body for a bunch of perverted old men. I so wanted to turn tail and run.

Mr. Muscles returned a few minutes later and beckoned me follow him. He took me out to the stage where a man of about forty with salt and pepper hair wearing a black tailored suit sat next to a much younger woman with dark purple hair and a skirt so short I could see every bit of her long, toned legs. The lighting was dim so I couldn't see every detail, but I could see they were both quite attractive.

"You must be Kiera," the woman said as she stood up and floated over to me gracefully. "I'm Brianna, we talked on the phone. And this is my husband Zak," she said with a wave to the man in the suit.

"Hi," I said pretty lamely but I couldn't think of anything else to say. I was so damn nervous I was feeling ill.

"Go ahead and hop up on the stage," she said. "We'll conduct the dance part of the interview while we go if that's alright with you."

"Sure."

"Go ahead and strip out of your clothes," said Zak.

"Um, what was that?"

"Your clothes. Strip out of them. All of them. This is a full nudity club so we need to see the goods."

Brianna smiled and gave me a slight nod. Mr. Muscles leered. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised. I just didn't think I'd have to strip for the interview. Goes to show how much I know about the stripping business.

"Do you mind if I strip while I dance? I offered. I would play along, but I preferred they wait to see the goods until I was good and ready to show them.

"By all means," Zak replied. "Go ahead and give us a show. Brianna tells me you have eleven years of dance including a year of pole dancing. Is that correct?"

"Yes sir," I replied as I grabbed the cool metal pole. "Do you have any music?"

"We do," Zak replied 'but improvise.'

What an asshole, I thought as I swung around the pole a few times while the music was loading in my brain. I hopped up on the pole like a fireman and arched my back, arms stretched in front of me. I lowered my left leg and brought it slowly up the pole as I started spinning. I had this routine down from my days of pole dancing for exercise. I could do it in my sleep.

I danced up and down the pole as I jammed to the beat in my head. Now it was time to start shucking the clothes. I slithered up the pole and locked my legs together. I leaned back until I was nearly bent parallel to the pole as I pulled my shirt over my head. A few quick spins and the bra came off next. I tossed it at Mr. Muscles who caught it and tucked it into his pocket.

I'll never see that bra again, I thought as I hopped off of the pole to remove my pants. I left the panties on for now but I knew they would be coming off soon. I did my best to catch the looks on my small audience's face as I worked the pole. From what I could see they looked impressed. It was empowering. I could see a bulge forming in Mr. Muscles slacks and smiled.

I pulled my panties off at last and tossed them to the side, but making sure they remained on the stage. Mr. Muscles got my bra. He wasn't getting my panties too. I hopped back on the pole and did a few more moves including a full split and a move called the eye-opener. Basically that's where the dancer hangs from the pole arms stretched out in front with the pole riding the crack of her ass, legs stretched out to either side. If the pole wasn't there the audience would get an eyeful of the privates.

I finished my impromptu dance by slithering across the stage and stopping at its edge with my ass slightly up, my back arched so that my chest was showing, and my eyes locked onto those of Zak.

"Not bad, Kiera," said Zak "not bad."

"Not bad?" Brianna said looking at him as if he were insane. "She was fucking amazing. Hell, she even got me wet with that routine. And you can't say it didn't excite you hun. I have the proof in my hand." Her right hand was resting firmly between his legs. "Are you willing to work with a partner?"

"Would touching and kissing be required for that?"

"More than likely yes. Is that a problem?"

"I'm not bisexual," I replied.

"That's ok sweetie, neither am I. I just like the touch and feel of another woman's body against mine."

"There wouldn't be any sex involved would there?"

"No," Zak said adamantly. "There will be absolutely no sex of any kind. We allow groping and kissing between female performers and that's it."