

Bottoms Up

Lindsey Greene

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“You want me to do what now?” Celeste said with raised brow.

“You heard me. Get on the floor with your head down and your bottom up,” Vince replied. “Look, this is a strip club called the Bottoms Up, sweetheart. If you’re not willing to get into our signature position then you might as well leave right now.”

Celeste hated herself for even walking through the club doors, but with the economy spiraling ever downward and no respectable jobs in sight, she was now at that point where she was forced to do whatever it took to bring in money to keep a roof over her head and food on the table. Standing up, she took a deep breath and then dropped down onto her hands and knees – lowering her head to the floor while keeping her ass raised high. The already tight fabric of her skirt pulled even tighter and rode up her round backside giving Vince a sneak peek at the delights hidden beneath.

“Very nice. Now, crawl around my office and make sure to shake that ass. I want to see it swaying side to side. And when you’re done with that I want you to take off your panties and place your ass against that hole in the wall there,” he said pointing to a four inch diameter hole cut in the wall and lined with what appeared to be a rubber flange.

“Um, why?”

“Because I said so. Look babe, this is a full nude establishment and if you’re having this much trouble taking off your clothes in front of only me how in the hell are you going to do it in front of two hundred people? Now do as I’ve said, or you may go. There are five more applicants to go through after you and I’m sure one of them is willing to follow orders without questioning them at every damn turn.”

You need the money Celeste, she told herself as she began crawling around the large office. She didn’t know how many times he wanted her to do it so she circled twice and then stood up to remove her panties. When they were on the floor she pressed her ass to the hole in the wall. Nothing happened at first, but then she felt something cool and wet hit her pussy and she leapt forward as if she had been kicked in the ass. Spinning around in her heels, she saw about two inches of a dildo sticking through the wall for a moment before disappearing.

“I don’t remember telling you to move yet.”

“And I don’t remember signing up to get fucked. What in the hell does that have to do with stripping?”

“A lot. The men and women that frequent this club want to see the ladies performing all manner of sexual acts so put your ass back against the wall and take it like a good girl or go. I’m done giving you second chances. Either do as you’re told the first time or we’re through here. Understood?”

Fuck...fuckity...fuck...fuck...fuck! “Yes sir,” she said after a moment thinking about what he had said. *Desperate times...* She thought as she backed up against the hole. The lubed head of the dildo pressed against her asshole once more and she gritted her teeth as it slowly worked its way deeper. Through the wall she could hear someone moving around and then the hum of a motor. “Uuhhnnn!” She gasped as the dildo was thrust suddenly deeper. It pulled back and slammed in again, twisting left and right as it did so. “W-What is t-that!?”

“That, Celeste, is a fucking machine. How does it feel?”

“T-The d-dildo is too big! It’s s-stretching me open!”

“That’s the idea. Just relax and let it do its job and it’ll feel good soon. Tell me when you feel a much larger part of the toy popping in and out of you easily and you can move on to the next stage.”

“N-Next stage?”

“You’ll see. Just let me know when the bulge is going in and out easily.”

“Y-Yes sir.” It felt as if the dildo was in to her ribcage and she did not feel the dildo getting any larger and wondered if they were using the right toy. In and out, out and in. Deeper. Harder. Faster. Another three inches slipped in and she felt something large pressing against her ass that threatened to tear her open. More lube was squirted onto her ass and the toy and it pushed forward a little more, her asshole stretching to accept the monster bulge. “Ahgh! O-Oh my f-fucking g-god! IT’S TOO BIG! Oh fuck please take it out!”

“I take it you’ve finally taken the bulge?”

“Y-Yes!”

“Excellent. You must have one hell of an elastic ass to take something so huge.”

“H-How big...Aahhgghhh!” she screeched as it yanked back out and shoved its way back in.

Vince held up his right arm – fingertips pointed to the ceiling and then made a fist. “This is how big it is you dirty little slut. You’ve got something as big as my fist in you. How do you like that?”

“N-No way! I can’t take anything that fucking big!”

“Pull off of it and take a look, but I want you right back on it.”

Unable to believe what she was being told, Celeste pulled herself off of the massive bulge and turned around to take a look at it. Her eyes grew wide and her mouth gaped open at the sight of it. Although she did not have a tape measure it looked pretty damn close to the fist Vince was still holding up.

“Come over here,” Vince commanded. When Celeste walked over to the desk he opened the middle left drawer, pulled something out and handed it to her. It was a cloth measuring tape. “Go ahead and measure around my fist and then around the toy.”