

Dimensions of Desire: Dark Strippers

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

Liam and Mollie decide to take a much needed holiday using their new machines and transform themselves into dark skinned beauties to perform at a strip club.

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Liam put the car in park and leaned back against the leather headrest, letting his eyes fall closed as he let out a sigh of relief. It was so good to be home. Three weeks of flying across the US, attending charity banquets and organising this new merge had really taken it out of him. Not to mention it had meant almost a month had passed since he had gotten to use the Genetic Altron or the Reality hopper. He was desperately in need of some relaxation and slutty behaviour. A good long smoke in a body that couldn't be permanently damaged by it was certainly in order.

He didn't bother calling out to Mollie or even putting his suitcase away. He headed straight down to the basement where, as expected, Mollie was waiting. They had been discussing their plans in secret during his trip, using code words of course, just to be safe. As much as they enjoyed their 'default' chav whore reality both of them wanted a change. Add a little spice to their new whore lifestyles. With his stress levels higher than ever now was the perfect time to test things out.

"Welcome home, love." Mollie smiled, wrapping her lithe frame around him, "I missed you so much."

"Get up to anything fun while I was gone?" He chuckled, giving her a quick peck on the nose.

"Nah, it's more fun with you."

"Should we get started then?"

"I've already programmed the Genetic Altron with the bodies we discussed." She beamed and Liam gave her a grateful smile.

“I knew I loved you for a reason.”

Mollie just laughed and swatted his arm before gently pushing him toward the first machine.

“You go first, you’ve earned it.”

How on Earth he had managed to land such a wonderful woman Liam would never know. With eagerness to rival his first ever transformation he sat back in the chair and let Mollie attach the diodes to his body. His skin started to vibrate with anxious, excited energy as they turned warm and he settled in for the ride. It was tempting to close his eyes and relax but he forced them open; he wanted to witness the change as much as possible. That was half the fun after all.

The first thing that started to change was his skin tone; it started around the diodes spreading out across the rest of his skin slowly at first before rapidly expanding. He’d experimented with giving himself an orange fake tan before but this was something new. Now his skin was turning a gorgeous dark ivory colour that reflected the light ever so slightly. His pink nipples grew and darkened before the skin below them began to slowly expand in a way that had now become familiar, yet he never grew tired of experiencing.

His breasts began to form, expanding like great, pert balloons from an A cup all the way to an E; his favourite. He couldn’t help but groan and squirm a little as they swelled and Mollie looked on with hungry eyes.

“You look so hot when you transform.” She whimpered, legs pressing together slightly, “Your face…”

“It won’t be mine for much longer.” Liam moaned, noting that his voice was already starting to change as his throat smoothed over. The voice was still deep, yet obviously feminine with an almost soulful edge. Or at least it would have a soulful edge if the huskiness that came from years of smoke damage wasn’t covering it up.

His skull began to tingle and he felt his hair beginning to grow; rather than feeling it slide against his hair though, it seemed to almost grow up. Stiff, tight curls, forming a fluffy afro above his head grew out until it covered his entire skull and framed his face like a dark halo. He could feel the soft curls pressing against his headband and it too began to turn on and he felt the familiar brain fog start to take root as his mental programming began.

“Oh yeah...”

He let his eyelids droop slightly as his mind went blank, filling up with all sorts of new ideas and habits. His hips were burning pleasantly as they stretched wide; far wider than he had ever made them. His ass cheeks swelling to form at first his usual bubble butt before growing even further. Now his breasts and ass were almost comparable, perhaps his ass was even bigger. It was so full his hips were lifted higher and higher off his seat and he felt the telltale stiffness of silicone inside his cheeks.

Fuck; butt jobs made him so wet. Or at least it would in a moment when his pussy finished forming. He had been so busy enjoying the feeling of his new butt growing he had almost missed his cock shrinking away. His balls were already totally gone as his length slid up inside him and melted into velvet walls. Walls that gushed juices almost immediately sending slickness across his folds and down onto his inner thighs.

Feeling suddenly exhibitionist he spread his legs, enjoying the sound of Mollie moaning at the sight of his new dark pussy. Already soaked through from thoughts alone. He wanted to touch it so badly; judging by the look on Mollie's face, she did as well.

He opened his mouth to moan, lips forming an O as they too began to plump as silicone stiffened inside them. The skin felt tight; far too tight and he loved it.

“You look so fucking hot.” Mollie shivered, “Oh I can't wait for my turn.”

Liam could barely hear her, the last of his mental programming was taking place; locking away his name and fully settling into this brand new version of Paizleigh. She gave a happy groan, sitting up and ripping the diodes off in one quick movement before getting to her feet.

“Sugar, I feel hot.” She sighed, enjoying how huge and heavy her ass felt compared to normal, “Ya gotta get in there girl, I need to test this body out!”

Mollie jumped into the chair with the same vigour she had and Paizleigh waited with baited breath to see who she would become. Soon Mollie's skin was darkening just as hers had, her butt and boobs expanding, though the former far more than the latter. She watched with awe as her hair turned long and black before neatly arranging itself into a series of tight, beautiful dreads, each tip a different colour from fluorescent pink to brilliant green.

Mollie writhed as much as the chair would allow, squealing as her ass continued to inflate.

“Fuck, maybe I made it too big!”

“No such thing, honey.” Paizleigh grinned, “Lookin’ a million bucks!”

When Mollie’s transformation was finally complete they both stood together before the mirror, taking in the two sluts they had become. It was obvious these girls had some serious work done, the lip and butt implants were obvious but Paizleigh had a sneaking suspicion her long eyelashes were implanted as well.

She ran her hands through the soft yet tight curls of her afro and grinned; absolutely delighted with something new. After so many dyed to hell and back bed heads she was ready for something fresh, this afro was just the ticket. And her ass; my god, why were boobs always the focus when butts like this existed. She thought she’d had a bubble butt before but this really was the embodiment of the name. Sound, impossible so; each cheek was like a bouncy beach ball and her thighs looked impossibly thin next to their thickness. She could not wait to test it out!

“To a new reality?” Mollie grinned, Paizleigh nodded.

“Let’s do it.”

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They faded through several realities before Paizleigh felt the ground become solid beneath her feet. Instantly, something about this world felt different and her heart began to pound with excitement.

She and Mollie were in what appeared to be a dressing room, one that had clearly seen better days though. The tables were simple fold outs with cheap, dollar store mirrors stuck to the wall, with every surface covered in makeup, clothes and shoes. None of which looked particularly fancy.

She took the time to inspect her new garb; a bright red leather corset and a matching pair of tight booty shorts that felt like they were one wrong move away from bursting off her entirely. Mollie was in a similar outfit; a tight dress made of something shiny that squeaked whenever she moved.

Behind her, Paizleigh could hear music and voices, the bass thumped beneath her feet, the platform shoes she was wearing sending the vibrations up her legs till she could feel it as high as her chest. Some sort of club perhaps?

Like a pair of excited school girls the two of them ran up the small staircase to a door and cracked it open. Before them was a packed room with smokey air. Men sat in shabby

looking chairs staring up at the stage as women danced around poles and served drinks in outfits so skimpy they may as well have been naked.

“Well,” Paizleigh grinned, “I told you I wanted to show this body off didn’t I?”

“Ohmigosh this is going to be so fun!” Mollie grinned, “When do you think we can-?”

“Hey, you two! What the hell are you doing back here?”

They whirled around and came face to face with the greasiest man Paizleigh had ever seen. His hair was oiled back against his skull, his flamboyant green shirt open to his navel showing off his hair chest, a cigar was clenched between yellow teeth. For a second she was worried they were about to be thrown out but then the man kept talking.

“You were s’posed to be on the floor twenty minutes ago.” He said pointing at Mollie, “Them drinks ain’t gonna serve themselves and you,”

He rounded on Paizleigh,

“Get up on the main stage and show the gentlemen what they came here for will ya?”

She grinned ear to ear.

“Yes sir.”

The man snorted and walked past them onto the floor, muttering around his cigar.

“Sir, fucking sir.” he snickled. “What am I the fuckn’ king?”

Mollie gave her an excited smile before following and heading towards the bar, leaving Paizleigh alone with just the walkway to the stage. The music thrummed as she took the steps two at a time, the song changing to something with a deep brass baritone just as she reached the top of the stairs.

“Thank you for your patience gentlemen!” Came a fuzzy voice from speakers at the edge of the stage, “Now, the moment and the gal you’ve all been waiting for...Paizleigh!”

With endless confidence, she took to the stage. A dull spotlight shone right in her eyes, blocking her view of the audience but she knew they were there. She could hear their gasps and wolf whistled as she stepped out. The bright light shone on her clothes and skin, illuminating the thin swirls of body glitter she hadn't noticed before.

The beat began to pick up and without thinking Paizleigh began to tap her foot. She wasn't sure how she knew the dance moves but she did. She bent down low, showing off her cleavage and slowly shaking it side to side, letting it hang before doing a quick one eighty turn and bending over, exposing the roundness of her ass. The crowd went wild and she braced herself on her knees, head looking over her shoulder with a naughty grin as she began to grind and twerk, hopping up the runway backwards as she jiggled and shook her ass for all to see.

Men hooted and hollered, even a few female voices cheered as she stood and began to shake her way down the stage. Stopping every few steps to thrust and gyrate her hips or push up her chest. It felt wonderful; there was no hesitation, just pure unadulterated freedom as she showed off her body without shame.

Finally she reached the end of the runway where a shiny, slightly slick pole was waiting for her. She grabbed hold of it, running the tip of her tongue along the cool metal as she squatted low to the ground before standing back up. The lights and haze in the room made it difficult to see but her eyes were slowly adjusting. She could make out the faces of men in the crowd, all watching her with hungry eyes that lit a fire beneath her skin.

The familiar and delicious smell of cigarette smoke curled in her nostrils as tendrils of thick smoke rose from a man seated by the edge of the stage. Getting down on her hands and knees she crawled toward him, letting her heavy chest hang low as her corset strained to keep from falling open.

The man was older, a silver fox. The sort of person who would have been handsome twenty years ago but had since been weathered by age and alcohol. Between his lips was a cigar; thick and wrapped tight. It was a quality one and curiosity suddenly overpowered her. She had smoked a lot in her time experiencing other realities; plenty of different brands, even a few hand rolled ones. Never a cigar though; what was the difference, she wondered.

Paizleigh had undergone many changes, mental and physical, but one thing that always stayed the same was her lack of impulse control. So she felt no hesitation or guilt as her long fingers reached out and plucked the cigar from between his lips and placed it against her own. She breathed deep while the whole room oohed and ah'd at her rising chest.

The cigar tasted of smoke and earth, a slight mushroomy aroma tinted every particle and she breathed it out with a deep, satisfied sigh. The smoke felt somehow harsher and softer than cigarette smoke; Paizleigh decided she liked it.

“Sorry ‘bout that hun,” She said huskily with heavy lidded eyes, placing the half burned cigar back in the man’s waiting hand, “Just had to give it a try.”

Her tongue flicked at her swollen lips; she could taste the man on her now as well as his cigar.

“I’m sure you can make it up to me.” The man said gruffly, though his grin was wide.

Paizleigh played along, pouting and shimmying her chest from side to side, still on her hands and knees.

“What did you have in mind, a naughty girl like me deserves a good punishment don’t you think?”

“How about you get on that pole up there!” Somebody from the crowd yelled, the man in front of her nodded, taking another drag of his cigar.

“Then you can come down here and give me a personal apology.” He whispered with a wink. Paizleigh giggled with excitement; this was already so much fun.

She slipped her legs out, balancing on her bubble butt and resting her toe beneath the man’s chin for a moment before swinging herself back on stage and slowly sliding her body up the pole, letting it rest between her breasts as much as the corset would allow.

The music, which she had not even realised had been dimmed, flared back to life. The beat was deep and filled with enough base that she could feel her whole body vibrating with it; or perhaps it was just her own excitement mixing with the buzz of the cigar.

She twirled around the pole, marvelling at this body’s incredible strength and flexibility. She could hang off it using just her legs, even hold herself up using only her arms. Letting the music guide her she danced and spun, feeling her clothing continue to strain to contain her as she pushed it to the limit. Finally, it became too much.

She leaned backwards, pushing out her chest and to the surprise and delight of many the stitching holding her corset together burst open. The leather falling off to expose her naked breasts to the spotlight. They were so fake and round though they barely sagged, even when she hung upside down.

The cheers from the crowd were like a drug, she could barely hear the music anymore, she was too focused on the accolades her body was earning. She cupped her tits,

pushing them together while continuing her routine as though the whole thing had been planned and eager to show them off to all who wanted.

The bass went even lower and she began to tweak again, bouncing her ass up and down to the rhythm until the pants too failed. There was a loud tearing sound as open streaks of the fabric tore open to reveal swathes of her dark, beautiful skin. The crowd went absolutely wild. It was a little embarrassing, having her clothes literally tear off her body but the attention more than made up for it.

A few well timed sways of her hips had the shorts on the floor, leaving her with nothing but her platform shoes. Her eyes found the cigar man once more and she smiled widely, jumping off the stage right in front of him and continuing her dance. She held her hips, leaning forward and undulating her body like a snake as she stepped towards him slowly. Without hesitation, he stubbed out his cigar in a nearby ashtray and opened his arms.

She crawled into his lap, pressing her large breasts beneath his chin and matching his sensual gaze.

“Sorry if I stain your pants.” She whispered, “Performing always gets me a little...excited.”

Her long painted nails raked through the silver fox’s hair; he was at least twenty years her senior. She liked that. Paizleigh shivered, feeling a crisp hundred dollar bill slide between her breasts and the man tipped her generously and she gave him a kiss on his rough cheek in thanks.

Others were surrounding her now, all wanting to pay for a private dance in one of the booths at the back. She didn't know where to begin, so many men wanted her attention and it made her feel so wanted and wet. As she climbed off the gentleman’s lap she couldn’t help but shiver as her bare pussy brushed against his pants.

“Now now, gents, calm down.” The greasy fellow who obviously ran the place appeared, “Our Paizleigh here is in need of a new outfit, you go get changed toots and I’ll organise your private dances for the night.”

Paizleigh nodded, eagerly heading back towards the stage door. On the way she passed Mollie who was sitting in the lap of a young college fellow who looked so red in the face he could make a tomato jealous.

“I’m s-so sorry it’s just you’re really pretty and I uh..”

“It's okay hun,” Mollie assured him, “Happens to the best of guys, let's go clean you up behind one of these curtains huh?”

Paizleigh cackled; what a gem Mollie was; she couldn't blame the guy for getting over excited.

Backstage she came face to face with those racks of clothing and shoes. She was sad to see the platform heels go but the idea of trying on all these slutty outfits more than made up for it. She sifted through option after option; some of it far too classy for her to even consider, others too similar to what she had worn before. There was so much generic clothing; she wanted something new, something that might help her look glamorous.

Then she saw it, drawing out the tight, sparkling fabric. It was so bold she was surprised she didn't see it sooner. The fabric almost seemed to be made of glitter; thousands of tiny refracting surfaces sending light into her eyes and dazzling them. It was as though somebody had turned a disco ball into a garment. It was tight yet surprisingly stretchy, thank goodness, or it would never have fit over her huge rump. With great difficulty Paizleigh squeezed herself into it, enjoying how tight the fabric felt on her hard nipples as they were forced to flatter. There was a pair of silver panties to slip beneath and a matching pair of strappy heels.

Once dressed she stood back far enough to see herself in one of the small mirrors. She looked like a giant, glittery fairy. Paired with her huge hair there was no way people could miss her. Were she to step outside she was sure she'd stop traffic. It was by far the most tacky, eye catching, attention whore style outfit she had ever seen. She loved it.

“Paizligh, quit powdering ya nose or whatever and get out here, you've got half a dozen private lap dances paid for and these men want their money's worth!”

“Comin'!”

Somebody wolf whistled as she stepped back out onto the floor. She let her eyes follow the noise and giggled when they met Mollie. She was up on stage herself now with a generous crowd of men stuffing notes into her tight clothes. Paizleigh blew her a flirtatious kiss much to the delight of the crowd and Mollie.

She made her way to the back of the club where the music was the most muffled and a number of booths were strategically placed and covered with curtains. A cheap plastic whiteboard had been hung by one that simply said 'Paizleigh'; her first guest must already be waiting.

She flung open the curtain and was met with a fresh faced college boy similar to the one Mollie had pleased so well already. With a wide grin she bent down to cup his face.

“What’re ya after honey?”

“Oh uh, I just want to watch?” The man squeaked, poor kid, too horny to even think straight. That was a curse she knew all too well.

“Well sit back, sugar. Let me give you a show.”

Paizleigh never realised just how much she loved to dance before this moment. The feeling of her butt bouncing, the sway of her hips; it felt incredible. There was something more at play though; a love of being watched and performing. Having so many eyes on her, wanting her body; it made her tingling in all the best ways.

She watched as the man’s eyes dilated as she continued, the bilge in his pants growing until he was forced to excuse himself to the bathroom and the next client walked in. With each dance she could feel herself getting wetter and more turned on. She was desperate to be touched and started climbing into each clients lap more and more to grind on their erections.

The one downside to being a performer over a stripper was the lack of gratification. She just kept teasing herself, the brushes of skin contact, the eyes on her; it was all one big tease that was getting her hotter and hotter with each passing second.

Finally; she had just one person left in line for a private dance. The curtain pushed open to reveal her silver fox who greeted her with a wry smile before sitting down on the plush bench and spreading his legs. Already she could see a bulge there, threatening to grow further.

“So glad to see ya again.” She said huskily as her hips began to wiggle, she couldn’t resist squeezing them together, pressing her velvet folds against one another and eliciting a moan.

“I thought I might give you another chance at a big tip.” He chuckled before snapping his fingers, “Now get to it.”

Perhaps it was a result of being so turned on, perhaps it was because she had been dancing and half teasing herself for so long; or perhaps it was his dominant attitude but something

seemed to change. That click of his fingers sent a bolt of pure pleasure through her and Paizleigh realised that she was getting close to orgasm.

She began to sway her hips, her slick folds rubbing together, trapping her clit between them as she gyrated and thrust her ass towards the man's face. Fuck, she was so turned on, every movement seemed to be getting her hotter. Her insides were tightening already and she was forced to bite her lip as the man reached up to pull her down into his lap.

His fingers pressed against her huge ass cheeks, squeezing them tight and Paizleigh realised there was nothing she could do now. She was so turned on she was about to cum without even needed to be fucked.

“Ah fuuuuuuuuck!”

She gushed; slickness soaking through her panties and onto the man's pants. The hardness there twitching in response to her moans. The afterglow set in and she was beset with a wave of wild emotions; shock, amazement, joy, experiment. She had just gotten off on being watched; she never realised she had such an exhibitionist side.

“Fuck that was hot, girl.” The silver fox groaned, pressing them together and causing her pussy to quiver with overstimulation. “Attention really gets you hot, doesn't it?”

“Yesssss.” She hissed, grinding down on him, “Fuck I love it when people watch me.”

“Damn girl, no shame. I like that.”

“Me too.”

They continued to grind against one another, the silver fox's hands held tight against her fat ass. It felt so good, and that orgasm had been wonderful but not quite enough to satisfy. As lovely as it was to show her body off, even touched, everything here was so superficial. She knew that if she was to be truly satisfied she was going to have to break some rules.

“Ya know...” Paizleigh whispered. “You're my last client back here.”

“Oh?”

“So perhaps if you pay me a little extra I can say we had a super long dance...”

A twinkle of realisation appeared in the man's eye.

"The kind of dance you performers aren't supposed to give?"

"The kind with no pants, baby." She grinned, "The kind where we have to try to stay quiet enough that nobody tries to peek through the curtain."

Her silver fox grabbed his wallet, sliding another fifty dollar note between her breasts and grinned ear to ear.

"That's enough to buy you?"

"And then some, sugar."

Without hesitation she grabbed the note and laid it on the bench next to her man and raised herself up. It was a bit awkward, removing those panties while staying straddled across his hips but she didn't care. He held her in place, hands firmly cupping her ass to pin her in place as she slid the soaked panties off and discarded them to the side.

Her new partner opened his mouth, about to introduce himself but Paizleigh hushed him with a finger.

"Shhhh, it's more fun if I don't know." She giggled, "I like fucking strangers,"

It was true, the idea that she could let somebody who's name she didn't even know inside her; it made her so wet and excited. Names were for lovers, not quick fucks and one night stands. Besides, that let her come up with her own stories as to who her pretty silver fox was. Perhaps a businessman with a thing for trashy girls, or an older fellow whose wife no longer pleased him. The options were endless.

"Hang on, I have to see this up close before we get going." He grinned, giving her big, fake butt a squeeze.

Eagerly Paizleigh shifted her tight dress upwards so it bunched around her middle, showing off her pussy first before turning around to show off her bouncy bubble butt. Her pride and joy. The man's hands roamed it, pressing the cheeks together and squeezing and Paizleigh had to bite her lip to stay quiet.

“Fuck, so damn big!”

“All natural baby,” She lied, “Now hurry up and fuck me, ah don't think I can wait much longer.”

Those hands teasingly moved up the sides of her body before swiftly turning her back to face the bench, bending her over the edge so that she was at a ninety degree angle. She braced herself with her hands as the anticipation built. She could hear the man unzipping his fly and a shiver passed down her spine. One of his hands was on her butt, the other his cock no doubt, guiding it forward.

The tip pressed against her hole and met no resistance, sliding inside so easily the silver fox gave a huff of surprise. Paizleigh grit her teeth so hard it hurt; the stretching burn of being penetrated was so good and she was still overstimulated from before.

She let her head hang, watching from the odd angle as he began to push further inside her. The sounds of the club, music and voices, were so close. All it would take would be for somebody to push the curtain aside and everybody would see them. The risk was so damn sexy she almost came again. Suddenly, a movement from the velvet curtain, she followed it to the edge and saw a single, dark shining eye. One she recognised; especially as it was blown with lust.

Mollie.

She wouldn't reveal them but judging by the way her face was squirming slightly, she was getting off on watching. Adding another risk for them, if somebody came over to see what she was doing, perhaps they would all be caught. The three of them revealed as the degenerates they were. This time Paizleigh *did* moan.

“Quiet, girly.” The silver fox grunted in a hushed, “Don't want to get caught.”

“Ah know,” She panted, “It's just so fucking good.”

“Oh girly, you have no idea, just you wait till I get going!”

He punctuated the end of his sentence by drawing his hips back and pushing inside once more. Paizleigh's vision went white as the ecstasy temporarily overwhelmed her. Now this was proper fucking.

She locked eyes with Mollie before letting them roll back into her head. It was hard to tell over the din of the club on the other side of the curtain but Paizleigh was sure she heard a shaky breath. Fuck this was intense; not only was she being fucked after cumming once already but now Mollie was getting off on watching. All her kinks were being hit at once the urge to cum was strong; somehow she managed to hold back.

She didn't want this to be over so soon. She wanted to milk her new silver fox for everything he had. Now that they had their rhythm his hands were back at her hips, thumbs smoothing over the planes of her ass. His grip got tighter and tighter as his balls started to slap against her and she could feel his nails digging into her skin. Her own grip on the bench increased and she pushed back against it, the slightly rough treatment only adding to her arousal.

The music dimmed and for a split second all she could hear was the wet sound of his manhood plunging into her against and again until it started again. This time the song was heavy rock, loud drums boomed and allowed her to get out a few moans every now and then, masking the primal sounds with the beat.

Her partner seemed to notice and she heard him chuckle as he changed up his rhythm. Going slow now, hitting hard against her G-spot before stopping and doing it again a moment later. The pleasure was intense, but he was pausing for a fraction of a second too long for her orgasm to build. He was teasing her, fucking her to the beat of the music and making Paizleigh see stars.

Two could play at that game though, she began to clench her pussy tight around his cock, rhythmically squeezing him to the beat and drinking in the deep groan that escaped him. One hand moved to push at her back in order to steady himself and then continued on till his chest was almost pressing against her spine. That hand was in her hair now, buried in her soft afro and gripping it tight enough to force her to look forwards.

Her chest was heaving as her insides began to tighten. She couldn't hold back much longer no matter how hard she tried. It just felt too good.

“Ah'm...Ah'mmm fookn' hell aaaaaaaahh!”

It was all too much, she squeezed one final time and sealed her own fate as she came once more. It was even better than the first and she could feel herself squirting against the head of his cock as her silver fox finally came as well, seed splashing against her inner walls and finally giving her the gratification she so needed.

They both moaned loudly, and sound of the music swallowed up the sounds so that none, save probably Mollie, were aware. With a shudder the man pulled out and Paizleigh felt the evidence of their little dalliance flow down her leg. It was hot and sticky, yet somehow

felt wonderful. Lacking anything else she grabbed her panties and used them to clean up. Shivering as she slipped them back on. She felt so dirty, so naughty, it was driving her wild.

Quickly she glanced over at the corner of the curtain, Mollie was gone. She wondered if she had gotten off too before she was forced to move or get caught. She couldn't help but giggle a little, she was going to tease the heck out of her when they caught up.

"That was phenomenal." The man sighed, "Do you work here every night?"

"I do now," Paizleigh giggled, "At least until I get bored."

"You'll be seeing me again, I can tell you that much." He grinned before pushing apart the curtain and coming face to face with the greasy haired man.

"About time." He said gruffly, "That was quite a long dance there, Paizleigh."

"He paid for it." She shrugged, picking up the fifty and handing it over.

"Your girl is really something, Scott." Her silver fox smiled, "I'd better get out of here before she charms my whole wallet out of me."

Paizleigh gave him a wink and he disappeared back into the club leaving her and her boss, Scott apparently, together. He narrowed his eyes at her, suspicion gleaming as she did her best to look innocent.

"You aint whoring yourself out again, are ya?"

"No..."

"You're lyin' I can tell, you look like the cat that got the fucking cream."

"Aw c'mon boss man I'm just having a little fun. And he paid for his time too."

"That isn't the point, I run a classy establishment here, I don't want fellas thinking you girls are for sale."

Paizleigh let her eyes roam around the room; the shabby paintwork, faded furniture and smoke stains on the wall didn't speak to any kind of class. But the look on Scott's face told her he was serious. She put on her best pout and lowered her eyes demuring, hands behind her back as she swayed her chest back and forth.

"I'm sorry," She said sincerely, "I just can't help myself...is there some way I can make it up to you?"

He threw back his head and laughed.

"You really are something, you know that."

Paizleigh slapped her ass hard enough that people in the crowd turned at the slapping sound.

"Don't ah know it." She giggled, "You love me for it."

Scott shook his head, Paizleigh could tell he was trying hard not to smile; he waved a finger back and forth in a chastising manner.

"You know I have to punish you for that. It's ten percent of your pay or..."

His voice trailed off, eyes moving to the tiny door in the corner of the room marked 'Office'. The look in Scott's eye told Paizleigh everything she needed to know about this reality's version of her; he knew she wasn't going to take the pay cut. More than that, this was barely a punishment, it was closer to encouragement. She grinned widely; this little song and dance was just that; an excuse to get her in his office.

"Oh no Scott, I really don't think I can afford to lose any more pay this month." She pouted, playing along, "I suppose I will just have to help you forget about it."

She stepped forward, running a long finger down the length of his chest, feeling the coarse hair there. She let her gaze drift over his shoulder to where Mollie was on the stage, her face was flush as she danced, sending her long dreads flying through the air like a great whirlwind. Some people might think she was pink in the face from exertion but Paizleigh knew otherwise. She knew what Mollie looked like while enjoying the afterglow and

considering how tight her legs squeezed together between moves, that afterglow was going to last a while.

A hand gripped her chin, turning her back to face Scott.

“Pay attention, or I might have to dock you twenty percent.”

“Oh dear, well, we’d better get everything in order then.” Paizleigh cooed, grabbing his hand and walking over to the office.

She could sense people watching, with an ass this big even walking looked sensual. Her tight cheeks bounced and swayed as she strutted through the room, fingers still intertwined with Scott’s.

The second the door closed Scott took charge, walking ahead of her and unzipping his fly before turning back, leaning on his desk. The office was grungy, papers yellowed by age sat in long forgotten boxes and the computer looked about ten years old. The room perfectly complemented its greasy owner and Paizleigh knew only somebody with the lowest standards would possibly debase themselves in a room like this for a man like Scott.

This knowledge solidified in her mind, she did not hesitate to sink to her knees. The short, old carpet was rough against her bare skin and she shuffled forward till she was before Scott, a sultry smile on her swollen lips.

Scott was already semi hard as she grasped his member. It wasn’t as big as her silver fox’s had been, but it was thicker and she shivered wondering how it would feel inside her. Her pussy still ached from fucking out on the floor though and something told her it was her pretty mouth Scott was after.

It only took a few pumps to bring him to full hardness and the heady, masculine smell swirled in her nostrils as a drop of precum appeared at the tip. She looked up at him, eyes meeting as she slowly pushed the head past her lips. It was hard not to smile, even with her mouthful, watching Scott try not to groan. Her lips were so soft and tight and her tongue familiar with the actions needed. She swirled it, pressing the tip against his slit when she drew back and gently squeezed his balls with her free hand.

Fingers buried themselves in her soft afro as he gripped her skull, pulling her back and forth. It didn’t take long for him to demand an increase in speed and the sound of slurping filled the empty room. It did not take long for Paizleigh to start feeling his balls tighten; she had barely been sucking for a minute before he was cumming down her throat. She swallowed the seed without a single drop spilt, professional almost. It gave her a sense of pride, knowing how adept at performing such acts she had become.

Scott leaned back against the desk with a gasp, his legs were trembling as he zipped himself back up and she giggled.

“Did ah just earn a raise for blowing ya world?” She teased and Scott gave a short bark of laughter.

“You wish, not get back on that floor and serve some drinks you whore.”

He said it fondly, with a smile almost and Paizleigh grinned, enjoying the way he smacked her ass on the way out. She spent the rest of the night on the floor, serving drinks on a silver tray and watching eyes turn as she approached. Sometimes men would get bold enough to try and cop a feel and she always let them. She wanted to get back up on stage but unfortunately the night passed without another chance. No harm though, there was always tomorrow after all. Soon her feet began to ache and grimy morning light began to filter through the one window the room had.

Exhausted, satisfied and with aching pussies Paizleigh and Mollie stepped outside. The street was dirty, they were clearly in the rough part of town. The two exchanged glances and giggled before following their instincts to the north where they were sure they would find their home in this reality. Paizleigh couldn't wait to see it!

“That was quite the show you put on.” Mollie sighed, hugging close, “I can't wait to see it again.”

“Let's stay a few more nights here then, before trying something new?” Paizleigh asked, “I have to admit, ah really like showing off this bod. My butt, fuck it's good, eh?”

“Absolutely, fucking stunning.”

“Well I have you to thank for it.”

The two laughed; the stress of the day completely gone and life in the real world left behind. They had all the time in the world to enjoy themselves here and in other worlds and Paizleigh was eager to experience them all to the fullest.