

Becoming a Vegas Stripper - Part 2

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

“And now gents, welcome to the stage...Ginger Snap!”

I stepped out onto the runway and grinned, sauntering down to grab the slicked silver pole and twirling my body around it. I was wearing nothing but a pair of purple panties and two golden tassels on my nipples. The blood was rushing beneath my skin and an electric feeling filled the air. It was mid week but the strip club was packed.

Truthfully, I didn't mind getting fired from the lounge. The place was too high class for me anyway. At least for now. This new body had given me a new lease on life; I felt like I was in my twenties again and I wanted to experience those wild years. Plus, with my new figure, getting a job at a fairly well paying strip club wasn't difficult.

It wasn't some dingy, sad place either. This was Vegas after all! The room was bright, the area clean and coated in velvet to the point that it could have been a normal high class Vegas bar; were it not for the poles dotting the stage often adorned by naked women.

Myself included.

Oh, being a stripper was so much fun. Not only was I encouraged to act like a total slut; I got paid for it! My new manager was more than happy for me to take a man into one of the curtained, private rooms for lap dances and more; provided I gave him a cut. Which I didn't mind, I was making more than enough money now that it didn't matter, I was doing this purely for fun.

Once or twice a week, I spotted Sara across the road watching me. She even slipped into the club once or twice. I tried to act as if I were sad this was what my life had been reduced to, just for her benefit. Judging by the self satisfied smile she wore when she walked away each time, it was working.

I'd sucked enough dicks and fucked enough men now that my body had stopped changing. I was all tits and ass, with beautiful flowing hair that barely needed any brushing to look fabulous. I'd taken on the stage name Ginger Snap and was earning a good deal of money. Plus I was learning a lot from the other strippers I worked with.

How to dance and move my body in subtle yet effective ways to draw men in, which types to look out for, which to avoid and most importantly, how to become somebody's favourite. I was yet to get any repeat customers but I knew it was only a matter of time.

On stage I drank in the cheers from the crowd, jumping up on the pole and spinning around on it before flopping backwards, my legs holding me up. My heavy breasts sagged under my chin, the tassels dangling low enough that they tickled my nose and the crowd went wild.

When the song was finished I crawled along the stage the same way I had back at the longue, only this time nobody stopped me when I reached out to touch the guests. The men surged forward as I got up on my knees, chest thrust out ready to receive payment. My panties were tight, but somehow, they managed to stuff their notes inside. I noticed more than a few Benjamins in there.

Finally, I swung my legs over the side of the stage and made my way through the crowd until I spotted a good mark; rich judging by the cut of his suit, but young and nervous. Perfect. I sat myself down in his lap and offered one of the tassels which he pulled nervously. I rewarded him with a loud moan as I felt the nipple pinch. He repeated the gesture but I grinned and held his hand still.

“Why don't you use your mouth?”

The men around us laughed as a blush crossed the young fella's face. Looking a little sheepish he took the tassel between his teeth and began to pull back. I felt my nipple stretch under the weak glue I had used to attach them and sighed in pleasure.

“She's a spicy one!”

“That's why she's called Ginger...”

The tassel popped off my nipple with a crack.

“And there is the snap!”

The crowd laughed and I felt the young man's cock go hard underneath me. With a giggle I leaned in to whisper in his ear.

“I can feel you, should I move and let it show...or stay and make it worse.”

I felt him tense below me and shuffled awkwardly.

“If you come with me to one of the booths I can take care of it for you. Don't worry, I'm cheap...”

“Okay...”

I grabbed his hand and gracefully slid off his lap, making sure to angle my body to hide his erection, I didn't want to torture him too badly after all. I made my way with him through the crowd to one of the velvet curtains that gave a small amount of privacy for lap dances...as well as other things.

I pulled back the curtain just as another lucky man was leaving, one of my curly haired colleagues just behind him with a wicked grin on her face. She winked and wished me luck as we swapped places and I gently sat my new charge down on the plush bench that framed the small booth's walls.

“So, sugar,” I started, “what's your name?”

“J-John.” He cleared his throat.

“Nice to meet you John, do you know what you like?”

“Not really.” He blushed, “I'm not really...I don't usually do this. It's just been a really hectic week at the office and I wanted to-”

“Blow off some steam?”

He nodded sheepishly.

“No problem, sugar. Let Ginger take care of you.”

He stammered a little as I began to unzip his fly, muttering about how much he could afford but I placed a long finger against his thin lips and quieted him.

“I'm sure whatever you have is enough.” I cooed.

He was so cute, with his wide eyes and his dapper suit. Honestly, I would have been open to fucking him for free. He didn't seem like the most experienced but I had quickly learned that men who slept around were overrated. Oh yes, still good fun, but taking the lead and teaching a man what real pleasure was with my own body? That was always the best experience.

I gently began to stroke his cock, humming in approval of its size. He wasn't the longest I'd had by far but he was thick and my hole quivered in anticipation for just how much he would stretch me.

I felt slightly trembling hands reach around to cup my ass, pressing the bank notes further into my skin as a reminder of just how slutty I'd become. It was a massive turn on and I felt myself getting wetter by the second. God, this really was the best job in the world.

I shed the panties, taking my time to carefully stack the money besides us on the bench while gently swaying my body to the beat. I was teasing him, letting his eyes roam over my form with hunger but he was too nervous, or polite, or possibly both, to ask me to hurry up.

Eventually I turned my back to him and he got half a syllable into a question before I sat down backwards and engulfed him in one go.

“Oh fuck!” he groaned, gripping my hips, that's a good boy.

My heels planted firmly on the ground I began to twerk, riding him up and down in time with the bass making its way in from the stage. He stretched me well, creating a delicious burn on my insides that had me moaning for real within seconds. His cock brushed my G spot every second thrust or so, keeping me at the edge for longer than usual. I expected him to cum quickly but to my surprise it was me falling over the edge first.

With a ragged cry I came, squeezing him tight. Yet John held on, bucking his hips into me hard and fast. He was glorious! My body began to tighten again as a second orgasm approached. As fun as this was, I did have some pride, I couldn't have this inexperienced guy getting a big head by getting me off twice before he did!

Just as I began to cum I reached a hand between our legs and found his balls; they were hard and tight, clearly he was struggling not to finish. One firm stroke and a squeeze later he was lost and I felt hot seed filling my womb.

Success.

It took John a full minute to recover, giving me time to put my tassels and panties back on. Once he was himself again he zipped up his fly, reached into his wallet and placed several notes into the very front of my panties, I'd have to clean them later.

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“Having fun?”

I'd been finishing up for the night, heading back to the boarding house where I had been renting a room with some other working girls for the night when the voice startled me. I spun around in shock. Sara.

“Oh uh...” I stammered, how was I going to play this?

“I've been watching you and I have to say, you've really taken to this lifestyle.” She chuckled. “How am I supposed to teach you a lesson if you're enjoying it so much?”

“Oh no, it's awful.” I lied, “I...I just can't help myself. It feels so good but oh my uh, my back! Yes my back hurts with these giant tits and having to spend so much money on clothes is exhausting and...and...”

“You're a shitty liar.” Sara deadpanned. “You've been loving this since day one, haven't you?”

I swallowed.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

“Please don't change me back.” I blurted. “I spent so long looking for you and setting it up so you'd transform me and I just really don't want to go back to my boring man life!”

Sara blinked in surprise.

“Wait...you wanted to get transformed? That's why you were being an ass in the lounge that night?”

It all came out, I couldn't help myself. I told her about Simon, about how bored and desperate my life had been as a man, how I'd secretly harboured a fetish for transformation stories and how in the end I had decided to create a new life for myself.

"Now that I have the perfect body and all the skills, I am going to find myself a few rich clients and start working as an escort. A high end one." I explained. "But it'll be ruined if you turn me back. Please."

To my surprise, Sara began to laugh. Not a subtle one either, her hands wrapped around her middle as she laughed so hard she cried. My stomach turned to ice; was there enough time to ruin? Probably not in these damn heels.

"You went to all that effort...did it ever occur to you to just...ask?" Sara said finally once she got control of herself.

I blinked in surprise. Ask?

"You would be surprised just how many working girls in this city were once men." Sara chuckled. "A little internet digging, a bit of dark web browsing or hell, just a bit of sneaking around probably would have had to find me just as fast and then you could have just asked."

I stood there for a moment feeling monumentally stupid.

"I'd say sorry for all the taunting but you did still act like a total ass." Sara snickered, "but I guess all the unnecessary stress you put yourself under is punishment enough."

"So...you're not going to change me back?"

"Not unless you want me to." She shrugged.

I stood there dumbfounded, not really sure what to say next.

"So...now what?" I asked eventually.

Sara shrugged again.

“Want to go get a drink? I have this friend I think you’ll really get on with.” She grinned. “She works for a luxury escort company, maybe she can put in a good word for you once you’ve earned enough experience at that strip club.”

I beamed; I had never dreamed things would work out so well. If Sara and I became genuine friends maybe she could even use magic to help me make new outfits or something.

“Sounds fun!” I replied, looping my arm through hers as we stepped out onto the strip. “What’s her name?”

Sara gave a wry smile.

“Simone.”