

Becoming a Vegas Stripper - Part 3

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

My new dress shimmered under the golden lights of the chandelier; it had been a gift from one of my latest clients; silk, dark red to the point of almost being black. It matched my complexion and hair perfectly and hugged my figure in all the right places. I wondered how James would feel, knowing I was using his gift to impress another man?

I'd been bouncing between the two of them, James and Gregory, for about six months now. I hid nothing of course, neither of them could hold it against me. I was an escort after all, they knew I was hardly the sort to see only one man a week. Yet I knew that's what they both wanted.

Not to date, but to own and if I was honest, I wasn't against the idea. Between the two of them I didn't have to pay for a single meal, outfit or even rent a place of my own. I was so well requested I had a new bed every night, but at least half the week I was with one of them.

Idly, I wondered if one of them would be open to renting me my own place in exchange for exclusivity. They were both dynamite in the sack so I wouldn't mind which one I ended up with. Though Gregory did have the better social calendar. Speaking of...

"There you are my dear." The silver fox of a man greeted me with a kiss to the back of my hand and a wry smile. "What a fabulous dress."

"You think." I sighed happily before adding innocently. "James bought it for me."

I watched James' eyes narrow slightly, his smile never falling. I had to hold back a laugh knowing full well I would have yet another new dress tomorrow morning.

Gregory took my arm and led me to the high rollers table, sitting me on his lap as he always did. The people at these tables bet more money than most people would see in a lifetime. Gregory lifted his palm up to my lips and I blew on the dice for luck, pouting my lips and taking just a few seconds longer than was necessary.

Normally, when a man bets several thousand dollars eyes are on the dice as they roll; but I was pleased to note that half the people standing at the table were watching me

instead. It was only when the other half cheered and the dealer pushed a handful of chips into Gregory's corner that they snapped out of it.

"Gregory, sugar." I pouted, "I'm thirsty."

"Not a problem my dear."

Before long I was sipping on a fancy cocktail and nibbling at caviar and gold leaf hors d'oeuvres. I sighed happily; this was the life. I spent my nights without a care in the world, being treated like royalty.

"Excuse me, may I borrow her?"

The voice was female and I looked over to see a blonde haired familiar face.

"Simone." I smiled, "Gregory, sugar, could I go and powder my nose?"

"Of course. But don't take too long."

He was paying by the hour, he wanted his money's worth. Not that it mattered, he was a real estate tycoon; he had money to burn. I got up and followed Simone into the bathroom to catch up. Meeting her again almost a year ago had felt like a dream. I'd started to apologise for not saying anything when we were in college but she'd stopped me before I could finish.

"This is the dream." She told me, "not once have I ever tried to go back, at least, not after I had my first lay."

It was her who introduced me to the escort company, Night Life, and got me my first 'date' with James.

"Still playing those two off each other?" She asked as soon as the door was closed.

"It's hard not to, they make it so easy. These earrings from Gregory got me the dress from James. I can't wait to see what the dress nets me tomorrow."

Simon sighed with jealousy.

“I have years of experience at this and yet you seem to always land the golden geese.”

“Just lucky I suppose.” I grinned.

Simone’s gaze dipped down to my chest, twice the size of any other ladies in the hotel tonight without a doubt. After her body had ‘maxed out’ as it were I had asked Sara to increase it further which she had giggled at, but eventually complied.

“Yes, luck.” She deadpanned and we both fell into a fit of giggles.

“Well, I’d better let you get back to it. My date is waiting too.” Simone grinned, “He’s getting frisky, I don’t think we’ll even make it to his hotel room.”

“Coffee tomorrow? We can swap stories.” I chuckled and Simone nodded.

“We’ll invite Sara, maybe I can finally convince her to use that magic of hers to put us on an even playing field. My tits could use work.”

I smirked, wished Simone good luck and headed back out into the high rollers suite, picking up a flute of champagne as I went. I made my way back to Gregory at his table and took in the crowd as I went. So many men in suits, working the rat race for weeks just to afford my night in this glamorous world where I resided twenty four seven.

I giggled to myself, feeling the bubbles coat my throat as I sipped my drink. My only regret was that I hadn’t made this change sooner.