

Excerpt from Stripper!

Horaz looks me up and down like I'm a centerfold. "I'm Judd Horaz," he says. "I own this club. So you think you want to be a stripper?"

"I know I do, Mr. Horaz." The answer makes him smile.

"How come? By the way, you can call me Judd."

I raise my right hand and rub my thumb and forefinger together. He smiles again.

"OK," he says. He places a straight back chair with the back facing me and sits down backwards about three feet away. His eyes are level with my chest.

"Strip."

"What?" Here? Now?

"You say you want to be a stripper. So strip!"

This is the last thing I expected! To buy a little time, I say, "I thought it would be outside. You know, on a pole, with the music..."

"I need to see whatcha got before I put you out with my customers. Strip, or hit the road!"

You want the job or not, Nattie?

This is totally different than the webcam, where I couldn't see my audience, or in the heat of the moment when I was with Danny. I know that my body is being evaluated like a side of meat and I don't like it. No woman would! I struggle to put myself in a sexy mood. Not happening!

I undo the buttons on my blouse, one at a time. Judd just sits there with that penetrating stare, and his arms wrapped around the back of the chair. His face remains expressionless as I slide off the blouse and drop it on the floor. It's warm in here, and a rivulet of sweat runs into my skimpy pink bra. The skirt is next - it comes off quickly when I undo the zipper on the side. I reach for the bra clasp and hesitate. Judd's face is still frozen like one of his hideous statues.

I don't know why, but instead of taking off the bra, I grab the panties by both sides and inch them down, scrutinizing his face for any sign of arousal. I let them fall around my ankles, step out with one leg, then kick with the other foot to launch them at Judd's face. Quick as a snake, his hand darts up to catch them. There's a glimmer of a smile.

I reach back, undo the bra and flip that at him as well. I should have known that the same trick wouldn't work twice - he just lets it hit him, then shrugs to shake it off on the floor.

He gets up from the chair and approaches me as I stand there in nothing but my heels and stockings. Hands behind his back and still expressionless, he leans toward me until his face is inches from my body, then he sinks down on his haunches, taking in every detail. He's staring at my crotch now, and I hear him inhale deeply through his nose. I realize that he's done this to other girls before and he's trying to make me as uncomfortable as he can, so I steel myself and take it. I wonder if he did this to Becca, and how she reacted?

He stands up and circles behind me. I keep my eyes resolutely forward, but I know he's going through the same drill because I can feel his warm breath on my flesh.

Finished with his examination, he turns the chair around the right way and sits down. "Not bad," he says.

Not bad? You son of a bitch!

Now a leer appears on his face. "One more thing. Come over here and give me a lap dance!"

I can just get dressed and slink out of here if I want to. But that's not why I came.

I stalk towards him as sensually as I can. He clasps his hands behind the chair and raises his crotch to me. I step forward and straddle him, then inch down slowly until I'm brushing against him. Every nerve in my body is screaming for me to get out of there. But I won't give him the satisfaction!

I gyrate my hips against the cloth of his trousers. The wool tickles my genitals and is vaguely arousing. My breasts are an inch from his face. He's still grinning as he looks up into my eyes. Unexpectedly his arms erupt from behind the chair to clasp me behind my back, pulling my nipple to his mouth! I almost bolt then, but I recover, then slowly move my breasts back and forth across his face.

He lets me service him that way for a minute, then pulls my head down to kiss me on the mouth. He pushes his tongue inside. He tastes neutral, but the sick sweet smell of alcohol is on his breath - it makes me want to gag. I hesitate, but then I remember the dancer outside who I saw kissing a customer, so I kiss him back. He enjoys it for a moment, then lets me go, moving his hands to my hips and pushing me off his lap. I step away from him as he rises from the chair.

"Come over here," he says, moving toward the hideous carved desk.

I follow him. My foot catches on a bump beneath the Oriental rug, and I nearly pitch forward on my face, but I manage to recover. The desk is huge, about six feet by three, with a polished wood top covered with papers and file folders. There's a crystal decanter containing an amber liquid and three matching tumblers sitting on a teakwood tray.

Judd sweeps the papers off onto the floor, creating a clear space. "Lie down on your back and spread 'em." His hands move to his belt buckle.

"No."

"What did you say?"

"I said no. I'm auditioning for a job as a dancer, not as a whore!"

"You're auditioning for a job to do whatever the hell I tell you to! Now lay down on the desk!"

"No!"

His hands leave his belt and he stalks towards me, glaring angrily, but when I remain where I am and glare back, he slowly breaks into a smile. "OK," he says. "That's exactly right. You want to make extra money hooking on the side, that's fine by me. But in my club, you make no deals for sex with the customers. You want to go home with a customer, you don't mention money while you're on the property, either inside or in the parking lot."

All business now, he sits behind the desk and removes a folder from a drawer. "Take that and fill it out after you get dressed. You can use that table over there. Then you can go to the locker room behind the stage. Ask Nan to get you a rig and put you on a pole. She'll fill you in on the rest."