

# Becoming a Vegas Stripper - Prologue + Part 1

**For Anonymous**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

I looked up to the glittering, neon Las Vegas sign as the greyhound bus drove down the strip. Everybody else was pressed up against the windows in awe, tourists taking photos, as well as a handful of jaded gamblers muttering to themselves and fiddling with good luck charms. They say what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, though that was rarely true; for me though it was my last hope.

The recession had hit me hard, I'd gone from a nice, middle class living working a boring but well paying office job to nothing almost overnight. I'd managed to scramble up a new job after a few weeks, not as well paying but enough, only to lose that within a few months, and the next one and the one after that.

Each time I would take a pay cut until the only places I could get hired were entry level fast food jobs where my colleagues were college kids, sometimes even highschool kids. I burned through my money faster than I could earn it no matter how hard I tried to save, seven dollars an hour just wasn't a livable wage.

When I had finally come up short on rent one too many times, that had been it. I was officially homeless with no hope of finding a new place with my current income. Plenty of other people would have fallen into despair but not me, I had never been the type to give up easily. I'd worked my ass off all my life and I refused to let it be for something.

There had to be some way, some industry I could worm my way into that was recession proof. Sure I could scrounge my way back up the ladder again now that the country was on the up and up but the idea of this happening again was too much to bear. No, I wanted something that would support me for life. Perhaps that same desire was what was bringing these gamblers to town with me but I wouldn't be joining them at the slots.

Gambling for a living was too high risk, even for me. While my plan left a lot of things to chance it was still better than leaving my fate in the hands of one of those (likely rigged) slot machines. The bus pulled up outside the MGM Grand and I hopped off, here was as good as any. Instead of heading into the casino and hotel though I made my way down the strip to one of the many booths that sold tickets to events and shows held nightly.

I came to the city of sin to find my fortune and in order to do that, I needed to find a witch.

In all my research there was one industry that seemed to be recession proof and that was sex. People, regardless of their situation, would always want sex. Strip clubs, show girls and escorts weren't out of the job when the crisis hit, if anything their business went up as people hit rock bottoms and decided one last good lay was what they wanted to spend their final dollars on.

Male pride is worth a lot to most guys but not to me. If oiling myself up for a bunch of horny spectators paid the bills it was well worth my dignity honestly. There was just one problem; I was an average joe, brown hair, brown eyes, decently handsome face but nothing special. Nobody was going to hire me to even be a background dancer in Magic Mike, even if I could dance.

No, the fact of the matter was, women were more wanted, more desired and that was when I fell down the rabbit hole of strange, supposedly fake, transformation stories. I'd found a few posts online from men claiming to have been transformed into women by vengeful witches. Most people thought they were just sexy stories to titillate; hell, it was a kink I had secretly harboured myself since I was a teenager; partly because I knew damn well they were true.

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It had been almost two decades since that fateful night but I still remember it vividly. I'd been nineteen, not even old enough to drink when a bunch of my buddies decided they wanted to sneak into a Las Vegas strip show. We were young, dumb and in possession of far too much disposable income since most of us were still living off our parents. So we'd hopped on a bus to the city of sin, purchased some fake IDs and decided to make the most of it.

Simon had been our ring leader back then, cocky, rich and a hell of a lot of fun. Even I knew he was a bit of a brat, but I'd still considered him my friend; even if the guy had never been told no in his life. Maybe that was why I stayed quiet when he started getting a little too handsy with the performers at one of the show's after parties. The girls had been parading around in leotards and fishnets, so Simon said they were just asking to be touched.

They disagreed.

Security had thrown us out naturally but Simon didn't want to quit. He'd insisted we sneak back in and I, being the meek little idiot I was, followed him. When we made our way to the dressing room though I'd lost my nerve just in time to make it out the door before Simon got caught pilfering a pair of panties.

I'd watched from my hiding place behind the door as one of the dancers walked in and confronted him and then, to my shock and awe, clicked her fingers and transformed my friend before my very eyes. Simon, the rich boy, became Simone the stripper in a matter of seconds. With the bust and a ditzy personality to match.

A better friend would have tried to stop it, or offered to help him after but not me. Back then I was a coward, so I ran. Nobody else seemed to remember Simon after that, nobody but me. Perhaps it was because I witnessed the transformation, I couldn't be sure. Either way, the last time I saw him, or rather her, was right before we left. She was doing a can can, performing up on stage with a wide happy smile.

That had been a lifetime ago; sometimes I wondered if she was still performing; most of the time I just tried not to think about it. As I walked along the strip I looked at the posters advertising various shows, all showing smiling, well endowed women blowing kisses and bearing their chests. Was Simone still here, living this life? Maybe I would finally see her again after all, that was my plan.

I was going to piss off a witch and get myself transformed into a sexy female performer.

## Part 1

I took a deep breath as the man in the booth swiped my card, doing my best not to sigh in relief when it was accepted. My bank account was dwindling buying tickets to so many shows and lounges but it was the only way I could think of to run into a witch. Not only was my money limited but my options were dwindling; I'd already been banned from five casino floors for 'inappropriate behaviour toward female staff'.

I felt a little bad leering and copping a feel at random women but it was the only way I knew to get the attention of the witch. The one I'd seen transform Simon had been teaching him to walk in women's shoes, so I had to be a dick. It was the only way.

I lined up with the rest of the ongoers and funnelled my way into the casino showroom. It was an older place, the sort of hotel that had once been considered five stars but had fallen to four through disrepair. The curtains were just that bit less glossy, the chairs a bit more worn than was acceptable in a fancier establishment, and there was a layer of dust on the chandeliers that told me they hadn't held real candles in years.

It was still nicer than most hotels in the country but when surrounded by the opulence that was the Vegas strip it seemed downright shabby. I crossed my fingers and sat down, eyes glued to the stage as if I could somehow sense which of the women who walked out could be 'the one'.

As the spotlight bathed the stage in a warm glow, I marvelled at the women who glided across the floor in their elaborate costumes, shimmering under the bright lights, all their sequins and feathers made them almost look like exotic birds.

Their bodies were mesmerising, each movement executed with precision. Their smiles were inviting, bright red lips that drew patrons in; I could almost feel every man in the room imagining what it would be like to kiss them. Not me though, I was fantasising about having them. All those women up there, all they had to do was show off their bodies and they were set for life! Soon that would be me; hopefully.

What would it feel like under the heat of those stage lights, getting progressively more and more naked as men cheered me on? Maybe I would keep my panties on so they could be stuffed with bills and let a few men cop an extra feel. How many nights had I stayed up, touching myself imagining what it would feel like to have tits of my own?

With every twirl and every twinkle of sequins, the performers shed their outfits piece by piece until they were practically performing in their underwear. Each movement designed to entice, a dark haired woman with vibrant green eyes in the centre of the stage met my gaze and winked. Lowering herself to the floor to squash her tits against the shiny wooden stage. She rolled, the leotard splitting in half and revealing her full naked body as she stood once more. The crowd roared and so did I.

I'd gotten so caught up in imagining what it must feel like to be up on stage I'd almost forgotten my act. I began to wolf whistle, yelling just that little bit too loudly. I could see people in the crowd giving me the side eye; judging this obviously desperate guy here alone yelling at the woman on stage.

I made myself as noticeable as possible, standing, adding an extra drunken swagger to my gait even though I was sober as a priest.

"Take it off the rest of ya!" I yelled, cheering when the rest of the girls followed the first. "Look at those milkers woood!!"

"Shut up, dude." Somebody near me hissed.

"Nah, slutty girls like that love this sort of thing!" I yelled before turning back to the stage. "Any of you ladies want to come back to my room after? I'll pay ya all well!"

I was acting like a complete jerk and I could see the hatred in the women's eyes. Personally, I thought it was a bit hypocritical. I knew I was being a dick about it but really, getting into this sort of job being talked down to just came with the territory. Hell, I wanted to get into it myself and I knew exactly what I would be asking for.

The women continued their routine, shimmying their chests from side to side, making the tassels attached to their nipples spin and I cheered. The rest of the room was quiet now, those inviting smiles were forced or gone entirely, replaced with scowls. The dark haired woman who had grinned at me before was now staring daggers. If looks could kill I would certainly be dead.

Then I felt the familiar sensation of a hand on my shoulder. A burly security guard was grabbing me from behind, lips pressed in a thin line. He was buff, the sort of guy who probably lived at the gym in his off hours. If I looked like him I could probably become a male stripper no problem. Not that I found that idea at all appealing; what was the point of performing naked if you didn't have bits that jiggle?

"I think you should leave, sir." He said seriously.

Why do they always say it as if you had any other choice. For a moment I considered continuing, really emphasising my douche behaviour but I didn't want to risk getting punched by a guy twice my size. I let him lead me out all while silently begging the needed witch to appear and curse me. She didn't though, and I was back on the street with no transformation. Again.

“Dammit.” I hissed.

If I didn't get myself transformed into a big titted bimbo soon I will have lost everything! I didn't bother checking my wallet or bank account online, I knew it was dangerously low. What was I going to do? I paced up and down the street trying to think of a new plan, clearly this one wasn't working.

I looked forlornly up at the five star hotels that lined the strip. I could see a young blonde woman in one of the windows being treated to a dinner that probably cost more than my rent by a man with dark hair. My heart ached; that was the life I wanted, being wined, dined and yes, fucked, by rich men. All a girl needed to make it in this world of gambling and sin was a pretty body and some skills in bed. Then it was just a matter of finding a benefactor. Or as the kids called them today, a sugar daddy.

The sound of a door opening made my ears twig and I turned to see a side door to the hotel I was outside. A woman half dressed in show girl attire took a deep drag of a cigarette and sighed. She didn't meet my eye as she puffed the cigarette in a hurry before running back inside, probably heading for another show. Suddenly I remembered Simon, he'd done more than just be rude, he'd crossed a line.

It was time I did the same.

Ignoring the squirming guilt in my gut I slipped inside after the woman, sticking to the dark. I found myself in a dressing room, costumes and make-up littered a number of tables. Perfect; now all I had to do was get caught and hope the woman who noticed me was a witch. I didn't want to think about what would happen to me if she wasn't; probably a police report and a night in the jail cell.

I began rifling around as loudly as I could, taking care to step on every floorboard that looked even remotely squeaky. I grabbed a random bra and held it up; it was huge and still padded. For a moment I found myself distracted with thoughts of what it would be like to walk around everyday with boobs that huge.

A moment was all it took.

“You!”

I spun around to see the dark haired woman from the stage looking at me. She was back in her leotard, arms across under her breasts looking unimpressed.

“Oh hi.” I replied lamely, “um...”

*Please be a witch. Please be a witch!*

“You’re that asshole from the audience.” She sneered.

“I’m not an ass!” I lied, “You get all dressed up and naked, you’re asking for it. I just came here to get some compensation since I didn’t get to finish watching!”

I shook the bra in the air and watched the woman’s face twist in anger.

*Come on...*

“You have no idea what it’s like to walk in our shoes, do you?”

“High heels?” I replied dumbly, I’d only imagined it a thousand times. “No way, that’s pussy shit.”

“Maybe you should get a taste of your own medicine!”

*Yes!!!*

The woman reached out a finger and I felt an invisible force punch into my chest hard enough that I stumbled back. It was a fight to keep the smile off my face; it was actually happening! I could feel a strange tingling sensation spreading through my entire body before it focused in my chest, right around my nipples to be precise.

The sensation grew as did my best. I could feel them inflating almost like balloons but much heavier than that. Beautiful little teardrop shapes were forming on my chest. I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling and prayed that the witch thought I was trying to hold back tears. My new breasts grew to the size of small melons but then to my disappointment stopped. Simple B cups, nothing impressive...yet.

My shirt spun itself into something new, I could feel the scratch of cheap, glittery fabric against my now sensitive skin and tassels hanging from the centre of the cups on my new bra. I was in a performance bra; sparkly and gaudy. Still, without the giant melons the other women I’d seen on stage possessed it just wasn’t as impressive.

Luckily, my disappointment didn't last long because there were other parts of my body changing for me to enjoy. Like the growing of my hips into a beautiful, if somewhat exaggerated pear shape. My ass seemed to grow twice as much as my tits, turning peachy and taut with a lot of extra bounce. I hopped from side to side, testing the jiggle under the guise of panic; it felt wonderful!

“Ooooooh...” I moaned, trying very hard not to sound like I was enjoying this quite as much as I was.

“Soon you’ll get to see what life is like.” The witch hissed and I pulled my best helpless expression.

My thighs grew to accommodate the new weight of my butt, pushing my jeans to the absolute limit before they finally disintegrated into fibres that respun into a pair of short booty shorts that only just covered my ass. They were cheap looking showgirl style, with sequins and a ribbon stitch down the side to show off my legs and sides. It was wonderfully trashy, even better than I had hoped!

I felt all the skin on my body turning smooth and the thick, male hair fell from my legs leaving long, sensual limbs behind. My toes turned pink and sweet looking, with smooth heels that were quickly adorned in a pair of hot pink stilettos.

That only left my shoulders and face; the first I felt smooth, turning sloped. The latter was far more involved. I felt my lips plumping, my cheekbones sharpening and my chin rounding over. I couldn't keep back a sigh of relief as the five o'clock shadow on my face fell away, scattering into the air and disappearing entirely before hitting the floor.

A scratchy feeling formed under my hair and I moved my long, now manicured, fingers through the fluffy mess atop my head. I let out a soft gasp as I felt it growing, turning a bright, almost unnatural shade of red as it flowed down my shoulders. I turned to face my reflection in one of the many mirrors dotted about the room. My hair looked like a beautiful lava flow heading down a mountain of bronzed skin.

“Oh my-ahhhh!” I cried out in shock as I felt my cock and balls beginning to shrink. The prominent bulge at the front of my tight shorts slowly receded as my new pussy formed.

Fuck, this was so hot. I'd told myself I had mostly sought out this change for money but I'd be lying if it didn't turn me on a bit. Okay, more than a bit, a fuck tonne to be exact. My stupid, useless cock and balls disappeared back up into my body and I felt my inside



rearranging, forming into a womb and a deep, wet passage that flowered into a pretty pussy between my legs.

I turned back to my reflection, delight blooming in my chest. Still, I couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed; my body was beautiful and feminine to be sure, the hair was especially luscious but I wasn't quite as...curvy as I would have liked. Where were the giant tits, the bubble butt? I felt far too average and I wasn't exactly in a position to get a boob job to improve my figure. For work purposes, obviously.

"What have you done to me?" I asked, keeping my eyes wide and my expression horrified.

Oh my *voice!*

It was lilting and musical, with a husky edge and a slight southern accent. Immediately it brought to mind a little girl with big dreams coming to Vegas in order to make something of herself only to end up a chorus girl. Just the thought made a shiver go down my spine.

"Gave you a punishment befitting your crimes." The witch grinned.

"W-will I ever turn back?" I asked nervously.

*Please say no.*

"That depends."

*Dammit!*

The witch had a sly smile on her face,

"If you can refrain from indulging in anything too naughty you should be fine but the more you do the more womanly you will become." She said with glee.

It was all I could do to stop from jumping for joy; I could look even more feminine? Good by itty, bitty titty club! Hello giant milkers!

"Oh noooooo." I moaned dramatically, just in time for the rest of the witch's troupe to file in from the stage.

“There you are Sara.” One greeted before meeting my eye. “Who's this?”

“Oh this?” The witch, Sara, smiled. “This is Ginger, she's our new girl. Just starting work tonight. She's about to go out on the floor and serve drinks.”

“Ginger?” The other woman sneered, nobody was named Ginger these days unless they were s tripper.

I loved it. A new name for a new life. Sara was looking at me with a triumphant, expectant expression on her face. She wanted to see how I was going to react; fortunately, this was a scenario I had lived out in my mind many times by now. I squirmed, enjoying the feeling of my new body shifting.

“Oh um...yes that's me.”

“Go on now Ginger,” Sara smiled, taking me by the shoulder and thrusting a silver tray into my hands, we all have to work the bar to start with. Once you've attended a few practice sessions I am sure you'll make it up on stage.”

I'd been a woman all of five seconds and I already had a job! Brilliant! Sara thought she was torturing me; making me do menial waitress jobs and threatening me with dancing on stage like a whore. Little did she know that was exactly what I wanted. I pouted my new, full lips and hugged the tray to my (disappointedly small) chest, as if I were ashamed of it.

“And remember,” Sara whispered as we entered the club, “if you act like a little slut, that body will only get worse for you.”

*Better you mean.*

As she whispered in my ear I felt something more than just hot breath. It was another wave of that strange magical force, but this time it was soft, almost sensual. I could feel tendrils of it sinking into my mind and immediately I felt strange new temptations forming.

She was altering me, making me want to indulge but leaving plenty of free will to fight it. That way, when I did finally give in, I could still only blame myself. Jokes on her, I didn't need any influence at all to make me act like a harlot; a bigger bust was all the incentive I

needed. An excited shiver ran down my spine and Sara giggled devilishly, clearly mistaking it for fear before giving me a slap across the rump and foisting me onto the club floor.

All of a sudden the reality of my new life hit me; this was it! Time to seal the deal. I took a few wobbly steps in my heels before I let instinct take over; I let my hips sway, stretching out one long leg directly in front of the other like a model as I began to strut. It felt right, powerful almost and I made my way to the bar to collect drinks. I felt pleasure burn inside me as men grinned, looking me up and down as I wound my way through the tables. Their attention, even the attention of other women set a fire inside me.

I'd never realised how nice it felt to have a man's gaze on me. I had been straight as an arrow up until a few minutes ago. Maybe it was the magic, maybe I just finally let go of any toxic masculinity that kept me from experimenting. Either way, when an older, drunk, gentleman leaned over and groped at my ass; I let him.

His firm hand on my butt felt wonderful and I couldn't help but moan as I felt my cheeks swell a little; my 'punishment' for being a dirty little whore. Or at the very least acting like one.

Excited, I continued; letting men's hands and even a few women's touch me as the night went on. Each time I let it happen my body shifted, the changes were small, far too small for my liking but they were still there. By the time the club closed in the early hours of the morning I'd gone up half a cup size and Sara was grinning like the Cheshire cat.

"So, did you enjoy getting groped by strangers, hm? Do you feel like you were asking for it?"

"Yes." I replied honestly, slightly breathy.

Sara seemed surprised before she composed herself once more.

"Maybe it seems fun for one night but we'll see how you feel next week, after spending all day every day in dance rehearsals, performing then working the floor."

I wonder how much all that paid? It didn't matter, it sounded like so much fun! Way more entertaining than my boring old office job! If I was going to work for less, I may as well do something fun. It certainly beat working at a supermarket.

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It's funny, when you're a boring person every day can drag so slowly. In my first week as a woman I had never felt so exhilarated, the time just seemed to fly. Sara wasn't kidding about it being hard work though, but at least it was work, with pay. Fun work at that!

Since I had nowhere to stay (Sara took delight in knowing I couldn't even get a hotel room since I didn't have any ID and my name no longer matched my card), I slept in the dressing room on a makeshift bed. It was comfortable but it did mean I was always on time for early morning rehearsals. Sara smoothed things over with the club owner and soon I had several snazzy, skimpy outfits to call my own and a handful of dance routines to memorise for each.

Dancing had never held much interest for me, like most guys, but now I could see why women adored it. To have parts of you move independent of your main frame is just...so fun. It felt so good to have my ever growing butt and breasts bouncing along as I mastered the moves.

Of course I was still letting men grope and grab me each night I worked as a waitress, so my feminine psychic was steadily growing. It was still nowhere near what I needed though. I needed truly huge tits; the perfect, most desirable body possible if I was ever going to enact the second part of my plan, being transformed was only the beginning.

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The stage lights came on and I leapt out on stage with seven other women in matching sparkling mini skirts and bras. We spun batons and cheered, waving American flags as we started our first routine for the night.

I shook my ass from side to side, enjoying the weight of it as I shimmered across the stage. The crowd cheered and I felt myself glow with delight. The stage lights were hot on my bronzed skin, I could feel my body start to sweat as the routine worked up but I'd sealed all my makeup to make sure it wouldn't run.

The others in the routine filed in front of me as we practised and I found myself at the back of the stage in the kick line. I enjoyed it here for the most part. I raised my legs high, flashing my panties and fishnets with a wide smile, scanning the crowd only to be disappointed; all eyes were on Sara at centre stage.

A hunger filled me, I needed attention, I wanted to be admired and more than that, desired. I continued to dance, revelling in the few seconds I could to move closer to the middle of the stage and people started to look at me.

Slowly I began to strip off with the rest of the girls but once again, nobody was looking my way. I wasn't curvy enough yet, I was too plain and that just would not do. I could feel Sara's magic urging me forward, it would be hard to resist but luckily for me, I had no desire to do so.

I followed my new instinct, stripping down to nothing far faster than the routine called for and pushing Sara out of the way.

I stood, spread open like a star fish in the middle of the centre spotlight, bare for all to see before I began to do my own dance. I let my body make the decisions, moaning loudly as I felt my hips widen slightly in response. My reward. The crowd was cheering, some were laughing at my cohort who had stopped dancing now; it was just me, all alone with everybody's undivided attention.

I spun on my toes and dropped to the ground, crawling along the stage slowly like a cat, long fingers extended as I reached over the stage to cup a patrons chin. The man was young, slightly drunk and desperate; a perfect mark. Our eyes met and I could see his own hands twitch and I grinned at him and gave a nod.

He reached up and cupped both my breasts and I shivered; these were the first hands besides my own that had touched this new body. It was so much more intense, no wonder women loved having their breasts touched. I wanted him to squeeze harder but I never got the chance to ask before security came and pulled us apart. Sara dragged me backstage where the club manager was waiting, his face red and teeth bared in rage.

"What the hell are you doing, Ginger?" He yelled, "This is an adult lounge, not a strip club! Men get to look, not feel."

"So...girls can feel?" I replied dumbly, the manager's face went a deeper shade of plum.

"Nobody can feel! We have a reputation up uphold for fuck's sake you damn slut!"

I shivered at the notion of being a slut; I hadn't even had sex yet but I was curious as hell.

"One more chance." The manager thrust a fat finger at me in a threatening manner, "Or you're out of here, no reference!"

I nodded and gazed over his shoulder at Sara who was smiling like a cat that got the cream. In her mind, I'd be doomed if that happened; no identity, no reference, no way to get more work or even prove who I was. I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling; being nobody was the point.

The next few days were torture; not because of the work or the skimpy outfits but because I had to act like I didn't like them. It was a hard line to toe; looking like I was fighting off my instincts while also indulging enough that Sara thought I was losing. If she knew this was what I wanted, she might change me back and that would be the real punishment.

Ever since the first night my pussy formed I'd wanted to test it out properly. Before the change I'd been planning on finding myself a nice lesbian to get with for the first time, to ease into sex with something familiar. But I wasn't totally immune to Sara's magical influence and any reservations I had about sleeping with men were now gone. Replaced with hunger.

Still, I couldn't just jump into bed with the first guy I saw; I needed to build up my performance skills so that when I inevitably got fired for indecent behaviour I would be able to move on to phase two. But after a few weeks the temptation was starting to become unbearable.

My body had changed now to be lovely and curvy, double D breasts and a decent ass, but I wasn't yet perfect, I knew sex is what I needed to take things to perfection. Double D breasts were actually not as big as most people thought. And I wanted truly huge melons; if I was going to live as a woman I may as well do it *right*.

Another perfect performance, another night of sore feet as I danced and then served drinks while subtly letting patrons feel me up. Then I felt something new, something small and scratchy against my skin as a man ran his fingers over my breasts; he'd tucked a piece of paper into my cleavage. When I got a moment I removed it and felt a thrill pass through me; a phone number...along with a room in the hotel above the lounge.

The invite was clear; how could I resist? The idea that I already had men throwing themselves at me made me wet and hot. How easy this was! I didn't even wait for my shift to end, I slipped out into the hotel, making my way to the elevator still in my leotard and heels, sparkling stockings shimmering under the harsh hotel lights.

I tried not to appear too eager as I rapt on the door but failed miserably, the man who opened the door was the business type; with a suit that looked like it had been loosened through the night and some five o'clock shadow that would likely be gone in the morning.

"Only thirty minutes wait, you must have liked me." The man grinned, I decided not to tell him I'd been too focused on his touch to take in what he looked like.

He waved me inside and poured me a flute of champagne from a fresh bottle which I took with a charming smile. The room was expensive, so was the drink and for a moment I saw a flash of the future I had been dreaming of. I could feel it, this was it, the turning point.

"So what's your rate?" He asked, "I'd like to get down to business."

He thought I was a hooker; excitement and arousal flooded my system.

“Two hundred.” I said confidently, like I did this all the time.

The man looked me up and down.

“One fifty.”

“One eighty.”

“Deal.”

He opened his wallet and laid several bills on the table, an extra twenty slightly to the side.

“Tip,” he explained, “if you prove you're really worth two hundred for a lay.”

Oh I would be; I had no reason to hold onto any inhibitions anymore, I could be as dirty as he wanted. In this economy, my dignity was worth twenty dollars. I downed the champagne so fast the bubbles burned my throat but I didn't care. The weak alcohol warmed me from the inside, giving me the tiny kick of liquid courage needed to get rid of any last hesitation.

The man sat back in a plush armchair, legs spread with an expectant look on his face and I stepped slowly toward him. I tugged at the straps that held the leotard in place and let it fall to the ground and pool around my feet before stopping right in front of him.

Slowly and as sensually as I could I began to remove his clothes, sliding the jacket from his shoulders and unbuttoning the silk shirt; making sure to bend over and kiss his chest each time. My ass got further and further into the air the lower down I moved. I made myself almost reverent; like he was the most important man in the world. Eventually I reached his pants and was forced to slide onto my knees between his spread legs and unbuckled his belt.

I could tell he was eager, he even helped me get him naked before he sat himself back on his throne. I thought sucking a man off would be harder, that when the reality of the act hit me I would hesitate or feel some sort of residual masculine pride but I didn't. If anything I felt excited as I took him in my mouth. I had the home team advantage; I knew exactly what felt good from personal experience.

I swirled my tongue, swallowing him as deep as I could before bobbing back up and running the tip of my tongue along his slit. In a matter of minutes he was shuddering, pulling

me away before he came. As I pulled back I stared up at his face, flushed with dilated eyes, and felt a sense of accomplishment I hadn't gotten close to in years. This felt good, acting like a whore; it felt right.

The man lifted me up, sliding my sparkling stockings off as we went and lifted me onto his lap. He wasn't slow or gentle; after all, he thought I did this all the time. He had no idea that in a way he was taking my virginity. For a moment I lost my composure; I felt him penetrate me in one strong thrust all the way to the deepest part of my new pussy. My vision whited out for a second and then a warm burn and pleasure began to build as he gripped my hips and I began to move.

It didn't take me long to recover, perhaps Sara's magic was giving me the instincts I needed but I began to ride hard and fast, rhythmically squeezing his cock inside me almost like I was trying to milk the seed out. He was cumming far too soon, but I still managed to keep him hard inside me long enough to finish.

Orgasming as a woman was...something else, and not just because I could feel my body transforming further as it happened. There was that same rush I was used to as a man but then the pleasure seemed to spread through my whole body and I could feel all my muscles tightening in response until finally, I turned limp. Even then, my pussy throbbed with aftershocks and a shiver ran down my spine.

The man gave a shaky breath and pulled me off his soft cock with some reluctance. We both leaned against one another for a moment before I finally stepped away with a wry smile and collected the full two hundred dollars laid out. The man chuckled but didn't stop me.

I took my time getting dressed, feeling the extra stretch in my stockings as I struggled to get them over my ass. It had grown more thanks to the sex, it was a miracle the stockings weren't tearing really. The leotard barely fit at all.

I'd gone up a full cup size, well above average now. And yet, they didn't sag with their weight. They were full round spheres that almost looked fake and I cupped them reverently with a wide grin. The man in the chair raised his eyebrows in appreciation; clearly thinking the display was for his benefit. Maybe I was imagining it but my hair felt softer and more luxurious too.

After finally squeezing my oversized tits into the leotard once more I stepped out of the hotel room feeling fresh and alive; more so than I had in years. I could have ridden that high for hours, days even; if Sara hadn't been standing outside the door with a smile that reminded me of a shark.