

## Dared to Dance

It wasn't until he took his second step through the backdoor behind the stage that Rich first realised this was a bad idea. His first step was full of the confidence only drunk frat boys could feel but, fun fact for those of you uninitiated, that confidence is not particularly long lasting when alone. The night had been going great, Rich and his fellow fraternity brothers had been enjoying the show at the local dive of a strip club, yelling and booing where they saw fit. It was his best mate Vic who dared him to sneak backstage and bring them back a bra as proof; it had sounded like a great idea at the time. Now that he was standing in the dark corner of the dressing room through, not so much.

Rich glanced around nervously, there didn't seem to be any security at least, only a dingy room filled with old mirrors and several racks of clothes. Well, considering how little skin most of the outfits covered calling them 'clothes' may have been a bit too generous. Finding a bra shouldn't be too difficult surely? The creaking of the floorboards was disguised by the thumping bass music from the other side of the wall where the stage no doubt was. All the girls were either performing, out serving drinks or taking private clients in one of their curtained off rooms but who knows how long he had until one of them returned.

He flipped through the hangers, seeing everything from lacy bodices to bundled leather straps, but no simple bras. They must keep them in here somewhere, judging by the outfits on display out on the floor. A cold dread filled his stomach at the thought that perhaps they were all being used, perhaps he could bring back that corset as proof instead? But there was no way he could subtly hide that; a pair of panties maybe?

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?"

Rich spun on his heels; the music may have hidden his footfalls but also the clacking of heels on the stripper before him. He recognised her; Goldie, he'd been watching her dance not long before sneaking back here; he'd boo'd when she refused to take off her faux leather top. Gone was the pleasant, crowd pleasing smile, replaced with one filled with wickedness and hunger. She sauntered toward him, twisting a long strand of her blonde hair between her fingers.

"A little mouse has been caught by the cat, so it seems." She purred and Rich felt his pride take over.

"I was just looking for a little private entertainment." He lied before scoffing, "But uh, no offence girly, you're not quite up to my standard."

That'll show her, how dare she compare him to something as meek as a mouse. Here is another thing, dear reader, you need to know about that frat boy confidence, most of it is an act. So when Goldie started toward him, completely unfazed by his comments Rich felt a cold sweat forming on the back of his neck.

“I think,” She smiled icily, “given what I overheard on stage. That you came back here to steal something as a pathetic prize.

He swallowed; she was so close now. Despite him having the size and muscle advantage there was something about the way Goldie smiled, the way she walked that made him feel off kilter.

“What you need is a little lesson in empathy.” She announced proudly, placing her hands on his shoulders, and giving them a powerful shove that pushed him back into a rickety seat.

Despite everything his cock twitched, could this be some sort of kinky roleplay? He could get down with that. His hopes were quickly dashed however when Goldie walked over to a dressing table and removed a shoebox, blowing off a layer of dust before opening it to reveal a pair of black heels.

“I do so love the rare occasion I get to use these.” She beamed, skipping back over to him and moving to remove his shoes. Had he been in his right mind Rich would have moved but he was so distracted by the image of this busty blonde between his legs his body froze in place. Looking at those strappy heels he felt like laughing, there was no way they would fit him yet somehow, when she slid them on they seemed to shift to perfectly enclose his foot. The straps tightened and a pulse of energy passed through him, making him gasp. He felt all the hair on his body stand on end, it felt as though energy was gathering in his feet and he watched as the skin began to warp and change.

A feeling similar to pins and needles flowed across his feet, shrinking and smoothing them as it moved before beginning to ascend up his body. He could only watch, mouth open in a shocked, silent scream. As he felt the wave move up his legs, he watched them change, hair thinning, legs thinning before thickening at his thighs. His jeans seemed to disintegrate as if by some invisible flame as it continued and he shivered at the cold hair on his bare skin. As the wave crept up from his legs Rich felt himself spasm in shock; his ass inflated becoming plump and round beneath him and raising him in his seat. That was nothing compared to the strange feeling going on between his legs though; he could feel his cock shrinking and balls disappearing, melting back into the smooth flesh of his crotch before a new hole began to form. Wet warmth spread from the hole, delicate folds forming on either side of it. His eyes could scarcely believe what he was seeing!

The wave showed no sign of stopping or giving him a break to come to terms with his new pussy though. No, it continued rising, smoothing his stomach before reaching his chest. Rich wasn't a complete idiot, he knew what was coming but still couldn't help but gape as what remained of his shirt disintegrated into nothing, giving him a full view of his rapidly expanding chest. Round, full breasts were growing at a rapid pace, with pert nipples already hard from the cold hair and lingering arousal from Goldie's show.

The wave increased in speed and Rich closed his eyes as the tingling sensation spread to his face. It was unnerving, feeling his lips plump and eyelashes elongate, even his hair was growing, he could feel it brushing against the naked slope of his back as he moved to stand.

“Wha-what?” The first words she ever spoke as a woman and they were completely pathetic. “What did-how did you-?”

“The how isn’t important darling.” Goldie waved with a start, “What’s important is what you need to do to change back.”

Rich gulped nervously, her new body was so delicate, Goldie could surely overpower her. She had no choice but to listen and obey, hoping Goldie would be true to her word.

“Kneel here. I will dress you.” She pointed to a spot on the floor and Rich acquiesced, feeling self-conscious about her new naked form. She could feel her ass and breasts bounce slightly as she moved, the feeling was so alien yet, so very nice.

Goldie approached with a set of red leather panties and bra made from a stiff, leather like material. Rich held out her hand to take them but it was slapped away.

“You don’t move unless I tell you.”

Goldie was firm, hooking the bra around Rich’s back a little too tightly so that her breasts were pushed up for maximum cleavage. Tiny golden tassels hung from where her nipples sat on the other side of the thin leather and she felt herself blush. Goldie ordered her to stand and she did so, legs apart ready to step into the panties but instead she felt the other woman press something smooth against her thigh.

“It’s very simple.” Goldie whispered as her fingers slipped up her new legs till they reached her pussy. “Finish the routine, without cumming. Then I will turn you back.”

Rich gasped as she felt that small object slip up inside her along with Goldie’s fingers before the latter retreated, leaving a small but pleasant stretching sensation behind as whatever it was settled against her inner walls. Only then did Goldie allow her to step into the leather panties. This was humiliating but what choice did she have? She would have to dance if she ever wanted to be Rich again.

Goldie took her by the shoulders, leading her to the wings of the stage; every step she took that object inside her shifted slightly, rubbing against her sensitive inner folds and making her shiver with desire. The gentle but constant touches started a low ember of lust inside her which she did her best to ignore.

“I don’t know how to dance.” Rich squeaked, nervous butterflies now filling her stomach as well.

“Don’t worry, you’ll figure it out.” Goldie replied, pressing something into her ear, “Just listen to me and I am sure you will do great.”

She didn’t have time to ask any further questions before the other woman shoved her out onto the stage as the deep bass of a new song began. Rich stumbled out onto the stage with a distinct lack of grace, almost falling over as she wobbled in her heels. There were both jeers and cheers from the crowd and she felt her cheeks burn pink. For a moment, she stood frozen, taking in the expectant crowd before snapping into gear. She had to dance or Goldie wouldn’t turn her back!

With a deep breath she put on her most charming smile and slowly began to sway her hips, twisting her legs together and she lowered to the floor before rising again, ensuring her round ass was well on display. An approving cry went up from the crowd and Rich felt her smile turn genuine. She began to strut, stopping every few steps to thrust out her chest or undulate her body, letting the music flow through her, guiding her movements. Each time she shifted she felt that thing inside her move slightly, sending a tingling sensation through her pussy.

*“Didn’t think I’d make it that easy, did you?”* Came a voice in her ear, Goldie.

Rich gasped as the object inside her began to vibrate, sending waves of pleasure up her body and forcing her mouth into a shocked O as she froze in shock.

*“Don’t stop dancing now,”* Goldie ordered, *“You have to finish the show remember.”*

Rich nodded in time with the music, continuing her dance down the runway trying hard not to think about the wonderful buzzing inside her. It was so tempting to squeeze her legs together, to tighten her hold on the vibrator just to see how it felt but it was too risky. Already she was getting hopelessly turned on and if she came before the song ended Goldie wouldn’t turn her back! She tried to focus on the music and cheering crowd but it was so hard, she stopped seeing the stage, all her focus slowly slipping to the feeling of her body and the building pleasure. She felt her nipples harden beneath the bra, poking the tassels out even further. She wanted to touch them so badly she couldn’t resist tweaking one under the guise of spinning the ribbons, much to the delight of the crowd and herself.

*“Get on the pole.”*

Rich had been so caught up she’d not registered the silver pole at the end of the runway. She’d never used one before, how did she even begin? Despite her reservations she obeyed, placing a hand on the poles slightly slicked surface and spinning around it, legs together at the base.

*"Jump up and squeeze your legs on it."*

She did so, surprised to find this body was more than capable of such feats. The pole was solid against her crotch and she let herself fall back; heavy breasts hanging down toward her chin as she hung upside down and the vibrator inside her squeezed by her inner muscles. She couldn't help but moan, jumping down from the pole only to be ordered to repeat the move. Each time she did the vibrator pressed against the deepest part of her pussy, it felt so good she wanted more.

*"You're so turned on right now, aren't you?"*

The music was building to a crescendo and her moves sped up with it. She pushed herself against the pole, letting it slide between the cleft of her ass, tipping her body forward so that she could feel the now warm metal between her folds.

*"You want to cum so bad." Her voice was husky, "But you know you can't, but it's so hard because you're so close."*

She was, she could feel her muscles coiling, the pleasure increasing with every sway of her hips and touch of the pole. It was building inside her.

*"You're not going to make it. It feels too good. You're going to cum aren't you? Because you're a bad girl who can't do what she's told."*

So close...she just had to hold on a little longer...

She was moaning, on her hands and knees, thrusting out her chest as she tossed her hair. A man her lust filled brain didn't recognise reach out, touching her breast and squeezing. A bolt of pleasure flowed from the spot straight to her core as the vibrator increased, violently rubbing against her G-spot. The vibration was so strong now she could feel it on her wet pussy lips as her insides tightened further.

*"You're not resisting anymore, are you? Go on then bad girl, cum."*

And she did. Right there on the stage in front of the crowd she came, hard. Pleasure exploded through her body like fireworks and the crowd cheered as she squirted right there on the stage, the

stranger's hands still on her tits. The song finally came to an end as she moaned, quivering as the vibrator continued to teasing out the orgasm as long as possible. Even after she had slumped across the stage, gasping for breath the vibration didn't stop. The pleasure was so intense she couldn't even stand. She lay across the stage, more hands joining to stroke along the curves of her new body.

*"Oh dear."* Goldie's voice was full of faux pity, *"I guess we'll just have to try again. Won't we?"*