Sissy stripclub slip up

Description

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Candy, they call me here. Sweet Candy with the tight pink dress that barely covers the tops of my thighs.

My hand wraps around the cool chrome.

The G-string rides up between my cheeks. I arch my back letting letting them see it.

The men whoop.

My pink sequins scatter light across the front row as I bare my small breasts, barely an A-cup to the men who are looking at me, objectifying me, their gaze sliding like baby oil over my hot little body

Suddenly I hear a voice.

Itâ??s Mystique, one of the older girls, who took an immediate disliking to me. Sheâ??s standing on the stage , her magnificent but artificial curves on display . All plastic stripper heels and pink micro bikini and round siliconed boobs and booty.

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She flicks her long , dyed blonde hair.

â??You all think little Candy here is quite the delicacy, donâ??t you? â??

She says

â??All smooth and soft andâ??â?• Mystiqueâ??s tongue traces her top lip. â??â??yielding.

â??But I happened to catch a look in the dressing room earlier, and let me tell you, boys.. .

â?¦ our sweet little Candyâ??s packing something extra underneath all that glitterâ?¦ .â?•

The men continue to stare. The bouncer by the door stops texting.

Iâ??m still on the pole. One leg hooked around chrome. Breasts on display . Every inch of me suddenly feels very exposed .

â??Between those pretty, milky thighsâ?¦ â??

Mystique says

â??â?¦ Show them. Or I will.â?•

My G-string feels so thin and Iâ??m suddenly very aware itâ??s barely covered by my skirt

I look at Mystique.

Why are you doing this?

The question must be written all over my face, because her smile flickersâ??

â??Youâ??re unnecessary competitionâ?•

Her hand moves to the G-string before my brain catches up.

The snap of elastic.

Someone gasps.

Someone else laughs.

And then Mystique steps back, her work done, her smile firmly back in place and Iâ??m standing on that stage with my little caged clit on display.

â??See?â?• Mystique smirks and addresses the room, arms spread wide like a ringmaster.

â??Our Candyâ??s like a kinder egg. She contains a suprise toy.

My knees start to buckle.

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But thenâ??

The strangest thing happens.

Someone claps.

A slow clap, from the back of the room, building into a scatter of applause that

â??Didnâ??t see that coming.â?• Says a voice, stifling a laugh .

And the DJâ?? whoâ??s been spinning tracks cuts the music.

His voice crackles through the PA

â??Candyâ??s got an extra special dance for you boys. Itâ??s extra special so that means extra tips, make sure you cough up you tight cuntsâ?•

Mystique goes very still.

Her head swivels toward the DJ booth, and the look on her faceâ?? says she expected something very different to happen when she exposed meâ??

But the DJ is already queuing up another track and

Iâ?¦

I continue my dance



Category

1. Uncategorized

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