

Family Strip Club:

Doctor Elizabeth Sterling had seen her last patient for the day. The psychiatrist was organizing the papers on her desk and getting ready to go home for the day when her door opened.

"Um, Dr. Sterling?" her receptionist said, looking anxious.

"Yes, Alicia?" Elizabeth tried not to give her a pained look, even though the business day was over and she was tired.

"Um, Mayor Jean is here to see you."

"Mayor Jean?" Elizabeth sat back in her chair, then quickly thumbed through her smart phone daily planner. "Did she have an appointment?"

"No, Dr. Sterling, she, um, just walked in and said that she wants to talk to you."

'What the hell does Mrs Jean Moore, Mayor of Climax, want with me?' Elizabeth thought, sitting back in her chair and sighing with annoyance.

Mayor Jean was in her forties, not married and no kids but that didn't seem to affect her standing in the valley and she was in her third term. Her administration worked hard to bring economic prosperity to Climax plus she and the other Mayors around the country had done a lot in terms of bringing sex work from out of the shadows and made it something that women and girls could be proud of. She was instrumental in getting national laws passed that allowed women and girls to keep the money they made through sex work. One such law prohibited the male members of the family from taking money that the female members of the family had earned.

An important part of her job was to oversee and manage the strip joints, whorehouses, massage parlours, and sex shops in the city of Climax. A lot of people called her "Chief Pimp" when either addressing her or in correspondence but Mayor Jean didn't seem fazed by it.

"Should I show her in?" Alicia said timidly. Dr Sterling was a woman of strict routine and anything that disturbed the organised pattern of her day tended to irritate her, especially today: her husband had been laid-off for six months now and she needed to get home so that they could talk about the continuing financial consequences of him being laid-off and her as the sole bread winner.

"Yes, yes, show her in," Elizabeth snapped.

A smiling woman walked confidently into the office carrying a briefcase. "Doctor Sterling, so glad you could see me on such short notice," she said brightly, "and especially so late in the day."

She smiled as she extended her hand and Elizabeth rose from her desk and shook it briefly. "To what do I own this visit?"

"May I?" The Mayor waved at the chair in front of the desk.

"Oh, yes, please," Elizabeth said as she sat down.

"Well, doctor, as you know, part of my responsibilities is managing the various clubs and strip joints around the city." Elizabeth nodded her head. "School is starting again and we are ramping up our sex operations around the city. My office is busy recruiting and hiring women for positions at the whorehouse, Young Girl club, even some of the male clubs. "

Elizabeth squirmed in her seat but didn't say anything. She knew that the Mayor had done a lot for the women in the community but her role as 'Chief Pimp' had always made her feel uncomfortable. At the start of each school year the Mayor's office recruited willing women over the age of seventeen to fill the vacancies in the clubs and such. That meant Mayor Jean had to recruit women into the sex trade which, as far as Elizabeth was concerned, made her and other female Mayors around the country, pimps.

"One of the more popular clubs is the Family Strip Club," the Mayor continued.

Elizabeth nodded, her professional concerns rising: yes, she was seeing several women at her practice who had worked at the club last school year but weren't any more. These women had self-esteem issues, lacked confidence in their personal life and some of them had been body-shamed by other female workers at the club.

"So you're looking for women to fill the vacancies?" she asked, trying to keep the disapproval out of her voice. She felt very uncomfortable: her female patients worked hard for their money but with the sex trade came mental health issues.

"Well, no, we don't seem to have a problem filling vacancies at the club. It's a very popular club as you know and the mothers and daughters who work there make a lot of money."

Elizabeth nodded. She was born and bred in the valley and at the age of thirty-eight years-old, she knew everything about the valley. She had especially loved the Young Girl club growing up and her mother worked the male strip joints out on the edge of the valley. They were never wanting for money with her dad and mother working. In fact, it was her mother who gave her money for her visits to the Young Girl. But once she turned seventeen she took off for college to the UK, attending one of the more popular psychiatrist schools in London. Over the years her personal view had changed and she had come to disapprove of women and girls working in the sex business because she saw sex work as degrading to the female population of the country. Ironically as she looked at the Mayor the thought occurred to her that at least a female was running the program and not a male.

"So what can I do for you then?" she asked leaning forward in her chair.

"Well, as you know, we have had several issues at the club last year involving women."

"Five issues as I recall," Elizabeth added.

"Yes, five issues. As you can realize that was bad for business. It

brought unwanted scrutiny from the state and the national government. We prefer to handle things in-house, if you know what I mean."

Yes Elizabeth knew what the Mayor meant. She lamented the fact that there was no mental health support for women and girls who worked the sex trade and that usually led to problems of jealousy as they tried for the affections of the fathers and sons in the club, or even between the mothers and daughters working the club. What mother wouldn't be jealous of her daughter as she did a slow lap dance for her father, and then at home, have to put up with the quick glances and little giggles between them.

Elizabeth took a guess. "So you would like to hire me to evaluate the women at the club?"

"Well, um, yes."

"That's flattering Mayor but, I may not be the best qualified. I don't necessarily agree with the sex work that women and girls are involved in. A woman's worth is not measured by the amount of money she earns through sex work."

"Well there are a lot of ways to measure the worth of woman, being a sex worker is just one of many." The Mayor said carefully, and then paused. "Plus I think you realize that most the women and girls working my clubs make more money in a year than you do in your practice."

That maybe true thought Elizabeth but at least mine is a legitimate business.

"Regardless, having you on staff would be a big help to the mental health of the women and girls who do work at the club."

"I don't know, Mayor, I mean, what about hiring Dr Swan or Dr Stone? They are more attuned to this sort of thing."

"I would but I have Dr Swan employed at the Young Girl and Meagan Stone? I just hired her for the whorehouse, with her daughter's permission of

course."

"Well, Mayor Jean I am sure there are others who would be more than happy to assist at the club."

Her voice had the tone of someone bringing a conversation to an end, but the Mayor persisted.

"We want you Doctor Sterling," she said firmly. "You are already seeing several mothers who worked there last year and you have a pretty good idea of the stresses the mothers and daughters are under."

"Like I said Mayor, I am flattered that you would consider me but no thanks." Elizabeth replied as she stood up. "Now if you please? It's the end of a long day and I really must be getting home."

Unmoved, Mayor Jean opened her handbag and pulled what looked like a check. The Mayor laid it on the desk and pushed it across to the doctor.

Doctor Sterling sat down and looked down at it. "What's this?"

"It's a check Dr Sterling. Made out to the amount of the past due mortgage on your house plus one year additional mortgage amount."

"What the hell?" Elizabeth glared at the Mayor.

"You can take it or leave it but we know that you are having some financial difficulty, well a lot of financial difficulty with your husband laid-off for six months now," The Mayor said, staring back at Elizabeth.

"That's none of your business or the city's business," Elizabeth replied, her voice rising as she locked eyes with the Mayor. How the fuck did she know anyway?!

"I know, doctor. But we really need your services at the club. The mental health of the women and girls who work there need to be looked after."

Elizabeth shook her head. "No, no way, I can't do it."

The Mayor softened her tone. "Look Dr Sterling, you help us, we help you. Take the check, pay your mortgage current and for the next twelve months, draw on it to pay your monthly mortgage. Then come work for me at the club for the next year, at least until the end of the school year."

Elizabeth licked her lips as she stared at the check. It would certainly bring the house current and there would be a lot left over that she wouldn't have to worry for at least a year.

"You won't find a better offer Dr Sterling," smiled the Mayor.

Fuck! thought Elizabeth. Her husband was laid-off six months ago and they only had enough saved to cover three months of expenses. His being unemployed caused the house payments to go ninety days past due. Fuck. Sweat had broken out on her upper lip.

Resigned Elizabeth asked, "Let's just say for the sake of argument that I take your offer. What do I have to do? Am I on your staff at the office? Would I meet with the women and girls here at this office?"

"Yes and no Dr Sterling. Yes, I need you in and among the women and girls at the club so I would hire you full time. I need you listening to them, watching them for any signs of problems that may cause bad publicity to the club. But no, we couldn't allow you to meet with them here, we would prefer that you meet with them at the club.

Elizabeth nodded her head. "If I did this, would I have an office at the club like Dr Swan at the Young Girl?" She had heard that Dr Swan had moved her practice into the Young Girl and that her business was booming. What she didn't agree with was that while she was there, Dr Swan mixed business and pleasure: Elizabeth considered that unprofessional.

"If you join the club we will work on getting you an office," the Mayor, smiling.

"So how would this all work?" Elizabeth asked as she leaned back in her chair.

"We, um, well, you will be embedded in the club. The only way to earn the trust and confidence of the mothers and daughters who work there..." she paused, trying to find the right words.. "is to be one of them."

"What? What do you mean be one of them?"

"You will join the club, filling out the paperwork, attending orientation and working there Saturday nights, at least at the start."

Elizabeth gasped. "Join the club? Like in joining up to be a sex worker?"

"It's the only way Dr Sterling. If I was to bring you on as an employee on my staff and asked you to walk around the club during business hours, none of the mothers and daughters would confide in you. You would be an outsider and not realize the kind of pressure that these women and girls are under. What I need you to be is a sex worker along side them. Experience what they go through, it's the only way."

Elizabeth's mind was reeling. "But a sex worker?" She could hardly believe what was happening.

"A voluntary sex worker. But you help us and we help you," the Mayor replied as she nodded at the check on the desk. "And the other thing is we would, um, we would issue a news release announcing your employment and enthusiastic participation as a sex worker at the club. We will mention how you value and support women and girls who voluntarily take jobs as sex workers."

"Um well, I don't know about that. That may hurt my business standing in the valley," Elizabeth replied, her eyes still drawn to the check.

The Mayor looked at her. "And of course by law we have to add that you

believe the measure of worth of adult women and young girls is the amount of money they can make off their body."

"You know I don't believe that," Elizabeth said more firmly.

The Mayor leaned forward. "You and I know that but the public doesn't.

"I don't know," Elizabeth replied, still looking at the check.

"Well, we did announce that Dr. Swan was working at the Young Girl and Dr. Stone was working at the Whorehouse and we mentioned the same thing in their press release and it didn't seem to affect their businesses."

Elizabeth didn't look convinced.

"If you come and work at the club you'll be giving free consultations to the women and girls there and the club would pay you a small stipend for your time of course."

"I work long hours here. I'm not sure I would be able to work two jobs," the doctor said desperately.

"It shouldn't be too much of a problem," the Mayor continued quickly, sensing Elizabeth's indecision. "You would start off working Saturday nights and as, um, as demand for your sexual services increase we would move you to full time Saturdays, so you see it really wouldn't affect your consultations during the week."

Elizabeth looked up at the Mayor in thought, and Jean smiled. "Full time Saturdays at the club means more money."

"Fuck!" Elizabeth sat back in her chair trying to take it all in. The money the Mayor was offering would get their family life back on track but at a price. She had always considered herself a woman of principle and professional ethics, but to take the check would be to betray all of that, might even destroy the reputation she had worked so hard to build up.

"As you are considering your options Dr Sterling, add this to the equation: to pull this off your daughter needs to be involved."

The Mayor's words brought her suddenly back to reality and she exploded, waving her arms. "No, fuck no! No fucking way. I'm out. I won't get my daughter involved in something like this."

The Mayor remained calm. "She's already involved, just as you and I were at her age. You know she likes going to the Young Girl. She's learning about her likes, dislikes, and her fantasies just like we did."

To involve her daughter, Hannah, who was twelve years-old was outrageous. Yes, it was one thing that Hannah visited the Young Girl on weekends: Elizabeth had often wondered where she got the money from and what she did, but didn't have the courage to ask her. But, having her twelve year-old daughter become an employee, no a sex worker, of the strip club? A twelve year-old sex worker?

"You know as well as I do Dr Sterling that you can't work at the club by yourself if you have a daughter. You both have to work there." The Mayor got up from her chair and leaned over the desk. She picked up the check. "I'm not forcing you to do this but I need your help to avoid any problems that may come up over the next year. The publicity would be a killer." She put the check in her handbag. "The only way this will work is for you to willingly join the strip club with your daughter. Just be yourself, blend in and meet with me once a week giving me updates on my girls. And if one or more of them need mental health counselling then look at that as a bonus."

She paused. "Don't live in the past, Elizabeth. We live in much more enlightened times now and attitudes have changed. Twelve year-old girls are much more open to the fun and excitement of all types of sex. Perhaps you should ask her what she thinks. You might be surprised." The Mayor turned and headed for the door.

"What about the check?" Elizabeth asked hastily as she stood up.

"Once you and your daughter sign the employment paperwork I will hand the check over to you. If you decide not to do this, then we've never had this conversation. We just go our separate ways." The Mayor put her left hand on the door knob.

"Wait, if I do this, if my daughter and I do this, do I have to participate?"

"You mean like strip-dancing and whoring while you're at the club?" Elizabeth nodded her head. "Yes, Dr Sterling, it's the only way it would work. The only way to gain the trust of the other mothers and daughters." With that the Mayor walked out the door.

Elizabeth sat down in her chair. Fuck, fuck fuck!!! What am I going to do? Deep down she knew the answer. Financial problems always drove a woman into the sex business and even though she had the best education and advanced degrees she was no different from an uneducated woman. But to involve her daughter? Fuck, it only made sense when she thought about it. She slumped down in her chair. The selling point of the club was that the money mothers and daughters earned they could keep, which was codified in a national law. The money was off limits to husbands and brothers, the family in general. That would be her selling point to her daughter.

She began to tidy her desk, and then paused. She had never thought about her daughter sexually, it was an area she was frightened to enter. She had never asked her exactly what she did when she went to the Young Girls, but common sense told her it wasn't to study knitting patterns. Perhaps the Mayor was right; perhaps she would be surprised by her daughter's response?

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Elizabeth drove home slowly, going over the Mayor's proposition and how she would respond to it. It would certainly solve any financial problems caused by her husband's lay-off, but how on earth could she talk to Hannah about it. The girl was only twelve, for fuck's sake. How do you ask your daughter if she would like to join you strip-dancing at the Family Strip

Club without her running crying from the room in horror?

Except that Elizabeth somehow didn't think that Hannah would react like that. After all, she had been going to Young Girls since she was seven and there wasn't much she wouldn't know about sex. Nevertheless, she might despise Elizabeth for suggesting it, or feel her mother was trying to use her. They had always been close, a typical mother and daughter, but Hannah might feel shocked and uncomfortable with the way their relationship would change.

A sense of anxiety filled the house that evening. Her family were subdued, while Elizabeth was contemplating what she would say to Hannah. After dinner, her husband and son went out and she knew that it was now or never and called her daughter into the living room.

Sitting next to her, Elizabeth drew a deep breath and began. She explained their financial situation and the consequences of her father's lay-off and Hannah listened, serious faced, nodding her understanding. However, when Elizabeth began to describe the Mayor's visit and brought up working at the strip club to help make ends meet, her daughter just stared at her.

"Well?" Elizabeth asked nervously. "This will only work if you agree to come along with me and work at the club." She stood there like an idiot waiting for Hannah's reaction, and feelings of humiliation and despair ran through her.

At first, the girl did not move but stared at her mother, stoney-faced, and then stood up slowly and walked out of the room towards the front door.

"Where are you going?" Elizabeth cried desperately, following her.

Hannah stopped but did not turn round. "Let me think about it mom," she said quietly and then walked out of the house.

Elizabeth felt despair wash over her. "Oh god, what have I done?" she

said out loud, sinking into a chair. "How could I have been so stupid?"

The next two hours were agony for her. Her husband and son came home and sat down in front of the TV, and all the while she listened for Hannah's return. Eventually, at nine o'clock, she heard the front door open and close and her daughter's footsteps going up the stairs. Trying not to be obvious, she went up to her daughter's room and stood nervously in the doorway.

"Well?" she asked anxiously.

Hannah looked at her. She was clearly nervous, but Elizabeth noticed a gleam of determination in her eyes.

"If I do this with you then I have several conditions that you must agree too."

Elizabeth felt an initial surge of relief, but then the word 'conditions' sunk in: fuck, more conditions; first Mayor Jean and now her twelve year-old daughter.

"Okay, what are they?" she replied with a sigh.

"Not here. Let's go to your bedroom."

Elizabeth was surprised by the firmness of the girl's voice and followed her almost meekly out of the door and into her own room. She sat down on the edge of the bed and looked up at Hannah, noticing that the nervousness had returned to her daughter's face.

"First, I decide on the costumes we wear."

"Okay," she said without hesitation. What can that hurt, she thought, I mean, maybe some sexy adult costumes.

"I also decide on the type of dances we do, when we practice and where we practice," Hannah said with more confidence. "I suppose there will be

some practices at the club, but outside the club, I decide."

She looked at her mother as if she was going to disagree with her but Elizabeth raised no objection.

"No problem," she said.

"Any of the costumes or anything we have to buy for our act at the club we use your money and not mine."

"That's a little harsh." She knew that Hannah had money of her own but had never dared to ask how she got it, and times for the family were tight, but when she saw the challenge in her daughter's eyes, she conceded.
"Okay, we use my money," she said with a sigh.

Hannah drew a deep breath and said nervously, "I get to pick out my own clothes for school."

"Hannah...?"

"I want to pick out what is in fashion for girls my age, not the type of clothes you think I should wear."

It wasn't a request but a statement and Elizabeth frowned, but once more there seemed no real reason to fight her on that.

"Okay," she shrugged.

Hannah drew another deep breath. "Next," she said, "I, um...."

"Go on, just say it!"

"There are two more things..." Again the twelve year-old hesitated

"Okay, Let's hear them," Elizabeth said with a note of impatience. There seemed to be a lot of conditions!

"Okay, if we are only dancing on Saturday nights," Hannah continued nervously, "well, on Friday nights you and I will go to the Young Girl club." The last words were delivered in a rush and Hannah kind of winced when she had finished.

Elizabeth stood up quickly. "No, no, and no," she said firmly, "that ain't happening! Hannah that is crazy. It is one thing that you go, and where you get the money to go I don't know, but don't include me in the Young Girl!"

"It's not crazy mom," the girl cried, unwilling to give in. "It will help you and me with our stripping and sex acts at the club."

Elizabeth gasped. `Sex acts' was something she hadn't got her head wrapped around that yet, and yet her daughter seemed to know all about them. She suddenly regretted that she hadn't sat the girl down ages ago and had a long talk about what was acceptable and what wasn't, and this definitely wasn't! "No and I mean it," she said in her parental voice. "Everything else you said is okay but not this."

Her mother's refusal seemed to make Hannah all the more determined. "You know as well as I, mom, that women at the Young Girl make just as good money and it will help the both of us."

"Hannah no! I can't, it's not right and besides, it has nothing to do with the strip club."

"It has everything to do with the strip club. You know I can't be penetrated anally or vaginally until I'm sixteen. By national law only mothers could take the virginity of their daughters when they turned 16. It is the one day when mothers can humiliate their daughters and the daughters can do nothing about it."

Hannah paused to let her words sink in and then continued insistently, "What do you think you are going to do to me at the strip club? It won't be enough for us just to take our clothes off, like in some old-fashioned movie. They will expect us to do sex things together! The law says that

you cannot fuck my cunt or my anus, so you will have to do other things instead, mom. If you come with me to the Young girl, it means that you can learn sex tricks and apply them at the strip club."

"Hannah!" Elizabeth shouted, both in shock and in anger. "I'm not some dog that learns sex tricks!" She paused, trying to collect her thoughts. "I've been around sex all my life! I don't need the likes of my twelve year-old daughter to tell me about sex tricks, and nor do I need to go to the Young girl to learn them either!"

Mother and daughter stared at each other, for a moment lost for words.

"Come on, mom," Hannah said eventually, softening her tone.

"No!"

"But it can't hurt you at the strip club to learn a few things at the Young Girl."

"I already know plenty about sex, thank you very much," Elizabeth huffed.

"You probably do mom, but there are always new things to learn."

Her mother shook her head. "No, I just can't," she said more quietly.

Hannah sighed. "Well, okay then. Good luck working at the strip club without me." She turned and began to walk slowly towards the door.

`Fuck!' Elizabeth thought. `Fuck, fuck, fuck!'

"Wait, Hannah!" she cried desperately, and the girl stopped. "What about your homework?"

Hannah turned around and shrugged contemptuously. "Mother," she said, "you know I don't do homework and yet I get straight As."

Elizabeth sighed and nodded her head. She knew that was true and she felt defeated. She tried to think of something else to say, to change her daughter's mind, but she couldn't: she was simply stalling her decision.

Fuck! "Okay, I'll do it," she said at last, "but only one Friday a month."

"No mom, it has to be every Friday," Hannah said quietly, asserting her dominance.

Elizabeth hesitated. "Two Fridays a month?" she pleaded.

"No. Every Friday."

'Fuck!' Elizabeth thought and nodded her head. "Okay, every Friday, but we start going after we start work at the strip club."

Hannah smiled. "Great. Now one last thing."

"Gawd, now what?" her mother said under her breath.

"You have to ask me again to dance with you at the strip club."

"Okay..." Elizabeth began but Hannah interrupted her.

"But you have to kneel on the floor in front of me and put your hands behind your head and ask me properly."

"What the hell?"

"Mom," Hannah said firmly, looking at her, and despite herself, Elizabeth blushed.

"Come, on sweetie. I agreed to everything else, isn't that enough?"

Her daughter shrugged. "Okay mom," was all she said and once more turned towards the door. "Good luck."

Fuck gawd damn it! "Okay, okay, wait!" Elizabeth cried, amazed at the way Hannah was able to control her.

The girl turned around, smiling, and watched her. She got up from her bed and knelt on the floor, putting her hands behind head and looking up at her.

"Hannah, will you please dance with me at the Family Strip club?" she asked, a hint of irritation in her voice.

"No mother, more effort," Hannah commanded, "ask me better than that."

Elizabeth gulped. This was surreal but then again, this whole strip club thing was surreal.

"Hannah, darling, will you please dance with me at the Family Strip club?"

She just stared at her mother and Elizabeth blushed as a wave of humiliation come over her.

"That's better, mother. But put more feeling into it."

Ten minutes later Elizabeth's knees were hurting, her lower back was killing her and she was on verge of tears. She had tried to end this by getting up several times, but each time Hannah threatened to walk out the door.

"Please Hannah, sweetie, Mommy's begging you, please dance with her at the Family Strip club!"

Her twelve year-old daughter reached out and gently stroked her chin.

"Yes, mother, I will be happy to dance with you at the Family Strip club." She smiled, patted her gently on the head and then quickly turned on her heel and walked out the door.

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Two days later, mother and daughter sat in their car in the parking lot of the Family Strip Club, both nervous with anticipation. For the hundredth time, Elizabeth worried about the wisdom of what she was getting them into and whether she had the nerve to go through with it. She couldn't believe how much her life had changed over the past 48 hours, and there were so many questions: about her professional life, about her self-respect, about her family.

But there was one change more than any other that concerned her: Hannah. For the twelve years of Hannah's life, Elizabeth had tried to be a loving mother and the two of them had had a 'conventional' relationship, but ever since she told her about the Family Strip Club, everything was different. Hannah seemed to assert herself more and she bubbled with excitement. To her shame, Elizabeth began notice her differently, glancing at the slight swell of her nipples, the shape of her butt, and despite herself, she couldn't help but wonder about the 'sex acts' that they would end up performing together.

Her daughter's voice suddenly brought her back to the present. "Come on mom," she said impatiently. "We can't sit in the car all day."

They both got out of the car and walked towards the building, hand in hand, following a sign that pointed them around the back. Ahead of them, a little girl, no more than six or seven, and her mother walked through a door.

When they reached it, Hannah stopped and looked at her mother.

"You ready to do this?" she asked, and then giggled. "What am I saying? Are we ready to do this?"

Elizabeth smiled weakly. "Yes, let's do it."

They were ushered into a room with twelve other mothers and daughters

and sat down. Elizabeth looked around: four of the girls looked very young, she estimated about six or seven, but much to her relief, she didn't know any of them. At the front of the room was a table with some papers on, but nothing else. Hannah grinned and grabbed her hand, squeezing it and she squeezed back, her nerves jingling. `Fuck!' she thought.

After a few minutes, Mayor Jean walked in and set a water bottle down on the table. Still standing, she looked slowly round the room and smiled before picking up the papers on the desk and passing them out.

"Hello girls," she said cheerfully when she had finished. "On the piece of paper in front of you is your contract with the Family Strip Club. Please print your name, sign your name and date it. Mothers with younger daughters, please help them sign the paper: we will need their signature on their contract."

Everybody did as they were told, even the youngsters, and after everyone had signed their individual contracts, Mayor Jean collected them, quickly scanned them and nodded her head.

Placing the papers on the desk, she turned to the room. "This is a basic one year contract with the strip club. It states that you are now whores and that the club owns you. You are property of the club. We will market you for the best financial advantage by selling your mouth, cunt and anus to the club patrons. The club patrons as you know are your husbands, fathers, sons and brothers. You will also be aware that by national law, girls sixteen and under can't be penetrated either anally or vaginally, but there is no restriction on any other part of their body such as their mouths, hands, and hair."

A mother raised her hand. "What do you mean, hands and hair?"

"Some men like to cum on a girl's hair or have hand-jobs while they are in the men's room."

"Our daughters could end up in the men's room with some man who is not her father or her brother?" the mother asked. Elizabeth looked at her: she

looked in her early twenties; next to her, her pretty daughter shifted on her chair and giggled. `Fuck!' Elizabeth thought. `She can't be much older than five!' and she felt a sudden heat between her thighs.

"Well of course," the Mayor said, "but you do not need to be alarmed. We have cameras in the bathroom, plus there is no door to the men's room nor are there doors on the stalls. We try and make the club as safe and a loving environment as possible. There is no alcohol served here and we have an adult female security team that works in the background to make sure everybody is safe."

She stopped and took a sip of water. "As I said, the club will negotiate on your behalf with the club patrons. If somebody comes up to you while you're on your shift and they try to negotiate with you, refer them to the cashier.

She paused again, waiting for any other questions and everyone squirmed in their seats.

"Mothers, when you and your daughter enter the club you no longer have parental rights over her. In the eyes of the club, you are both equal and because you are club property, the club has authority over you and her. If you see your daughter doing something that you are uncomfortable with, you cannot intervene: you will have to understand that she is doing it for the club."

Elizabeth glanced at her daughter and Hannah smiled broadly.

"Here are some basic ideas to get you started," the Mayor continued. "Firstly, shoes. We require girls sixteen and under to wear plastic stripper shoes because we don't want our younger property to slip and fall while here. Girls you can purchase them at the mall. To get your plastic stripper shoes to fit, use a hair dryer to heat up the material. It will then mold to your foot. If you're having trouble pulling on stubborn, tight shoes, a little baby powder will help. Mothers, you are to wear six inch stilettos while here at the club. You should be comfortable wearing them but if not, start practising."

A mother put up her hand. "What do you mean wearing the stilettos here at the club?"

The Mayor smiled. "As property, we want our adult female sex talent wearing six-inch stilettos: it makes you look sexy and the patrons love it, so when you come here to practice or report for work you should change into stilettos. You can bring your own or use club provided stilettos. At no point are you to remove your stilettos while here at the club, that includes dancing and fucking."

Elizabeth winced at the word `fucking'.

The same mother raised her hand again. "What do you mean practice here at the club?"

"Good question, but I won't answer that yet because I have more to say about a little later. Now, for personal hygiene and clean up. The short answer is that it is your responsibility and you do it yourselves. What I mean by clean up is that male cum has a nasty habit of landing on the floor, on the furniture or on the tables. The club does not provide towels or napkins or even a janitor crew because of the cost. As club property you can either wipe up the mess with your fingers and then wipe your fingers on your body or to get a bigger tip, lick up the mess. Remember that the more you are willing to debase yourself, the more the patrons like it and the more money you will earn. For you younger girls this goes for you as well. Club management doesn't want to see any cum stains on its property, furniture or on the floor.

The Mayor took another sip of water and continued. "For those of you that have crotch hair, you will need to shave. Shave with oil rather than cream, you'll be less prone to angry red bumps. And if you missed the country-wide notice from the government, shave your legs against the grain but your bikini line with it. Keep your skin supple with Epsom salts baths. Skip the lotion, though, unless you feel like turning the stripper pole into a slippery lube tube."

A wave of laughter spread round the room, Elizabeth joining in, despite herself.

"Mothers, consider body glitter and make yourself all sparkly, your sons especially love that and will pay extra for it."

Again the mothers and older girls laughed.

"You might think stripping while on your period would be a no-no, but men and older boys are like bears. And sharks. They might not know it, but they love the smell of blood. And ovulation. You'll be surprised to find that you'll take home a lot of tips during your time of the month."

A couple of more things. The club has boxes of baby wipes all over to help keep you smelling nice between sets and the sex acts. We also have mouth wash and fresh breath spray for use after sucking cock. Please avail yourself of the cleanser, we have minty fresh and strawberry breath spray. It goes without saying that as you suck cock you are expected to swallow. Our patrons love it when you show off the jizm in your mouth before you swallow it. Practice swirling his jizm around in your mouth, especially you pre-teens, and you'll get a bigger tip. If a patron has paid for two of you to suck his cock, make sure that you pass his cum back and forth between you. Smile, make a show of it and you'll both get a bigger tip. This applies particularly if you are teamed up with your mother or daughter: many of our patrons go wild for this, for obvious reasons, and if you put on a good show you can earn really generous tips. Try drooling the cum slowly from one to the other, or spitting it into each other's mouths, both of which are really popular. Whatever you do, show how much you love eating his jizm - make him feel like that he is the center of your universe, that he has your undivided attention and you will do anything to please him."

Elizabeth felt her cunt tingle and crossed her legs, squeezing her thighs together. She glanced at her daughter: Hannah was completely absorbed, shifting on her chair, her face reddening and her little nipples standing out against the material of her t-shirt.

"Mothers and those of you over 17," continued the Mayor. "Some club patrons will want to fuck your cunt or your anus while your daughter watches. Again, this is perfectly understandable and once more, it can result in excellent tips. As I said earlier, the law dictates that your daughter cannot be penetrated, but she can use her hands or her mouth, especially if she cleans up your holes after the client has cum, always a very popular conclusion to your transaction. If you are working alone and have cum in your anus and your cunt, please remember to clean those two holes thoroughly. A patron likes to know that he is not getting sloppy seconds or thirds."

"Any questions so far?" she asked, taking a drink.

A mother with a young girl sitting next to her raised her hand. "I had heard about the amount of money a girl can make sucking cock."

"Ah, yes," the Mayor said with a smile and walked over to the mother. "What's your name?"

The woman blushed. "Mrs Peterson," she said.

The Mayor looked at her young daughter. "And what's your name?"

The youngster smiled up at the Mayor. "My name is Julie."

"How old are you Julie?"

"I am six years-old," the girl said clearly.

The Mayor reached out and ran her fingers around the girl's lips. "You have a very pretty mouth Julie. Your mouth will make a lot of boys and men very happy."

"That's what my mommy said!" Julie exclaimed with a giggle of excitement, and her mother smiled at her proudly.

"What Mrs Peterson was asking about was the going rate for sucking cock

here at the club. The younger the girl the more money she will make sucking cock. So a pretty little six year-old like Julie will make more money than a seven year-old sucking cock who will make more money than an eight year-old and so on. Your daughters will make more money sucking cock than you and they will probably suck more cock than you." She leaned forward, smiling. "After several months your young daughter will probably be able to give you pointers on sucking cock."

Everybody laughed, the tension in the room for a moment relieved.

"Why is that?" another mother asked when the laughter died down.

Men and boys prefer and enjoy a younger mouth wrapped around their cock and so will pay a premium price the younger the girl is. But mothers, don't get discouraged. For those of you who have sons your mouth will be sold to them. For some reason sons enjoy having their mothers suck and lick their cocks, it gives them a perverse sense of pleasure. I know we have a couple of teachers in this group: you could end up sucking the cock of one of your students, so just beware of that. Also, what I mean by selling your mouth is that when a patron pays for cock sucking he in effect will own your mouth during the time you are sucking him. He can't turn you around and fuck your anus or cunt, unless he has purchased it of course. The patron can do whatever he wants to your mouth. Likewise, if he pays for your anus or cunt, he can do whatever he wants to do with them."

'Oh gawd!' Elizabeth thought, squeezing her thighs together again.

The Mayor looked at the six year-old again. "So Julie, if you are a really good cock sucker then the club will sell your mouth to the boys and men who come here. So do you think you can be a really good cock sucker and make lots of money?"

"Oh, yes, I will try really hard to be a good cock sucker," the little girl said with child-like determination. "I will practice lots and lots, and Mommy and daddy have said they will help me." Mrs Peterson smiled and gave her daughter a comforting rub on her back.

"Speaking of sucking cock," the Mayor resumed with a grin, "the club recommends that all of our property chew gum to strengthen their jaw muscles."

Amid one or two grunts of surprise, a mother asked, "What do you mean, strengthen our jaw muscles?"

"Some of our club patrons like to extend the blow job experience and will hold back their cum for as long as they can. That is all very well, but the longer you're sucking his cock, the less money you'll be making because you can't move onto other cocks. Think of it like a tug of war between your mouth and the cock. Your mouth, lips and tongue are trying to coax the jizm out of his cock but his cock is trying not to let go of it too soon. So your mouth will need to be stronger, either to get him to shoot sooner than he wanted, or in case you end up sucking for twenty or so minutes. Chewing cum will strengthen your jaw so that you don't lose focus and diminish his experience.

The mother smiled and nodded her head and some of the mothers and daughters whispered to each other.

Raising her voice, the Mayor said, "I can't stress this enough. All of you, but especially you mothers, must treat every client equally and make sure that you give him the best experience you can. Mothers, if you have a son, you are more than likely to end up sucking him off or being fucked by him. Your son is no different than any other patron. You must make him feel special and the center of your attention. That means everything from swirling and playing with his cum after he cums in your mouth to showing your appreciation after he cums in your cunt or anus. And for you young girls, it doesn't matter if the cock belongs to your father or your brother, make it feel special and make him feel special.

One or two of the girls giggled and whispered to their mothers and the Mayor paused, taking another sip of water. When there was quiet, she continued on.

"A word of caution mothers. Your husbands and sons will probably

request your daughter more than you. It is just the way it is with the male population, whether it is a special dance, a lap dance or cock sucking, the club does not want you getting jealous. Jealousy is poison in a place like this, it puts stress on all of us. So deal with it at home and not here at the club. Next, for you older whores, if the club notices that you aren't being bought by the patrons during your shift, then we will team you up with a younger girl but never your daughter. That is what we call a two for one special. The younger girl gets to keep the money but you get to show your skills and enthusiasm to the patron so that your name gets mentioned around. We need all of our property making money."

The Mayor looked down at her notes and continued.

"Dating issues. I'm talking about mothers dating mothers or mothers dating the younger girls and even the girls dating girls outside of club hours. In an environment like this it can't be helped. While club management doesn't discourage our property from dating each other, we don't encourage it either. We do ask that once the relationship blooms and you have feelings for each other that you tell us. At that point we will try and keep you two apart during your shift or put you both on separate shifts simply because feelings of jealousy can develop as you watch your girlfriend perform. Remember, jealousy is bad, it is like poison and we try to prevent that."

As Elizabeth listened, she thought about some of the adult women that she saw in her professional role. She was seeing one woman who was married and who danced with her sixteen year-old daughter at the club. She had been dating an eleven year-old girl but the girl had broken up with woman after six months to date a younger adult woman and she was crushed. The woman was forty-six and kept herself fit and kept up with the latest pre-teen fashion trends, and she couldn't understand why the girl had left and what she had done wrong. Elizabeth tried to explain that it wasn't her fault: pre-teen girls, like the one the woman had been dating, changed when puberty started, and their preference in women changed all together. She had set the woman a task to get back to being intimate with her husband but that failed because he only saw her and his daughter as a piece of meat to be used and discarded after he was finished with them. Elizabeth knew that

was a big problem with the strip club because males saw the women and girls as nothing but entertainment, three holes walking around on two legs. It had been one of her main objections to the club, that and her disgust at how adult women were dating younger girls, some of them as young as six.

` And now I'm sitting her with my own daughter,' she thought anxiously. She sighed, hoping that this dating relationship thing wouldn't happen to her: if it did, she would prevent it really quick!

"Now I would like to make an announcement," the Mayor said, smiling, and Elizabeth realised that she was looking directly at her. She blushed and next to her, Hannah giggled and rubbed her mother's thigh.

"We have as our newest club property, Doctor Elizabeth Sterling. She is a female mental health specialist and will be available for counselling sessions here at the club. Her services will be free of charge to our property and we are planning to issue a news release announcing her employment here as required by law."

The room of women and girls clapped and Elizabeth, unused to this type of attention, blushed even more.

A mother raised her hand. "She's just like the rest of us, right?" she asked with a hint of uncertainty.

"Oh yes, Dr Sterling will be stripping with her daughter and her mouth, cunt and anus will be sold just like yours during her shift. She doesn't have any special rights or privileges: she is a sex worker like all of you."

Elizabeth looked at the floor avoiding everyone's stares while Hannah continued to rub her thigh.

"One last thing. Since you are now the property of the strip club, we expect you to say how good it is when asked by the public, or your friends and family. What I mean is, if you are asked questions about the club or your role in the club, you are to speak highly of it. Show your enthusiasm

for the club and make clear that you agree that women and girls should be considered property when they work for a business, or attend school or are a member of a club or organization.

Elizabeth knew only too well that although demographically, women were in the majority around the world, that didn't stop national and world-wide movements by men and a growing number of female groups advocating that women and girls should be counted as second class citizens if it helped them to obtain employment. Because of this, it was felt that females shouldn't expect the same treatment as men or expect equality in the workplace.

A young girl raised her hand.

"Yes?" the Mayor asked.

"I am in a pathfinders troop. Should I tell my troop mates about working here?"

"Yes, please!" the Mayor laughed. "If you can convince the girls and mothers in the troop to join the strip club, you and your mother will get a nice bonus for each one that joins. Obviously, we would like the whole troop to join us but even one mother and her daughter would be just as good." The Mayor looked around. "Remember, our philosophy is that women and girls can best serve society by working in the sex industry, offering their bodies to the male population and working in jobs that support the male hierarchy."

Elizabeth shifted in her seat. She didn't like the sound of that but she could do nothing about as she was now on the inside of the sex worker world.

The Mayor looked around the small room. "Good, now let's get your bar codes scanned on the back of your necks."

There was an outbreak of murmuring, especially from some of the younger girls.

"We scan all of our property," the Mayor said, trying to reassure them. "It allows us to keep track you during your shift and it will clock you in and out. We need to know where our property is at times while your here on your shift." She stepped away from the table. "Please follow me."

The group walked into the room next door. Inside were two older women standing by a bank of computer monitors and desktops. Both were wearing pink t-shirts emblazoned with Family Strip Club across the front, no bras, white thong panties, thigh hose and black stilettos. Both had their hair in a pony tail. Elizabeth thought both women looked out of place but were trying to fit in with the image of the club.

Line up here please, in any order. Florence here will insert the bar code and Agnes will scan you.

Elizabeth felt a pin prick on the back of her neck from the device that Florence was holding. Then Agnes scanned her neck and on the big screen her vitals came up. The Mayor instructed everybody in how to input their name, education level, address, and for a few of the mothers, their professions. Hannah's readout said she was in seventh grade and listed where she went to school, her address, and her vitals.

Once all the bar codes had been fitted, the Mayor said, "Now as you come through the back door your neck will scanned, and any room that you enter here in building, you'll be scanned as well. We need to know where you are at all times because we need you making money."

`Simple,' Elizabeth thought, smiling at her excited daughter, but also it put a lot pressure on the women and girls to be constantly available. It seemed there was nowhere they could escape to.

"Now if you'll follow me," the Mayor instructed and led everybody down the hallway to a door that said `Practice Room'. Without realizing it they were all scanned as they entered the room.

There was a large collection of life-like naked male mannequins in the

room in various positions. Some were young, looking about four or five years-old, all the way up to elderly mannequins that looked as if they had been modelled on grandfathers. The mannequins had life-like hair, crotch hair, skin tone, eyes, toes, and their genitals were as close to real as possible. Some were standing, some kneeling, some sitting, while others lay on their back with their legs over their head, their cock, balls and anus exposed. The mannequins seemed to be constructed so that they could be manipulated into different positions.

There was an outbreak of whispers and giggles once everyone was in the room. Hannah whispered, "Look at all those cocks, mom." Her eyes seemed to glow with excitement and her little nipples stuck out through her t-shirt. Elizabeth smiled at her and squeezed her hand as they took in the room.

The walls and ceiling of the room were all mirrors. Attached to the mirrored walls around the room at what looked like kneeling height were dildos: long ones, thin ones, thick ones, shorts ones, pink ones, black ones; all of them jutting obscenely outwards. Other dildos were placed at waist height, the same variety of sizes and colours, all equally obscene columns of plastic flesh.

Standing in the middle of the room were four young girls, each girl dressed in a form fitting business suit, a white blouse, black tie with a business jacket, a short black skirt with shiny three inch heels. Each one was very pretty in her own right and Elizabeth's mouth momentarily watered.

"These girls here are known as my ten year-olds," the Mayor said proudly. "Shayne, Loni, Carol, and Tina are my management team and they are responsible for the property of the club, like the chairs, seats, tables, sofas, the stripper poles and of course you, the whores. They will set your dance schedule and what tables you will dance at during your shift. Since you are property of the club they can do with you as they wish up to and including punishments for any infractions. They will always put the club first and they will have the final decision on anything affecting the property of the club. They can take you out of the dance rotation for any reason and use you for any reason." She paused and then said firmly, "They answer only to me and I trust their judgement completely! The girls for

all practical purposes are the pimps for the club. They will negotiate on behalf of the club with the patrons for your mouth, cunt and anus. They also take complaints from patrons about club property who are not enthusiastic about their job. They will take immediate corrective action on any property that is causing problems."

The Mayor turned and whispered something to the girls and turned back. "Okay line-up here," she instructed.

As the group obediently formed a line, the four girls came over and inspected them.

"Very nice sex talent we have in this group," Loni said as she walked down the line, running her hand across the breast of each mother and girl.

Shayne walked up to Elizabeth. "You're Doctor Sterling?"

"Yes," Elizabeth said, the colour rising to her cheeks.

"Yes, ma'am," the girl corrected.

"Yes, ma'am," Elizabeth replied, trying to hide her embarrassment at being corrected by a ten year-old.

"Are you a lesbian, Doctor Sterling?" Shayne asked.

"Excuse me?"

The girl reached with both hands and squeezed both Elizabeth's tits and it took all her will power not to push the girl's hands away.

"Are you a lesbian? A carpet muncher? A cunt licker?"

Hannah and the others giggled.

"Uh, no, ma'am," replied Elizabeth as the girl twisted her tits painfully.

"Well, you will be," the ten year-old said matter-of-factly. "I think your nickname here at the club will be Lezzy. You'll be introduced as Doctor Sterling for your dance routine but everybody will call you Lezzy. What do you think of that Doctor Sterling?"

"I'm just club property so you can label me anything you want."

"Very good answer. I think you and I will get along," the ten year-old chuckled, reaching down and patting the woman's crotch.

"Thank you girls," the Mayor said, nodding at them as they turned and headed for the door. "Remember whores, these girls carry my full authority while here at the club."

Mayor Jean waved her arm around the training room. "The reason this room is mirrored is so that you'll get over your embarrassment and humiliation when you practice on these dildos while other whores are in the room with you. Plus, the mirror will help you work on your sucking technique and your facial expressions, and as you can see, all the dildos have been measured to the correct kneeling height."

She walked over to one side of the room and tapped a small dildo on the wall. "This dildo here is at the correct height for a kneeling four year-old girl and others are set at heights corresponding to the different ages of girls. The dildo next to it is the correct height for an adult woman." Pointing down the wall, she added, "These along here are for teenage girls."

She walked over to the dildos on the adjoining wall that were at waist height. "There dildos here are for you mothers. As you can see these are thick and long dildos. You practice with these by bending over at the waist and inserting the dildo from behind, whether into your cunt or your anus. There are some men and even a few boys who have surprisingly thick cocks, so you better practice if you don't want to get hurt."

Suddenly the door opened and everyone turned to see a mother and her

young daughter walk in. "Hi Mrs Johnson. Hi Tess," the Mayor said cheerfully.

"Hi Mayor Jean," both replied at once. They seemed completely at ease, despite all the new recruits watching them. Mrs Johnson looked to be in her mid thirties and Tess about seven or eight.

"What brings you in today?"

"Oh, we need a little practice double-teaming," the mother said. "Mind if we use M20 over there?"

"Sure girls, go ahead," the Mayor. "It will be a great opportunity for our new mom's and daughters to see how the practice room is used." She turned quickly. "All the mannequins are given numbers for easy reference. M20 is one of the ones laying on its back with its legs over its head. It is one of our latest electronic models. Built-in receptors detect how successful the stimulation is, and transmit the information to the whores using red, yellow and green lights. If they can make the light turn green for a sustained period, the mannequin will actually ejaculate!"

Gripped by an erotic curiosity, Elizabeth watched the two of them walk over to the mannequin, thinking how carefree they seemed and how unconcerned about all the eyes watching them. Mrs Johnson turned on the meter next to the mannequin, and then the two settled quickly into their practice. Tess took the thick cock in her little mouth, her lips stretching round it as she sucked and licked and engulfed it as deep as she could, and her mother got on her knees and planted her lips on the realistic anus, kissing it gently and licking around the tight sphincter. After a few minutes, Mrs Johnson moved up and joined her daughter on the cock, both mouths moving up and down on the cock at the same time, their tongues often meeting as they coated it with saliva.

There was a buzz and the meter on the wall went from red to yellow. Immediately, Tess moved her head down to the balls and started licking and kissing each in one in turn, and then slid her mouth down to the anus and pushed her tongue as far as she could into the brown hole.

The meter buzzed again and went from yellow to green, but after a few moments changed back to yellow. The little girl put her tongue on the muscle again and licked around it then poked inside it, pushing her mouth against it to help drive her tongue deep inside. At the same time above her, her mother took the cock deep in her throat and fucked it hard, pumping her head down on it to give it full penetration.

The meter went to green again and stayed green as the mother and child renewed their efforts, until suddenly a bell rang and everybody could clearly see the cock jerking as cum shot into Mrs Johnson's mouth. She pulled her head back a little to catch some of the cum, and then pulled off the cock and held the liquid in her mouth. Tess giggled and brought her face below her mother's, her mouth open wide, and Mrs Johnson let the realistic spunk drool slowly out of her mouth and into her daughter's. They kissed wetly, passing the cum backwards and forwards between them until it had all been swallowed, and then sat back grinning at the mesmerised audience.

For a moment there was silence and then everyone, Elizabeth included, began to clap, amazed at what they had just watched. She felt her crotch get damp and took a sidelong glance at Hannah: her daughter's face was flushed with excitement and she seemed to be rubbing her thighs together. 'This was all so surreal,' she thought, wondering if she and Hannah could do that.

"Thank you girls," the Mayor cried as the clapping stopped. "That was a brilliant demonstration of double teaming." She turned back to the trainees. "Tess and her mother have worked at the club for six months and their expertise is always in great demand, as you can imagine. Believe me, if you wish to reach their standards, then you will have to practice, practice, practice."

Hannah looked up at her mother and giggled, her eyes wide with excitement.

"As a side note," the Mayor continued when the Johnson's had gone,

"double teaming will be an important part of your work. There will be times during your shift, mothers, when you will be double teamed: one patron will pay for your cunt and other will pay for your anus. It is what we call a sandwich, and if you have never been in a sandwich before it can hurt if you're not careful. Because this might result in loss of revenue, there is an unofficial group of sorts here at the club, a group of mothers and daughters who meet one or two times a week at different houses to practice double teaming. The club doesn't support this group but club management does think that this group is a good idea. Here to give you more information about the group is Mrs Hansen."

Everybody turned around. Standing at the back of the group was an older full figured woman who looked to be in her late forties. She was wearing a slingshot bikini, her nipples sticking out and the slit of her cunt clearly defined through the thin material. Elizabeth gulped and Hannah stared.

"Thank you, Mayor Jean," Mrs Hansen said with a nod. "Hello, fellow whores, I'm Sandra Hansen. My two daughters, Nancy 15 and Denise 13 and I have danced here at the club for several years now. A group of concerned mothers got together and came up with the idea of creating a group where mothers could practice being double teamed, or practice being in a sandwich. When we joined there were a lot of instances of club property being injured during their shifts with injuries to their cunts and sphincter muscles. We decided that practice was needed so that injuries could be reduced and there wouldn't be a loss of income to the club while the club property was healing. That is one of the reasons why the club looks the other way when it comes to our group."

Sandra stopped and smiled, her hands clasped in front of her.

Elizabeth raised her hand. "So what exactly does this club do?" Some of the other mothers nodded their heads.

"What we do in the group is have the girls double fuck us with all shapes and sizes of strap-ons."

There were gasps in the group and Elizabeth looked quickly down at her

daughter who was giggling, and a blush spreading over her face.

"This allows us to get comfortable with a double fuck, it prevents injuries to the whore and the whore gets experience in how to accommodate two cocks. Also, we prefer to have our girls perform this double fuck on us as this gives them experience with a strap-on and dildos.

A small girl, about six or seven, cried out plaintively, "Can I, mom? Please?" and Sandra laughed.

"If you are interested in joining our group, download the app on the club website and we will send out information for the following week on where we will be meeting. This is a totally laid-back group with no stress, and I am willing to bet that you will enjoy it as much as I do, both mom's and daughters. We meet at different houses in the evening and if you decide to join us, we may ask that you offer your house for meetings. It is often pot-luck for where we gather so bring food and drinks to share. We have a large supply of dildos but you can bring your own if you prefer. We generally meet for a couple of hours. I would encourage to you attend or at least practice being double teamed as it will happen here. Were just trying to prevent injuries to your cunt and anus which as you know are now club property.

She paused and smiled broadly. "I think you'll enjoy the fellowship of the group as we talk about our experiences and challenges of working for this wonderful club."

"Thank you, Mrs Hansen," the Mayor said and Sandra smiled and bowed a little before walking back down the hallway. "There are other unofficial groups that meet outside of club hours but I am sure that you'll be contacted by these groups during your time here." She walked toward the door. "Moving on, next is the dance floor."

The room was large and brightly lit. There were a lot of tables, round ones, long ones for groups, short ones for two people, and each table had a pole in the middle of it.

"I'm sure I don't need to explain the tables and the poles to you, but if you look up, you will see that the ceiling is made of glass. It is fifteen feet high with a circular gap around each pole, and it is specifically designed to let our patrons get a good look at your crotch. Some of our property have taken to sitting down on the ceiling without panties so that they can tease and entice our patrons before they slide down the pole and begin their act. You get there using stairs in the changing rooms, where we will go shortly. When it is your turn to dance, you will come up the stairs, walk across the ceiling, display your cunts, and then slide down the pole of your assigned table."

She paused and looked at the group. "Any questions? No? Good, follow me."

They walked down a short hallway and stopped at a door that had a sign on it, 'Head Room'. The Mayor opened it and the group followed her in. The room was very different from the stage area: there was mood lighting, chairs of different styles, and sofas and ottoman's.

"Unlike the Whorehouse and the Young Girl, we don't have private rooms here. This is our community sucking room. You will bring your patron here to suck his cock or he might already be waiting here for you. When your mouth is bought and paid for you'll be informed to either come to the cashier to get your patron or you'll be told he is waiting for you here. The choice is his as to how he wants to meet you."

Mayor Jean stopped for a moment as the mothers and daughters looked around the room.

"There will be times when the room is crowded so find a place to make him comfortable and work his cock. Club property is to refrain from talking in here. The club patrons could really care less what you have to say, they want your mouth on their cock and balls. If you are asked a question while in here make sure that you answer with your mouth as close to his cock as possible, that way you can return to his pleasure. Get used to the men and boys ignoring you as you suck their cock. They like to talk amongst themselves as they critique your cock sucking."

The Mayor paused before continuing firmly, "There is no room to be self-conscious here. Your daughter maybe next you sucking her father's cock while you're sucking your son's cock and both of them might be talking about your skills, your looks, your body. No matter what, you must concentrate on your job which is to please them with your mouth. Remember, girls, you're all here to make money."

The Mayor walked out into the hallway and then turned. "Like Mrs Johnson and her daughter, learn to double team a cock. Learn to suck a cock together and most importantly, learn to swap his cum back and forth between you. Learn to kiss each other as you push his cum back and forth with your tongues. And whatever you do, swallow! Your value will go up as club patrons pay for your cock sucking services."

The tour continued a little way down the hallway to another doorway. "This room is what we call the training room," the Mayor said, pushing the door open so that Elizabeth and the other mothers could look in. There were tables, chairs and sofas spread throughout the room, and beds lined up along the wall.

"The reason the room is called the training rooms is that your husbands and fathers will want to bring your sons and brothers into the room to watch and learn as they fuck you. It is not uncommon that, as you're being ass-fucked by a patron, he will have his young son standing next to him watching and learning. Some fathers and sons will purchase you and pass you back and forth between them, all as part of a learning experience." The Mayor paused and looked at the daughter's. "Girls, you are also allowed in this room if you're not busy during your shift. This so you can watch and learn also."

A mother raised her hand. "How about contraception?"

"Good question. We have anti-pregnancy pills in the dressing room and condoms for those who don't want to the pills. If you decide to have your patron use a condom then you are to put it on his cock yourself. Another good tip is to teach your daughter's how to put on a condom."

"But it's against the law for them to have penetrative sex!" a mother called out.

The Mayor chuckled. "It's not for them. A lot of men find it a real turn on if your daughter puts the condom on and then watches him fuck you."

Hannah grabbed Elizabeth's hand and squeezed it excitedly.

"The last room here" the Mayor continued, moving further down the hallway, "is the Sixteen and Under room. Mothers, you're not allowed in this room ever, only your daughters. Dr Sterling please step forward and into the room."

Elizabeth blushed and stepped forward, opening the door and stepping over the threshold. All at once, a red light lit up and a siren came on. She stepped back quickly and Florence and Agnes came running out of the inventory room.

"It's okay, ladies, we're just doing a demonstration," the Mayor explained, grinning.

Florence pressed something in the palm of her hand and the light turned off and the siren fell silent.

"Mothers, don't ever try to come in here because if you do then the punishment will be severe." Leaving the mothers to contemplate just what that could mean, the Mayor turned to the younger girls.

"Girls, in here, men and boys will pay for your body. They will expect you to play with their cock, balls and anus. You can also expect to do a lot of face sitting so that they can get a taste of your delicious little cunts." Hannah and some of the other girls giggled. "And since the men paid for your body you can expect them rub their cock all over you, between your ass cheeks and around your cunt and in your hair. Mothers, this room is monitored just so that there is no penetration of the girl. Some of our patrons like to have young girls oil themselves up and then rub their body

all over them. Others like to receive hand-jobs as the youngster rubs her body all over him. On the more extreme side, girls, some men will have you wear a strap-on dildo and fuck their asses." She chuckled. "I've seen video of a girl as young as six having great fun with a strap-on, standing on a stool, ass fucking her father. You can make a lot of money here girls."

`Oh gawd!' Elizabeth thought, `what have I got us into?' She looked down at her daughter but Hannah showed no signs of anxiety. Rather, her face seemed to glow with anticipation.

"Come along," the Mayor ordered, walking further down to an open doorway. "Here is a men's room. Please go in and take a look around."

The group were scanned as they entered the room. There was no entry door nor were there stall doors, and the girls giggled, exploring this normally forbidden territory with delighted curiosity. In the urinals were pictures of women and on closer inspection, Elizabeth recognized some of them as teachers and business executives. Hannah chuckled as she pointed out her seventh grade home room teacher.

"The pictures in the urinal can be changed with a push of a button. When a patron comes here to pee he can push the button on the urinal to change the face to the one he wants. Your faces will appear here later today. Also, some patrons will pay a small fee to have you or your daughter hold their cock as they pee and there have been instances where a son will pay to have his mother hold his cock as he pees on her picture or a father will pay the fee to have his daughter hold his cock as he pees on her picture."

Elizabeth gasped, not simply at the concept, but at the excited laughter of many of the daughters.

"As well as that, mothers, fucking and blow jobs can also take place in here, just so you're aware."

"What do you mean?" a mother asked anxiously as she looked at one of the

stalls.

"What I mean is that when a patron is taking a shit, he could have you kneeling between his legs sucking his cock. He will also pay extra to have you wipe his ass clean: how you do so is up to you. This also applies your daughters as well.

Elizabeth shuddered at the possibility that she could possibly be sucking her son Billy's cock, as he took a shit. She looked at her daughter and the others, trying to read their reactions, but no one seemed to be particularly uncomfortable or offended.

Filing out of the restroom, the Mayor announced, "One last thing to show you, the dressing room where you will get ready for your shift."

She walked towards the hallway and stopped, pointing to a set of double doors. The sign on them said, 'Employees Only. No admittance unless summoned'.

"As you can see whores, you are not allowed past those doors for any reason unless you are summoned by an employee. If you have any problems you are to bring them to the attention of the shift management."

They continued walking down another hallway and the Mayor led the group inside another room. The sign on the door made Elizabeth gasp: 'Whores'. There were ten vanity stations with lighted mirrors along one wall, clothes racks on one end of the room and opposite the vanity stations were ten toilets. They were just basic stalls, with no doors.

The Mayor noticed everybody staring at them. "We save time by having the toilets here and not somewhere else. We're all girls here so nobody should be embarrassed about using them."

After giving the group a minute to look round she walked across the room. "Over here are the stairs to the dance floor, please follow me."

Everyone followed the Mayor up the stairs and onto the glass ceiling.

Elizabeth and Hannah looked down at the tables and floor beneath them. Yes, the patrons could certainly see everything just by looking up.

"Obviously, this is where you will perform your strip-tease. You and your daughters will be doing a two music set at the start of your shift. For the first song you're both dancing and your tops come off and during the second song, your bottoms come off. The idea of the strip-tease is to give our patrons a look at your goods. Make your dance as sexy and erotic as possible because you'll earn tips as patrons give you dollar tips for your routine. I recommend that there is plenty of intimate contact between mother and daughter: that really gets the patrons excited, and excitement leads to generosity. If your routine isn't very good then you won't get any tips.

Hannah looked at her mom and Elizabeth smiled at her, reading her mind.

"Where will the patrons put the dollars if we're completely nude?" asked a mother.

"Oh, I'm sure you've heard of the self-sticking dollar bill? Because your skin is damp with sweat the patron will be able to slap the dollar onto your skin." The Mayor smiled. "Most patrons like to slap your ass with a dollar bill."

There was nervous laughter.

After you strip with your daughter on the first dance you can strip with whoever you want after that, like mother mother, sister sister or even you can dance with somebody else's daughter if you prefer. The thing is that you need to keep your body in front of the patrons for them to take an interest in you and pay for your services. Oh, also, we do have a little friendly competition to see who earns the most tips in one shift. At the end of the week the winner gets a little bonus."

The Mayor paused as the group looked around the ceiling and down at the tables.

"Don't be intimidated. This is not a beauty contest. You're whores and you're here to make money. You have one week to get your routines together, practice with the mannequins, and purchase your costumes." The Mayor turned and walked towards the stairs and the changing room. "See you all next Friday evening, if not sooner in here."

As the group filed out of the changing room and out the back door the Mayor stepped over to Elizabeth. "Dr Sterling, come with me." Elizabeth looked questioningly over at Hannah. "She can come too."

Mayor Jean took them in the other direction past the training rooms and stopped in front of a door. The door had a name plate that read, 'Dr. Elizabeth Sterling, Phd'.

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a check and held it out to Elizabeth.

"Just as I promised," she said.

Elizabeth hesitated and then glanced at it and put it in her small purse.

"Go ahead and open the door."

Elizabeth smiled as she opened the door but her smile faded quickly. "It's the janitor's closet!" she gasped.

Hannah looked around her mother into the small room and frowned. Inside were the janitor supplies, brooms and mops with a small wooden table and two small wooden chairs.

"Yes, nothing fancy," the Mayor said with the hint of a sneer. "Makes it more intimate, don't you think?"

"But, but, it's a closet," Elizabeth said in disbelief.

"I promised you an office and here it is." The Mayor's tone changed,

suddenly more business-like, more commanding. "When you meet with the other property, you are to inform me of what your discussions were."

"I, I, can't!" Elizabeth cried, still in shock. "That's doctor patient confidentiality."

"Not here it's not," the Mayor said firmly. "You work for the club, this is private property, you are part of that property and so is any mother or daughter who comes in to talk to you. The way the law sees it, it's just two co-workers having a chat." She paused and then added, threateningly, "Is that clear?"

Elizabeth felt suddenly defeated, and tears started in her eyes: she was a professional woman, but now she had to work in a broom cupboard and pass on all her clients' personal information to the management. She sighed and with a shrug, nodded her head.

"All of your appointments will be held here at the club. The club comes first, not your personal business. So, if you have conflicts with appointments between the two, the club wins out." The Mayor's tone softened. "Now, there's nothing that says that you can't close out your business and move your clients here."

"What?" Elizabeth said scornfully. "Close my business? I have a receptionist that I would have to lay-off, and probably the women that come to me wouldn't set foot in this place."

I think you're wrong Dr Sterling. I think most women would be intrigued to come here and if you are as good as you think you are, these women would follow you anywhere. As for your receptionist? Bring her along too."

"She's not married and doesn't have kids," Elizabeth said desperately. "I mean she lives at home, she's only nineteen years-old. What could she do here?"

The Mayor laughed. "Oh, we have jobs for women who don't have daughters. I mean, look at Florence and Agnes, they are full time employees

and not club property. So I'm sure we could hire your receptionist...?"
She paused questioningly.

"Alicia," Elizabeth replied.

"I can hire Alicia as a full time employee. She can schedule your appointments for the club property and also schedule your regular clients. In addition, I have other administrative duties I can assign her. She would be quite busy."

"Why couldn't I be a full time employee?"

The Mayor sighed. "Come, Doctor Sterling, you know the answer to that."

Hannah looked at her mother anxiously and Elizabeth bit her lower lip. "I don't know. If I bring Alicia along with me, she would... I mean she would be an employee and I wouldn't."

"Well, you did mention that you didn't want to lay her off. You can't have it both ways."

Elizabeth stared at the floor. She was good at decisions, made them everyday, but now her mind seemed to have turned to mush and she couldn't think straight.

"Well, as you're thinking about that," the Mayor continued impatiently, "let me throw this little incentive out. If you can get your regular clients who have daughters to join the club there would be a nice little bonus for you. And if your client doesn't have a daughter, then try and convince her to join the Whorehouse or the Young Girl. If she joins either of those I will double your bonus."

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. "It's been years since I visited either place, I don't know how much things have changed. I'm not sure I could recommend anything to my clients."

"Then take the time to visit them, see what the clubs are all about, how things have changed." The Mayor paused. "You could always match the club with your clients personality. It might be worth the extra money.

"Mayor Jean?" asked Hannah, much to her mother's surprise.

The Mayor smiled at the girl. "Yes sweetie?"

"One of my conditions for me joining my mom here was that she had to come to the Young Girl once a week so that she could learn sex tricks."

The Mayor smiled at Hannah then Elizabeth. "What an excellent idea! Smart girl you have here, Dr. Sterling. What night?"

"Friday nights," Hannah said, grinning and looking up at her mom. Elizabeth felt flushed.

"That would be really good if you could start working at the Young Girl, Dr Sterling. As Hannah says, you'll see and learn a lot that might help you here."

Elizabeth blushed again.

"That's what I told her too, Mayor Jean," Hannah said and laughed.

"Also, work some time in to visit the Whorehouse during the week when school lets out. Take your daughter along with you, she might get a kick out of that."

"Please mom?" Hannah cried excitedly. "Please take me?"

Elizabeth smiled weakly and nodded and her daughter gave a little whoop of joy.

"Let me think on it," Elizabeth said at last. A thought had crossed her mind wondering if it was ethical or not to recommend to a client to be a

sex worker, but then again, this morning ethics seemed to have flown out of the window. Anyway, ethical or not, she would need the extra bonus money.

"No problem, just remember that if there's a scheduling conflict with your clients, the club wins, and consider how much easier it would be just to move your business here."

Elizabeth nodded and closed the closet door.

"One other thing Doctor Sterling. The county administration, which is me, plans to use you as a spokeswoman for the sex industry."

A new alarm swept over Elizabeth. "Wait, wait, wait, no I can't do that. This is hard enough as it is."

"Well, be that as it may, you're property and as such I can use you anyway I want. So, I am going to book you as a lecturer at civic organizations, schools, colleges, private groups here in the county, and at the state level and probably on the national level too."

"What? What about my practice?"

"Your practice will be worked around your lecturing schedule and your schedule here, the Mayor said, impatience creeping back into her voice.

Fuck. Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders in defeat. "So what am I supposed to lecture about?"

"You are to lecture, or give speeches if you want to call it that, on the importance of women and girls becoming sex workers, whores and sluts. You are to talk about how noble the sex worker profession is and that the true measure of a females worth is how much money she makes selling her body for sex."

Elizabeth stared at the woman, a horrified look on her face.

The Mayor ignored her. "In addition, you are to talk about your support

for the idea that females should be considered second class citizens and that a company or business has every right to employ females as property for the benefit of that company or business."

"Fuck!" was all Elizabeth replied. Hannah smiled nervously: she knew mom didn't believe in that stuff but now was being asked to.

The Mayor stood there, waiting. Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders, looked at the ground and nodded her head. "Okay, I'll do it."

"That's the spirit, Doctor Sterling," the Mayor said cheerfully, and turned on her heel and walked out of the building.

End of Chapter 1

Family strip club

Chapter 2:

Monday morning Elizabeth drove into the parking lot of the strip mall where her office was located. She turned the car off and put her head on the wheel.

Fuck, things were moving too fast for me. After the orientation on Saturday Hannah and I drove over to the mall to do some clothes shopping. We went to the teen section and Hannah started to pick out clothes, pink and white, putting them in the shopping cart. I asked what she thought she was doing and she said picking out my dance costume.

In the teen section? We argued back and forth, especially when she picked out all black clothes with black knee high boots that were half-price. Boy, I could see where this was going and I didn't like it.

"Mom, this is all the rage."

"I don't care, I can't be seen wearing clothes like this," I replied as I pulled out a skimpy white blouse from the cart.

"Can't complain, mom, you said I could pick out our costumes. Besides you'll be wearing these clothes at the club."

I shrugged my shoulders. Fuck. I dropped the blouse in the cart and picked up short skirt. Holding it up I realized the skirt would come about five or six inches below my crotch.

"You'll kick ass in that mom!"

I was about to correct her language but thought better of it.

In the changing room I tried on the clothes, and yep, the blouses and skirts were way too short and tight on me. If I bent over I knew my tits would pop out and my thong undies would show but Hannah seemed satisfied.

That evening with Kevin gone and my husband downstairs watching TV Hannah convinced me to undress, well, both of us got undressed in front of each other for the first time. I guess we have to get used to it. It was awkward, neither of us looked at each other very closely and it was hard to not cover my breasts or crotch.

"You have a rockin' body mom." Hannah said as she blushed.

"So do you," I quickly replied as we both hurried to put our clothes back on.

The next day we went back to the mall to finish off our costumes. Hannah of course picked out age appropriate blouses and skirts for her.

She picked out five push-up bras, a package of different color thongs, some more short skirts. Hannah accompanied me into the changing room. I disrobed to my bra and panties but she surprised me, she also took off her clothes, all nude. And so did I. This time we looked at each other, then we I tried on the clothes, mine were tight but for the club I could get

used to them.

Hannah also picked out six inch heels for me and heels for her, several packages of twelve white thigh stockings that we could use at the club. I shrugged my shoulders and picked out a package of pink thigh stockings and black thigh stockings. She smiled at me. In my mind we were both gonna look like sluts. I guess that is the idea.

"Can you believe we are even doing this?" Hannah asked.

"No, I can't."

"Remember this was your idea."

"Don't remind me."

Back at the house my husband left in the afternoon and Kevin went over to a friends. That gave us the opportunity to do our first dance practice. I had to learn to dance all over again, swinging my hips and flaying my arms like a teenager. The music was certainly different than my day but Hannah was patient with me and walked through some basic steps.

Then she had us undress and dance and that was hard. My tits were swinging back and forth and Hannah giggled at the sight. I stopped what I was doing and put my hands on my hips, "What's so funny?", I just blushed.

"Nothing, you're just beautiful is all," Hannah blushed back. That was awkward.

But for 15 minutes we practiced, Hannah looked good dancing but as for me, I was doing what might pass for dancing. More practice was definitely needed.

Monday morning sitting in my car in front of the office. Fuck, how do I tell Alicia that I will closing the practice and moving it to the strip club?

I got out of the car and walked up to the front door. Alicia was already inside.

"Good Morning, Alicia."

Alicia looked up from her desk then stood up. "Good morning, Dr Sterling."

As I headed to my office Alicia said. "Um, Dr Sterling, we got a little problem."

"Yes?"

"Well, your clients have been calling in for the past hour demanding to know what the announcement is all about."

"Announcement? What announcement?"

"This one." Alicia handed me a piece of paper that she printed off.

I read it.

*

Announcement:

Climax, Cherish Valley: Mayor Jean announced today that Dr Elizabeth Sterling and her twelve year-old daughter Hannah have joined the Family

Strip Club as full time strip-tease dancers and sex workers.

Dr Sterling contacted the club last week to inquire about joining the talented group of sexual workers made up of mothers and daughters.

In her interview with mayor Jean, Dr Sterling exclaimed that she, "Firmly believe that a female's worth, whether a little girl or a grandmother, is how much money she can earn by selling her body at the Family Strip Club." Dr Sterling went to say that, "The Family Strip Club provides a safe and loving environment for mothers and daughters to grow

together, enjoy mutual respect, and make the kind of money that will bring them joy and happiness. In addition, with the term 'sex worker' no longer a bad thing, mothers and daughters and especially little girls need to know that choosing a job as a sex worker is a noble profession."

Dr Sterling, a psychiatrist, comes with a wealth of experience within the female mental health industry, having spent the last two years owning her own practice. Dr Sterling credits her female patients with convincing her that female sex workers at the Family Strip Club, the Whorehouse, and the Young Girl Club, were doing more exciting things and earning more money than she ever could behind a desk. Dr Sterling will be moving her practice to the club on Wednesday so that she can be near the action with the other mothers and daughters.

Dr Sterling easily convinced her daughter, Hannah, to join her at the Family Strip Club, enticing her daughter with the easy money they can earn and the mother daughter bonding they could share.

Dr Sterling finished her interview by saying, "I am excited to start a new challenge within the Family Strip Club and look forward to dancing and working side by side with the mothers and daughters of the club. I am fortunate to be joining such a respected club that prides itself on top quality sexual talent."

Dr Sterling and her daughter can be seen this Saturday night and every Saturday night throughout the school year.

★★

"No way, no fucking way, I didn't say those things." I looked up but not at Alicia.

"So this announcement is fake? Made up?"

"No, um, the announcement is true, well some it is true."

"So is that why Mayor Jean came here last week? Did you join the strip

club or not?"

"Yes, I did and so did Hannah, but not the way this announcement portrays it."

"So, your an employee of the club then?"

"Well, not exactly," I blushed and looked away.

"Not exactly? You either are or you're not." Alicia paused then got excited. "Wait a minute, you're club property then?"

"Ah, well, yes, I'm gonna be club property and so is Hannah." like that was supposed to mean anything.

"No way! So like, as property you're no more important a piece of paper or a pen, wow, your value is on par with a chair or the dance table. I thought you didn't believe in this stuff?"

When I hired Alicia I hired her as an employee and not property, I mean I could have hired her as property for the office but I didn't believe in that sort of thing. Fuck.

"A person can change their mind," I huffed and turned to walk into my office.

"So are you gonna move the practice to the club then?"

I stopped and looked at her, she looked worried. This was moving too fast. "Yes,"

"What about me? I'll be out of a job."

"No, you won't. I was going to tell you later today but now is just as good. Mayor Jean is offering you a job at the club as a, um, well, a full time employee."

Alicia's face brightened. "Fucking A," Alicia smiled then paused. "You know Dr Sterling that as a full time employee I have more rights and freedoms than common property like yourself?"

"Don't remind me," I said as I blushed again. As club property I didn't have any rights or freedoms. What had I gotten myself into? "You mentioned phone calls this morning, from my clients?"

"Ah, yes, they were calling to see if that announcement was true."

"Did they say that they were going to drop me?"

"That's the strange part, none of them mentioned dropping you."

"What did you say?"

"I said that I had to speak to you first."

"Well, tell them they are more than welcome to come to the club to see me for their appointments."

"Okay, I'll text them. But, what will be my job at the club?"

"Well, you'll still handle my current clients, the ones that stay on, and schedule appointments for any of the mothers or daughters at the club who want to see me. Mayor Jean did stress to me that the mothers and daughters of the club did have priority over my my other clients, but I'm sure she will talk to you about that. She also said that she would have other administrative duties for you also."

"Cool." Alicia smiled as she sat down at her desk.

I sat down at my desk and re-read the announcement. How could the mayor make up lies like this? Then her phone rang, it was her husband. Fuck.

Twenty minutes later she hung up the phone. Her husband was very surprised at the turn of events but he was also very pleased. She didn't

have the heart to tell him that it was because of his job layoff. He also said that he and Kevin would be there this Saturday. Fuck, Kevin, how to handle him?

And money, how the fuck was her husband and Kevin going to pay for their time at the club? He didn't have a job and no income. Fuck.

The county HR office called Alicia and set an appointment for later that day for a cursory job interview at the strip club. Then they transferred the call to the shipping and moving department and set up Wednesday for the movers to come and pack up the office so Elizabeth could close out her lease.

Elizabeth looked around her office and realized that it would all have to go into storage. She couldn't take anything with her and there was no room in the basement at home to store her stuff.

Alicia was right, none of her existing clients had dropped her. Maybe mayor Jean was right.

★★

Monday evening at the dinner table Elizabeth told her husband and Kevin, who was very excited about the prospect of purchasing his mother's body for sex, that there would be no sex at home only at the club.

Hannah and her had talked about the possibility of sex at home with them and what to do about it while they were shopping over the weekend. Neither one of them wanted to deal with the "boys" as they called them at home after a long night of dancing and fucking. To Elizabeth it was one of the most awkward conversations with her daughter she'd ever have, so far. Everything was moving too fast though.

Her husband was disappointed when Elizabeth told him he could have only have sex with at the club. Kevin didn't care he was happy any way about going to the club and fucking her and his sister.

Her husband of course brought up the issue of payment at the club. Elizabeth was the only one who had money. Kevin had an excited look on his face and her husband sat back. Hannah looked at her.

Things were moving to fast for Elizabeth but she was holding it together. It was a requirement at the club that on the nights they danced and whored the male family members had to be at the club, otherwise, they couldn't dance.

"I'll give you money," she almost whispered looking down at the table.

"What?" her husband asked as he sat upright.

"I'll give you and Kevin money for the club," Elizabeth said a little louder.

"Fuckin A!" Kevin smiled.

"Kevin!" Elizabeth said looking at him.

Her husband was smiling. "Well, about a hundred dollars every Saturday night should do it," he said.

Later upstairs Hannah questioned her mother.

"You're gonna give dad and Kevin a hundred dollars so they can buy us to fuck `em and suck `em?"

"Yes."

"Mom! You know that the fathers have to pay for them and their sons."

"What else can we do Hannah? Your father doesn't have any money, he spent it all. Getting drunk with his buddies. And you know that he and Kevin have to be there when we dance."

Hannah shrugged her shoulders. "Fuck" was all she said and I didn't

correct her.

"Besides, if this strip-tease things works out I should making more money so that the hundred dollars won't make a difference."

**

Tuesday:

Late the next morning Elizabeth walked into the office and Alicia wasn't there. Alicia called Elizabeth around noon from the club saying that she was setting up her new office and that she had the office number changed to the club. If Elizabeth wanted to see or talk to her she had to come to the club.

Elizabeth's smart phone beeped indicating an incoming text. She glanced at it, the text was from the club.

"This is a reminder for new sex talent that the urinal glamour digital pictures will be taken on Thursday at 2."

The idea that club patrons, especially her husband and son will be able to pee on a picture of her face bothered her. Especially if they paid to have her or Hannah hold their cock as they pissed on them. Elizabeth shook her head. She stood up and looked around her office. This will be gone tomorrow so fuck I might as well go over to the club. The club was always open 24 hours a day so that mothers and daughters could come and practice at any time.

Her phone beeped again with another text from the club.

"The club will be hosting mini seminars today through Friday afternoon on such topics as beauty make-up, kissing, anilingus, cunnilingus, and tips for dancing on table tops."

Anilingus and cunnilingus? Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. Yeah, that's all part of the sex act. This will be hard, too hard she thought. She'd have to kiss her daughters cunt and anus. Fuck. Well, she'd have to

do the same thing to me.

She called Hannah and asked her if she wanted to go to the club and she said yes so Elizabeth drove by the house to pick her up. School was starting this coming Monday and the strip club grand opening for the school year was Friday night but she and Hannah would be dancing and whoring on Saturday evening.

"Whoring," she thought. What a word. On the drive over to the club Hannah got a text on her cell phone that the club was having several seminars throughout the day to get all whores back up to speed. Attendance was not mandatory but was encouraged.

She pulled into the parking lot and both got out and walked in the door.

"I'll be a minute, honey, I need to talk to Alicia first."

"Okay, I'll be in the practice room."

Elizabeth texted Alicia then walked to the employee door and waited.

"Hey!"

Elizabeth turned around.

"Dr Sterling is it?" the woman asked.

"Yes?"

"Walk away from the door."

"But my secretary is in there and I need to talk to her."

"Secretary? You're club property right?"

"Um, yes."

"A dancer and sex worker?"

Elizabeth finally remembered. Florence was the ladies name.

"Yes"

"She's not your secretary anymore, sweetie, she's the office administrator, part of the management team for the whole club. As such, she doesn't have time for you not at least until she summons you. Also, property is not allowed to be by the door. When you are summoned, walk through the door to her office, first door on the left, now move along." Florence started to walk away but turned around. "Oh, one other thing, if you are summoned, drop what you are doing go straight to whoever summoned you. Don't keep management waiting." She turned and walked away.

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders and walked toward her tiny closet but decided to go to the practice room. She stood in the doorway nervous. There were a lot of mothers and daughters practicing on the mannequins, sucking and slurping sounds coming from the room. Everybody was concentrating on what they were doing.

Hannah was over in the corner on her knees bobbing her head back and forth on a mannequin. Three little girls were on their knees bobbing their heads back and forth on dildos that were attached to a mirror that ran floor to ceiling and wall to wall. That way somebody sucking a dildo could watch themselves and see what was going on behind them.

Well, fuck, might as well join them she thought. There was an empty mannequin just to her left, it was one of the laying down ones, it's cock sticking straight up.

Elizabeth was wearing her white blouse, short black skirt, white thigh hose and her six inch heels. She felt self-conscious about kneeling down in her outfit but as she looked around the mothers and daughters were in various states of undress. As she knelt down she blushed as she realized that the tight fitting blouse and skirt could easily rip but she decided to

ignore it.

She took the long cock in her left hand, licked her lips, and put her mouth over the end of it. Down she went and back up again, then slightly faster. She was watching the meter off to the side as she bobbed her head up and down on the cock. She was disappointed the damn thing didn't register. She licked and sucked and sucked and licked and bobbed her head a few times but the register didn't move. Fuck! Elizabeth thought as she sat back on her heels.

She leaned over again and tried sucking and licking the life like cock. She thought she heard snickering and whispering but couldn't be certain. She sat up and looked around as she took a deep breath. Some of the women quickly turned back to what they were doing.

Fuck! Elizabeth got tears in her eyes. Should she just give up and walk away? Or show these women she could suck cock just like them.

Elizabeth leaned over again and bobbed her head a few times and wiped away some tears before she noticed a pair of stripper shoes in her vision, a young pair of pink stripper shoes. She stopped and sat back bringing her gaze to the girl standing before her.

The girl had blonde hair, blue eyes, was topless but was wearing a very thin thong pantie around waist and crotch and of course those pink stripper shoes.

"You're doing it wrong." was all the girl said as she stared at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth blushed. "I know how to suck cock," she replied as she still held onto the cock. "I've been sucking cock a long time."

"That maybe true, but I am younger than you and I've suck more cock than you." the girl replied matter of factly.

Elizabeth blushed again. "Well, I don't need your help, I'm doing just

fine thank you." she replied as she started to lean over again.

The girl knelt down on the other side of the mannequin. "Here let me show you, but first you have to get comfortable."

Elizabeth sat up straight again. "What do you mean?"

"First it is best that you remove your clothes, loosen up a bit." The girl leaned over and started undoing the buttons on her blouse.

"Stop," Elizabeth said as she removed girls hands from her blouse.

"You have nice tits, the guys will want to see them." and the girl reached up again and undid the buttons on the blouse. Elizabeth was in shock when the girl said that.

"Now take your blouse off. Go on," the girl urged.

Elizabeth pulled her blouse from the waist of her skirt and slid it off her shoulders.

"There, happy now?"

"No, I'm not. You have a nice pair of tits that are crammed into that bra. It is a shame to hide them." The girl got up, stepped over the legs of the mannequin, stood behind Elizabeth and quickly and expertly undid the strap of the bra.

"Hey!" Elizabeth said as she quickly raised her hands catching her bra before it fell down.

The girl picked up the white blouse and tossed it aside.

"Hey!" she said again. "That blouse is brand new. I just brought it the other day."

The girl stepped back around and knelt in front of Elizabeth. "You

shouldn't wear nice things here."

"What's your name?" Elizabeth asked in a huff.

"Kim, Kim Gates, my friends call me Kimmy." she paused. "What's your name?"

"Dr Sterling, Elizabeth Sterling. You just can't go around undressing women like this."

Kimmy smiled, "I heard about you that you had joined the club." Kimmy paused looking at Elizabeth. "Look around you Dr Sterling, nobody cares. We're property, the club owns us, they sell our bodies and make a lot of money from it. We make a lot of money too of course."

Elizabeth looked around the practice room again. Most of the mothers and daughters were partially nude, some were nude. All were working the mannequins, laughing and touching each other, having a good time. One mother was riding a mannequin up and down, the long cock disappearing into her cunt. A girl was kneeling behind her, probably her daughter, she was poking her middle finger in and out of the woman's anus. Most of the mothers and daughters were practicing their sucking or were kissing while others were taking a break and drinking a bottle of water, kind of like a workout at a gym Elizabeth thought.

Elizabeth didn't see Hannah but knew she had to be in the building somewhere.

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders and dropped her head. The youngster was right of course.

"How old are you Kim?" she asked looking up again.

"Ten, how old are you Dr Sterling?"

"Um," Fuck why not she thought. "Thirty-five."

"When is your first dance night here?"

"My daughter Hannah and I start this Saturday evening."

The child smiled again and sat back on heels. "After your first strip-tease, you'll be sold at a discount."

"What? What do you mean?"

"That's the way it for new sex talent. Is your daughter under 16?"

"She's twelve, why?"

"Her mouth will be sold for full value because men and boys will pay dearly for a chance to have her wrap her lips and mouth around their cock." Kimmy paused. "But for women like you, older mothers, your sold at a discount the first time and sometimes the second time. The idea is to get you in front of as many boys and men as possible. The joke is that they like to have their cock try you on for size."

Women like me? "Fuck!"

"Yes, Dr Sterling, it will be that. At the end of the night your jaw will be sore and your cunt and ass will be stretched but you will have a wad of cash to show for it."

Elizabeth blushed. It was always the money.

"The best advice we give first timers is this. After the first night you have to find a way to keep your body in front of the patrons, because that is the only way to make money. Look around Dr Sterling, you will be competing against everybody else here who are trying to make money. This means not only dancing sexy for the club patrons but doing nasty stuff with your daughter on the dance table right in front of them. Have you ever done lesbian stuff before?"

"Lesbian stuff?" She thought back to when she was younger and she was

having sex with older women, well not sex really. She was fucking them and making them do things for her and her friends enjoyment but that wasn't really lesbian stuff, was it?

"Are you a lesbian Dr Sterling?"

Elizabeth blushed and looked down at the mannequin's cock. "I'm married."

"Well, that doesn't mean anything."

"Then no, I'm not a lesbian."

Kimmy chuckled. "In this place you are lesbian. You'll be doing lesbian acts with your daughter, what's her name?"

"Hannah." On some level Elizabeth knew that but hadn't considered it yet, things were moving to fast. She and Hannah had not started on their dance act yet let alone talk about the sex acts.

"Not only with your daughter but you'll be doing sex acts with other women and girls just to mix things up." Elizabeth looked at the girl. She hadn't considered that either. "Don't look so worried Dr Sterling. Girl on girl sex acts is the most natural thing in the world. All women and girls, whether they know it or not, are lesbians." The ten year-old smiled. Elizabeth didn't say anything. "Anyway, do you like rough sex?"

"What do you mean?"

"When your with your husband do you like it when he slaps you? Does he maul your tits, pinching and pulling your nipples? Or like it when he spanks you?"

Elizabeth sat back on her legs and look at Kimmy. "I'm a, um, a vanilla sex type of person." she blushed.

"Not here your not. There are husbands and sons of other whores here

that like it rough. They can't have rough sex at home so they bring it here."

"Rough sex?"

"My dad likes rough sex." Kimmy paused and looked down. "My mom and I don't give him sex at home so he brings his frustrations here." Kimmy paused.

"How so?"

"He likes to slap the side of my head as I suck his cock, all the while smiling up at him. When he fucks my mom from behind he'll slap her ass cheeks and yell and whoop like he is riding a bucking bronco."

Elizabeth didn't say anything but just looked at the girl. She wondered if her husband and son would be like Kimmy's dad.

Kimmy looked up and smiled at Elizabeth. "Can you bark like a dog or oink like a pig?"

Elizabeth shook her head and looking away from Kimmy.

"Some patrons will tip extra if the mother they are fucking from behind makes pig sounds or barking. It really turns them on, makes their cock harder I hear."

"I don't like rough sex and don't believe in it," Elizabeth said as she sat back on her heels still holding her bra up.

"It doesn't matter if you believe in it or not. They will pick you based on your profile." Kimmy paused. "You have to dumb yourself down Dr Sterling. Do you have a son also?"

Elizabeth nodded her head. This is so fucking surreal she thought.

"Your husband and son and the other patrons won't care what's in your

head. They only care what they put in your mouth or your ass and your cunt and that's their cock." The ten year-old looked at Elizabeth. "When they slap your face, you'll smile, when they compare you to an animal or make a crude joke about you, you'll laugh with them. When they spit in your face as you suck their cock you'll smile and wipe the spit into your mouth. Your husband and son will say hurtful things about you and you'll get mad and swear you'll confront them at home but you won't because you'll realize it doesn't matter because they'll just say the same things again the next time they're in the club, they know you can't do anything about it." Kimmy paused as she looked at Elizabeth. "They will compare your mouth or cunt or your anus to another mother in the club and you'll try harder to be better than the other mother's here because it is about the money."

"Okay, okay, I get it."

Kimmy sat back. "Don't take it personally when that happens to you. Just remember the money will be all yours."

Kimmy smiled at Elizabeth. "Now, drop your bra, that's good. Stand up so we can take your skirt off."

"But, come on, the skirt?"

"It looks good on you Dr Sterling but not in a setting like this."

Elizabeth stood up and undid the clasp on the side of the skirt and let it fall to the ground.

The ten year-old sucked in her breath as she took in Elizabeth's sheer panties. "Very good Dr Sterling, you'll make a lot of mouths water."

Kim reached over picking up the bra and skirt and tossed over to the blouse. Just then two mother's walking by step on her clothes.

"Hey wait a minute!"

"Nobody cares, Dr Sterling," Kim replied as they both looked at the

women walking out the door.

"Okay, now some tips on cock sucking," the youngster said. "If your sucking a patron by yourself always look at his eyes, not his cock, don't be looking around or look bored. Let him know that his cock is the center of your universe. That you love it, adore it and that you enjoy having it in your mouth. Also, very important, no hands when your sucking. Like this."

The ten year-old slowly and sensuously moved her lips over the tip of the cock, stuck her tongue out licking around the head and slowly swallowed the head. She kept looking at the mannequins eyes. She smiled at the mannequin, then kissed the length of the cock up and down then French kissed the head again, licked the length with her tongue. The meter was moving from red to yellow. The youngster then rubbed her face all over the cock and moved down to the balls.

Elizabeth's eyes got big as she watched the girl. She had never seen a tongue like that before. The girl was good but it was her tongue that mesmerized Elizabeth. But she was even more surprised when she got a tingling sensation in her tummy. What was that from?

Kimmy stopped what she was doing. "What?" Kimmy asked as she looked around.

"Your, um, your tongue, it's..."

"Unique? Yeah I get that quite a bit." Kimmy smiled. "My tongue sticks four inches out and is tapered at the end as you can see." Kimmy stuck her tongue out again and moved it back and forth. "The patrons just love my tongue, love to feel it on their cock, their nuts and especially their brown button."

The only thing that came to Elizabeth's mind was, 'wicked looking'.

"Now you try it."

Elizabeth nodded her head but was nervous as she took a deep breath. By force of habit she reached out for the cock.

"No, you can never touch a cock that you are sucking. It takes away from the patrons pleasure." Kimmy got up and walked to the edge of the room.

Elizabeth blushed as she watch the girl walk away, there was a thin piece of string that came up her butt crack to her waist, then around her waist and down to the little piece of cloth that covered her youthful vagina. Her mouth watered as she watched the ten year-old, her blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, her gait was perfect, fuck the girl was perfect in every way reach into a box for something. Whoever married her would be one lucky bastard she thought and probably she would pop out very beautiful babies. Stop it Elizabeth, she's just ten years-old.

Elizabeth heart froze when she saw what the girl was carrying, handcuffs.

"For first timers," Kimmy smiled as she stood in front of Elizabeth.

"But I'm not a first timer," Elizabeth gulped.

"In here you are." Kimmy walked around Elizabeth. "Put your arms back. Come on, Nothing to be ashamed of Dr Sterling. You just need to break your old habits."

Elizabeth reluctantly moved her arms back. Kimmy quickly and expertly cuffed Elizabeth's wrists.

"Okay, now suck!"

Elizabeth leaned over and realized that she was trying to use her hands.

"That's it, look at him, smile at him. Very good, up and down and kiss it. Yes, that's good." Kimmy stepped over the mannequins legs. "The meter

is moving Dr Sterling."

Elizabeth kept up her sucking and kissing.

"Now don't pay attention to what I am about to do."

The young girl reached out and pinch Elizabeth's ear lobes with her thumb and index fingers. Elizabeth never did like that but she tried to ignore it. Kimmy took hold her ears and directed her head movements.

"This is what a patron will do." she said. Then she ran her fingers through her hair. Elizabeth never did like that either, it messed up her hair style.

"Come on, work it, Dr Sterling, up and down, that's it." The ten year-old had her left hand behind Elizabeth's head pushing it up and down. "That-a girl, that's it, keep looking at his eyes, smile."

Elizabeth's jaw started to ache but the needle moved into the yellow and close to the green. She also kept struggling against the handcuffs.

"Okay, stop, that was very good, Dr Sterling."

Elizabeth smiled at the girl.

"Now for the two headed suck." Kimmy smiled. "When two females are sucking a cock we look at each other and not the patron. The patron wants to know that the girls sucking his cock are enjoying it. That they love sharing his cock and that his cock is the center of their universe. The first move to learn is that we both start at the root of his cock, your lips on one side and mine on the other. We move up the cock, our lips on the cock with our tongue between our lips licking the cock as we move up. The tips of our noses must be touching as we move up his cock. At the tip of his cock we both kiss two times, we both swirl our tongues around the head of the cock. Our tongues must touch as we lick the head and then we go back down again. All the while looking at each other. Every third movement up, we both kiss the tip of the cock, our lips must be touching as

we kiss the tip. Okay?"

Elizabeth nodded her head. So much to learn.

"Let's try it." the girl said. "But, don't concentrate on my tongue, keep your eyes on me."

Elizabeth and Kimmy positioned their lips at the root of the cock, their noses touching.

"Remember to smile Dr Sterling."

With their noses touching and their lips on the cock they both moved up the stem to the tip. At the tip of the cock both tongues swirled around the tip, both of them smiling at each other. Back down the stem to the root. On the third time up the cock Kimmy initiated the kiss with Elizabeth. It was strange to Elizabeth to kiss another female, especially a girl. For some reason her stomach tingled.

They both went down the cock to the root and back up again. Elizabeth was a little slow. "Teamwork, Dr Sterling." the girl said as their tongues licked around the top of the cock.

Down they went again. On the third up they both kissed the tip of the cock, their lips and tongue touching as they did so.

"Very good Dr Sterling."

They both took a breather.

"Now, the second step is where I suck down on his cock and you lick and kiss your way down his cock to this balls. Gently kiss and lick his balls and as you know, a males balls are very delicate, use your lips and tongue to make them feel good."

Elizabeth nodded her head.

"Now to get to the second movement, I will gently touch your arm. That is your queue to move down his cock to his balls. Let's try from the tip of the cock."

They both put their lips on the tip and Kimmy touched Elizabeth's arm. A little jolt went through Elizabeth and that bothered her.

Kimmy sucked down on the tip of the cock as Elizabeth licked and kissed her way down the cock to the balls. She licked and kissed the balls. She also noticed the meter in the yellow going slowly to the green.

"Very good, Dr Sterling," Kimmy said again as they took a break. "For the third movement as you are kissing and licking his balls I will touch your wrist. You are to move down from his balls to his anus."

"What?"

"Don't worry, we all do it."

"That's not what I meant."

"A patron wants to know that his ass is just as important to a female. To heighten his pleasure it is our responsibility to kiss and suck his anus, make love to his anus. Rub your cheeks, nose and forehead all over his anus, let him know that his anus is more important than you." Kimmy paused. "When it comes to the pleasure of the patron nothing is beneath us."

Elizabeth smiled weakly.

"Now, back on his balls and I will touch your wrist and move down to his ass, gently use your head to get him to pull his legs back to his chest. In this case, I move the mannequin's legs back to his chest."

Elizabeth nodded her head.

"Don't be shy Dr Sterling. Think of the money if you have to."

Elizabeth nodded her head again.

"Oh, yes, if the meter turns green while we are doing this movement, I will tap you on the head like this." Kimmy used her middle finger to tap on Elizabeth's head. "You are to stop kissing his anus and come up to me. When the cock finishes spurting its cum we then kiss each other. As we kiss I will swallow a little of the cum and push the rest into your mouth. You swallow a little bit and push the cum into my mouth. We keep doing this until there is no more cum. We do this with his cock next to us."

The ten year-old looked at Elizabeth.

"You have to swallow some of the cum Dr Sterling. If you don't that will piss off the other person plus we can all tell when somebody doesn't swallow the cum. Oh, don't let any cum drop from your mouth and if there is dribble, use your finger to scoop it into your mouth. If there is cum dribble on the other persons chin then use your tongue to lick it up."

For the next twenty minutes Kimmy and Elizabeth licked, kissed, sucked the cock. Elizabeth kissed the anus of the mannequin, rubbing her nose and forehead all over it. Kimmy deep throat the cock. Each time Kimmy touched her Elizabeth got a little jolt in her stomach and a tingly sensation in her cunt. And it still bothered her.

Finally the cock spurted into Kimmy's mouth and Elizabeth came up for a cum kiss. Kissing the lips of the ten year-old gave Elizabeth a jolt to her cunt and a tingling sensation in her stomach. What was happening to her. As they kissed the girl looked at Elizabeth and she blushed. Kimmy pushed her tongue into Elizabeth's mouth pushing the cum into her mouth. The cum wasn't bad tasting. It reminded her of ambrosia. It took about a minute to swallow and pass the cum back and forth until it was all gone.

"Very good, Dr Sterling," Kimmy smiled as they both stood up. The girl licked her lips. "You are a very good kisser."

Elizabeth blushed and nodded, "You're not bad yourself."

Kimmy smiled. "That's how we double team a cock."

"That will take some getting used too," Elizabeth replied as she opened her mouth a little and moved her jaw back and forth. "Hard on the jaw."

"Yes, it is, but we have something special for that."

"Gum?"

"Yes, over here. I think Mayor Jean mentioned to gum to you, at least she should have."

"Yes, she did."

As they walked across the room Elizabeth noticed a bowl on the ledge close to the door. As they got closer a woman and her daughter came through the door. Both momentarily stopped at the bowl and then spit into it. The woman spit out a pink wad of gum and the girl spit out a blue wad of gum. They both walked on in to the practice room.

"I hope that's not..." Elizabeth asked but Kimmy cut her off.

"Yes, it is," the girl replied with a smile.

As they walked up to the bowl Elizabeth looked in. Inside the bowl were different sizes and colors of used chewing gum some of which were floating in a pool of spit.

"You can't be serious." Elizabeth had a look of disgust on her face as she looked at Kimmy.

"Chewing gum is expensive Dr Sterling. The club saves money by reusing the gum as many times as it can. New sex talent are sometimes determined to buy their own gum but it becomes a frivolous purchase and they end up using this."

Elizabeth looked at the bowl again and gulped.

Kimmy reached into the bowl and pulled out a used wad of green gum, rolled it between her fingers and popped into her mouth. Then she reached into the bowl again and pulled out three wads of gum. Elizabeth noticed that the girl picked the three pieces out of the floating spit. She rolled the gum between her fingers and looked at Elizabeth.

"Open up!" the girl smiled. Elizabeth's hands were still cuffed behind her back. "Come on, Dr Sterling, we're property, we don't get the best of anything."

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders and opened her mouth a little. The ten year-old stuffed the used gum into her left cheek. "Okay, chew away!"

The used gum didn't have flavor anymore and it tasted funny. It took all of Elizabeth's will power not to vomit and spit the gum out. Kimmy was happily chewing away on hers.

"Hi, mom," Kimmy smiled as her mother walked up to them. "Dr Sterling this is my mother Mrs Monica Gates."

Mrs Gates held out her hand but laughed when Elizabeth blushed and slightly turned showing Mrs Gates her handcuffed wrists.

"Please to meet you, Mrs Gates," Elizabeth smiled.

Mrs Gates smiled. "I see my whore of a daughter wastes no time getting to to know the new sex talent." Elizabeth blushed.

Kimmy smiled at Elizabeth. "The old hag is jealous that I make more money than her."

Mrs Gates kissed Kimmy on the lips and Elizabeth noticed that it was a passionate kiss, not a quick `peck on the lips'. Mrs Gates looked at Elizabeth. "So you're Dr Sterling. You're the most famous person we've had here."

Elizabeth blushed. "Well, just consider me part of the sex talent." She hated saying that.

Mrs Gates smiled at Elizabeth. She was wearing only white thigh stockings with blue bows at the top and her shiny black six inch stiletto's. Elizabeth noted that Mrs Gates breasts had no sagging even though she was probably a little older than her.

Hannah walked up smiling. She was wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"This is my daughter Hannah," Elizabeth said. "Hannah this is Kim and her mother Mrs Monica Gates."

"Kimmy," the ten year-old said as she shook Hannah's hand.

"Please to meet both of you," Hannah replied as she shook both hands. Hannah totally naked wearing only her white thigh stockings and her shiny black four inch stiletto's.

Mrs Gates licked her lips. "You are a very beautiful young woman."

Hannah blushed. "Thank you."

"We should do a dance together sometime, maybe even practice together."

"Fuck mom," smiled Kimmy. "You just met her and you're trying to get between her legs!"

"Of course, Hannah is a beautiful young woman that I could easily knee before and worship."

Elizabeth felt uncomfortable on hearing that and Hannah blushed deep red.

"You're such a slut mom," Kimmy said. "Ignore her Hannah, she's always

trying to fuck the new talent."

Neither Elizabeth nor Hannah knew how to take that.

Mrs Gates reached into the used gum bowl and took a wad of pink gum, popping it into her mouth. "You're such a slut Kimmy," she said, "I wasn't thinking that at all."

"Handcuffs, mom?" asked Hannah as she looked behind her mom.

"Well, um,"

Kimmy moved next to Elizabeth. "She has to learn not to use her hands. I mean, she says she's a good cock sucker and all, but." Kimmy was smiling, teasing.

"Wait a minute," Elizabeth tried to protest but Mrs Gates cut her off.

Mrs Gates smiled at Elizabeth. "Dr Sterling, only young girls here like my Kimmy are good cock suckers. Women like us have a hard time keeping up with the youngsters."

"Well you do look sexy wearing the handcuffs mom."

"Kimmy could you take these cuffs off please?"

"OOOkay," Kimmy teased. These cuffs didn't need a key as they were push button activated.

"Um, I heard that there are several seminars here today." Elizabeth said rubbing her wrists.

Kimmy said, "Yes, and there is one in the dressing room. Come on, let's go hear it. Might get some good ideas."

Mrs Gates smiled then licked her lips looking at Hannah.

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The four of them walked into the crowded dressing room.

"Did you know that face powder can cause respiratory infections? That shaving with oil can lead to smoother results than cream? That the key to a clear, blemish-free ass is to scrub, scrub and scrub again?"

Kimmy leaned next to Elizabeth and said in low voice. "That's Mrs Reagan Holmes. She and her two daughters are dancers here. Her two daughters are paying off their college loans with the money their making here."

Elizabeth nodded her head.

"Thing is her daughters earn more money whoring themselves out than if they were using their degrees to work at some stupid business."

"Shhh," Mrs Gates said.

Elizabeth nodded her head still chewing her gum. Her jaw still ached with the sucking and licking she had done.

There were a dozen mothers and daughters in a semi-circle around the woman. "Our patrons love it when they touch and slap our ass and having a smooth ass is a requirement for this job. So exfoliate until your ass is red," Mrs Holmes said. "Don't be shy. Just scrub your ass off. Your sons and brothers will enjoy feeling your ass cheeks."

Another woman stepped forward. Kimmy leaned over to Elizabeth and Hannah. "Her name is Marge.

"As we all know stripping is hard work, Hell, I've been dancing here for four years. Regardless of what sex movies like *Dancing Girls* and *The Lesbian Strippers* would have us believe. It's not all having a romantic affair with a young girl who you dance with or a young girl getting swept off their feet by a middle aged woman. It's exhausting, both physically

and mentally. My daughter and I have had to take some breaks to do other things just to recharge. But much of the blood, sweat and tears of strip-tease and sex work goes into the backstage beauty routine. So today, Reagan and I will cover strip-club beauty tips."

"I have very sensitive skin, so I can only use natural products," Reagan said. "Heavy makeup really takes its toll, especially if it's full of chemicals. You can break out and it irritates your eyes. I'm all about the natural stuff. Tarte, mostly, which I buy at Sexies over on Dartmouth. As you can see I fair complexion and curly red hair. Before I come in for my shift I usually take a bath at home and let my long locks air dry. I don't style it much or use a lot of sprays or anything and the young boys really seem to like that," she says. "I get the 'you look like a mermaid' comment a lot as they push their cock into my mouth and run their hands through my hair."

Marge spoke up. "For you young girls you might want to pour on the candy smelling perfume or bathe in cheap, Fruit Loop-scented body soap. The men will like how fresh smelling you are," Marge smiled. "They'll tip extra for a young girl who smells like a lollipop."

"As for shaving and waxing," Reagan said. "In many ways I'm lucky because my hair is fine and light-colored, but Marge on the other hand."

Marge stepped up. "I'm a brunette so everyday before coming here I have to shave my armpits, legs and my crotch. I recommend a good razor and oil," Marge continued. "My daughter and I learned the oil thing from watching porno," Marge said. "These two thirty something women were in a bathtub and they were shaving each other as their little boys watched. They were using baby oil. So now we use coconut oil and it's wonderful. No red bumps."

Marge paused picking up a carton and showing everybody. "I like to take an Epsom salts bath on work days to keep my skin supple, it helps when I'm spanked or slapped. I also like to apply my favorite perfume, ambrosia, it makes me smell like male cum. Sometimes I will straighten my wavy hair and if it's going to be a busy night, I like to add blonde extensions for extra

flare because the boys love playing with my hair like that."

"Aren't you afraid of getting your hair extensions caught on something?" a mother asked.

"At first I was really timid about the extensions. I'd hold my head all stiff as the patron pushed his cock in and out of my mouth and I was also worried when I was on the pole they'd get caught in my armpit and rip out, but now I know they're not that delicate and the boys have fun with them."

Reagan and Marge had Elizabeth's attention as they went over make-up. Prior to their strip-tease with their daughter's Marge and Reagan use bronzer to accentuate their cheekbones and highlighter to freshen up their eyes. Reagan suggested they get their nails done about once a week. They both don false eyelashes, which both women said would make them appear "dumb down" to the patrons.

One of the girls asked about glitter.

Marge replied that as a middle aged woman she wasn't against a little glitter, however, young girls should make themselves all shiny for the patrons." Marge laughed a little. "For you younger girls, once you slide down the pole to the dance table men and boys will suddenly be like raccoon's. They're like, `Oooh, something shiny!'"

Everybody laughed.

Reagan added. "Check this out from the national government," Reagan held up her smart phone. "This app from the government has tutorials on everything, eye shadow, liner, mascara. I've really stepped up my eye makeup game thanks to this app."

Hannah asked about dry skin.

"You get used to having dry skin," Reagan replied. "We have a joke here, that we're all alligators, not just because our skin can get dry but because we have callouses in weird places from the pole, like the insides

of our thighs, behind our armpits, down our sides."

Ever consider buffing the callouses off asked another teen girl.

"No way, they're necessary. They're a defense against irritated skin."

How about exercise?

"We get our exercise at the pole, while dancing on the tables and having vigorous sex," Reagan replied.

Marge added. "It is also where my daughter and I have learned to love our bodies. Getting naked in front of young boys and men in a public setting like this has made us more comfortable with ourselves. I didn't use to have very high self-esteem. I was really socially anxious, and I felt bad because I didn't have porn-star teardrop tits, but now I know, boys and men don't care. They just like our bodies. They want to fuck our holes, have a good time and move on to the next whore."

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On the drive home Elizabeth and Hannah sat in silence.

"That was fun but it was totally weird." Hannah said.

"The kissing?"

"Well, everything."

After lunch was the kissing session. It was open to all but aimed at new mothers and daughters. It was how to act naturally when kissing your mother or daughter. Hannah and Elizabeth kissed for the first time. It was very uncomfortable for both. They French kissed, tongue kissed, sucked each others tongue, learned how to kiss passionately. Then they traded partners. Elizabeth kissing Mrs Gates, then Kimmy. For some odd reason Elizabeth's body reacted sexually each time she kissed the ten year-old. Then back to kissing Hannah. For an hour they kissed and at the end it was

comfortable for Elizabeth. The mother conducting the kissing seminar had them chew gum and then swap the gum as they kissed. It was a fun exercise using their tongues to push their gum into each others mouths.

Then came a question and answer period and a mother asked about condom usage. The mother answering the question replied that birth control was free for the talent. Elizabeth asked about STDs and other infections. The woman replied that the male patrons better not have any diseases or infections if their wife and daughters were dancing here. A good female always knew if her man had any diseases.

"But wouldn't condoms remove the guess work from whether a male had STDs or not?" Elizabeth pressed.

The woman smiled at Elizabeth.

"Here is the truth about the science of bareback sex and ejaculation: Unprotected sex is more alluring and pleasurable for the female and it's not just for sensation. Why? Scientific research at this strip club and others around the country show that male seminal fluid contains chemicals that elevate a female's mood, increases her affection, induces a peaceful sleep, and contains at least three anti-depressants that are beneficial for females of any age."

Elizabeth had never heard of such research.

"Women and girls over seventeen who enjoy cunt and anal sex "au natural" are less depressed than women who use condoms or abstain from sex. The young girls, the six to sixteen year-old's that suck cock and drink sperm do better in school than their peers. Hell, I've heard anecdotal evidence that the girls who work here do as much as twenty percent better on testing than their peers."

The woman paused as she looked around the room. "I have consumed quarts of semen from young boys just entering puberty to old men and I can certainly attest to a heightened peaceful feeling after wards."

Elizabeth wasn't so sure.

"As I said, it is up to the mother to know whether her husband or son has STDs or infections." She paused again. "Sex without condoms is definitely more pleasurable. The next day you feel much better about yourself. Young girls have more confidence in themselves. The same studies have also shown that women and girls who had been getting regular sperm ejaculations from a male, then suddenly stopped, felt worse about themselves, young girls who were sucking cock and drinking the sperm and suddenly stopped performed worse in school and were more awkward in social situations. Women who had the male use a condom were reported to be more depressed. This strengthens the argument that unprotected sex and sperm are addictive. Therefore, ladies, we can conclude that natural exposure to semen and sperm, whether sucking a cock or having the cock fuck us, can stimulate ovulation, as well as make us happier, pliant, and docile."

The other mothers and daughters clapped and nodded their heads.

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Hannah got out of the car. "You coming?" she asked.

"In a minute," Elizabeth replied. "Let me gather myself first." Hannah nodded her head.

Her thoughts went back to earlier that day to what Kimmy had told her about rough sex. Elizabeth shook her head and looked out the car window. So much has changed since she was young girl. The hardest part of the afternoon was the art of kissing anus. Kimmy and her mom stayed with Elizabeth and Hannah to make it easier on them.

"Work around the muscle, not straight into the muscle, but work your tongue around it." Mrs Gates instructed.

"Remember that when rimming you are not playing ass darts. The anus is not a bullseye that you should aim your tongue at straight away. Let the men and boys watching you get a good look at what you're doing." Kimmy

said. "If a boy or man has paid to have you lick his anus, then begin by licking, kissing, stroking and nibbling around the area, then move on to tiny, light licks there with the very tip of your tongue, building up the intensity as you slowly stimulate more of the nerve endings around the muscle."

"Take time to lick all the little ridges around his anus in circular motions, before beginning to lap at the hole itself," Mrs Gates added. 'Focus on stimulating the hard ring of muscle; there aren't as many nerves actually inside the rectum, so if you do want to penetrate your his anus with your tongue, you only need to push in very slightly."

Elizabeth looked at Hannah who was on her back with her legs over her head. Her anus was staring back at Elizabeth.

"Dr Sterling, try not to neglect the rest of his body while you're concentrating on kissing and licking his brownie. Run your hands over his ass cheeks and down their legs; reach up and play with their nipples; and if you're rimming a boy while he's laying face-down, try delicately pulling his penis back between his legs, if his erection is long enough because in this position your chin will massage his balls while you're French kissing his ass. Remember to smile while you're rimming."

Elizabeth kissed Hannah's anus for the first time, it was strange and surreal. Elizabeth's jaw ached after twenty minutes of kissing, licking and slobbering over her daughter's anus. Then it was Hannah's turn. With Elizabeth laying on her back and her legs over her head, Hannah kissed, licked and slobbered over her mother's anus.

Then Elizabeth kissed Kimmy's anus and the Mrs Gates and Hannah did the same. Both Kimmy and her mother emphasized there should be no shame or embarrassment about kissing the anus of another female, it was a natural act.

Kimmy smiled shyly at Elizabeth after she had kissed the girl's little brownie. It made Elizabeth's stomach tingle.

After a short break they Kimmy and her mom showed them how to nibble and eat cunt. With great nervousness Elizabeth kissed and licked and nibble at Hannah's little cunt. In a couple of minutes Hannah was coming which surprised Elizabeth. Hannah was embarrassed about coming in front of everybody.

**

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were a blur to Elizabeth. It was pretty much the same thing at the club, learning on the mannequins, practice dancing at home, and practicing cunt and anal licking with each other. It was surreal.

Elizabeth had grown-up in the same city, knew what sex was all about at a young age from watching her mother at home, later she went to the Young Girl Club a lot over her teenage years and when she turned sixteen her mother took her virginity. When she left for college and then grad school she vowed she wouldn't get involved in this type of sex again but life had a way of dragging one back into the fold.

Elizabeth just never figured that she would be sexually involved with her daughter or her son, well at the club at least with him. She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. At Thirty-five she still had a rockin' body, beautiful hair and the looks of a teenager.

Her husband walked into the bathroom, naked, his cock swinging back and forth. The females at the club referred to the patrons as "swinging dicks". Elizabeth smiled to herself.

Since Wednesday her husband and son were walking around the house bottomless, no pants or underwear and at other times just plain naked. At first that really upset Elizabeth and Hannah but Elizabeth realized that what Kimmy had told earlier in the week was true, there was nothing she could do about it. Her husband and son would make rude comments about fucking them or having them suck their cocks and laugh about it. With Kevin he would always have pre-cum on the tip of his cock.

"Ready to get fucked tonight?" smiled her husband.

"What do you think?"

"I'd take that as a yes," he chuckled. "I'm gonna fuck you every which way."

Elizabeth rolled her eyes. Kevin said pretty much the same thing. She should get dressed and head over to the club even though their shift didn't start until five that evening. At least she would be able to get over her nervousness and doubts. Hannah was just as nervous.

Later down stairs in the kitchen Elizabeth and Hannah when Kevin walked in, wearing only a t-shirt. "You two cunts ready to double-team my cock tonight?"

"Gawd Kevin your so crude!" Hannah replied.

Elizabeth looked at her son. "Please, Kevin, not here."

Kevin laughed and walked out.

**

On Thursday though Mayor Jean called me into her office at the club. Alicia was sitting there. As I sat down Mayor Jean said, "I've decided to make Alicia manager of sex talent here" I nodded and smiled at her. "Her job is to manage the whores, which includes you."

I didn't say anything but smiled at the mayor. Whore, what a word. Last week I wasn't one and now I am one.

"The reason I called you here though is that as you probably know the Whorehouse, Young Girl club and us are members of the National Association of Female Sex Workers."

"Yes I heard."

"Well, next year the national legislature will be holding hearings on minimum education levels of girls signing on to be sex workers."

"Okay." I wondered where this was going.

"The association has asked its member chapters to designate a representative who can clearly articulate our position on the matter."

"What is our position?" I sat up straighter.

"Our position is that we support girls as young as six and women as old as sixty in becoming sex workers. We also believe the minimum educational standards for girls is that they be able to write their name, read at the fifth grade level and be able to do simple math like addition and subtraction." Mayor Jean paused looking at me. She knew that I advocated for girls graduating from college and joining the workforce. The associations position was that if girls wanted to advance beyond the fifth grade at age 10, that they would be taking away resources from boys who were more deserving. Mayor Jean continued. "We are working with the school district to rewrite the girls curriculum in grades four and five for heavy emphasis on make-up, skin care, fashion tips, and hair maintenance."

"In other words, how to be a whore."

"Does that bother you?" Mayor Jean leaned forward in her chair.

I paused. "No" but my insides were screaming YES! "Girls, eight, nine and ten need to know what is involved in how to look like a whore."

Mayor Jean smiled. "Good. Now Alicia will be setting your speaking schedule. You'll be traveling around the country talking to large groups of girls and women on the benefits of becoming sex workers without the need for education beyond grade five."

Alicia spoke up. "You will of course be home by Friday evening so you can strip and fuck on Saturdays as per your contract."

I sat up straight. "I don't know what to say to these girls and women."

"You'll be sent our talking points in the couple of days." She paused and stared at me. "On the personal side you can tell those girls and women that even with your advanced degrees you still ended up being a sex worker, a stripper." Mayor Jean looked at me. "Better yet, tell them that when you think about it, how ashamed you feel that you took resources and a spot in college from a boy that was more deserving."

I was about to protest but just nodded my head. I hoped my embarrassment didn't show through.

"So you have been here for several days now, how are the mental health visits going?" Alicia asked.

**

In the club late Saturday afternoon.

My emotions were all over the place, it was so hard to think clearly. I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt so alive. A sea of female flesh, moving, giggling, touching, stroking, in the dressing room. I took a deep breath and looked again. At least a dozen scantily clad and sexy little girls and sexy adult women crammed together in the crowded dressing room. They were primping themselves at the cosmetics-strewn dressing tables, or playfully helping each other out of - no, into - the kind of outfits that fueled many a male's imagination. Even though I had been here all week I didn't know all the women and girls in the dressing room. The music was thumping in the building, getting the husbands and their sons in the mood, not that they needed any help.

As Elizabeth looked around the dressing she saw a busty French maid, and there a bespectacled, stocking-clad eleven or twelve year-old looking like a secretary. Over there, a mother daughter duo burlesque dancers helping

each other into their corsets. And that was certainly no real policewoman! Two little girls in string bikini's putting make-up on on each other.

I felt dizzy just looking over all the women and their daughters getting ready for an evening of fucking and sucking. I needed to change into my outfit. I saw Hannah on the other side of the dressing room. She waved me over.

My arm was caught and I was spun around by a cute little girl, dressed as some kind of sailor. "What's your name, you're pretty!" She cried out in childish and cheerful voice, playing with her pigtails. Her eyes lit up. "I know you!" the girl turned. "Hey mommy, it's that doctor lady the one you said was a duck."

"A quack honey." replied a woman from one of the dressing tables.

"Hi," was all I could say. There was laughter around the room.

"Don't mind her." Said an adult female who looked like a male fantasy version of a blonde teenage cheerleader. "I'm Sandy. This is your first time tonight?"

"Um, yes, I'm..."

Sandy cut her off. "Well good luck tonight then." she smiled and turned back to the dressing table.

And then they were swarming around me, laughing and giggling, spinning me back and forth. I tried to tell them to stop, but I was woozy. I tried to fight, but I kept seeing things that threw me off-balance - a silver chain dangling from a bouncing breast, a flash of thigh leading to a completely naked mound. Perfumes fogged the air and my head, including one all-pervasive scent that was strangely enticing and disturbing.

"Dr Sterling's gonna be popular!" I gasped at the sight of a pre-teen girl dressed as a nun. Was nothing sacred? It was a figure hugging outfit, cut to reveal garters and stockings, and topped by a spiked collar.

"Good luck!" a trampy looking schoolgirl in pigtails smiled. "You're gonna be fuckin and suckin soon."

Hannah over in the corner smiling at me waved me over. I was working my way through the crowd of girls and women.

A girl, maybe seven or eight, dressed as a nurse smiled. "Don't be nervous, just have fun tonight."

I just nodded my head and smiled back at her. I walked up to Hannah. "Wow, didn't imagine this."

"It sure is something." She agreed.

Just then Kimmy came walking up with a her left hand behind her back.

Kimmy stepped in front of me and handed me a single red rose. "For good luck tonight, Dr Sterling."

I blushed as I took the rose. "Thank you Kimmy."

Kimmy blushed also. I could tell she was very nervous. She smiled and turned back to her dressing table.

And then someone shouted "Angela's coming!" and the atmosphere in the room instantly changed. Was that fear? I wondered as the girls rushed back to their dressers. Angela was one of the ten year-old managers ran the club for the city and Mayor Jean.

She was a slender yet shapely brown-haired beauty, with a cute little nose. She certainly couldn't be much older than ten. She looked wholesome, the sort of girl you'd see entering a local beauty pageant. Her expression was open, friendly, almost tender.

And she was terrifying. Earlier in the week we had met her but didn't really get to know her.

She wore a delicate silver choker about the neck that said, "Whores".

She surveyed the room. "Next group of whores is on in five minutes," She said, and clapped her hands. "So get upstairs and get ready to drop down. Chop chop!" The half a dozen girls and women immediately lept to their feet and hurried out of sight, putting finishing touches to their outfits and makeup as they went.

Then her eyes fell on me, and my heart froze. "You. Come here." She ruled here. Kimmy had told me earlier in the week that disobedience was not an option.

Gulping, I rushed over to her, still clutching the lapels of my jacket with one hand. She looked disapproving, and that little scowl might have looked cute on anyone else.

"Hands by your side." My palms were sweaty, clammy, as I did as I told, feeling the jacket beginning to fall open, willing it to stay shut.

She looked me up and down, casually, and tilted her head as she peered at the shapes half-revealed under my top. Meeting my eyes, she asked, "What's your name?"

"Elizabeth Sterling." Hannah and Kimmy were looking at me.

With relief, I noticed the name meant nothing to Angela. She was thinking aloud. "Beth? No that's no good., Betty? Lizzy, Lisa - aha, Venus."

She looked at me again. "Your name is Venus. What's your name?"

"Venus," I answered, swallowing. At her little smile, I felt a sigh of relief that went straight to my groin.

I gulped again as she unfastened something I hadn't noticed from her belt - it looked like a riding crop.

"This is your first night, so things may seem a little strange for you. But the rules are simple enough. If you fuck and suck like you trained, you'll be okay." She was stroking her hand along the crop, it wasn't a violent gesture at all. She spoke calmly, casually, without a hint of menace. "You will suck and fuck, won't you?"

I nodded quickly, my mouth too dry to speak.

Angela looked around. "All the new whores over here." she shouted. Women and girls who were half dressed came over to her. She tapped the crop against her palm. "I'm the manager tonight. You address me as Miss, or Miss Angela. Do you understand?"

We all mumbled. "Yes... Yes, Miss."

"As you have all probably heard, you new adult whores will be sold at 75 percent off tonight. We do that to keep your body in front of the clients. After tonight though you will be sold at full price and if your sexual charms don't entice a client to purchase you and you're not making money for the club, you will be let go, which means you will have to pay us back. So, you will have to decide how low you are willing to go. It will be your sexual charms that keep the clients buying you."

Miss Angela looked around at us. "Good luck tonight, whores, make us a lot of money." Then she walked out of the room.

★★

Our first night was finally done. I sat down at the dressing table and looked in the mirror. My lipstick was still on but my cheeks were still a bit red. Her husband and her son Kevin had taken to slapping her face after they had come in mouth. Her ass cheeks hurt from the slapping of men and boys and cum still leaked out of her asshole and pussy. Elizabeth had no idea that males could cum so much.

"Good show tonight, Venus." Several girls and women said as they walked

by.

"Thanks."

"You did really good, Dr Sterling." It was Kimmy. "Some are saying you had the best first night ever for a whore I think."

I smiled at her. "Thanks Kimmy."

"So, um, you going to the after party? Over at Mrs Kendrick's house."

"I don't know."

"Oh come on it will be fun. Mrs Kendrick has a nice big house she bought with her own money. Its secluded and quiet. Nobody bothers us there."

"Yeah, mom, let's go, can we?" Hannah added.

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, okay."

"Thanks, mom, you're the best."

"I'll text you the address, see you there, Venus," smiled Kimmy.

Elizabeth's heart did a little flutter as she watched the youngster walk away.

Miss Angela walked up to Elizabeth with a wad of cash banded together. "You did really good tonight Venus," she said as she dropped the neatly stacked pile of cash on the dressing table.

"Thank you, miss." Elizabeth blushed.

"This is the best first night haul of any whore. We stopped selling your body at a discount after you danced to that Venus song. Mayor Jean sure knows a winning whore when she sees one. Anyway, good job."

Hannah had her cash in hand as she came over to her mom. "Damn, mom, look at you! All nervous and shit when we started."

"I know right?" she replied looking at the stack of cash.

The whole night was a blur of cocks in her mouth, getting spit on and slapped.

Elizabeth sat back in the chair and remembered those first moments. She and Hannah stood on the glass ceiling looking down at the dance tables. Elizabeth saw the two little girls who wore the string bikini's in a 69 position on the table surrounded by men and boys who were furiously pulling on their cocks. They were yelling something at the girls but she couldn't hear what they were saying because of the music.

Then the next song came on and Hannah and her slid down the poles in front of Kevin and her husband and some other boys. By the second song her and Hannah were in a 69 position licking and sucking each other's anus' with the her husband and Kevin cheering them on. By the end of the song her Husband and Kevin had left the table and were at the money booth. Elizabeth looked up at the large flat screen in the changing room and saw that they had purchased a blow job each, from them.

Sucking on her son's cock, she smiled up at him. Kevin had his hand in her hair and was stroking her head, then he slapped her left cheek and laughed.

"God damn, dad, doesn't mom look stupid with my cock in her mouth?" He laughed and so did Elizabeth.

Hannah was kneeling between her father's legs bobbing her head up and down on his cock. "Look at your whore of a sister, the stupid bitch!" he hissed. Both of them laughed and so did Hannah and Elizabeth. "Your mom wasn't much of cock sucker. Have to say this little bitch is way better than your mom."

Elizabeth was thankful though that Kevin came in less than a minute. She opened her mouth and showed her son his cum pooled on her tongue. "Fuck yeah!" he hissed as she closed her mouth and swallowed his cum smiling up at him.

"What a stupid cock sucker," Kevin snickered and spit on her forehead then slapped the side of her face. Elizabeth kept smiling.

"Bastard," Elizabeth almost said as she got up and wiped her forehead. She headed out the door. Hannah was still working her dad's cock. Even though she told herself to not take their comments personally, her feelings were still hurt.

As she entered the dressing room she looked at the flat screen. Next to her name was "Boy, 9, assist peeing". She looked around the dressing room not many women or girls around, they were either dancing or sucking and fucking. The music was beating away.

Elizabeth quickly washed her mouth out and went to the bathroom. As she walked in every one of the stalls was taken. The doors of course had been removed from the stalls. Men and boys were either sitting on the toilet with a girl or woman kneeling before them sucking their cocks or several women were kneeling with their heads in toilet bowl as a teen boy or man was fucking her from behind.

"Are you Venus?" asked a boy.

"Yes," Elizabeth replied looking down at the boy.

"Good, I bought you to help my pee, suck and lick my black hole." smiled the boy.

Elizabeth smiled at the boy and took his hand and walked him to the kids size urinal.

"Whose face?"

The boy thought for a moment. "Yours" he replied looking up at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth pushed the button on the urinal until she found her picture. A picture of her smiling.

"Well?" the boy asked.

Elizabeth knelt down beside the boy undoing his jeans and zipper and took his small hard cock out. It was cute she thought. The boy stepped up to the urinal.

"All over your stupid face."

Elizabeth knelt beside the boy aiming his cock at her picture, running his pee up and down and all around her face. The little had a smile his face and Elizabeth was amazed at the amount of pee the youngster had.

When the boy's pee trickled down and finally stopped the boy stepped around Elizabeth onto a platform next to the urinal. Elizabeth dutifully undid the boys pants and pulled his underwear to his knees. She leaned forward and kissed and licked the little cock. The boy put his hands on her head.

"Look dad," the boy yelled out.

Whoever his the boy's dad was replied. "You got yourself a hot piece of meat there son."

After a minute or two the boy turned around and bent over at the waist. Without saying a word Elizabeth leaned in again and kissed and licked the boy's little brownie. The boy started moving his hips up and down hissing, "Yeah, yeah, you fucking ass licker!"

So it was all over and Elizabeth pulled the boy's underwear and pants up. As she stood up he smiled at her. "Thanks!"

Elizabeth smiled and said, "Buy me again and I'll do it for you again." She hoped the boy wouldn't as she headed for the dressing room.

By the time she made it back to the dressing room Angela was waiting for her.

"You ever heard of the song, Venus? Venus?"

"Um, no, miss."

"Well, you're gonna dance to it. Go up and slide down the middle pole. That will put you in the middle of the room where everybody can see you. Just this one song so strip naked."

"Yes miss." Elizabeth hurried up the stairs to the ceiling. Elizabeth wondered how long the song was and how to pace her undressing.

"Make it damn good, it has a driving beat to it."

When the song came on she slid down the pole and didn't know what came over her. The men and boys were cheering madly and throwing money at her. The song was over too quick and by the time she was back in the dressing room her sex card was filled.

"Damn mom, that was a fucking wild dance you did," Hannah smiled as she washed out her mouth. She had dried cum on her back.

The rest of the night was a blur. She did remember being on her hands and knees with her husband fucking her mouth and Kevin fucking her ass. Both had cum earlier so it took them longer to cum this time. Her ass hurt and jaws were sore by the time they came in her.

Elizabeth shook her head. She quickly got dressed and walked out the door. Hannah was waiting for her by the car.

"Your Venus act was hot mom," Hannah said as she got into the car.

"Thanks, honey," Elizabeth replied as she looked at the address that Kimmy had texted her.

Elizabeth looked at her smart phone and the text from Kimmy. She didn't know the area of where Mrs Kendrick's house was. As she drove Hannah was tapping away on her phone.

They got to the house which had a wide and long circular driveway. Cars were parked on both sides. The house sat back from the street and was surrounded by trees on three sides. As Elizabeth drove slowly up to the front of the house and stopped Hannah jumped out.

"I'll see you inside mom!" she smiled as she slammed the door.

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders and drove a little further on to park. She walked in the front door and took in the sight of naked and partially naked women and girls. Her heart fluttered a little bit.

"Hi, I'm Mrs Kendrick, you must be Dr Sterling, or should I say Venus?" smiled the woman who was wearing a string only slingshot bikini. Two little strips covering her nipples and a small triangle patch in her crotch. "Hi, Mrs Kendrick, please to meet you." Elizabeth tried not to stare at the woman. "Thank you for inviting me."

"No problem," she smiled as she led Elizabeth into the foyer of the mansion. "We find that after hours of dancing, fucking and sucking we need to let off a little steam before we go home and face the males."

Elizabeth hadn't thought of that. How awkward would that be? She pushed that thought from her mind.

Mrs Kendrick continued. "We don't allow dildos or strap-on's here, we've had enough dicks for one night."

Elizabeth smiled and nodded her head. Her anus still hurt a little.

"Only tongues and fingers here."

They entered the large living room off the foyer. On the couch and floor were women and girls kissing, some in sixty-nine on the floor, two pre-teen girls were locked in an embrace kissing and fondling each other, two women slowly tribbing in the corner.

As Elizabeth and Mrs Kendrick walked through the mansion, Elizabeth was congratulated on her first night cash haul and her Venus dance. She saw Kimmy in one of the upstairs bedrooms with an other woman. Elizabeth was about to turn around and leave them alone when Kimmy insisted that she join them.

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In the early hours of Sunday morning, Hannah and Elizabeth walked into their house with nervous anticipation. Kevin and his dad were sitting in the living room watching sports on TV. Both of them were naked.

"There's our little fuckers!" Kevin yelled out.

End of Chapter 2.

Family strip club 3:

★★

Elizabeth drove into the parking lot of the Young Girl club. Alicia, her former receptionist and now the manager of female inventory at the strip club, had made her an appointment the other day and reminded her that she had to walk around the back of the building to get in. Elizabeth chafed at the fact that Alicia had total control of her and the other women and girls at the club and she was only eighteen. Elizabeth had always treated Alicia with respect but now it seemed like the power went to her head but there was nothing Elizabeth could do, property wasn't allowed to complain.

When Hannah found out that her mom was finally going to the YGC she was excited, her mom was going to meet the famous Dr Swan.

As Elizabeth left the house to go to the club Hannah declared, "Mom, when I get enough money saved I'm gonna purchase her anus and fuck the shit out of it."

"Hannah! How can you say such a thing?"

"Hell, mom, I already got my dildo ready," Hannah smiled. "Now, don't you be nervous when you meet her."

Elizabeth was nervous. It had been 20 years since she had been to the YGC as it was known. She had fond memories as a young girl coming to the club to fuck and humiliate older women on weekends. She had to remind herself that she wanted to come here to see how much the place had changed because if she was going to refer her female clientele she could at least say she had been here.

All women have self-esteem issues in their home life and the strip club management felt that a place like the YGC would build their self-esteem back up. Elizabeth had her doubts about that but she would make extra money if women she referred to YGC were hired.

The Young Girl Club catered to girls six to sixteen. It was a place where they could blow off steam on Friday's, Saturday's and Sunday's. The club only hired women seventeen and older and no males were allowed in the club. As she remembered it, girls could purchase a woman for a set price or could negotiate a price with the woman. Girls could be just as rough as men and boys when it came to sex.

It had been four weeks since she and Hannah had started dancing at the strip club. She made more money the last four weeks than she did with her business last year. She also made enough to cover the hundred dollars she gave to her husband and her son Kevin every Saturday so they could be at the strip club where they could have their cock sucked and fuck. Rumor had it that Mayor Jean wanted Elizabeth to dance a couple more nights a week

with her Venus act.

Venus, the name she was given the first night she and Hannah stripped. She dance to the music by the same name. She didn't know what had come over her when she first danced to the song but since then her popularity with the men and boys in club had gone up, she wasn't sold at half-price anymore.

Elizabeth sat in her car and looked at the building. It seemed like a lifetime ago that she was here laughing with her friends, having a good time as they fucked the women in the club with their strap-on's, humiliating them, slapping them, mauling their tits. Fond memories.

Elizabeth's thoughts returned to the second Saturday night she and Hannah had danced and whored at the club. Her husband had purchased her mouth but he had also purchased Jessie's mouth, Jessie was an eight year-old brunette with big brown eyes. Some of the mother's at the club were jealous of little Jessie, the girl had a natural tan body and had cuteness all over her. Like all little girls she was a skilled cock sucker which made her a client favorite. Several women had complained to Elizabeth in their sessions about how they hated competing with the girl. If they were double teaming a cock Jessie would always hog most of it plus she slobbered all over the cock and balls, which left the woman having to lick and slurp all that slobber. Sometimes some of the moms couldn't get their tongue or lips on the cock because of Jessie.

Most males loved rubbing their cock up and down between Jessie's tight ass cheeks and when they came they would shoot their cum into her hair. Elizabeth and some of the other women didn't like it when the men and boys came in their hair. It took time to clean it our which took time away from them making money but Jessie didn't have worry about that as her sex card was always filled.

Anyway, last Saturday her husband made Elizabeth stand there and watch as Jessie sucked his cock and licked his balls all the while verbally humiliating Elizabeth saying how Jessie was a better cock sucker than she was, the other men and boys in the room having their cocks sucked laughed

and chuckled as her husband berated her sucking skills. Elizabeth was humiliated standing there watching the girl bob her head up and down on Randy's cock.

He spit on the Jessie's forehead and his spit ran down her left eye, along her nose to her upper lip and without missing a beat the youngster swiped her tongue over her lip pulling the spit into her mouth. Jessie smiled up at her husband and kept on sucking. Elizabeth knew it wasn't Jessie's fault but the girl was popular with the patrons.

And there was Kimmy. Something about the girl kept Elizabeth's interest. They did a dance together the third week and suck cock together several times that night. She liked the ten year-old but it bothered her that she got the butterflies each time she saw the youngster. Elizabeth smiled when she remembered that first night, Kimmy had given her a rose as good luck.

Elizabeth shook her head. Her meeting was with Dr Julie Swan, who went by the name of Dr Asshole. She was a famous female psychiatrist who had her office at YGC. Elizabeth didn't know her but knew of her. Dr Swan had given up important research into the female psyche to ply her trade at the club.

Elizabeth walked up to the red door. Red, the favorite color of whores, thought Elizabeth. She knocked on the door. A small horizontal slit opened, a pair of eyes peered back at her.

"Yes? What do you want?" the woman asked.

"Um, Dr Elizabeth Sterling, here to see Dr Swan."

"You mean Dr Asshole don't you?"

"Well, yes, I'm here to see Dr Asshole."

The slit shut and Elizabeth looked around the area. There was no privacy here, anybody could plainly see whoever was standing here.

Elizabeth was about to knock again but the door opened.

"Come in," the woman said.

It was dark inside the entrance. As Elizabeth's eyes adjusted to the darkness she could see the woman standing before her. Her hair was in pig tails, she had rouge on both cheeks, bright red lipstick on her lips, a pink halter top that came just below her ample breasts that proclaimed, 'Property of the Young Girl Club'. She wore a school girl looking plaid mini skirt, white thigh stockings and black five inch heels. To Elizabeth the woman looked to be in her late 40's and was about fifty pounds over weight.

That didn't matter to the club though, they hired all sorts and types of women. The young female clientele that came to club didn't care either, they were looking for something to fuck and play with to relieve the stress in their young lives just like she did growing up.

A woman came walking up to Elizabeth.

"Hi, I'm Dorcas Goodhead, you must be Dr Sterling?"

"Hi, yes, but call me Venus, please to meet you." Elizabeth had decided to use her stage name, it made everything less formal.

"Good, call me Dork, that's what the girls call me," Dorcas smiled warmly.

"Well, ah, okay," Elizabeth replied as she looked the older woman over. She too was dressed similarly to the door keeper. But Dorcas looked to be in her 40s but she kept herself in better shape than the door keeper.

"We have a few minutes before your meeting with Dr Asshole, so you're the famous Venus?"

"I don't know about famous," Elizabeth blushed.

"Well, we're hoping you come work for us, forget that boys club!" laughed Dorcas.

"I'm not here for me, I'm here to look around so I can refer my female clients here."

"Good, we can always use fresh meat." Dorcas smiled. "Let me show you around while we wait for asshole."

"Okay, great."

They walked out to the main floor area.

"This is the dance floor and the party room. As you can see we have four pole dancing stages, probably just like at the strip club?"

"Ah, yes, but we slide down the poles from above as we have a glass ceiling above the tables."

"Well our strippers come out from behind the curtains at each stage."

"Do you strip?" Elizabeth asked as she looked around.

"No, I'm a good time girl." Dorcas replied proudly puffing out her chest.

"Oh, what's a good time girl?"

"See these columns around the room, good time girls stand by each column looking out over the tables of girls and when a girl waves a dollar bill above her head, I come directly over to the table and do whatever the girls tell me to do. I work for a dollar bills."

"What do you mostly do?"

"I get to eat the most delicious little cunts in the world. I kneel

between the thighs of these little goddesses and lick and nibble on those gorgeous little cunts."

"I know what you mean, our "after parties" are like that."

"Can I tell you something Venus?"

"Sure."

"I really love the humiliation. I can't seem, well, I can't get enough of it. It what gives purpose to my life."

"What do you mean?"

"I retired as a school administrator years ago from an out of state district. I was a teacher, a principle and then administrator. My husband and I moved here several years ago. He took a new job but I stayed at home. I was lonely and lost and needed to be wanted. I worked up the courage to come here and gave it one night and that hooked me." Dorcas looked around the large room. "I laugh along with the girls when they make fun of me or make me the butt of their joke. I love it when they slap me, spit on me, and use my face as toilet paper as they rub their cute little anus up and down my face."

Elizabeth gulped as she looked at the woman. She knew what that felt like.

"After a couple of months, Mayor Jean offered me a job upstairs in the play rooms where I can negotiate my fee with the girls but I turned her down. It is here that I found my calling." Dorcas looked out over the large dance room.

"Certainly you can make more money than just a dollar at a time?"

"Oh sure, but the abuse and humiliation, that's what I need. Say, what looks like an idiot, has three holes and kisses ass?"

Elizabeth smiled. "I don't know what?"

"Mel" Dorcas laughed but Elizabeth just smiled.

There was an awkward pause.

"So this is probably different looking now than when you came here as a girl?"

"Yeah, there was more dance stages and," Elizabeth looked around.
"There wasn't a bar area."

Both women were looking at the bar area.

"The drinks here are heavily sugared, it gives the girls a sugar high so that they spend more money. The more crazy the girls get as they drink the more money they spend."

"What are these chains and collars hanging down from the ceiling?"

Above the bar was a metal pipe and attached to the pipe was a chain that dropped down halfway and at the end of the chain was a metal collar. There was also the same setup behind the bar.

"Oh, that, the woman who is designated to dance on the bar puts the collar on and as she dances back and forth across the bar the chain moves with her, same with the bar tender. It adds to the girl's fantasy's to see a woman humiliate herself this way." Dorcas paused. "See this mechanical bull here?"

There was a replica of a bull with a thick curved dildo and a long thin dildo attached to the "seat" of the machine.

"For thirty dollars a girl can buy one of the women assigned to bar duty, the woman sits on the bull inserting the dildos in her cunt and ass. The girl can control the bull with this device." Dorcas held up a remote control. "The bull goes back and forth, up and down and sideways. The

woman's ankles are strapped to the bull and her wrists are cuffed behind her back. It is great fun for the girls."

"What about the woman who rides it?"

"Who cares? She makes her money doesn't she?" smiled Dorcas.

"Well, its the famous Venus," smiled the woman walking towards them.
"Hi, I'm."

Elizabeth smiled. "I know who you are, Dr Swan."

"Asshole, please."

"Venus, please to finally meet you."

"Thank you, Dork," smiled Dr Swan. "I got her from here."

"Hope you join us, Venus," Dorcas said as she walked away.

"So, Mayor Jean sent you over to look at our place?"

"Yes, if I am going to refer my clients here I at least need to see the place, which is pretty amazing to see after all these years." Elizabeth's first thought was that the doctor was damn fine looking for woman of forty.

"Yep, we've tweaked it here and there. Come on I'll show you around."

Elizabeth followed the doctor to the stairs. Dr Swan was wearing her blonde hair in a top knot, a pink halter top that came just below her boobs, which jiggled up and down as she walked. Elizabeth had noticed over the left breast pocket the words, "Property of the YGC". On the back of the halter top was a big "O" with "ASSHOLE" written in a curve over the number. The doctor was wearing a plaid school girl skirt that was half between her knees and hips. She had white thigh stockings and black six inch stiletto's.

Dr Swan started out working in the male dominated business of psychology but was never taken seriously by her male colleagues. When she had graduated college and medical school and did her internship she went to work at one of the large psychology companies where she had an office in the basement with the other female psychologists. Her specialty were girls who were just starting puberty and all the problems associated with mental and physical changes the girls went through. One day she decided to help a nine year-old girl overcome her fear of masturbation. The girl had just started puberty but didn't know how to relieve herself of her frustrations. After three sessions with the youngster it quickly got into nudity, oral sex and strap-on's. Word soon spread throughout the community, elementary and middle schools. Young girls were requesting Dr Swan and her colleagues.

The male business owners of course heard of what was going on in the basement and soon fired Dr Swan and the other female doctors. Theirs was a respectable business, not a sex shop. Dr Swan came to the valley a couple years later and with a friend visited the Young Girl Club and the rest was history.

"So, on your halter it says, "Property of the YGC", are the women who work here property then? Or Inventory?"

Asshole smiled, "All women are property or inventory of someone or something but yes, the women who work here, including me, are property of the club, just like you are at the strip club. The women here sign one year contracts giving up their right to their bodies."

"It's the same at the strip club."

"It is the same all over the country. For women to make and keep their own money they have to give up their rights to their body." Dr Swan added.

"At the club a six year-old can sign over the rights to her body." Elizabeth said.

"But with her mother's approval."

"Yes," replied Elizabeth.

They walked up the stairs to the play rooms. Dr Swan explained the rooms. The black room which was run by a black mother and her former lawyer daughter, Tashika and Tasha. Inside what was known as the "Black Room" was a human size bird cage, a dog kennel large enough hold a person, whips, chains, all kinds of BDSM equipment. It was rumored that Tashika and her daughter, Tasha, pulled in more money than the white women who had rooms on the second floor.

Next was the "Rape Room". The rape room had ergonomically correct rape tables where the women were secured on their stomachs with easy access to their cunt, ass and mouth. The girls would pass the rape table around. There was the whipping room, the bondage room, the game room. On the third floor were the pay by the hour rooms. Then for girls who didn't want to negotiate a price with the woman she could purchase a woman from the auction room.

As they were walking back downstairs Elizabeth was curious about a couple of things.

"Auction room? Is that something new?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh yes, Mayor Jean came up with idea after she noticed that a lot of girls were nervous about negotiating sex with a woman. With the auction room the girls can bid on women and if they are lucky enough to be the highest bidder, they do whatever they want with the woman." Dr Swan paused. "Some real nasty stuff too from what hear."

Elizabeth nodded her head. "How many pay per hour rooms are there?"

"There are thirty rooms and its ten dollars per hour for the room. The mayor's office is proposing having different themed rooms but that has to be approved by the county board. Let's go to my office shall we? We can speak more freely there."

The sign on the door that Dr. Swan opened said "DR. ASSHOLE". It was flashy with neon lighting and underneath had a mug shot of Dr. Swan that showed her breasts to her head.

"Cute isn't it? My anus is my money maker," Dr. Swan said proudly. She ushered in Elizabeth. "So what can I do for today?"

Another poster on the wall had a close-up of an anus with the caption: The Anus, The Gateway to a Woman's Soul.

Elizabeth looked around the office. It was fairly big office with a pole and stage in the middle of it. Along one wall the doctor had different outfits on hangers with shoes neatly lined up along the bottom. On the opposite wall there were pictures of what Elizabeth knew to be the doctor's anus along with dildos and strap-on's. Hanging on the middle of the wall was another poster, "My asshole belongs to the girls, my cunt belongs to my hand."

"You and your daughter, Hannah is it? Seem to be doing pretty good at the strip club. Does your daughter come here?"

"Hannah? Oh yes, one or two times a week."

"Uses her own hard earned money, I bet."

"Oh yes," smiled Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was looking at the asshole poster on the wall and Dr Swan noticed. "A lot women don't realize it but the best orgasms come from your anus. Have a seat."

"You know why I'm here?"

"Yes I do but I want to hear it from you."

"Well, um, as I said earlier, I'm here to have a look around the club so

that I might refer some of my older female clients here." Elizabeth replied looking uncomfortable.

"That's good. We can always use more sex talent here at the club. But how about you? Why don't you come and work for us during the week? That way it will be easier to sell your clients on the benefits of working here."

"Well, I'm not sure about that. I'm pretty busy during the week."

"You have an office at the club?"

"Yes, it is much easier that way."

"I know," Dr Swan replied as she looked around her office. "Is it the same for you?"

"Oh yes," Elizabeth chuckled. "The drama, the dating, the breakup's."

"I know right?" laughed Dr Swan. "Whose fucking who on the side, how come my little girl friend doesn't take me seriously."

Both women laughed for a moment.

"It's nice that you will refer some of your female clients to come here, but we have our annual recruiting drive before school starts to fill our job openings." Dr Swan paused. "What I really want to do is to recruit the famous Venus come here and work." Dr Swan looked at Elizabeth who blushed.

"Um, well, I don't about famous," Elizabeth who was still blushing.

"Don't be modest, Venus, whether you know it or not, you are known far and wide for your dancing. If I can entice you come here and work, you'd make a lot of money, so would the club, and it would be an easier sell to your female clients."

"I don't know, I don't think I would like being a Good Time Girl."

"Oh no, that would be a waste of your considerable talents. We would, say, have you do a couple sets on the pole to warm the girls up and then move you upstairs to the auction room."

Elizabeth sat up straighter. "How much of the fee do women make?"

"The normal payout is ten percent to the woman, but for you, I would give you thirty percent of your bid price. Hmm?"

Elizabeth hesitated.

"You'd make a lot of money, so would the club of course. I mean, what girl wouldn't want to pay for the right to butt fuck the famous Venus?" Dr Swan smiled.

Elizabeth blushed. "I would have to think about that," Elizabeth replied as she thought about the possibilities.

"Well, as your thinking about that, let me tell you about a new program the National Association of Female Sex Workers is starting up. It's called the Adult Female Child Sex Services."

"What's that about?"

"It is a program for boys and girls ten and under. They can log into the associations website and order a prostitute from a club in their home area for how ever long he or she wants."

"Sounds interesting."

"The association is asking all its member clubs to ask their adult female inventory to sign-up for the program."

"Why doesn't the club just put the woman up for sale? We are property owned by the club."

"Normally the association would but in this case since the woman is going into the home of the child, the national government wants a certification process. You can imagine how their might be a jealous mother, or a father who thinks they can get a free piece of ass on the side, maybe a jealous sibling or something, anything is possible. The national government and the association wants this to be a safe program for all involved."

"Makes sense."

"If you're interested you'd have to take a certification course in being a prostitute and since you are a certified psychiatrist you would receive a five percent finders fee based on the value of the woman of course, for referring your clients to the program."

Elizabeth sat up straighter. "Wow,"

"I know right? Anyway, there is a caveat though, the referring doctor has to be a certified prostitute to receive the referral fee. I am taking my training next month then I will start referring the women who work here to the program."

"So, when a woman is purchased online, what is her fee?"

"Thirty percent for her and seventy percent for the club."

"Seventy percent? That's a little steep isn't it?"

"It is but the club has to cover their marketing costs plus the woman is not making money for the club because she is off somewhere else."

"Well, it all sounds interesting."

"If this program is successful, the association will want to expand the program to include girls six to sixteen who are property of a club. The club will market these girls directly to men and boys but the girls would also have to go through the certification process for the same reasons as

the adult female."

Elizabeth thought about it. "What would be the fee scale for the girls?"

"A sliding fee is being proposed. A six year-old girl's fee would be sixteen percent to a sixteen year-old girl's fee of six percent. So a ten year-old's referral fee would be twelve percent and so on down to six percent."

"Damn, a person can make a good living selling girls and women for sexual services."

"Think about." Dr Swan said as she stood up and extended her hand.

Elizabeth stood up and shook Dr Swan's hand. "Thanks, I will."

Dr Swan opened her office door and walked with Elizabeth to the back door of the club.

"You are somewhat new to all this." Dr Swan said as she looked at Elizabeth. "If you haven't realized it by now you can make good money selling girls and women on behalf of the club you work for or if you started your own business after your contract expires."

"Yes, I am starting to see that."

Elizabeth sat in her car and saw dollar signs. Yes, it was morally wrong to sell your female clients for sexual services, but isn't that what the club was doing and what the association stood for? She had no doubt that there were probably other female psychiatrists selling their female clients into sexual services, why shouldn't she?

**

Elizabeth drove over the whorehouse, her next appointment. The whorehouse catered to kids who wanted a fantasy experience with an adult

woman. Instead of asking the manager of the whorehouse about the place, Elizabeth's first question was how much was the referral fee for the women she sent here. Because this was a specialization club, Elizabeth's referral fee was ten percent per woman. The whorehouse was also a member of the National Association of Female Sex Workers. The whorehouse also came under the mayor's office so if Elizabeth wanted to she could come and work during the week.

**

Elizabeth stood nude in the doorway of the bathroom of her hotel suite. It was 7 am and she was here to give a speech on behalf of the National Association of Female Sex Workers on sex work. The speech would be held in the hotel conference room. Mayor Jean's office paid for her transportation here and for the room, it was part of the deal she agreed to a couple of months ago when Mayor Jean came to her office and offered a way out of her financial predicament, well her husband's financial problems, the bastard got laid off. She the job opened a lot of financial opportunities to buy, sell and trade girls and women.

Elizabeth looked at the bed when she heard a rustle under the covers, the twelve year-old girl stirred under the bed sheets. Hotels offered females six and older, either single or a mother daughter combination, to their guests. There was a menu in the room and the guest could pick which type of girl or combination they wanted. You could order a female from room service just like you could food.

Donna was the girl's name, blonde hair, blue eyed, smooth caramel skin color with breasts just budding out. Elizabeth eased herself onto the bed and gently pulled the covers over. She stared at the naked ass cheeks of the girl. How many times last night did she suck that puckered ring? Elizabeth leaned over and gently spread the girl's ass cheeks, stuck her tongue out and ran lazy circles around the muscle then she kissed it. Elizabeth pulled back a little and watched the puckered ring flex a couple of times. The she leaned in again and kissed it several more times.

"Hmm, good morning Dr Sterling. Now that's what I call a wake-up kiss."

Donna giggled as she rolled over and looked at Elizabeth.

The dildo strapped around her waist sprang straight up when she rolled over. "Does my little love nut have time for a quickie?"

Elizabeth smiled. Life had certainly been different since her daughter Hannah and her had joined the Family Strip Club. With the men and boys it was always rough sex but with the other females who worked at the club, no matter the age, the "after party" sex was soft and tender.

"Good morning, my blonde hair goddess." She said as she sat up and leaned over to the night stand. Which hole do you want to fuck?" Elizabeth smiled. She picked up the jar of KY and scooped some onto her fingers.

Donna smiled back at her and stretched her arms and legs. Elizabeth sucked in her breath. She wondered why it took her so long to realize that pre-teen girls were the best.

"Your cunt!" the twelve year-old giggled.

Elizabeth climbed onto the bed and straddled the youngster then took hold of the dildo and gently slid it into her cunt. Donna reached up and took hold of Elizabeth's tits and squeezed them. Elizabeth leaned down and kissed the girl, they both had morning breath but it didn't matter, the dildo in Elizabeth's cunt felt good and the gentle humming sensation at the base of the dildo stimulated Donna's clit, it was a win-win.

An hour later Elizabeth and Donna stepped out of the shower and dried off. They kissed again as Elizabeth rubbed her breasts on the girl, both giggled. She couldn't keep her hands off the youngster.

After they dried their hair and were applying their make-up for the day Elizabeth asked. "Are you still in school?" Elizabeth had heard that girls were dropping out of school to become sex workers.

Donna looked surprised. "I dropped out last year, at the end of my sixth grade year. Why?"

"I heard girls were doing that."

"My sixth grade teacher, Mrs Harris, encouraged me and other girls in my class to drop out. Said, girls only need a basic education."

"Your teacher encouraged you? Not your mother?"

"Oh, my mom was against me dropping out."

"Oh."

"My teacher told us that she was considering quitting teaching. She liked working the street corners on weekends. Sometimes she said, the father of a family would purchase her for the weekend so that his family could use her. Said it was good money."

Yes the money was good and Elizabeth had been making extra money referring her clients to the whorehouse and the YGC.

"Well, you made the right choice. But we are working to change the drop out age for girls to ten years-old. We need to ensure that younger girls have a little bit of education."

"I can do basic math, read, write, and sign my name." Donna said with pride. "Mrs Harris asked us why does a girl need anymore than that?"

"So your mom was against you dropping out?"

"Of course. I dropped out of school at the end of my sixth grade year to be a sex worker, it was my choice. My dad agreed. He said why should girls go to college? We will never be able to compete with boys for the same type of job or even make the same pay as them. Mrs Harris said the only advantage a girl has is her body, her mouth, cunt and anus. That's where we make our money and we can keep that money as you know, its ours, not our dads or brothers, but ours."

"I agree." she had made a lot of money, more so than her female psychology business.

Donna smiled at Elizabeth. "I asked my mom, why do I need to know history? Or advanced math? Or even science? The only thing I need to know is how to use my body to make the most amount of money." She paused. "We're not equal with men and boys Dr Sterling. We've never been equal. Not really." Donna shrugged her shoulders. "That's just the way it is."

Elizabeth brushed her hair. "What does your mom and dad do for a living?"

"My dad runs an accounting business and my mom stays at home. Our neighborhood has a prostitution ring run by the neighborhood association." she looked at Elizabeth. "We live in a gated community and most of the women and girls work for the ring but not my mom. Heck, she is even afraid to leave the house because she thinks she'll be infected with some sex virus. Anyway, we do have a few mothers who don't participate and a handful of girls who still think earning an education is the way to go in life."

"So do you work for the prostitution ring?"

"I work here full time. The hotel chain that owns this place advertised for sex workers and this place caught my interest. We have four six year-old girls and their mothers who work. The mothers work here full time and their daughters work on the weekends."

"Interesting."

"Other than the four six year-old's, we also have twelve girls ages seven to ten. Their mothers drop them off after school and pick them up by 11pm, these girls work part-time. We have two former CEO's, ten former women executives, and everything in between working here. We all compete against one another for clients as you can imagine."

"Compete against each other huh?"

"Yeah, it's strange."

"How so?"

"The older women, the former executives and CEO's feel threatened by us younger girls, especially the six year-old's." Donna shrugged her shoulders. "What about you? What line of work are you in? What kind of doctor are you?"

Elizabeth knew she would be asked these questions and had rehearsed her answers. "I'm a doctor in female psychology."

"Oh, like figuring out what makes a female tick?"

"Well, yes."

"Well that explains your questions. So what are you doing here?"

"Well, ah, I'm a sex worker also." There she said it.

"Cool! A doctor sex worker. What kind of sex worker?" Donna walked out of the bathroom to get dressed.

"Well, um, my daughter Hannah and I are strippers at our strip club in our city. We strip for our husbands, sons, fathers and brothers."

"Cool. So are you like property then?"

"Yes, we are counted as property, inventory really."

"So are we." Donna smiled as she sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her panties on. "Every day before our shift starts we get scanned just like the little shampoo bottles and the toilet bowl cleaner."

"Same here. The strip club management keeps a close tally on it's furniture in the club which includes us." Elizabeth said as she pulled a

pair of thong undies from her suitcase and sat down on the bed.

"Do you have a stage name?"

"Um, yes."

Donna waited. "Well, what is it?"

"Um, well, it's Venus."

"No way! Are you the same Venus stripper that's been on the internet news sites?"

"Well, yes," Elizabeth blushed as she straightened her thong before slipping it on.

"No fucking way! I fucked the famous Venus? Wait till everybody hears about this. You are an excellent fuck by the way."

"Thanks." Elizabeth blushed as she slipped on the thong.

Donna stood up and pulled her t-shirt over head. "Say, is that you giving a speech this morning about being a sex worker?"

Elizabeth blushed. "Yes, that's me."

"You know the women and girls who will be coming to hear you need that one little push to move them into being a sex worker."

"Oh?"

"Yep, my guess is that they are looking for validation from you. They've mostly made up their minds but just need that gentle little push over the edge."

"Well, I hope I don't screw it up then." Smiled Elizabeth.

Donna leaned over and took her stiletto heels out of her gym bag. "Do you want them to take you seriously?"

"Um, sure. That's the whole idea."

"Don't wear the bra, let them see your nipples and don't wear that thong. Dumb yourself down for them."

"What do you mean?"

"Put yourself on their level. Let them know you're a two-bit whore and proud of it. Wearing that business suit you have laid out on the bed will turn them off."

"Um, okay." Elizabeth frowned.

"Is this your first lecture in front of an all female crowd?"

"Yes." Elizabeth blushed.

"Hmm, okay," Donna mused. She reached into her gym bag and pulled out a pink t-shirt. She held it up so that Elizabeth could see the words "Fuck Me!" written on the front.

"Wear this, and" she reached into gym bag and pulled out a pink and black checkered short mini-skirt. "This too."

Donna tossed the garments to Elizabeth who just looked at them.

"Wearing those will tell your audience that your a slut, a brainless whore who is out to make money with her body. That's what they want to see."

"Are you sure?"

"Trust me. And when they find out that you're Venus, you will be even more legitimate."

The twelve year-old picked up her mini skirt and slid it over her heels and up her waist. "Don't be nervous, the females coming to hear you this morning are just looking hear about the joys of sex work."

Elizabeth smiled. "I'll try not to be." as she pulled the pink t-shirt over her head.

As Donna left the room she said, "Don't forget to leave me a tip on your room bill." She paused. "And you can keep the clothes. Good luck, Venus."

Elizabeth looked at herself in the mirror. Black stiletto's, the short mini-skirt, the tight t-shirt. Donna had Elizabeth put more red lipstick on and put her dirty blonde hair in a ponytail. A two-bit whore indeed.

She was leaving right after the lecture to the next city. Alicia, her former secretary, had booked her for the next week but she had to be home on Saturday for her shift at the strip club. Alicia would get a percentage of her earnings on this trip, which if Elizabeth thought about it, that made her former secretary her pimp.

20 minutes later Elizabeth was at the front desk and checked out of her room. She looked at the hotel and saw the charge for Donna. She added a 20 percent tip for Donna. The older woman behind the counter smiled at her, she was wearing a blue blazer that barely covered below her waist. The blazer was buttoned at the waist and she wore no bra or blouse. "Say can I get your autograph on this flyer?" The woman held up the flyer, it announced her speech at the hotel conference room.

"Sure" Elizabeth smiled as she signed it. As an after thought she wrote under her name "Venus".

"Thank you," the woman gushed as she held the flyer to her chest. "Thank you for taking the stigma out of being a sex worker."

"Sure, no problem," smiled Elizabeth. "Do you, ah, work upstairs also?"

"Oh, no, just the front desk." the woman got serious for a second. "I am an escort for my sons scout troop."

"Escort?"

"Yes, um, I take care of their sexual, um, needs and their sexual fantasy's." The woman blushed. "A lot of the other mothers don't become involved with that, they think it is beneath them."

Elizabeth nodded her head, "I see, well, I must get going." She smiled.

"Good luck, Dr Sterling, I mean Venus."

The hotel coordinator came over to her.

"I hope you like it, the stage I mean." Elizabeth just looked at the woman. "I mean, when we heard we have the famous Venus here in the hotel, well, I mean, we just have to see you dance." the woman giggled.

Word sure does spread fast, thought Elizabeth.

"Um sure, no problem." smiled Elizabeth.

"Do you want me to introduce you?"

"No, that's okay." Elizabeth smiled at the woman.

As Elizabeth walked out on the make shift stage in the large conference room, several sexy whistles came from the crowd, Elizabeth smiled. The conference room was packed, standing room only. She was very nervous as she stood there at the podium looking over the audience. Elizabeth smiled when she saw a dance stage with a pole on it in the back of the room.

There were a lot of women and girls of all ages eagerly looking at her.

"Good morning, I'm Dr Elizabeth Sterling. I am here to give a short lecture on the joys of being a sex worker. If your here for beauty tips,

you've come to the wrong place."

The room broke out in laughter and applause. Elizabeth adjusted her tablet on the podium. Elizabeth had spent a lot of time perfecting her speech.

"I used to own my own business, work in a man's world and try to compete with the male population for respect, money and prestige." Elizabeth paused. "But now I am a proud sex worker. Nothing but a piece of inventory for the strip club I and my daughter work at. We dance for our husbands, sons, fathers and brothers. We suck and fuck them, we are verbally abused by them and yet my daughter and I make more money than we ever thought possible." She paused. "I am also known as Venus."

There was a loud clapping and cheering.

Elizabeth took a deep breath, the ice was broken. "First let me say that I support you all." Elizabeth looked around room. "I see little girls and middle aged women and all ages in between. Well, I support you dropping out of school, at the age of ten." Elizabeth quickly added and there was laughter from the crowd. "I support you leaving your jobs. I support all females, regardless of age, becoming prostitutes, strippers, sluts, whores, and porn actresses. I support all females letting go of their choices and deciding to be sex objects for men and boys."

There was clapping and whistling and hollering from the audience. Elizabeth waited for it to calm down. She smiled as she looked around the room. This was pretty cool, she thought.

"These can all be difficult life transitions for any little girl or adult woman. If you're going through one of these stages in your life, or you're considering taking the first steps, just know that someone like me is here to support and encourage you."

More clapping and cheering.

"Where ever I go I am constantly asked, "Do I think girls need a diploma

from a high school or even needs a university degree? Or that it is important that a ten year-old girl knows how to write her name? Or even if that same ten year-old girl knows anything about math?" The room had gone quiet. "If a girl did get an education, do you think anyone would care, especially men or boys?" She paused. "How about you mothers? Do you think your husband or son really cares that you are wife or mother? Do think they even take you seriously?" Elizabeth looked around the room and most of the women were nodding their heads. "I would bet that the male members of your household see you as nothing but three walking holes. They see you as something into which to put their cock. So why fight it? Why not make money off your body that you can keep for yourself?"

Elizabeth looked around the room.

"Our bodies didn't give us a choice in what we are, as whores, sluts, and cunts we should embrace it. It's better to be a bouncy bimbo than to cram ourselves into ill-fitting bras that hide our tits so we could struggle and fail to be taken seriously in the "real" world. The life of a sex worker, the money, the sex, the lifestyle, it can be all yours. You just have to be cute sluts, whores and cunts for the male population but weren't we always that?"

Elizabeth warmed up to her subject as she looked around the room.

"To those of you who are not working in the sex business or embraced the idea yet, realize that we are not equal to men. We are not even equal to boys. When you act like we are, you're lying to our face and insulting the women and girls who are in the sex business. It's insulting to me. We aren't equal. Men and boys will always be better than us. Just be honest and supportive of other girls and women who are coming to this realization and realize that you can make good money at this."

Elizabeth had both both hands on the podium. She adjusted her tablet. "Sex work can be very profitable for women and girls, and many females of every age enjoy the sex work because it allows them to creatively express their sexuality. Many of you are probably wondering why sex work is becoming so popular. Honestly there are plenty of benefits to being a sex

worker. So hopefully you'll see that being a sex worker is a smart career move."

"For one becoming a sex worker, there is a low barrier to entry. You don't need any experience, training or special skills to do this job. You don't even need to know anyone who does it to get in. All you need is a willingness to suck and fuck cock if you're over seventeen and suck cock if you're under seventeen. There is no license requirement and no background check. The truth is as long as you are confident in your body, sexual skills, reasonably attractive, you're good to go.

Second, as a sex worker your earning potential is limitless. Think about that. You can make as much or as little as you want. The club or organization that you work for will pay your taxes and set your hours. If your older like me, well, I do have to compete for cock with the little girls and my cunt and anus has to compete for cock with women over seventeen but I keep myself in good shape and I'm enthusiastic on the job, the boys love that."

The audience laughed and clapped.

"Flexibility is also another huge benefit. Being able to work when it's best for you makes this job an amazing fit for anyone female. Contrary to popular belief, not all sex workers are single moms, bored housewives, and college students. They are former business owners like me, CEO's, executives, girls from elementary school, junior high and high school, teachers, personal trainers, biker enthusiasts, models and actresses. Women and girls from all walks of life!"

"Just these benefits alone are very powerful and unique to women and girls." Elizabeth paused and looked around the room. She noticed a very cute blonde haired little girl in the second row staring back at her. "Imagine a six year-old girl in first grade working as stripper, or a prostitute, or walking the street corner on the weekends, earning as much as her mother and her older sisters without any education or any special skills. Most teenage girls go to vocational training or college after high school to earn any kind of money over minimum wage but joining an

organization or club as a sex worker you earn good money from the start."

Elizabeth looked around the room. "Remember, I am right there with you. Know that other women and girls are there with you. Sex work is nothing to be ashamed of. Thank you."

★★

Elizabeth checked into the hotel in the next city on her speaking tour and went to her room. She was tired. After her speech she strip teased a two song set and made \$500 dollars. She felt a little guilty about the money but the women and girls had a good time. She had also signed a lot of autographs. She was becoming famous.

She turned on the flat screen in the room and browsed to the room service section. A list of faces with names and ages popped up. Elizabeth scrolled through the list and stopped at one picture. Amber, six, can only stay until midnight. She clicked the purchase button. Elizabeth looked at the time on the flat screen, she would have the little thing for six hours.

Ten minutes later there was a knock at the door. Elizabeth opened the door and looked down at the cutest little girl she had seen in a while. Blonde hair and blue eyes and smooth white skin.

"Hello, Dr Sterling, I'm Amber," smiled the girl.

Elizabeth smiled. "Hello, Amber, call me Venus." Elizabeth stepped aside as Amber walked into the room. She was wearing a school girl uniform with a backpack. Amber slung the backpack off her shoulders and smiled at Elizabeth.

For the next two hours Elizabeth kissed and licked the girl from her feet to her ears. She paid special attention to Amber's puckered ring. She kissed, licked and slobbered on the little brown hole while the girl giggled and laughed. Later, Elizabeth lay on her back with her legs over her head as the six year-old pounded her anus with her strap-on. Life was good. At the end of her stay Elizabeth and the Amber kissed and spit into

each others mouth, laughing and giggling with each spit.
Elizabeth was living her fantasy.

Family Strip Club

Chapter 4

Sunday afternoon half-way through the school year and I was going to Kimmy -(TM)s house for her eleventh birthday party. The past four months had been a whirlwind. I had been off during the week giving speeches at school districts, clubs, scouting programs around the country and talking to state education boards about how to change the educational requirements for girls. Other times I was attending conferences hosted by the National Association of Female Sex Workers but was home every Friday evening and dancing on Saturdays.

I had long since perfected my -œVenus - routine, so much so, that for every conference or speech or school district I went to, I am always asked to perform my routine on a makeshift strip-tease table with a pole. I don -(TM)t mind dancing afterwards as I can make additional five to six hundred dollars in dollar bills.

It was shortly after Hannah and I started dancing that I heard the whispering behind my back about Kimmy and me. The girl was like a goddess, so perfect in body and style, smooth skin and silky blonde hair past her soft shoulders, her piercing blue eyes. I began to wonder if I wasn -(TM)t falling for her, maybe the whispered rumors were true and I just didn -(TM)t realize it.

Me falling for a ten year-old who was going to be eleven? That -(TM)s crazy, I mean, hell, we -(TM)re property of the club, sex workers no less and we were making good money, how the hell could I start getting feelings for her. But over the past several of months something played at the edge of my mind and I started looking at her different, thinking more about her, examining my feelings for her.

I would gaze at her just a little longer, smile at her as she walked by after her strip-tease, sweat glistening off her smooth skin. Then there was the cock sucking, the kissing and swapping of cum between us. My cunt tingled. What really made me blush was her giving me that rose on my first night at the club and wishing me luck.

I was conflicted. I was married and I always counseled the women who came to my practice not to cheat on their husbands, but that was before I started at the strip club and this new lifestyle. Before the naked bodies, the fucking, sucking, the touching.

A lot of women that came to my small -office - at the club for therapy sessions were dating little girls and pre-teen girls and teenage girls, and even each other. There was always drama, the breakups, who was dating who, jealousy, hell you name it. There were a couple of women who made appointments with me just so they could talk about who was dating who. In my other life this would have bothered me, talking about my clients with other women, especially passing gossip on about what these women were telling me in private.

Early on it became apparent that it was the adult women who had the most problems with the dating scene at the club. Most of them felt left out as they watched their daughters date other women who were younger than themselves or even girls their own age. Some mothers were jealous of their young lovers as these youngsters talked and laughed with their friends outside of the club. The break-ups, it was always the woman who took it the hardest as the girls seemed to move to other love interests.

The mayor had a chart in her office at the strip club and she, Alicia, along with Shayne, Angela, and Loni, the ten year-old club managers, would go over the dating scene so that the woman and girl were separated during club hours. Sometimes I would be called in to give a summary of the therapy sessions about who was dating who. There were several women and girls that I kept to myself and never mentioned to the mayor. I knew I would be punished for withholding information but it was worth it to stick it to them.

However, My attitude about women and girls dating each other had begun to change several weeks after I started therapy sessions at the club. I noticed that it gave the six, seven and eight year-old -(TM)s confidence in themselves as they could do things with another woman who wasn't their mother. It boosted the self-esteem of the women to know that they were still wanted and loved.

It was also around this time that I started to seriously consider starting my own business of buying, selling and trading women and girls. By that I mean, buying, selling and trading the contract that the woman or girl had against her. Buying their contract meant that they would work for me, I would set their hours, fees and their appointments. If I got tired of the woman or girl or they weren't performing up to my standards I could sell their contract to another person or business. I could also trade their contract, say if wanted to buy or sell real estate, I could trade their contract for the price of the real estate or if I needed to purchase office furniture and didn't have the money I could trade however many woman or girls to make the purchase.

I was now a certified prostitute and so could into into the home based business of pimping out women and girls on the internet for home use. Before I started all this I would said this was human trafficking, but its not really, I mean the girl or woman signed the contract of their own free will, I would be using that contract as a financial instrument to further my own financial freedom.

But I always got a tingling sensation in my stomach and my heart would race a little more when I saw Kimmy at the club. I tried to hide my feelings towards Kimmy from Hannah, I tried not to show any interest in Kimmy when Hannah was around, which was all the time. I think I have done a pretty good of hiding my feelings about Kimmy from my daughter.

Kimmy -(TM)s mom, Mrs Gates, gave me the birthday invitation. It had colored drawings of party balloons and a birthday cake. For entertainment at the party Mrs Gates said the Party Clowns were booked solid, which is who Kimmy wanted, and Mrs Gates wondered if I could do my Venus routine for the girls at the party, kind of an intimate strip-tease by the one and only

Venus. She was going to do one for the girls and she thought that two of us would be pretty good entertainment for them.

I didn't know what to get an eleven year-old so Hannah had me buy Kimmy four pairs of string thong panties, the kind she was wearing when we first met in the practice room. I tried to act disinterested in the purchase but I had butterflies knowing that Kimmy would be wearing them.

I stood in front of the door and straightened my clothes. Hannah said that I should go as Venus, my stage persona since I would be stripping. I had my hair in a pony and was wearing a frilly white t-shirt, no bra, a checkered white and pink short skirt with nude colored thong, white thigh stockings and pink tennis shoes. I had no - smear lipstick on and had colored my aureoles neon green so that when the lights were down they would glow in the dark, even under the white t-shirt, plus I very carefully applied pink - smear lipstick on my anus, you never know. I was nervous though and Hannah said everything would be fine if I played at being Venus like at the club. I wanted to tell Hannah that I wasn't nervous going as Venus but that I would be seeing...

Mrs Gates opened the door.

"Hi Dr Sterling, so glad you could make it."

"Hi Mrs Gates." Elizabeth smiled warmly as both women kissed each other on the cheek.

Mrs Gates stepped back. "I don't think I've ever told you this but Kimmy talks about you all the time. How smart and sexy you are."

-

Elizabeth blushed.

"Ever since you two met in the practice room she hasn't stopped talking about you."

"Thank you, I'm flattered. She is such a well behaved little

girl and a better cock sucker than I can ever be. -

-æI know what you mean, goes without saying, her father prefers her mouth on his cock over mine. -

-æDr Sterling! - Kimmy yelled as she came running down the hallway.

-æHey look at you, - Elizabeth said as Kimmy hugged her around the waist.

Kimmy was wearing the same thing as Elizabeth, white frilly t-shirt, a short checkered white and pink skirt, white thigh stockings and pink tennis shoes. Her hair was in a pony also.

-æI called Hannah yesterday and she told me what you were wearing. So I used my own money at the mall today to purchase the same thing. -

-æWell, you look very cute! - smiled Elizabeth but her mouth watered and that tingling sensation in her stomach.

-æSo do you! - Kimmy smiled back. -æCome on follow me. - Kimmy said as she pulled Elizabeth into the living room.

They walked into the living room. -æLook everybody, Dr Sterling from the strip club. She is known as Venus and is the best stripper! - Kimmy announced. Elizabeth blushed.

The ten girls all yelled and clapped saying they had all heard of Venus.

Elizabeth didn't recognize any of them.

Mrs Gates stepped up and whispered in her ear. -æKimmy really doesn't have any friends at the club, just you really. These girls are her classmates. -

Elizabeth nodded her head. Well that makes sense.

One of the girls asked, -œAre you a whore like Kimmy and Mrs Gates? -

Elizabeth smiled at the girl. -œI prefer sex worker, but yes I am a whore like Kimmy and Mrs Gates. -

-œI wish my mom and me could be whores. I want to make money of my own. -

-œWell, you should send your mom to talk to me then. -

Another girl said. -œMy mother wants me to go to college but I really want to be a sex worker, like you said. -

Elizabeth blushed, her speeches were all online.

Elizabeth smiled at the girl. -œSensible big girls like you shouldn -(TM)t bother with college. Say what grade are you girls in? -

-œWe -(TM)re all in the fifth grade, - replied Kimmy.

-œWell then I hope you all drop out of school at the end of the school year and become sex workers. You -(TM)ll make more money, believe me. -

For some reason that didn -(TM)t bother Elizabeth when she said that. Hannah had announced last weekend that she planning to drop out of seventh grade after the winter break. Her plan was to pimp herself out to the boys and male teachers at the high school during the week and dance at the club on the weekends. Her dad said nothing and Kevin was all for it. The problem was that Hannah needed to be under contract to be able to work at the school selling her body. It didn -(TM)t matter who the owner was but Hannah didn -(TM)t want to be owned by the high school or the school district so she asked Elizabeth if she could -œown - her. They would write up a simple one page contract, file it at the property department of the city and Hannah would give her mom ten percent of her earnings. In return Elizabeth didn -(TM)t have to do anything as Hannah would do all the work.

The girl turned to her friends, -œSee? -

-œMy mom said that women and girls who work at the strip club are owned by the strip club so that makes you property. -

Mrs Gates stepped up. -œYes, your mommy is right, Claire, we are property but our real worth is based on how much the club can sell us for so we make a lot of money that way. -

-œDr Sterling, - a girl started to say.

-œVenus, please, - smiled Elizabeth.

-œSomebody said that you were going to start working at the Young Girl, is that true? Because I go to the Young Girl. -

Elizabeth thought for a moment. She and Hannah had discussed it after her interview with Dr Swan. Dr Swan thought it would be an excellent career move.

-œWell, yes I was considering joining the Young Girl. - Elizabeth smiled at the girl.

-œAs what? - the girl asked.

-œUm, well, I would put myself up for auction to the highest bidder. -

-œCool, I would love to buy you for the night! -

Elizabeth looked at the girl and wondered what nasty things hide in her imagination.

Kimmy standing next to Elizabeth playfully hit Elizabeth on the ass.
-œYou didn't tell me you were considering working at the Young Girl.
-

-œWe -(TM)ve been busy and I meant to tell you. - Elizabeth had signed a six month contract with YGC to be sold at auction on Wednesday nights, starting next week. If Elizabeth liked the work then she had an option to sign for another six months.

-œYou still should have texted me or something. - Kimmy had a disappointed look on her face.

Mrs Gates noticed the disappointed look on her daughters face and quickly said, -œCake and ice cream in the dining room! -

At the dining room table Kimmy and Elizabeth sat at the head of the table, squeezed next to each other. The cake was in the shape of an anus, brown around the edges and black frosting in the middle. There were tootsie rolls placed on the cake and around the cake to simulate poop. Elizabeth gave Kimmy a look of like -œwhat the fuck? - and Kimmy smiled back at her and blushed.

As for the presents Kimmy gave her a big kiss on the cheek for the string thongs. The other girls were impressed with the skimpy thongs. Elizabeth was impressed with the dildo presents, the KY jelly tubes and make-up that was marketed to young girls to make them look like sluts and whores.

Mrs Gates announced to the girls that she and Venus would be stripping for them and they cheered and clapped. Mrs Gates would go first. She cleared off the coffee table and Kimmy put some dance music on and turned the lights on low. The girls sat on the floor around the coffee table and cheered and clapped and yelled for Mrs Gates to take it off as she gyrated on top of the coffee table.

Kimmy took Elizabeth -(TM)s hand and whispered in her ear. -œI would like to show you my room upstairs. -

Elizabeth whispered back. -œWhat about your mother? won -(TM)t she miss us? -

Kimmy giggled. -œNo, this isn't the first time she has danced for my friends plus she put a strap-on in each of their party bags. She -(TM)ll be in dildo heaven soon enough. -

Elizabeth smiled. -œOh, okay. -

-œMom really wants to work at the Young Girl. She would be in heaven with all those girls walking around looking for someone to fuck. -

Elizabeth watched as Mrs Gates tore off her blouse, buttons flying everywhere. The girls laughed and yelled for Mrs Gates to take off more clothes.

-œShe would really enjoy being a good time girl, - Elizabeth said.

-œYes she would. - Kimmy paused, -œCome lets go up to my room. - She tugged Elizabeth by her arm all the way up the stairs and into her room.

The room was painted pink and had on the walls, dildos, several strap-on harnesses, several bamboo canes, two small whips, handcuffs and ball gags.

-œUm wow, you usually don't see a girl having things like this hanging in her room. Normally a girl has pictures and posters of her favorite bands or boy models. -

Kimmy smiled shyly at Elizabeth. -œHere sit on my bed. -

Elizabeth sat down looking around the room for some reason she was nervous but excited. A bedroom was considered private sanctuary and here she was in Kimmy -(TM)s.

Kimmy stepped up to her and looked around her room. -œNaw, this is the true me, it -(TM)s what we do to make money right? -

-œI guess so... -

Kimmy suddenly leaned forward and kissed Elizabeth, pushing her little

tongue into her mouth. She reached up with both hands and cupped Elizabeth -(TM)s face as she kissed her.

Elizabeth taken aback, opened her mouth to protest and that let in Kimmy -(TM)s tongue. Both tongues were dueling back and forth. Elizabeth was conflicted. This kiss felt so natural, so normal, but no, it can -(TM)t be, not this.

Elizabeth brought her hands up and pushed Kimmy away. The youngster looked at her with a hurt expression.

-œNo, Kimmy this is wrong! - Elizabeth said as she stood up. She was nervous and afraid that her true feelings might come out.

-œBut I love you Elizabeth. I want to be with you. -

Elizabeth knew through her practice at the strip club that lots of women, who were married, were dating young girls, cheating on their husbands. And Kimmy obviously wanted this too.

Downstairs the music was still thumping and there was laughter and clapping.

-œI, I can -(TM)t Kimmy, I -(TM)m married, and you -(TM)re only eleven!
- Elizabeth winced when she said that because it was lame excuse.

-œI don -(TM)t care, - Kimmy said as she wrapped her arms Elizabeth -(TM)s waist and put her head on Elizabeth -(TM)s breasts.

-œPlease Kimmy, I, I, have to go. -

-œPlease don -(TM)t Elizabeth. Let -(TM)s talk about this. I love you! -

Elizabeth undid Kimmy -(TM)s arms around her waist and quickly walked out the bedroom door. -œIt -(TM)s not right, Kimmy. - and she walked down the stairs but Kimmy didn -(TM)t follow her. Elizabeth picked up her

purse by the front door and gave quick look in the living room. Mrs Gates was down to her thong panties and she was leaning over squeezing her tits together to the delight of the girls cheering on her on.

★★

For the next week I managed to avoid Kimmy at the club even in the practice room.

Mrs Gates saw Elizabeth in the hallway outside her little closet office. Elizabeth was embarrassed.

-œDon -(TM)t worry, Elizabeth, it -(TM)s just a school girl crush, she -(TM)ll get over it. -

-œI didn -(TM)t mean to hurt to her feelings, but she took me by surprise. -

The conversation kind of hung in the air.

Elizabeth nodded her head and opened her closet door for her next patient.

Wednesday night, the first night at the Young Girl, was supposed to be a happy occasion for Elizabeth, starting on a new adventure and all. She tried to act happy and be all smiles when she was purchased on the auction block by a girl who looked to be the same age as Kimmy. Elizabeth tried to concentrate as the girl forced her strap-on dildo down her throat then flipped her over and ass fucked her for what seemed like hours. After her shift was over she quickly left the club without talking to Dr Swan.

In the morning it was Hannah who noticed the funk her mother was in.

-œSo tell me all about it, - Hannah smiled.

-œWhat do you mean? -

-œI know you mother, you -(TM)re not your usual self and I haven -(TM)t seen you with Kimmy this week either. How was your first night at the club? -

-œOkay I guess. -

-œOkay? - Hannah became concerned. -œWas it was a lovers spat? -

I blushed. -œWe -(TM)re not lovers! -

-œSure could -(TM)ve fooled me with the way you two practice together and suck cock. - Hannah paused. -œAnd the way you both look at each other, you don -(TM)t think I notice but I do. -

I blushed again. I thought I hid my feelings pretty good.

-œCome on mother, all kidding aside, what -(TM)s going on? -

Fuck, fuck, fuck, I thought. Things moving too fast again.

-œWell? - my daughter asked as she moved closer to me.

I hesitated. -œMom think of me as the doctor and you -(TM)re patient. Now tell me all about it. -

-œI, um, well, I like her, I mean, I really like her, - I smiled a bit to myself.

-œI knew it! Damn so what happened? - Hannah had a big smile on her face.

-œWell, at her birthday party, oh, been meaning to thank you, it was nice setting her up with the same outfit by the way. -

-œYour welcome, I -(TM)m sure you two looked the cute couple. -

I blushed.

-æWell, she took me upstairs to show me her room and she kissed me. -

-æSo? You two kiss all the time. -

-æSure, that -(TM)s when we -(TM)re stripping and sharing a cock, but this kiss was different. It was like the kiss was just for us and nobody else. -

-æAgain, so? - Hannah smiled.

-æWell, - I trailed off.

-æYes, go on. -

-æYou know that I see a lot of the mother -(TM)s in my practice at the club, right? -

-æYes. -

-æYou probably know that there are a lot of mother -(TM)s who are dating little girls at the club. -

-æYeah, okay. -

So far Hannah didn't seem impressed by where I was going with this.

-æWell, those mother -(TM)s are married and they -(TM)re like cheating on their husbands. -

-æIs that what -(TM)s this is all about? -

-æYes, I don't want to cheat on your father. -

-æGeez, mom, you think dad cares? He and Kevin are here every Saturday night fucking like jack rabbits. To him, you -(TM)re nothing but a piece of meat that gets passed around the club and my mouth is nothing but a cum

receptacle for them. -

-æHannah, don -(TM)t say things like that! -

-æIt -(TM)s true mom. I say fuck -~em. - Hannah paused and looked at me with a serious expression. -æDo you love her? -

I didn -(TM)t answer her.

-æLet -(TM)s hope the club doesn -(TM)t get wind of this. It would be a shame to have you two lovers separated. -

I just nodded my head.

-æYou -(TM)re breaking her heart. Go and tell her how you feel and don -(TM)t worry about dad, I don -(TM)t think he -(TM)ll even notice. -

Hannah was right about that. My marriage had been strained these last months, hell, since we started dancing. I barely talk to him anymore at home and we sleep in separate beds.

**

That afternoon I was standing in Alicia -(TM)s office at the club, on the foot prints in front of the wall staring at the sign, -æDr Elizabeth Sterling, Club Property - my hands at my sides.

-æYour first afternoon appointment is with eleven year-old Kimberly Gates. Says something about a relationship problem. Find out who it is and let me know as soon after the appointment as possible. That has to be nipped in the bud right away. -

Elizabeth caught her breath at hearing Kimmy -(TM)s name. This did tell her one thing though, management didn -(TM)t know about their relationship yet and hopefully never will.

-æSecond one is a Mrs Johnson. She wants your opinion on joining the

Young Girl club. Remember, a \$100 dollar bonus for you and a hundred dollars for us if she joins. -

I had ten appointments lined up for this afternoon, then practice time, then home for dinner.

I walked out of the office and through the doors and there was Kimmy standing outside my cleaning closet office. Fuck she looked beautiful. Her long blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, a tight shirt with her little nipples poking out, short, short jean cutoffs and sandals. She was fidgeting with her fingers.

-œHello, Kimmy, - I said as I opened the door to my cleaning closet office. Fuck I was nervous and my heart was racing.

-œHello, Dr Sterling, - I could see Kimmy was just as nervous.

-œTake a seat, - I said, -œI know... -

-œPlease Dr Sterling, I have to get this off my chest first. - She asked as she sat down opposite me.

I nodded my head.

-œWell, um, I have this friend that I -(TM)ve known for a short while. She is a bit shy and can be nervous around me sometimes. But I really like her. No, that -(TM)s not right. I really love her. I love everything about her, she is funny and witty and fun to be around. Plus, she -(TM)s a really good strip-tease dancer. - I blushed and looked down. -œAnd she is getting better at sucking cock, with my help of course. - I smiled. -œPlus she is a really good kisser. - I smiled again as I looked away from her. -œI wake up in the morning thinking about her, wondering about her, how -(TM)d she sleep, did she have nice dreams. And I think about her at when I go to bed at night. You see, I just can -(TM)t get this friend out of my head. I think she loves me too but I am afraid to ask her out on a date so that I can ask her if she loves me. That -(TM)s the relationship problem I have. -

I hesitated and my mouth was dry. -æWell, why don -(TM)t you just come out and ask this friend on a date, - I replied looking right at her. My heart was beating so fucking hard I thought maybe she could hear it.

-æWhat if she says no? -

-æWell, where would you take her on this date? - I sat back trying to be cool.

-æI would have her drive us to the old time drive-in digital theater out on the edge of town. You know, the one where they put the large speaker in the car window? -

-æWell, just come out and ask her, you -(TM)ll never what she -(TM)ll say if you don -(TM)t ask. -

-æWill you, um, Elizabeth go on a date with me to the old time drive-in tonight? - I could tell she was nervous.

-æYes, Kimmy, I would like that very much. -

Kimmy jumped up smiling. Then she leaned over the small round table and we kissed, and kissed again and then a third time. Kimmy slipped her left hand down my blouse and pinched my nipple, hard. I jumped a little. But I slid my left hand around her waist to her ass and slip my fingers under the jeans and gently rubbed her anus, that would be all mine to love and to cherish.

We finally broke a long kiss, both of us gasping for air but we smiled at each other. Then she leaned forward, the tip of her nose touching mine and her forehead touching mine.

-æTonight then, come by my house at 6 and wear your sexy business costume with your black rimmed glasses and I -(TM)ll wear my school girl outfit. -

-œDeal! -

We kissed again and then she was gone. I was light headed and walking on air for the rest of the day. Hannah saw me and asked how I was doing.

-œI have a date tonight! - I smiled as I knelt down next to one of the mannequins.

-œNo way, good for you. - and we both giggled like little girls.
-œGo get her mom, you deserve her, hell she deserves you, not that pig of a man you married. -

I smiled up at my daughter. -œI know! Isn -(TM)t it great? -

-œYou go girl! -

**

At 6 I pulled in the drive way of Kimmy -(TM)s house. Her father was gone but what did that matter? I told my husband that I was going to the club to practice and catch up on my paperwork. I might be home very late and not to wait up. He didn -(TM)t seem to care. Said he was going to the adult strip club out on the edge of town for a few hours. That suited me just fine. I gave him a \$150 spending money for the club. Bastard still didn -(TM)t have a job.

Mrs Gates answered the door. -œKimmy has been excited all day, just walking on air, she says. -

I smiled. -œSo have I. - We kissed each others cheek.

-œI am so glad you two have made up. Kimmy been in funk all week, crying, not sleeping or eating. But now, she has all this energy. -

-œI -(TM)m very excited too. -

-œWell, if this thing between you two blossoms tonight, there is a

party over at Mrs Kendrick -(TM)s house. You -(TM)re both welcome there instead of some seedy hotel. Kimmy -(TM)s dad is out of town which is no surprise. -

I leaned over and kind of whispered to her. -œI hope so too. - we both laughed.

-œIt -(TM)s a party attended by influential and powerful women and little girls. -

-œHmm, we just might show up then. -

-œThat would be excellent, and I think you might be surprised who you might find here. - She winked at me.

Mrs Gates stepped back with a big smile on her face. -œSay, Dr Sterling, is that your strip-tease costume? -

-œYes it is, Mrs Gates. - I smiled as I smoothed out my costume.

-œThat -(TM)s why Kimmy is wearing her little girl school costume. -

-œIt -(TM)s our favorite strip routine. -

-œYeah, I -(TM)ll say, you both rock it! -

We laughed again.

I looked up the stairs as Kimmy came down. I sucked in my breath. Even though she has worn this costume several times, I still can -(TM)t over how fucking cute she looks in it. Fuck, I am one lucky woman to have her.

-œHello Elizabeth, - she smiled as she came off the stairs.

I was about to say something but Kimmy raised up both hands on either side of my face and pulled my head down for a kiss. A long kiss, a deep kiss.

-œHey, hey, you two. Either take it upstairs or head off on your date.
- Mrs Gates laughed.

★★

The movie at the drive-in was a remake of the twenty-second century hit movie called -œThe Divide -. It was about two ten year-old girls, one a rich girl and the other a poor girl, who fall in love against their families wishes. The troubles they go through and the final triumph ending in marriage.

Kimmy was leaning up against my right side with her right hand holding my left tit. I had my right hand under her skirt, my middle finger stroking and playing with her anus.

We were almost a half-hour into the movie when I asked Kimmy. -œHave I told you that I love you? -

She squeezed my left nipple. -œThat -(TM)s the first time you told me. But do you love me for me, all of me just not because I -(TM)m cute or pretty? -

-œI love every part of you. You bring out the best in me and for that I love you. -

-œOr the worst in me, - Kimmy chuckled and I laughed. I leaned over and kissed her then sat back.

-œI dream of you every day. I wonder what you -(TM)re doing at school. What you dreamed and how you slept, - then I giggled to myself.

-œWhat? - Kimmy asked. -œTell me. - she said as she squeezed my nipple.

-œI dream about your anus, I think about all the time really. - I blushed as I gently poked my middle into her anus. We kissed again.

Kimmy smiled and sat back. -œTell me all about it! -

-œSometimes when you -(TM)re not looking, I sneak peek at you sitting on the toilet at the club, pooping and peeing. -

Kimmy giggled as she wiggle her ass back and forth as my middle finger poked her anus.

-œI get kind of jealous when you wipe yourself because I want to do it, I want to clean it, lick it, to French kiss it, to fuck it with my tongue. -

Kimmy sat up with a serious expression. -œAre you saying Dr Sterling that you love my anus more than me? - she said mock surprise.

-œI love you more than anything in the world and because you have the most perfect little anus to go with your perfect eleven year-old body. -

We kissed deeply again and I brought my left hand over and stroked her hair.

I continued. -œThat first time we danced together and I was on my hands and knees and you were bent over at the waist rubbing your ass up and down on my face, that was wonderful. The boys and men yelling and cheering and throwing money at us. -

-œOh yes. Then you took hold of my hips to hold me steady as you French kissed my anus. We made a lot of money that night. -

-œI didn -(TM)t smooch your anus for the money. I did it because I realized at that moment that I was falling in love you. - I paused.
-œYou are the most physically perfect girl I know and I didn -(TM)t know if you would like a middle aged woman like me. -

We looked into each other eyes. My middle finger was slowly pumping in and out of her little anus.

Kimmy smiled at me. -œThe first time I saw you in the training room awkwardly trying to suck that cock, I instantly fell in love you with. My heart was racing and I was trying to be cool in front of you. I didn -(TM)t want to scare you off. - she paused. -œI loved everything about you on that day, your awkwardness, your shyness, - she looked up and smiled. -œAnd the fact that you are a doctor didn -(TM)t hurt either. -

We both laughed then looked at each other and kissed, then kissed again, then more slowly kissed.

Kimmy sat back and got serious for a moment. -œI haven -(TM)t told my mom or my dad yet but I plan to drop out of school at the end of year. - Kimmy said a matter-of-factly.

I sat up a little straighter with a concerned look. -œHave you decided what you -(TM)re going to do? -

-œMy contract at the club ends when school is out and I think yours ends a month after mine. We should go into business together bring Hannah along. She told me she -(TM)s gonna start working the high school and that you will be her owner - She sounded all business.

I sat back a little. -œYes I -(TM)ve been thinking about going into business when my contract expires with the club. Start a business where we focus the sex, buying, selling and trading women and girls. Teaching them about their potential. - I paused.

-œWe could call it -~Venus Enterprises -(TM) and you, me and Hannah would be owners. - Kimmy smiled.

-œYou know the national association will want me to still give speeches and attend their conferences. -

-œSo, take me with you! Show me off as a success story. -

-œNot a bad idea again. - I smiled.

-œBesides, - Kimmy pouted, -œYou -(TM)re probably fucking the hotel girls! -

-œJealous? - I laughed.

-œNot if I can come along and we make a three-some. -

We laughed then kissed again, this time slowly, our tongues dancing over each other.

The was a knock on the car window. -œHey, this is a family business, take it somewhere else! -

We both laughed again. -œWant to go to Mrs Kendrick -(TM)s house? - I asked.

-œYes, -

I pulled my finger out of her anus as Kimmy as sat up and moved over.

Kimmy watched as I smiled and ran my finger under my nose, breathing deep, then I slowly stuck my finger in my mouth and licked clean.

Kimmy was smiling the whole time. -œThat is a taste I will never tire of, - I giggled.

★★

There were five cars parked in front of the house as I pulled around the side. This was also where we held our -œafter-party - parties. The area was secluded with lots of trees and hedges.

-œYour mom mentioned a party here tonight, - Elizabeth said as they both walked around to the back of the house holding hands. They knew from prior parties here that the back door was always open. The lights were off and inside looked dark.

-œ Couple of times a month mom has a get together or party she calls it of high-powered women dating girls and Mrs Kendrick lets her house be the gathering point. It -(TM)s kind of a closed group as these women are important people around the valley and country. They come here because they know this house can be discreet. -

-œ These women aren -(TM)t on the club scene? -

-œ No, it would ruin their reputations to be seen in the clubs we go too. -

Kimmy opened the door and they both stepped into the hallway. Elizabeth turned and shut the door. There was a disco ball with multi-colored lights turning in the dining room. Clothes littered the floor.

-œ This looks like this is where everything started. Mom probably did a strip-tease for the group, just to warm things up. -

I nodded her head. We walked to the living room and stood in the entry.

There was a woman laying on the floor with her legs spread and a young looking girl kneeling between the woman -(TM)s legs rubbing their cunts together. It was slow motion tribbing, both had their eyes closed as they rubbed cunts. The woman on the floor was pinching and pulling her nipples while the girl had her back arched and running her hands in her hair.

I pointed at the two. The woman looked familiar but I couldn -(TM)t place her. The girl looked to be the same age as Kimmy.

-œ Mrs Sinclair, the preachers wife, - Kimmy whispered.

-œ The pastor of the mega church? - I asked in low tone.

-œ Yep. -

-œWho -(TM)s the girl, - Elizabeth whispered.

-œShannon West, she -(TM)s eleven. - Kimmy paused. -œLook at their left hands. -

I looked and realized what I was looking at. -œFuck, they have wedding bands on. - I said in a whisper.

-œYep, their married, secretly married of course. -

-œHow do they? -

-œOh they see each other once a week, sometimes more if the pastor is out of town. They love coming here because they can be themselves. -

Elizabeth nodded her head. She turned to a couple on the couch, there was moaning coming from the woman.

On the couch was a woman on her back and a little girl with a strap-on slowly fucking her in a missionary position, the girl was biting and squeezing the woman -(TM)s tits. They didn -(TM)t pay much attention to Kimmy and Elizabeth.

-œWho are they? - Elizabeth whispered. This woman also looked familiar.

-œThat -(TM)s the president of The National Women -(TM)s League, a Mrs Gillian I think, don -(TM)t know who the girl is. -

The National Women -(TM)s League was a pro-heterosexual organization. It was in direct opposition to the National Association of Female Sex Workers.

-œShe -(TM)s a hypocrite. - Elizabeth hissed.

Kimmy and Elizabeth stood watching the youngster fucking her woman.
-œThis is the safest place they can come for their kind of sex, safest

place for everybody really. Come, lets see who else is here. -

As they headed for the kitchen a girl came striding out. She wore a black dominatrix uniform with black knee high boots, A dildo was sticking out from the girl -(TM)s waist, it was waving back and forth.

-œHi Kimmy. -

-œHi Stacy, what -(TM)s up? -

-œYour mommy has been a bad woman. - Stacy had two wooden spoons in her hand.

-œUm, Stacy this... -

-œI know who she is, your Venus, aren -(TM)t you? -

-œWell, yes, - smiled Elizabeth.

Stacy turned to Kimmy. -œYour mommy is in sandwich with Ronnie and Angie, then its my turn. -

-œOkay, well have fun. - Kimmy smiled as Stacy walked towards the stairs. -œSometimes mom will invite some of the pathfinders over. -

Just then they heard, -œBark! Come on bark for me! - it was girls voice.

-œArf, arf, - that was woman -(TM)s voice.

Kimmy and Elizabeth walked towards the dinning room.

-œOh my fucking god, - whispered Elizabeth. -œThat -(TM)s Janet Wells, the president of the national feminist organization. -

-œYep, - Kimmy smiled.

-œWho -(TM)s the cutie? -

-œThat -(TM)s Paula. She -(TM)s ten. Paula -(TM)s mom is a ranking member in the feminist organization and I think that is how they met. -

-œFuck! -

-œThis is the only place they can come too and safely act out their fantasies. -

We both stood there watching the woman on her knees with her hands tucked under breasts, her head all the way back with a doggie treat on her forehead.

-œHi Kimmy! -

-œHey Paula. -

-œWho -(TM)s the good looking woman? -

-œThis Dr. Elizabeth Sterling. -

-œYou mean, Venus? -

I nodded my head smiling.

-œGood catch, Kimmy! - then she turned back to Janet.

-œI -(TM)ll meet you in the kitchen, I -(TM)m thirsty, - I said to Kimmy.

-œOkay, I -(TM)m gonna walk around and see who else is here. -

As I walked into the kitchen, Mrs Sinclair walked in the other door.

-œOh, hi, - I said.

-æHi. - Mrs Sinclair smiled back.

-æOh, um, I -(TM)m Elizabeth Sterling. - I reached my hand.

-æDr Sterling, as in Venus? -

-æYes -

-æYou -(TM)re famous. I -(TM)m Betty by the way. -

-æPleased to meet you. -

Betty smiled a wicked smile. -æI bet you do very nasty dances on stage. -

I laughed. -æI try too! -

-æThe women in the church talk about you all the time. -

Elizabeth blushed.

Just then the girl walked in. Betty turned towards her. -æThis lovely girl is Shannon, my husband. - They both kissed. -æSweetie this is... -

-æVenus. - she said. -æYour famous. -

-æUh, thanks? - I laughed again.

-æShannon and I have been married for two years. -

-æCongratulations. - I smiled.

-æSo who are you here with? - Shannon asked.

Just then Kimmy walked in.

-æShe -(TM)s with me, hey Shannon. -

-œHey Kimmy. You got yourself a real good one, Venus no less. -

-œTo me she is my girlfriend. - We kissed. -œWho I have to get upstairs, get her clothes off and fuck the shit out of her! -

We all laughed. Kimmy took my hand pulled me out of the kitchen.

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One Year later:

Elizabeth and Hannah had moved out of the house into their own mansion in the suburbs. The house was two streets over from Mrs Kendrick -(TM)s house. Elizabeth bought the house with her own money. It was a 5 bedroom, six bathroom, four car garage and five thousand square feet of living space. The basement was finished as a BDSM room.

Elizabeth and her husband divorced. He finally found a job which allowed him and Kevin to stay in the house. Elizabeth -(TM)s contract ran out at the club shortly after she purchased the house. Her ex-husband and son wanted her and Hannah to stay on at the club but Elizabeth and Hannah weren -(TM)t interested. They didn -(TM)t renew the contract and the mayor was sorry to see Elizabeth go. Her contract at the Young Girl would expire in three months but she was seriously considering renewing it for six more months, she like the diversion of the club twice a week.

She opened her sex trade business called -œVenus Enterprises -. She was the president with Kimmy a vice-president of scheduling and accounting and Hannah vice-president of new talent.

Elizabeth earned her commodities traders license so she could buy, sell and trade women and girls on the open market. The male dominated companies on Wall Street had approached her several times about going public with her company but Elizabeth turned them down repeatedly. She didn -(TM)t want to answer to anybody but herself, Kimmy and Hannah.

Elizabeth still gave speeches on behalf of the association. Two months ago the association and the Women -(TM)s League set up a debate between her and Mrs Gilliam about the pros and cons of sex workers. The night before the debate they were staying at the same hotel. Kimmy and the little girl, Alice who was nine, who was accompanying Mrs Gilliam, whose first name was Kathy, had gotten together to concoct a plan. Alice and Kathy knocked at the door of Elizabeth and Kimmy and Kimmy let them in. Both women were shocked to see each other and especially that the girls had set them up on something like a blind date. After much discussion and heated argument about how inappropriate it was to see each other before such an important debate, Alice and Kimmy started making out which put Kathy and Elizabeth in an awkward situation. Eventually after several minutes of watching the girls Kathy and Elizabeth started making out. Kimmy and Alice stayed out of the way as both women went to the sixty-nine position several times. Elizabeth was surprised that Kathy liked making love Alice -(TM)s brownie as much as she liked making love to Kimmy -(TM)s anus. The girls enjoyed being swapped back and forth between the women. The next morning the four untangled themselves and Kathy and Alice went back to their room to ready for the debate. Kathy would be arguing for girls to stay in school and finish college and of course Elizabeth would be arguing against that. Kathy did mention between tongue fucks of Kimmy -(TM)s anus that she didn't really believe in what she was advocating, but the money was too good to pass up.

The evening after the debate, Elizabeth and Kimmy were in Kathy -(TM)s and Alice -(TM)s room. There was an assortment of strap-on -(TM)s and dildos in the room. Kathy mentioned in an off hand way that she and Alice were thinking seriously of getting married and that Kathy would -æcome out - of the closet so to speak. With Alice fucking her from behind on the bed, Kathy mentioned that she found it difficult to live a lie and she really wanted Alice to drop out of school and spend time with her to which Alice smiled at Elizabeth and Kimmy and slapped Kathy -(TM)s left ass cheek.

Elizabeth realized an opportunity. If she could get Kathy and Alice under contract, she could send Kathy on the lecture circuit to lecture on the evils of young girls staying in school. Here would be a former

believer who had seen the light, Elizabeth would make a fortune. And since she would own Kathy -(TM)s contract she could pimp her out to the organizations that Kathy denigrated over the years, that would be a fucking good money maker too.

But with the talk of marriage, Elizabeth looked at Kimmy in a new way and wondered.

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Kimmy moved in with Elizabeth and Hannah in the new house. Kimmy and Elizabeth shared the master bedroom. Parties alternated between their house and Mrs Kendrick -(TM)s house. She also went on the lecture circuit with Elizabeth and was shown off by Elizabeth as a girl who had dropped out of school to become a sex worker. While at the hotels they had threesomes and sometimes foursomes.

Elizabeth got Mrs Gates a job at the Young Girl as a Good Time Girl. She and Dorcas became good friends

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Hannah -(TM)s business at the high school took off shortly after winter break. She talked the principal into letting her build a -œGlory Hole - room next to the boys bathroom. It was an instant hit. Hannah soon recruited five teachers and a dozen or so girls to work the glory hole. She got them to sign contracts of which she sold the contracts to Elizabeth for a dollar each. The girls were looking to drop out of school anyways and the teachers needed extra income.

Hannah searched the internet for clubs and organizations that had sex contracts that were up for renewal. She would bring these up to her mom who would put a bid on the contracts.

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Senate testimony of Dr Elizabeth Sterling:

-œYou have the floor for your statement Dr Sterling but we may interrupt you to ask questions from time to time. -

Elizabeth cleared her throat. -œBuying, selling and trading of girls and women for sex has long been criticized and stigmatized in our society. While religious citizen -(TM)s of our society view sex work as immoral and degrading to young girls and women, I argue that the girls and women under contract and doing sex work is essentially just work, and that it is not harmful to girls and women. Under circumstances in which the sex contract is accepted and regulated in our society, the girl or woman is protected and granted the same rights as any other contract laborer. Buying, selling and trading girls and women for sex work has been beneficial to girls and women. -

Senator 1: -œI understand you own your own business? -

-œYes sir, Venus Enterprises. -

-œAnd the sole purpose of this business is to buy, sell and trade girls and women on the commodities market? -

-œWell, no sir, my main purpose is to make money off the backs of these girls and women. -

The chamber chuckled and laughed.

-œContinue. -

-œHaving girls six year-old to older women under contract has been very profitable for them. With the protection of a contract it allows them to creatively express their sexuality. When I was under contract I personally enjoyed this type of work because it allowed me to explore my sexual desires in ways I couldn't because of social norms of heterosexual, monogamous relationships. Using the commodities market to obtain female workers of all ages need not be chastised by a society that clings to puritan ideals of what is -œmoral -. -

Senator 2: -œAre you married Dr Sterling? -

-œYes. -

-œWhat does your husband think of you in this type of work? -

-œMy husband and I divorced earlier this year. -

-œBut you said you were married? -

-œYes, senator. I am married to a beautiful eleven year-old, name Kimberly Gates. -

-œAnd you have a daughter? -

-œYes, senator, she just turned thirteen. -

-œThe three of you are sex workers? -

-œCertified prostitutes, but yes, senator. -

-œContinue. -

Elizabeth paused and looked at her notes. Kathy Gilliam was under contract with Elizabeth and was now on the lecture circuit telling her story. The young girls and women ate it up. Shortly after Kathy -œcame out - there was a scandal at the Woman -(TM)s League where over half the women were secretly dating young girls and were into some kind of sexual services, most of them were living a lie. Kathy and Alice, who turned ten, had gotten married in a much publicized ceremony. The Women -(TM)s League almost went under but Elizabeth came in and bought up the debt, which made her owner of the League and which she made Alice the president. The youngster was a natural type -œA - personality. They redid the charter of the League and now they were a sex training company. Elizabeth raked in the cash.

-œMy argument is that having girls and women under a sex contract should be nothing special. Female sex workers should be offered the same rights and respect as workers in any other field, and that by doing this sex work it can become something that benefits females of all ages and the male population in general. -

-œMany workers earn a living by exerting a strong aspect of their personality. Managers are paid for their leadership abilities, teachers for their patience, and waiters for their extroversion. Why, then, is it wrong for a female of any age not to profit from her sexuality? -

Elizabeth looked up at the men sitting across from her, cameras clicking away.

-œOnce we recognize that sex work is not inherently exploitative of girls and women, the question becomes: under what conditions can sex work actually benefit girls and women? Before sex work can benefit girls and women, it must first cease to endanger them. I argue that the most essential condition to reduce harm to sex workers is to legalize and legitimize sex work, and provide sex workers with the same rights as other workers. -

Senator 3: -œSo once you have a girl or woman under contract for sex you can sell that contract to other organizations? -

-œYes Senator. Once I make back my investment I usually their contract to other organizations. -

Senator 4: -œDr Sterling, you believe that a six year-old girl can decide for herself if wants to be a sex worker by signing a contract for her body? -

-œYes, senator. -

-œContinue. -

-œI would also like this committee to consider allowing girls six to

nine work part-time as sex workers and that girls age ten and up they work full time. Girls should be allowed to drop out of school by the fifth grade or age ten to pursue being a sex worker. -

Senator 1: -œAren -(TM)t you limiting a girl -(TM)s education and her ability to earn a good living with a high school degree? -

-œGirls only need to be able to write their name, do simple math and reading. The girls and women under to contract to my business do make a good living and they set their own hours. I have lectured across the country that sex work can offer good pay and flexible hours. It is an ideal work option for ten year-old girls who have dropped out of school, or bored housewives, or after school activity for pre-teen girls. Similar to the hospitality industry, the sex work industry provides these females with a way to make their own money. -

The senator nodded his head.

Elizabeth continued. -œBoys and girls of any age could hire sex workers to help fulfill their sexual desires. In our society with your help, sex work could be a good career for girls and women, as they would be highly respected in society and compensated appropriately for their work. The existence of such a sex work industry would benefit not only those working in the industry, however, but society as a whole. -

-œThere are many ways in which buying, selling and trading of females can be beneficial to girls and women. There is no logical basis for the argument against sex. I have proven that sex work is not exploitative of girls and women. Laws that criminalize prostitution and other forms of sex work are outdated, impractical, and harmful. -

-œThank you. -

The End