**The Interview**

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I did a quick last minute application of mascara to my lashes and studied my face in the rearview mirror. Running to this interview for a second job straight from my day job meant no time for a wardrobe change, so I looked every bit of the conservative accountant that I was, but conservative wasn't exactly what this place was looking for.  
  
I fluffed my short curly red hair before stepping out of the car. Taking a shaky breath, I glanced down at my pinstriped grey slacks and green blouse, hoping that my interviewers would see my potential.  
  
I walked into the empty club, glancing around. There were tables scattered around the empty room, strategically placed around stages. A bar ran the length of the wall to my left. My steps echoed in the silence.  
  
"Hello?" I called out, hesitant to walk further into the empty club. I turned as I heard footsteps approaching me, and took a deep breath as a stocky woman approached me.  
  
"You're Samantha." It wasn't a question, and she barked it at me as she walked right past. I blinked in surprise. "C'mon back."   
  
I recovered from my surprise to follow her through the club to a small office in the back. She motioned to a chair as she sat behind her desk.  
  
I realized I hadn't said a word. "Hi. Are you...?" I was blanking on the name of who the woman had said I'd be interviewing with.  
  
"Violet," she supplied for me. I cocked my head and studied her. She didn't strike me as a "Violet", with her masculine energy, particularly since she was watching me with an intensity I found disconcerting.  
  
"Nice to meet you," I found myself murmuring.   
  
"Candace will be joining us in a few minutes. You spoke with her on the phone," Violet continued, leaning back in her desk chair. "So, tell me about yourself."  
  
I took a deep breath to gather my thoughts before speaking. "Well, I'm an accountant who just came from work. That's why I'm dressed..." I hesitated and gestured to my outfit, "like this. I'm 29, single, no kids-"  
  
"Why do you want to work here?" She interrupted.  
  
Why, indeed. I was trying to formulate my response when she cut through my thoughts.  
  
"Is a guy pushing you to do this?"  
  
I shook my head. "No! Not at all." I laughed. "No man's ever been able to push me into doing something I don't want to do."  
  
"Ok," Violet nodded, seeming satisfied with my response. "We sometimes get women in here who are being pushed into this by someone. We want people who want to be here, enjoy the work, and know how to give a show."  
  
"Is it a problem that I have no stage experience?"  
  
Violet shrugged. "Doesn't have to be. Some people naturally have it. That's what the tryout's for." She leaned forward. "So, back to my question, why do you want to do this?"  
  
It was my turn to shrug. "I've always been a little bit of an exhibitionist, and this sounds fun."  
  
"'Little bit'," Violet stared me down. "Clarify."  
  
I shifted uncomfortably.  
  
"Look, Samantha. Here's the deal. You're going to be showing a lot to a lot of people here. If you can't talk to me about this stuff, I have some questions as to whether or not you'll be able to be naked on the stage much less participate in anything."  
  
I nodded. "I get that. I do." I sighed. "The thing is I don't really have much in the way of exhibitionism experiences. I've gone to work wearing skirts without panties a few times." I shook my head. "It's all really just fantasies."  
  
"I see," Violet replied neutrally.   
  
I didn't have a chance to respond as a bright, bubbly woman (Candace, I'm assuming) popped into the office, knocking as she walked in.   
  
"Sorry I'm late, Vi," she said, smiling warmly at Violet before turning to me, and sticking her hand out. "I'm Candace."  
  
"Hi," I replied, shaking her hand. "Sam."  
  
"Ah, so we can call you Sam," she said, leaning up against the edge of the desk. "I wondered if you were going to be all 'stiff upper lip' on us, since you were an accountant and all."  
  
I smiled, liking Candace immediately. "Accountant who's trying to land a second job at a sex club."  
  
"We're not a 'sex club'," Violet corrected me blandly. "We are a 'sex performance venue'. You will not be having sex with the patrons, only the other performers." She paused. "If you make it past the audition, that is."  
  
I nodded, feeling chastened. Candace sent me a warm smile. "So, you're here to...?"  
  
I briefly explained my experience to Candace, much in the way I had told Violet. The two ladies shared a look between each other before turning back to me.   
  
"So, do you think you'd be comfortable doing something like this?" Candace asked. "I mean, our performers put it all out there."  
  
I had thought about that multiple times since seeing the ad in the paper and making the call for the interview. "I'd like to think so," I replied. "I can tell you that I've had several amazing orgasms fantasizing about this."  
  
Violet considered that. "That's definitely a good sign."  
  
Candace nodded. "So, why get a second job?"  
  
I smiled faintly. "Student loans. I got my masters to get into the job I'm in, but the job I'm in won't cover the debt."  
  
For the first time since I met her, Violet grinned. "We've heard that story before. That's what brought a few of our people to us."  
  
Candace nodded, smiling. "And a couple of our performers are going to school right now and doing this to avoid getting loans."  
  
I grinned. "If only I'd known about this when I was going to school, I might not have the debt."  
  
"Or the masters degree." Violet commented. "Some people enjoy this so much they decide to do it full time."  
  
Candace looked back at me. "So, let's see what you've got to work with."  
  
"Ok," I replied, unsure as to what she meant.  
  
"Time to strip," she continued, motioning for me to stand up.  
  
"Here?" I asked, surprised. The office was tiny to start with, but with the added people, there was hardly any room.   
  
Plus, it was just sort of a surprise to be ordered to strip after discussing student loans.  
  
Violet waved her hand. "Don't worry about making it fancy or doing a dance. Your audition will show us your potential. We just want to see what you've got hidden under the clothing."  
  
I nodded and stood. Hands shaking, I unbuttoned my blouse, removing it and dropping it on the chair behind me. I slid my sensible heels off as I unbuttoned my slacks, feeling short as I peeled them over my hips and down my legs. I felt silly as I stood in front of these two women wearing my matching nude bra and panties—and grey trouser socks. I peeled the socks off first, grinning slightly at the ladies as I did.  
  
Still, neither said anything, waiting patiently for me to finish disrobing. I reached behind me, unhooked my bra, and set my large natural breasts tumbling free before taking my panties off. I stood in front of them, nude, and fought the urge to cross my legs and cover my breasts with my arms.   
  
Neither of them made eye contact but looked me over. Violet made a motion to have me turn around, and I did. Mentally, I cataloged all of the flaws I had.   
  
"Ok, Sam bend over, spread your legs a little, and touch your toes," Candace instructed me.  
  
I took a deep breath and followed the instructions, surprised to feel myself getting turned on, and fought the sudden and surprising urge to reach down and spread my pussy lips for both of them to see.  
  
"Ok, Sam. You can stand and face us," Candace said. I turned back to face them and noticed Violet was making notes on a sheet of paper.  
  
Violet absently motioned toward my clothes. "You can get dressed again and have a seat," she said, not looking up from her notebook.  
  
After I dressed and settled back into my chair, she looked up at me. "So, here's what I'm thinking. We'd like to give you a shot. How do you feel about toys?"  
  
I shrugged. "I generally like them."  
  
"Ever used a Sybian?"  
  
"No, but I've always wanted to," I replied.  
  
Violet nodded. "Ok. So, tomorrow we open at 7, but things don't really get going until about 9. We usually like to put our auditions on about 8—a few people, but not too many, and it'll give you a chance to check us out as well, see the other performers, get to know the clientele, that sort of thing. We'd like to have you do a Sybian show—about 15, 20 minutes or so. Longer if you can handle it, but not expected at this point. Interested?"  
  
I nodded, shifting in my chair to try to ease the increasing excitement in my already throbbing clit, and hoping I wouldn't be leaving a huge wet spot on the seat when I stood. "That sounds great."  
  
"Be here at 7 tomorrow, then." Violet said standing and extending her hand for a handshake. I stood and shook her hand before turning to leave.   
  
"Oh, and Sam?" Candace said to me as I was about to enter the hallway. "Remember that you will be naked on stage, so I'd suggest spending some time pampering yourself before you come in." She gave me a smile, eyeing my crotch before returning her gaze to my eyes.   
  
I nodded as I felt the blush come over my fair Irish skin and hustled out of there. I had some things to take care of.  
  
I was freshly shaved in all the places that mattered, lotioned to an inch of my life, perfect nightclub-esque makeup completed, and my hair was curly and wild. I dressed casual, knowing that I wouldn't be dressed for long, and slung a bag over my shoulder as I left the car.  
  
I walked into the club with a little more confidence than the day before, but my nerves were about performing, and whether or not I'd be any good at it. Candace was standing at the bar studying a clipboard as I walked in.  
  
"Hey," I said, shyly as I approached her.  
  
"Hi Sam!" She smiled. "You're right on time." Candace set the clipboard down on the bar. "Let me give you the tour and introduce you to a few people."  
  
She explained the different stages and introduced me to the staff who were present before bringing me back to the ladies' dressing room.  
  
"The dressing rooms are separated by gender," she explained. "Admittedly, you'll see it all on stage, but we want to try to keep the sex out there and not in here," Candace finished with a wry grin. She ushered me in and motioned to a vanity table with a locker next to it. "This is where you can put your stuff. There's a robe for you in the locker."  
  
I nodded. "Ok."  
  
"You'll completely disrobe in here and wear the robe out to the stage. When you're on the floor—which we encourage—you'll wear the robe," Candace explained. "You can wear some lingerie out on stage, but that'll come later."  
  
"So, I'm pretty much going to be naked a lot around here," I commented. "Got it."  
  
"The other performers don't tend to show up until a little later, so you'll meet them after your audition."  
  
I glanced around the room, shifting nervously.  
  
"You ok?" Candace asked.   
  
I smiled nervously. "Just nervous."  
  
She placed a calming hand on my arm. "That's natural. But I think you'll enjoy this. We've got a pretty good group of people working here, and the clients are really great."  
  
"Ok." I took a deep breath. "I want to do this."  
  
Candace jerked her head toward the hallway. "Let me show you how the Sybian works, and then you can come back here and get ready, ok?"  
  
Taking another deep breath, I nodded and followed her to meet what I'd be performing with.   
  
I stood in the backstage area, wearing my silky robe over my bare and smooth skin and completely nervous. My palms were sweaty and my legs were shaking.   
  
And my pussy was already sopping wet.  
  
I heard my cue and exited out on the stage, pausing momentarily when the lights blinded me. Candace had warned me about this, but it still surprised me a little. I was able to quickly focus on the Sybian sitting in the middle of a mattress placed on stage and made my way over to it.   
  
As I reached it, I was able to look out into the audience and see a few people sitting at tables, drinking and talking with each other. Violet and Candace stood in the back of the room. Candace smiled at me while Violet just watched me with the same bland look she watched me with yesterday.  
  
I untied the belt of the robe and let it slide of my body to pool on the stage. People in the audience became quiet as they turned their attention to me. I bit my lip as I looked out into the audience, sliding my hands down over my breasts to my stomach and fingers briefly touched the bare skin of my freshly shaven mound. The nervousness I was feeling turned to anticipation.  
  
I turned toward the Sybian, kneeling on the mattress to apply a little bit of lube to the dildo sticking up from it. I noticed that a condom had already been placed on it, within the safety guidelines of the club for the performers. I shifted to mount the toy, placing a knee on either side, and sliding onto the dildo.   
  
It had been so long since I'd had sex—or been penetrated—that my head lolled back as I moaned as I slid down onto it. Catching my breath, I reached down to spread my lips so that my clit was on the vibrating pad of the Sybian, feeling the smooth skin and my wetness. I loved the feeling of my silken skin, wet with juices. I had to force myself back to the task at hand because what I found myself wanting to do was to lay back, spread myself wide open, and rub my clit until I came—and with the way I was feeling it wouldn't take long. Rather than waste the juices collected on my fingers, I lifted them to my mouth and sucked on them, loving the taste. I looked out into the audience, making eye contact with a couple of men, making more of a show of sucking each finger into my mouth so that they could see my tongue working around it.   
  
My pussy started screaming for attention, and I grabbed the controls and turned on the vibration, just about jumping from my seated position when it began.   
  
"Damn, that's strong," I muttered under my breath, turning it down a little.  
  
Strong, but nice. Very, very nice.   
  
I ground my clit against the machine, finding my hips thrusting on their own accord as I rode. I reached up to play with my nipple, rolling it between my fingers, and watching my audience. I went from feeling scared of their judgment to feeling powerful, controlling. I had their attention and I wanted to keep it that way.  
  
I made eye contact with Violet as I did something only women with large breasts can pull off: pulling my breast up and sucking on my own nipple before swirling my tongue around it. She gave me a small smile of acknowledgement, and I smiled in return, continuing to roll my nipple between my fingers.  
  
Turning up the power on the machine, I increased my thrusts on the dildo, grinding my clit against the vibration, and the orgasm caught me by surprise. I pitched forward, barely catching myself before I fell off, and screamed out. I rode the orgasm out and shifted enough to break the contact between the vibrations and my clit to let myself calm down for a minute.   
  
Breathing heavily, I pushed myself back up to a seated position on the machine and looked toward the back of the room. A mad was standing next to Violet, wearing the signature club robe. Another performer. He was the stereotypical "Tall, Dark, and Handsome", but it was the look in his eyes that had my fantasies running. Suddenly, my hands became his hands on my breasts, my fingers running down my thighs were his fingers, but the machine I was riding became the man. I could feel his lips against the column of my throat as I bucked my hips against his cock faster and harder. I felt the orgasm coming and grinding my clit harder. The second orgasm was even more powerful, but I kept eye contact with him through it until it ended and I slid off the machine to the mattress.  
  
The crowd's applause was what brought me back to reality, and after a moment of catching my breath, I stood to accept my applause, tips, and grab my robe, returning to the dressing room on shaky legs.  
  
I had showered and was sitting at the dressing table when Violet entered. "Well, you surprised me. I didn't think you'd pull it off."  
  
I looked at her. "I wasn't sure I would either," I admitted.   
  
"The job's yours if you want it." Violet continued in her no-nonsense manner. "You'll work three nights a week and you'll need to work out with Candace what you will and won't do. No sleeping with the clients, no drugs, and no alcohol while on the job."  
  
I sat silently waiting for her to finish with all of the stipulations.  
  
"Well?" She finished up her list and waited for me to respond.  
  
I smiled and nodded. "I'll take it."  
  
Violet nodded and turned to leave, stopping at the door. "Oh, Sam? Nice trick with the boobs." She smiled slightly. "Glad to have you on board."