

DANCING FOR THE BOYS

BY

GEMMA PARKES

Who doesn't love to dance? Who doesn't love to tease the men watching, willing them to notice and lust after your body? What would you do if you were given the chance to perform before a group of appreciative gentlemen for a large amount of money? The latest release from the pen of Gemma Parkes combines two stories of exotic dancing and what it means to two women when they truly perform.

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DANCING FOR THE BOYS

Ever had one of those crazy times in life when you look back and think, 'I don't know how I did that but I'm so glad I did'?

When I was in my third year at university I really struggled for money. I had a part time bar job but my debts were soon spiraling out of control. There was this girl I knew who used to hang around with our group; she was pretty in an obvious way and more than a little wild. The men hung around her all the time looking for a way in, whether or not she gave it to them was anybody's guess.

One Friday night I got talking to her on my own over a bottle of cheap wine and told her about my debt worries. She always seemed to be doing okay, out drinking every night and wearing the latest trends, so I asked her if she was getting help from her parents or something.

She confided in me that she stripped, and danced for money at night at Tito's the lap dancing club in town! I didn't believe her at first and laughed like an idiot into my empty glass. But she told me she was serious, it was something she'd done before she came to Uni, having taken lessons back in her home town. She said it just seemed the logical thing to do when she arrived. As soon as she could she got herself acquainted with the local gentleman's club and soon she was dancing every weekend. But apparently it didn't stop there, soon men were requesting her company at all sorts of events and private functions, she even had to turn down work due to the high demand.

"Why don't you give it a go?" she said, "You are exactly what they are looking for."

I laughed out loud at first, but when she revealed how much she was earning, I was shocked, then impressed and finally, curious.

"I've got this booking coming up that I'm struggling to keep. It's for a private gentlemen's party," she told me, "Just a few men together in a room they've hired, why don't you go instead of me, and see how you feel?"

I spent the next few hours alternating my response. The money was a ridiculous amount and it was only for a few hours work. I could dance a bit and I had confidence in the way I looked, maybe I *could* do this?

That's how it all started. I thought I would turn up, take my clothes off and shake it about a bit. Then leave with enough money to feed me for the next few weeks.

What really happened that night was much more... fun.

Alone in my tiny student room I read the invitation again.

"Gentlemen's party, men only, your presence is required."

I turned it over to look at the tiny map showing the venue then I picked up the phone to let the host know I would be coming instead of Zoe.

I got more and more excited as I showered, the warm soapy water seemed to wash away my apprehension and I was already planning my dance moves.

What would the men be like? Obviously they had some money between them or they wouldn't be doing this. Perhaps I could bag myself a wealthy boyfriend.

The party was being held at a small venue so maybe it would be quite intimate. I expected maybe ten or twelve men hungry for a show.

Standing naked I rifled through my underwear drawer pondering what to wear. Should I be a Bad girl in black leather and lace? Maybe a virgin clad in white surrounded by all these handsome men waiting to take advantage of my innocence?

Reaching further down I found a pale pink basque laced up the front, with a matching thong beautifully silky to the touch and *extremely* tight.

I dug out a pair of white fishnet stockings and pink satin high heels, *perfect!*

Brushing my long blonde hair and donning a short pink shiny Mac, I was ready to go.

"Men only," the doorman snapped.

I was going to show him my invitation but decided instead to flash him.

"Go in love, top of the stairs on the left!" he rasped fiddling with his collar.

The room was very small, quite dark with just a few wall lights affording a warm glow. The floor was laminated and there was a long table against one wall where most of the guests were gathered. In one corner there was a DJ busily sorting music with one hand and holding his headphones to his right ear.

As I'd predicted there were around 12 men, dressed immaculately in suits and ties, standing around drinking. There was an eerie silence when I entered the room. I could feel the heat from 12 pairs of eyes on every part of me. The host came purposely towards me and took my hand.

"Hi I'm Simon," he grinned, "Glad you could make it, follow me."

He ushered me into a small; cupboard sized room while he explained exactly what it was that he wanted me to do.

Five minutes later I was walking back into the function room and heading for the small platform in front of the DJ, apprehensive but determined to nail this. With a nod from the host the DJ started playing Joe Cockers version of 'Leave your hat on', and I began to dance.

I started to move my hips in time to the music tossing my hair rhythmically as I slowly began to remove my Mac. I eased it off one shoulder then the other before allowing it to drop to the floor with a shimmy of my breasts which were spilling out above the tight basque. Amidst much whistling and cajoling I really started to get into the role. I began to gyrate my hips round and round, thrusting forward on occasional drumbeats. My fingers toyed with the laced up front of the corseted basque, tugging at the laces before sliding them slowly out from the safety of their eyelets.

There was a collective shout as I lifted my left breast out and fingered the rosy nipple. Another shout as the right one joined it to be cupped by my hot, damp hand.

Back and forth I walked swaying my hips, running my hands across my body. I tweaked my nipples between thumb and forefinger thrilling myself in the process. It was hot and dark; the music filled the small room. Gradually the beat took over and I almost forgot I had an audience as I danced with abandonment in my semi naked state. The beat pulsated through the floorboards and up into my body filling me with a bravado I never knew I possessed.

I teased the basque down past my toned stomach and leaned forward turning slowly around as I wiggled it to the floor before stepping out of it, one heeled shoe at a time. I stretched out my long legs in exaggerated high kicks first one way then the other stroking my hand up each, stopping short of my crotch. Turning my body away to grin at the DJ, I shimmied my butt causing a fresh ripple of delighted shouts from the men.

Turning back to face them I ran my hands over my breasts, the nipples of which were very excited and now pointed shamelessly towards the drooling faces. I wanted to make sure they all wanted me as I surrendered myself to Joe's husky tones. The excitement in the room was tangible reflecting back at me from hungry eyes and heated faces. Their encouragement drove me on, this was *my* show, it was *me* they wanted.

By the time the song rolled to an end, I was stood on the stage in just my heels and thong trying hard to ignore the complaints from the pussy hungry men. I was simply obeying Simon's earlier request.

He strode purposefully across the room towards me and knelt down in front of me. Glancing up to check my face for a sign of objection and finding none, he began to remove my thong with his teeth, using warm fingers to help him pull it down past my knees. Holding my thighs with hot, strong hands he eased his tongue between them in one large lap. I shuddered and responded by burying my fingers into his mop of black hair. Steadily he explored the outside of my swollen pussy lips with the tip of his wet tongue. His hands had snaked around my thighs holding them open, though the thong was stretched across my knees hindering full access.

I cried out as he held me apart with his thumbs and snaked his tongue up inside me, his nose grinding steadily against my clit. The men around us were getting closer and louder. I could almost feel their breath on our bodies.

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