

STRIP CLUB RETIREMENT PLAN

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Characters, plot and some passages by Nomdreserv

It was turning out to be an especially long night for the staff at Sizzlers as they all went about flirting and showing off their stuff to the clientele like women who had a decade of stripping under their belt rather than the group of teens and 20-somethings that they truly were.

Cameron took a deep breath and tugged at the too-tight hot pants that were riding up her butt as she made her out onto the floor to do her waitress rounds. She scanned the clientele for the evening to suss out the best tippers. She found she had to squint a bit to make out the customers at the farthest tables. She had taken a free eye exam on campus last spring and they had told her that she had perfect 20/20 vision but maybe she should get a second opinion, she thought as she struggled to clearly size up the room.

There were the usual crowd of single horn-ball guys and some groups of bachelor parties and sales bros looking for some cheap shots and free titties, plus a handful of couples here because they were either looking to spice up their relationship; because one or both of them had a kink; or because the guy was a total dick and his girlfriend didn't have enough self esteem to go 'Hey dude, don't take to a strip club on our date!' One of these pairs in particular caught her eye – a young couple, the guy looked like your typical cocky frat boy probably barely past legal drinking age and the girl looked even younger – like maybe she was still in high school. Cameron saw her teeth had braces on them for goodness sake!

'What were the bouncers thinking? Letting a girl like that into a place like this? Even with a fake ID!' Cameron thought angrily. Strong maternal emotions flared up in Cameron that had been previously alien to the college-aged stripper. But she took a deep breath and remembered what she was here for – the money. And a couple like this might be just nervous and naive enough to heavily tip her.

As Cameron sauntered over she saw the teen girl glancing around the strip club nervously, clearly uncomfortable with her surroundings and worried that her older boyfriend's attention and enthusiasm was all on the scantily clad mature strippers rather than on her.

"Hey there cuties! I'm Cameron, is this your first time at Sizzlers?" She asked, smiling at the pair. The girl was only a few years behind her and the guy was probably the same age as Cameron but for some reason they felt so young and immature at that moment.

The teen girl nodded sheepishly and her older frat-guy boyfriend grinned hungrily as he leered at Cameron's bare thighs and mid-riff (which was seeping a bit farther over the waist band of her booty shorts than normal).

"Fuck yeah! This place is great! I heard you all got some slammin' chicken wings!" The college boy shouted as almost a cat-call, clearly talking about something other than food.

Cameron smirked and gave a sympathetic look to his blushing freckle-face young date.

"Sorry... no wings today. But if you come back tomorrow, we do a half-priced buffalo wing special..." She purred coolly, ignoring his double-entendre.

"Damn! I guess we'll have to come back tomorrow too baby!... I'll just have a beer and Bailey will have a sex on the beach... because she loves that so much!" The boy teased as he grabbed his young girlfriend around her slight waist and pulled her into him.

"Logan!!" Bailey squealed, blushing in embarrassment at her college boyfriend outing her for her sexual history on sandy beaches.

Cameron smirked and rolled her eyes as the girls protests quickly devolved into the couple making out at their table.

“Well if you like school girls you’re going to love our next act...” Lenny the DJ called from the over-head speaker as if he was reading Cameron’s mind as she walked away from Logan and his high school girlfriend.

But the chant of: “MILF! MILF! MILF! MILF!” From the guys in the crowd was not what Cameron was expecting to hear in response.

She turned to see if somehow another woman had taken the stage (Though there was no one in Sizzler’s 26 and under roster that could be deemed a ‘MILF’) but it was, in fact, teen-queen Missy onstage now looking very MILF-y indeed. The fears about her naughty schoolgirl costume were well founded. Her extra pounds seemed concentrated around her lower body and middle-region shifting her hour-glass figure into something more commonly seen on your average Soccer Mom. Her newly developed tummy was threatening to burst the bottom buttons on her blouse and the dimpling of cellulite along her thighs and the bottom curvature of her ass made her school girl skirt and panties look like a major wardrobe mistake.

“Who’s going to send me to the principals office tonight and spank me with a ruler? I’ve been a naughty girl...” She purred in a mature sultry voice, coughing and clearing her throat since it sounded much deeper than the high pitched teen lilt that Missy was used to.

She tore off the skirt with a groan and turned around to shake her booty to the audience, giving her wider ass cheeks a slap with her hand and causing them to wobble unappealingly. She looked more like seasoned teacher than a school girl as she strutted around the stage sensually with a lot less energy than her stage performances usually had.

Cameron checked on her young couple again and was surprised to realize that the girl wasn’t as young as she’d thought at first. On this second look, Bailey was clearly past high school age, and might even be a year or two older than her college-aged boyfriend. As Cameron set her Sex on the Beach down in front of her she even checked the girls smile to find that her teeth were completely braces-free.

The stripper rubbed her eyes and blinked. The lack of sleep must have her

seeing things. At least the girl seemed a lot more comfortable in her surroundings and seemed to be getting into the fun of watching the strippers perform alongside her younger boyfriend.

Tiffany was up on stage now attempting to skip around the stage in her teddy and diaper while twirling her dull faded reddish brown hair around her finger. Her knees popped each time she bent them and her cutesy demeanor was greatly undercut by how winded and sweaty she was getting, bouncing around.

She decided to have a seat on stage and strip off her top.

“Time to get nakee!” She cooed with a giggle. It sounded very strange coming from such a mature voice.

Tiffany sat in the chair catching her breath for a moment as she played with her still impressive but noticeably drooping tits. They made meaty slapping sounds whenever she dropped the heaving breasts from her palms back down to her chest.

“Who wants me to sit on their lap and call them daddy...?” She purred with another giggle, looking more like the men in the audience should be calling her ‘mommy’. Tiffany kicked her legs up into the air playfully and flashing the wrinkled soles of her veiny feet at the audience. Her flabbier thighs jiggled as she did so.

One of Tiffany’s closing bits was contorting her sexy leg around so that she sucked on her own toes in front of the audience, but as the matronly adult baby attempted to bring her thicker leg up and around that it was much stiffer and heavier than in previous nights. She strained and groaned and grunted as she bent forward trying to get her pruning lips around her big toe.

“Come on... stretch goddamnit... stupid legs feel like they’re made of lead...” She grumbled under her breath dropping any pretense of her baby voice as she grew increasingly frustrated at her lack of flexibility. She had just done this very bit last night, after all... it wasn’t like it had been years since she had been able to suck on her own toes...

As she leaned forward her boobs smooshed against the rolls of her pooching belly causing an unappealing conglomeration of jelly rolls and flabby flesh causing the audience to cringe for her.

After several attempt to bring her foot up to her mouth the aging adult baby gave up with a pout and stuck her pacify into her mouth instead. As she sucked on it in defeat, Cameron could swear that she saw Tiffany's normal youthful rosy cheeks begin to slope, forming the beginnings of jowls.

Cameron winced at the view of Tiffany waddling off stage, her heavier steps causing all of her flabbier skin and curves to wobble and jiggle with less appeal than the curvy young woman typically brought to the stage. She looked more like a tired housewife who was worn out from chasing around toddlers all day than a 20-something girl that got paid to dress up like a toddler to be sexy.

She stared at the dimpling rolls caused by the developing backfat on Tiffany's bare back as they struggled lethargically to change into their outfits in order to swap places.

"Oh boo! I've got a gray in my pubes..." Tiffany pouted in her baby voice as she took off her pampers and looked down passed her soft gut.

Cameron's spine tingled. Tiffany was someone who normally radiated youth and effervescence. All of the girls on staff did. But tonight her friends seemed more like a group of delusional soccer moms.

And they weren't the only ones. As she wiped some sweat from her brow and dragged herself out onto the stage she looked out to see that so many of the couples in the audience seemed to be young men with older women. It was strange to see so many women over 30 watching her strip. Cameron hardly ever saw any women come in over the age of 25... she always figured that middle-aged or older women would just be far too jealous comparing their aging bodies and fading beauty to the fresh-faced perky young strippers on stage...

But Cameron wasn't feeling very 'fresh' or 'perky' as she stumbled through her routine. Her legs seemed a little stiffer and less limber, her twirls on stage were a few beats off and she felt out of breath trying to dance in time with her

music. By the end of her set she was panting and rubbing her back as she stood on stage in only a pair of glittery golden panties. She smiled awkwardly out to the crowd, almost apologizing for how sluggish and out of shape she felt. A decent amount of patrons had settled up and left while she had performed which was disheartening, but the spectators that stayed were cheering her on enthusiastically and tipping generously.

Cameron bent over to collect the loose bills sprinkled along the edge of the stage but felt a sudden sharp pain as she did so. She grunted and lifted back up stiffly and then proceeded to lower herself down at the knees, keeping her torso completely straight and upright as she gathered her tips.

By the end of the night, knees and ankles were sorer than ever. The last few dancers were barely lifting their legs when they kicked. That same tired, worn look was hitting everyone now, and their once pert breasts seemed to be sagging along with their spirits. And more than just breasts were jiggling when they got naked – Cameron had never realized just how many of the girls carried a little extra weight in their behinds and thighs like that.

Cameron saw her young couple leaving. Bailey looked even older in the new light, and she briefly wondered if the Logan could have been dating a professor!

“Come along Logan, sweetie. You’ve had your fun for the night. Now it’s mama’s turn for pleasure...” Bailey purred as she clapped at her younger boyfriend who was lingering to get one more eyeful of the strippers on their way out.

Cameron’s forehead wrinkled with confusion (and didn’t fully smooth back afterward). Why did she think that woman was so young when she first saw them?... It was probably her clothes, Cameron finally reasoned. Bailey was dressed in styles and cuts clearly designed for a teenager. The flirty mini skirt, spaghetti string top and jean jacket didn’t particularly fit her very well. She really should consider dressing in outfits more suited to her age...

The dancers talked briefly afterwards.

“...maybe something going around...”

“...too much sun...”

“...knees are swollen...”

“...never been so tired...”

There had been talks to go hit some late night parties together after the club closed for the night but just about everyone decided to bail on the plans in favor of heading home, drinking some chamomile tea and getting a good night sleep. Except Tiffany. She seemed determined to go paint the town red regardless of how achey and tired she was.

“Come on Cam, just come to one party with me...” Tiffany pouted causing the creases along her mouth to accentuate.

“Sorry Tiff, I know it’s lame but I’m just feeling completely spent and I have class in the morning...” Cameron insisted as she finished packing up her bag.

“Come on girly-pop... just one!” Tiffany continued to lay on the pressure, starting to sound a little desperate.

“I like literally need to go home and soak in a tub right now. My feet are so sore right now - I feel like if I do anymore dancing they’re just going to crumple into dust!” Cameron said, playing it off with a laugh. But in the back of her mind she was wondering why her feet ached so much - they never felt like this after a shift.

“Then let’s go to one of your college frat parties and find a couple of cute pre-med snacks we can take back to your place and pamper us with full body massages...” Tiffany purred sounding like a lecherous cougar.

“Oh my god. You sound SO thirsty right now.” Cameron laughed as they walked out of the club.

“I can’t help it! It’s my hyperactive teen hormones! I’m in my sex-kitten era!” Tiffany declared, biting her lip and rubbing her crotch over her skirt hornily. If

she was being honest though, her lustful desires were less about teen hormones and more about the overwhelming feeling like her biological was ticking closer to midnight.

“Well I hope you get all that young D you’re hoping for tonight babe. But I’m out!” Cameron insisted definitively as she leaned over and hugged her friend, giving air kisses on either side of her face as they pressed their cheeks together.

The next morning the aging stripper awoke feeling even worse: new aches, new pains, and new – and usually unpleasant – discoveries. Cameron found that her face looked even more wan despite a full night’s sleep. Her skin seemed lax, no doubt from that sun exposure, making slight sags appear at her cheeks and chin. The lines around her eyes and mouth had deepened, and new ones had formed across her forehead and next to her nose. To be honest, she looked more like someone a couple years past her fortieth birthday rather than someone a year past her twentieth.

The same ravages of time had transformed her body. Her breasts hung lower, changing her profile from pert and sexy to frumpy and matronly. Her hips and ass had spread to middle-age width, and her thighs had lost muscle tone, becoming doughier and slightly dimpled. More veins had appeared on her calves, and her skin was blotchier and drier. Her knees and ankles ached, and there was some new pain in her lower back.

However, the spell that was aging her was also doing something more to stave off her panic. Cameron noted the changes unhappily enough, but rather than have a heart attack at suddenly doubling her age and looking like her mother, she chalked them up again to being overworked and exposing herself to too much sun. Just another day or two of more rest would be sure to put her back to her normal vibrant, sexy, youthful self.

Her clothes didn’t fit right and none of her trendy young clothes flattered her middle-aged body but Cameron seemed committed to making it work. She squeezed into a short skirt that showcased off the developing varicose veins in her legs and cellulite in her thighs. Then she proceeded to pull on a form-fitting top that stretched even tighter across her sagging boobs and provided any onlooker a very clear picture of the sloping form and curvature of

her mature drooping breasts. The top was also cropped to leave a generous amount of bare flesh below the bottom of the shirt where her softening tummy seeped out over her waistband.

She looked like a suburban mother dressing hopelessly in “what the kids wore these days” in order to “fit in” at her teenage daughter’s party.

Apparently, the effect was not lost on the boys in her classes. None of her classmates hit on her today – in fact, several didn’t even recognize her. Many students bumping into her walking across campus or in the halls had assumed she was a tenured professor making some point about agism and woman’s fashion or some elderly administrators aging former trophy wife. Those who did recognize Cameron breathed a sigh of relief over getting shot down for dates earlier in the semester – she was obviously much older than they’d previously assumed. Probably some middle-aged woman looking to pick up an extra title or postponed college degree now that her kids were grown up.

Cameron noticed the lack of interest and pouted a little. She was already feeling a bit self-conscious about how ‘tired’ and ‘bloated’ she felt that she looked. She decided to take the initiative and flirt with the cute guy behind her. Maybe he was just shy.

“Hey cool tattoos! Can I get a closer look?” She asked, flashing him an inviting smile and causing the crinkles on her cheeks to bunch and show off how much her face had aged.

“Uh... sure.” He said, surprised that she was talking to him.

He had been lusting after Cameron since the start of the semester but now he felt confused as to why – did she have a daughter that went here and he was getting them mixed up? He held out his arm to show off his full-sleeve tattoo and Cameron proceeded to run her mature hands up and down it.

“Mmm very cool... I have a few tattoos... only a couple I can show in class though...” She informed him with a giggle and a wink.

She then tucked her thumb into the band of her skirt that was digging into her waist and scooped it down just enough to show a tattoo of some oranges on a branch that was adorning her hip and upper right thigh. The tattoo looked a bit faded and worn like she had gotten it a quarter of a century ago.

“Oh sick. How long ago did you get that done?” He asked thinking that the middle-aged woman must have been a real sex-pot back when she was his age.

Cameron giggled and shrugged.

“I just got it last year. To remind me of home. I’m a total cali girl!” She informed him.

“Oh sick. I have cousins that live out in San Diego.” He replied.

“I loooooove San Diego. The beaches there are the best! I totally worship the sun!... Though I’m trying to cut down on it a little, It’s supposed to be really bad for the skin when we get older. Do your cousin’s surf? I have a wave tattoo on my back...” Cameron continued, wondering why this guy wasn’t absolute puddy in her hand yet. She had never tried so hard to get a guy to flirt back with her before - and she knew he wasn’t gay by how many times she had caught him oggling her ass throughout the semester.

She shifted at her desk and grunted as she attempted to reach back and lift the back of her top up far enough to see her tattoo in the middle of her back. Oddly she was finding her joints were so stiff that reach back like this felt very difficult and made her back and shoulders ache. Finally she managed to lift the shirt up but accidentally popped the front up enough that one of her bra-less saggy tits flopped out. Cameron’s jowling cheeks flashed red and she tugged down the shirt and looked around to make sure no one got a glimpse of her peak-a-boo.

“Wow yeah... color needs a little touch up but pretty cool...” The boy said nodding to her.

Cameron stretched her arms up and squirmed her back to release the knots and kinks in her body.

“Mmmm I’m feeling so stiff today... After class I’m going to need to find someone to give me a massage...” She purred and smirked at him.

Normally even hinting at something like this would have started a fight amongst her male classmates for the honor. But instead the young man just nodded as if she had said ‘I need to stop by the post office later.’

Cameron was undeterred. She knew this guy was into her so why was he suddenly acting so shy?

“You know, I forgot my text book for this class at home... Do you think I could look on with you and we could be notes-buddies today?” She asked, nearly channeling Missy’s baby-doll voice, as she tucked some graying blond hair delicately behind her ear and batted her eyes at the young man.

And that’s when he called her “ma’am.”

“Oh sure thing ma’am. Just uh pull over a chair and you can read along.” He said with a polite but completely uninterested smile.

The implication of age and unattractiveness left her gasping. How dare he pretend she was old? She was soooo out of his league anyway.

“Ummmm noooo that’s- It turns out I have my book after all...” She seethed as she stood up and stormed off to sit at a different desk, swishing her hip to give an extra wiggle of the ass he seemed to enjoy staring at so much before just to show him what he was missing.

Unfortunately, the extra jiggle shown off by her too-tight skirt only reinforced the mild revulsion he’d been feeling at her flirting. It was so weird to be hit on by someone your mother’s age.

Cameron sat down at a new desk in the far corner of the classroom. Her feet were really starting to hurt, and she figured there must be something wrong with her sandals. They didn’t seem to fit right, and were causing her toes to

cramp. In fact, they had cramped so much there looked almost knobby, as though she had bunions that had appeared since the morning. Her feet, (which she got PLENTY of cash offers for pics of on social media) were normally cute, dainty, and flawless, but today looked distinctly flawed – the skin leathery and thin enough to show visible veins, the joints arthritic, and the toes distorted. These new features made her sandals not only impractical but incredibly unflattering. She decided she'd have to pick up a pair of “sensible” shoes after class... Maybe something with cushioning soles and arch support... and some compression socks to alleviate some of the needling aches in her lower body...

To be concluded...