

STRIP CLUB RETIREMENT PLAN

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Characters, plot and some passages by Nomdreserv

It was a busy night at Sizzlers.

“Heavy tippers at table 12,” Missy told Cameron as she stripped down to her panties, preparing to put on her costume. “Guy and a woman. A little strange, but spending.”

“Thanks,” Cameron replied with a smile, reversing the process and putting on her uniform.

Not that there was much to put on. When you worked at a place like Sizzlers, you rarely wore more than a bathing suit’s amount of clothing. The women alternated their stage routines with serving drinks, and their tiny skirts and halters weren’t covering much more than the thongs they ended up stripping down to on stage. And they wouldn’t have had it any other way, since they could supplement their minimum salaries substantially by the tips they earned delivering drinks.

Missy glanced onstage to gauge how much longer Angelina would be. The dancer was down to her studded collar, whip and black-leather thong, so Missy figured she had about another 5 minutes. Angelina always earned her biggest tips when she started teasing the men in the front row using her whip while shaking her breasts in their faces.

“Which of you naughty boys wants to pay for the privilege to get up here on stage and get crushed under the heel of Mistresses’ new high-heel boots?” Angela purred confidently as she jiggled her large pert breasts and cracked her whip. Tens and twenty began to litter the stage.

Each of the dancers tended to have their favorite routines. Angelina was into the dominatrix model, which fit well with her confident, statuesque body and face. Cameron favored the California surfer girl motif to match her tanned, firm skin and natural long golden blonde hair. Missy, the youngest staff

member at the club having just graduated high school a few months ago, played to her own strengths and “cosplayed” variations of naughty schoolgirl outfits. It was amazing how many guys went nuts for a hot teen in a catholic school girl’s skirt.

Of course, one of the other girls, Tiffany, went even further with the whole ‘young and innocent’ theme, playing to the AB-kink crowd and actually bopping around the stage in adult-sized baby clothes, including a big shiny pacifier that she liked to lick and suck suggestively for tips.

Missy buttoned her tight, sheer white blouse and shimmied into her micro-mini plaid skirt. She put on knee socks, but then slipped on her 4-inch heels to add the sexiness to her footwear, and as a finishing touch, popped a stick of bubble gum into her mouth.

And just in time, Angelina jogged off the stage, her taut skin glistening with sweat but ruby red lips curled in a satisfied smile. She had a belt of bills sprouting all around her g-string and a fistful in her hand.

“Good crowd,” Angela nodded at Missy, smirking. “But I think I cleaned them out.” She added with a laugh, playfully patting Missy’s half-exposed ass with the handle of her whip.

“We’ll see,” Missy smirked. “Maybe they were holding back for something a little fresher!” The teen giggled with a wink before skipping out onto the stage and blowing a big pink bubble with her gum.

Cameron, meanwhile, had taken Missy’s advice and swung over to table 12. She found a man and woman sitting at the table, politely watching the show. This wasn’t too unusual in itself – couples came in here all of the time either to ‘spice up’ their relationship or for fun or to have a story to tell their friends – but there was something very... off about the pair in front of her. First of all they were incredibly well dressed – way over dressed for a place like Sizzlers, the man’s suit and the woman’s ensemble looked more at place in a box seat at the opera than a strip club; They also didn’t appear to be particularly titilated or amused by the half-naked women strutting around on stage. They appeared

to be more... intrigued. Like how biologists look in nature documentaries when observing animals out in the wild.

As they sipped their glasses and stared at Missy while she giggled like a slutty school girl and popped the buttons of her blouse with her bouncy heaving breasts it felt to Cameron like they were studying data for some sort of... experiment.

The woman's head turned suddenly and deliberately to face Cameron as she approached. There was a fire behind her eyes that caused the young stripper to shiver as if ice cubes were tumbling down her back.

"Ah, another one. And what's your name?" The woman drawled with a high class yet unplaceable accent.

Cameron hesitated before answering. She was far from a wallflower and since taking this job last year had learned that chatting, flirting and building a rapport with the clientele always paid off by the end of the night but something about this couple made her feel flustered and wary. She shook it off and got back into character.

"Hi, my name's Cameron are you guys ready for another drink?" She asked flashing her bright 'California girl' smile and arching her back a little to accentuate her cleavage.

The man and woman exchanged glances, then to Cameron's surprise, tossed back full glasses of red wine. ('Since when did Sizzlers start selling red wine by the glass?' Cameron thought briefly.) After putting her glass down and dabbing the corner of her lips with her finger the woman scrutinized Cameron again.

"Yes. Another round." She held out enough money to buy five. "And you can keep the change if you tell me a little about yourself."

Cameron hesitated again, a little voice in the back of her head was telling her to politely excuse herself and get the hell out of there but rent was due next week and this tip would make her night.

“OK, well, I'm a student.” The coed answered quickly thinking that that might be enough to satisfy the couple. She often found that ‘college girl trying to make good’ was a wholesome enough narrative to pull on the heart strings of a lot of folks that came in. Sure they were tossing their hard-earned money at *strippers* but it was to help her pay for college! So it's for a good cause!

“Ah a student. So you go to school to study... what is it you call all this? Stripping?” The woman asked, waving a perfectly manicured hand around to gesture to the stage.

Cameron burst into a giggle thinking that the woman was teasing her. But the looks on the couples faces were coldly serious and genuinely intrigued.

“No of course not! I go to school to study marketing.” The young woman clarified, still chuckling at the thought of majoring in ‘stripping’.

The couple nodded in understanding.

“Ah... so then why are you here?” The man spoke in a similar high class accent with a bit of patronizing implication dripping from his words. As if he really wanted to say ‘You stupid girl, this is where people take their clothes off for money. This isn't a marketing job.’

Cameron blushed, more than any customers she had ever interacted with this couple was really chipping away at her confidence and making her sincerely question all of her life choices.

“Well... because it's decent money! And I have to pay for college somehow... I'm good at it and I make way more in a week here than I would at any internship.” She explained a bit defensively.

“...Then why wouldn't you keep doing it?” The woman asked coolly as she ran the tip of her finger lightly around the rim of her wine glass.

“Um, well, you know... Some people kind of look down on you. And besides, it’s not like I can keep doing it when I get older.” Cameron explained sheepishly.

“Why not?” The man interjected, eyeing his partner out of the corner of his eye as he asked the question.

“Well... You just wouldn’t! Besides, who would to pay to see a bunch of little old ladies taking their clothes off?” Cameron replied as if the answer was obvious.

The woman’s eyes glittered. “What a fascinating question.”

The couple turned to each other and began talking earnestly in low voice. It was obvious that Cameron was excused from the conversation now which was fine by her! She pocketed their money and headed to the bar to put in their drink order.

“Eddie two glasses of, um, red wine? For table 12.” Cameron informed the bartender.

“Red wine? Yeah let me go down to our wine cellar and pick out a nice cabernet! Do they have a preference for a particular year or...” Eddie the heavily tattooed bartender replied sarcastically.

“I don’t know what type they were drinking before but someone definitely served them red wine here Eddie!” Cameron insisted, not in the mood to be teased.

“Baby, this is Sizzlers. We ain’t got no red wine here. No white wine. No rose. We got beer and we got liquor.” Eddie replied with a smirk, gesturing to the back wall of the bar.

“Well what the hell red liquid were they drinking then?” Cameron asked indignantly.

“They could have been drinking blood for all I fucking know! But they weren’t drinking wine. You didn’t ask them what they ordered?” Eddie shouted back.

Cameron sighed and rolled her eyes, turning around to walk back to the table and ask them for their drink order, while dreading a similar interaction with the weird couple to the one she had just had. She was surprised to find the table empty, and no sign of either the man or the woman near it or anywhere in the room.

“What the-?” She scratched her blonde hair in confusion and then shrugged, pocketing the money happily.

She took a step back toward the bar and staggered slightly, feeling a wave of weariness pass through her body, leaving her a bit dizzy and fatigued. She rubbed her smooth young forehead and the feeling seemed to clear, but as she looked up to the stage she noticed Missy had stumbled through a few of her steps as well, as though the weird feeling had struck her at the same time.

Cameron brushed it off and stopped at another table. This patron was a single guy, young, probably a college student. Maybe even underage.

“Hey cutie! Enjoying the show? I may have to check your ID...” She teased in a sweet voice.

He looked up nervously. “Oh uh... um... I...” He stammered.

She laughed and flirtatiously rubbed his bicep. “Honey, I'm kidding. As long as they let you in, we assume you're legal, OK? What'll you have?”

The man’s gaze fell automatically towards Cameron’s modest (compared to many of her colleagues.) but exceedingly firm and perky breasts, presented appetizingly in her tiny halter.

“That’s not on the menu,” She giggled. “But if you’re feeling generous...” Cameron smiled and batted her eyes while slowly and seductively leaning closer to present her chest.

He took the hint, slipping a sweaty \$5 into her cleavage with trembling hands.

“Thanks, cutie,” she patted his cheek. Boys like him were so easy to manipulate. At least for young, beautiful and outrageously sexy women like the girls at Sizzlers..

She picked up another couple of orders and walked to the bar. Tiffany was standing there as well, her stripper’s body looking incongruous with the puffy adult-sized pampers strapped around her trim waist and firm round tush. Tiffany, like Angelina, was gifted in the chest department. When Cameron had first started at Sizzlers she originally thought that Tiffany’s big gravity defying boobs were the product of professionally done implants but after a few dozen drunken nights where Tiffany had insisted that every other girl ‘gave her ta-ta’s a squeeze’ she was fully convinced that they were all natural and a gift from the gods. The fact that Tiffany enjoyed squeezing those amazing breasts into a child-sized frilly pink babydoll top every night added to the irony.

“One more set, and we can go home.” Tiffany declared in her high pitched breathy ‘sexy baby’ voice. (Cameron was pretty sure that this wasn’t Tiffany’s real voice – she had heard her talk in a normal adult voice once or twice but couldn’t 100% confirm.)

Cameron smiled. “I won’t mind that. I’m totally dragging ass all of the sudden.”

“Really? Me too. That’s weird. I’m, like, soooo ‘eepy!” Tiffany agreed with a pout before popping a giant pacifier in her mouth working the floor.

Cameron waited while her drink orders were filled. Something strange about the man and woman who had disappeared still creeped her out. She would be glad to get home tonight.

Just before closing, all the women were getting dressed into their regular clothes together in the changing room.

“Wow, I’m so beat. Dancing’s never worn me out like this before.” Missy admitted. “I wonder if I might be coming down with something?”

“Or maybe you’re just getting old!” Cameron teased, though she had to admit that she felt the same way.

Missy scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“As if! You know I’m still a teenager unlike you, old lady!” Missy teased back, whipping Cameron’s arm with her school girl skirt.

Cameron laughed but then paused for a moment looking at Missy, who was the only underage staff member. (The girls all promised to keep it a secret from management that Missy lied on her job application and as long as the beautiful brunette was bringing customers in the door they seemed happy to turn a blind eye.) But now as Cameron looked at her friend and colleague she couldn’t say that Missy looked much like a teenager. If she didn’t know better she would guess that Missy was full adult out of college and in her 20s. Maybe it was the make-up making her look mature. She shook her head and laughed again.

“Old lady? Whatever! I just turned 21!... Which evidently is the age your feet start aching from walking around in heels all day...” Cameron laughed with a sigh of relief as she popped her ‘fuck-me’ heels off and rubbed her soft young soles before slipping her feet into a pair of comfy crocs.

Angelina was groaning behind her as she stretched in her underwear. “Oh god, same! My back and knees are aching... I never feel this sore after a shift.”

Cameron noticed the she looked tired too, and there was something else – something about the way she walked and moved that looked...stiffer. Angelina was the oldest of the group anyway, at the ripe old age of 26. This played well into her role as the “mature” mistress and she had developed her dominatrix outfit and routine to play that up. But Cameron had never really noticed just how much older than the other girls she looked. In this light, and with her being tired, there even seemed to be some faint lines around her mouth and eyes. Her breasts hung a little lower too, her cleavage seeming a bit wider as she wrestled her impressive tits into her bra.

“Let’s all get some sleep,” Cameron suggested. “I’m sure we’ll feel better in the morning.”

However, she was wrong. Cameron woke up the next morning feeling stiff and sore, as though she had danced too hard and her aching muscles were protesting – a completely new feeling to the typically flexible, athletic 21-year-old. She got up out of bed with a groan and dragged herself into the shower. While she was showering, she noticed her breasts seemed a little bigger and heavier. This sounded like a good thing in itself, but they also hung a little lower and seemed to be losing that perky quality which was her hallmark.

She stood naked for several moments cupping her bare breasts in the mirror lifting them to where she thought they should be on her chest and then letting them heave down into the sloping teardrops they currently were. Cameron furrowed her brow trying to make sense of what was happening to her body before finally chalking it up to her period coming soon. Strange body stuff always happened around this time of her cycle, she reasoned. The beautiful blonde toweled off and got dressed. As expected, her bra was a size too small now, but she managed well enough. She was also surprised to find that her panties felt a bit snugger, and when she tried to check out her backside reflection in the mirror, she was sure she had gained a few pounds – her ass was definitely wider and softer than normal. That probably explained her breasts too – she had just gained a few pounds without noticing.

She slipped on a t-shirt, but really struggled with her jeans, which didn’t want to pass her widened hips and ass. Giving up, she put on a skirt instead – a nice, short one designed to highlight her tanned, fit legs.

Though now that she noticed it, maybe she shouldn’t spend quite as much time in the sun tanning – her skin looked a little dried out – not the supple dewy skin she was accustomed to, and there were even a few scattered blemishes like freckling and sunspot. She proceeded to liberally apply moisturizer up and down her leg, cringing as she felt a bit of cellulite on the inside of her thighs. She was going to have to hit the gym every day this week to keep her young

body in pristine dancing shape. A dimple of cellulite on stage could cost her \$100 in tips if not addressed right away...

She put on her makeup and noticed dry, flaky skin again, this time on her rosy cheeks. When she frowned, there even seemed to be some tiny lines the surfaced on the sides of her mouth, just like the ones she'd noticed last night with Angelina. She applied extra moisturizer, and decided she'd cut back on her sun exposure, at least until her skin had recovered to its normal youthful luster. (Which she was sure would only take a few days.)

She attended her morning classes, and dealt with her usual morning flirtations. Every class had at least three or four male students (and some professors) who seemed determined to get into her pants on a daily basis.

Sure enough, she received the usual lame come-ons and pick-up lines, but strangely enough, she noticed once or twice that when she smiled or laughed, bringing those same crinkly lines unbeknownst to her face, the boys would lose a little of their enthusiasm. She almost felt disappointed they didn't try as hard today to break her resistances down as they normally would.

While she sat with her legs crossed in her seat and listened to one lecture, she let her foot bounce as she idly dangled her flip flop from her toe. She yawned and glanced down at her foot, doing a double-take as she received another small shock. Her foot looked rougher, with the same drier, leathery skin she had noticed elsewhere but also with a couple of new bumps along her big toe. She recognized the swellings as the first signs of bunions the bane of any woman who's worn too many impractical shoes - especially high heels. Cameron quickly tucked her feet under her desk and glanced around self-consciously to see if any of the guys around her had caught sight of her matronly-looking feet. She made a mental resolution at once to avoid anything other than kitten heels or comfortable shoes and sandals except when dancing.

When class got out she hung back in her seat a moment to further examine her legs and feet without the prying eyes of her peers and classmates. Now that she had a moment to assess them, she noticed a few extra spidery veins along her calf too. Damn! Dancing the last few days must have been much more taxing than she thought to produce all these unsightly effects. Her flawless, tanned

legs didn't look quite so flawless anymore. Even her muscle tone seemed a bit diminished, though that was probably just due to those few extra pounds she'd noticed this morning.

She ate only a salad for lunch, and hit the campus gym hard before heading down to start her shift at Sizzlers. But that might have been a mistake because she was extremely winded and ready for a nap by the time she walked through the strip club doors.

Many of the other girls seemed to be having similar problems.

"...just so tired..."

"...up 8 pounds! Can you believe it?"

"...doesn't' fit right either..."

"..this weird backache..."

Angelina was already in her costume. Her leather bustier seemed to be bursting at the seams more than usual tonight, and when she saw Cameron staring, she smiled to acknowledge it.

"Yeah, the girls seems to have grown a full cup size overnight!" Angela smiled proudly, hugging her pillowy chest.

"Pshhh! As if you needed it!" Cameron smirked, shaking her head. She had always been a bit jealous of Angela and Tiffany's impressive racks.

But as she looked at her friends curves 'jealous' wasn't exactly what she was feeling. Sure, Angelina's boobs were larger, but they seemed to have lost firmness at the same time. Even with the tight bustier, you could see that her breasts were softer and saggier. In fact, everything about her seemed a bit... softer. She had a small tummy bulge that Cameron hadn't noticed yesterday. The slight pooch in her belly was causing her corset to buckle and strain. Angela's normally tight, firm ass cheeks were hanging out just below her leather bikini bottom, apparently too large and soft to be restrained. Those

faint lines around her eyes and mouth were not only still visible, but seemed more obvious now, even though she'd used makeup in a deliberate attempt to cover them up. There might even be one or two strands of gray in her otherwise dark hair.

"Angela you—" Cameron began to say, unsure what the end of her sentence was going to be. 'Look like a MILF'? 'Seemed to have aged a decade and a half overnight'? 'Should invest in some hair dye and wrinkle cream?' But before Cameron could decide where she was going with this she was interrupted by frustrated groans behind her.

Missy was grunting and hopping up and down as she attempted to get her school girl skirt on.

"Ugh! I never have this much trouble getting my skirt on!" The brunette stripper whimpered pathetically as she wiggled her lower body attempting to shimmy the skirt up her thighs. "So maybe I gained a pound or two last night, but I can't believe it's this hard!... Cameron, can you give me a hand?" Missy pouted looking like she was on the verge of tears.

Cameron came over to help and saw the problem. Indeed, Missy did seem decently heavier than her normal lithe teenage physique, but worse was that the weight had mostly settled around her hips, thighs and ass. It not only left the schoolgirl skirt too small, but wasn't nearly as flattering even when they managed to pull it on. With her wide hips and slightly chunky thighs, giving her a pear-shaped, matronly figure, added with her developing muffin top peaking out of the bottom of her sheer blouse, she looked almost like a mother dressing up in her daughter's school uniform.

"Okay it's on babe but... you're hanging out a bit in the back..." Cameron pointed out, biting her lip in a sympathetic cringe as she pointed to her friend's flabbier booty sagging out of her micro mini-skirt.

"Yeah, I know," Missy sighed with a frown, reaching around to tug the skirt down over her exposed butt cheeks as much as possible. "I'm like literally off all carbs officially starting right this very second. And I'm going to practically

live at the gym starting tomorrow!” The ‘teen’ insisted as she flopped down in a chair to catch her breath.

Cameron cringed and nodded in solidarity. It was insane how much just few extra pounds could change a girl’s appearance. It wasn’t just her thicker middle – sitting, slumped like that under the changing room lights, Missy really did look much older. If Cameron had to guess she’d say that Missy looked more like a woman well into her thirties instead of a girl not yet in her twenties.

In fact all of the girls were looking a little ... worn. Everyone seemed a bit tired, and the same lines Cameron had noticed on herself and had assumed came from too much sun seemed to be showing up on everyone else’s faces as she glanced around the changing room. Naked thighs and breasts didn’t look quite as firm or taut, tummies were looking a little rounded and softer, and many of the girls complained about how their feet ached dancing in those heels.

To be continued...