**Becoming A Star**

by LetsMisBehave

**Becoming A Star Ch. 02**

*Joanna takes the next step to stardom.*

Joanna was standing in the billiard room of a large house near Leamington Spa dressed in a French Maid costume. She was sipping champagne and getting up the courage to go to the next stage of her performance in front of twenty-two people tonight on a wet Saturday night in January 1981.

This was her first and Janet's second performance as part of Maestro's Road Show for discerning gentlemen. The idea behind the roadshow was that the man who booked the road show would invite his friends to watch an attractive woman or two posing and dancing in lingerie and sexy outfits with the. The Maestro (AKA Monsieur Alphonse and Ernie) charged a minimum £200 for each show with an extra £20 for every attendee over ten with a maximum of twenty-five. If the host got more from the punters than that was his affair. She would be paid £40 and a 10% commission for goods sold which she modelled. Apparently normally enough customers bought the merchandise to make the commission worth an extra tenner or so for her.

She and Janet also had the opportunity to earn more money by way of tips for an excellent performance and extras. It had been made clear to her that non-optional extras included stripping down to their knickers and being felt up while performing. She told herself that this was the first step on her road to becoming a star. She knew that fame costs and tonight would involve stripping, having her breasts fondled and bum squeezed in public and probably more.

If she had told herself two months ago that she would be in this position she would have laughed in disbelief. However, since then Daddy had ended her allowance and she had decided that if she was going to spending three years at university in London reading Modern Languages she did not want to be dependent on daddy making up the maintenance grant to £1,000 (which was only 60% of the maintenance grant giving to those whose parents did not contribute) and working most of the summer and at weekends to survive let alone afford to have an enjoyable time. She would need another source of income.

She was confident that this year she would get the grades in History and German she needed to go to university. It helped that brother George was tutoring her in history. He felt he owed her for corrupting Elizabeth who was now happy to give him blow jobs at school and allowing him to have sex with her if he took her to the cinema or the pub. He had not even had to be the boyfriend. Elizabeth's "boyfriend" was now Joanna's ex-boyfriend David who was happy that Elizabeth indulged his desire to have a girlfriend who would have and tell him about her sexual adventures with other men. Hell, she had even let him watch her being taken by two of his friends at once. She wondered what she had unleased on the world. The woman seemed to be trying to be a character out of Maupassant, Zola, or Anais Nin. She knew some girls at George's school blamed her for corrupting the girl, but in reality Elizabeth had leapt open legged into promiscuity. She hadn't even been Joanna's main target at George's party.

Joanna wanted to be famous. She had always enjoyed being the centre of attention. She daydreamed of being a model or a dancer and ideally an actress. Father had not encouraged these ambitions. He had been happy that she had learnt ballroom dancing as that was in his view a good social skill. Performing in school productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas was fine but he had vetoed her joining an amateur dramatic society. Modelling had been a definite no-no and she had had to tell a few lies in how she spent her weekend afternoons when she had first compiled a portfolio. The local photographers who had taken the photographs were sleazy and uninspiring and she knew that any promises to help her career were more about getting her knickers off. One had got her into some clothing catalogues wearing jumpers and summer dresses in exchange for a hand job, but it was hardly the stuff of a brilliant career.

Anyway, when she went to London it should be easy to fit in some modelling. Her favoured option was to be a performer and be discovered. If that meant having sex with producers or photographers then that was a price she was prepared to pay. Besides which earlier this week she had watched a lawyer accepting that the only way she would get promoted was to pretend her boss was a great lover. She might as well go for the career she wanted now and not waste eight years studying and working hard before lying back and being fucked by her boss on the floor to even get a chance at a promotion she deserved on merit.

An older man called Bill knew two people who could help her modelling and performing career and Ernie grow his business. He had sat down with her and Ernie and said that he thought an introduction was on the cards for both of them. However, if Joanna wanted to make the most of the opportunity she would need to hone her act and get used to performing before an audience and if she wanted to be a performer she would need an Equity card.

There was no way daddy would pay for her to go to stage school, but stripping could eventually get her an equity card. Bill recognised that there was too much danger of being seen by people who would recognise her if she were a stripper in Brum, but if she were willing to travel thirty or forty miles that would not be a problem. Besides which the men whom he had promised to introduce her two had the clout to short circuit the process if they thought that she was a good prospect. Bill had said that with both men she would need to be willing to let them enjoy her body -- it also would not be enough to lie back and think of England. She would need to be a good fuck.

Bill pointed out that the road shows would give her some practice performing in all senses of the word. Ernie agreed with Bill's suggestion that they could incorporate singing and dancing into the road show if Joanna agreed to participate. Bill had then bent her over the counter and spanked her before penetrating her, made her suck off Ernie while fucking her from behind on the counter. To her shock she had enjoyed the roughness and the fact that he did not even seem to like her that much.

She also needed the cash to pay for acting lessons. Ernie refused to pay her for sex, mainly out of fear of his wife. The woman had no objection to him poking Joanna provided that it did not cost her money. The forty percent discount on clothes was break even for the business and so was OK with her. However, if Joanna joined the road shows he would pay her cash and she could earn commission and tips. The thought that she could practice performing in front of an audience, start to qualify for an equity card and earn money had made it a no brainer.

Last night she had decided with Ernie what songs she should dance to and what in his stock suited her and the songs best. She had also had an hour-long photographic session with her, and he had then taken her on the sofa bareback.

She had told the parents she was staying overnight with a friend. The friend had been told that she was bonking a new boyfriend who the parents would disapprove of and had agreed to cover for her if asked.

This meant that she needed to stay out all night. Ernie had booked them both into a cheap hotel. She would have to meet the cost of her room herself out of the money she earned as she was not willing to spend the whole night with Ernie without being paid. Janet and Lou would be travelling back tonight in Lou's car so she would travel back tomorrow with Ernie in the van.

She had driven up with Janet and Lou leaving work at 4.30 leaving Anna and Ernie's wife to close up. Ernie had driven down in the van earlier that afternoon with the merchandise and the sound system. Lou, who was three months pregnant and starting to show, had gone with them to show them the ropes and in effect pimp them out. It suited Lou for Joanna to fill in for her until next September when she would start university and Lou had got back her figure after giving birth in June or July. Lou was twenty-seven and had been working for Ernie for nine years doing the extras.

Joanna was five eight with blonde hair, long legs, and good-sized breasts. She made a good contrast with Janet who was dark haired and around five foot three with large breasts. Janet was about the same age as her and had left school at sixteen. She was getting married later this year and had a girl next door look which Lou said worked well with many of the punters. Joanne was told that she should play up the differences with Janet. They had listened to the football scores on the radio and there had been eight score draws. Janet had got six of them but not enough to win the life changing sum of money someone would be receiving.

The books she had read (including the one about Marilyn Monroe which Ernie had given her and a book called Hollywood Babylon) made it clear that without formal training she needed more than natural talent to get a break. She had decided that if she was going to have to rely on the casting couch to get to the top, she should be a sex specialist. She knew she needed more experience at pretending that the men who had sex with her were fantastic lovers and to know when they wanted to pretend that they were using an innocent young woman or having sex with an expert.

She also acknowledged to herself that even if the show business career did not immediately take off, being a high-class escort in London would be a better (or at least less time consuming) way of earning extra money than working in bars or shops. Now that she had had sex for favours she realised that she might as well be paid in cash.

Lou was not smoking or drinking herself tonight and would help the other two change. She also said that she would negotiate the tips for Joanna and Janet this time in exchange for 20 per cent. This did not include the basic ones, but only those involving sexual activity. This was to avoid them underselling themselves. Apparently Janet had been taken for a ride when she had done her first road show. Well, ridden on the cheap, at any rate.

They got to the hotel at around 6 PM and they went to the room which Ernie had booked for her. Both her and Janet showered and afterwards Lou helped them with their hair and make-up.

Janet looked enough like a woman called Sally James who presented a children's programme called TISWAS on a Saturday morning with Chris Tarrant for it to be worth emphasising the resemblance in the hairstyling. The woman was known to be the reason dads or older brothers would watch the programme with their children or siblings. Some of the clothes Janet would be (temporarily) wearing tonight had been chosen to play up to this resemblance.

Lou then briefed them about the do tonight. "This is one of Ernie's regulars. It's a social evening for a local village Cricket club, believe it or not. We last went here two years ago when there were seventeen attending. The host who likes to be called Jock told him that we are expecting twenty-two people tonight including seven women. That's two more women than last time so I'm guessing new girlfriends or wives. The three extra men are the host's son and two mates. That means there will be eight men potentially up for serious extras unless the wives and girlfriends are exceptionally understanding. Jock likes having his cock sucked and will pay one of you at least a fiver to do it in his bedroom wearing stockings with the lights on. Janet, no getting fobbed off with a couple of quid and letting the rest of them watch for free into the bargain."

Janet nodded. Apparently she had pleasured four men at once for a tenner the first time she had done the road show. To be fair it had only been fifteen minutes and involved sex with one, a blow job for a second and a hand job for the other two, but that was still fifteen pounds less than she should have charged according to Lou. This was her first road show in four months and Lou would be watching her like a mother hen tonight. Janet needed to avoid feeling that she had lost control. She did not mind being a tart but was frightened that she was a nympho. It suited Ernie and Lou for Janet to be in the game for the long term and so not to be panicked.

Lou continued, "Jock also likes to have sex after the show is over. Last time he paid me a tenner. The man is in decent shape and doesn't mind wearing a rubber johnny."

She looked at Joanna as if expecting her to object. "I wouldn't be here if I were not prepared to entertain the clients."

"I hope so. Ernie tells me that since just before Christmas you have dropped the sulky bitch act. Let's make it clear, we want them to have a fun time. With this lot it helps if you two seem to enjoy yourselves. No pretending to chew gum as they feel you up."

"I understand, Lou."

Joanna knew that Lou did not like her, and it was her fault. She had been a bitch when she had first started working there and in particular had been condescending to Lou and Ernie's wife. Still, it was in Lou's interests to make this arrangement work financially tonight.

Lou stared at her and then continued, "Right, names for tonight. Janet you are Sally so the young men can imagine you are the woman off the TV. Joanna, you are Susan -- Susan George counts for this audience as innocent looking posh totty who looks like she may be a bit of a goer underneath and the illusion should allow me to get more for you. I am Angie as in Angie Dickinson."

Joanna understood the reason for the names. It was to allow them to distance themselves from what they would be doing tonight.

Lou looked at them, "Do not give away anything for free beyond what I have discussed with you. The men must accept they are paying for extras. All the price they have paid Ernie so far covers is them being given an opportunity to buy sexy stuff for their wives, girlfriends, mistresses, or secretaries and judging how the garments look on attractive young women. They can touch the clothes, but not your breasts or cunts through them without further payment."

Just then the phone rang. Lou answered it, listened, and said, "Ok, we'll be there in twenty minutes."

She turned to them "Right. Time to go. They want the show to start at 8.30 on the dot."

Lou knew the way and drove down a drive to a huge house arrived at 8.00. There were six cars and a minibus parked at the front of the house. She parked at the back of the house next to Ernie's van as close to a set of French windows as she could. Ernie was waiting for them and came out with an umbrella to escort them into the house without getting wet.

He said to them, "I don't know why, but they are celebrating in style tonight. Angie, bear that in mind when you negotiate with them, but don't take the piss. Mein host has asked me to change the running order tonight and wants the French maid to pretend to be a poor innocent girl seduced by him into having her kit taken off. He also wants the stripping to start early but will pay the piper."

Joanne said "Sally, I'll do the French maid act. I can do the accent and even throw in the language." Janet (AKA Sally) nodded in agreement.

The host came in at 8.10 carrying a bottle of champagne. He inspected them and signalled his approval. He was about fifty and was in a dinner jacket. He said, "Call me Jock. Don't do anything you don't feel comfortable with, but I have told my guests not to be skinflints tonight. They can all afford it. I will set a fiver as the floor for them getting your tits out and playing with them in public."

He laughed to himself. Clearly something was amusing him. He then poured her and Janet a glass of champagne each.

"I've told them all no cameras are allowed tonight. This is as much for their protection as well as yours. None of us want hard evidence that we watched young women in lingerie, let alone anything else which might happen tonight."

Ernie nodded, "Thank you, Jock."

"The lad who'll be sitting next to me is my son Lionel. This is doubling as an eighteenth birthday party for him. I would be grateful if you could make him feel a man tonight. I will generously reward you if you do."

OK, it was clear that she was getting bonked tonight by either father or son and probably both.

He looked at Lou, "Congratulations, Angie. Is there any chance that our three fast bowlers can prevail on you to repeat your three-dick trick tonight? They'll pay more than they did last year."

Lou nodded, "That should be in order, Jock, if they don't mind the bump. Also, what about the spectators?"

"How about a five to ten-minute slot during the interval? I suspect most will want to watch so call it £50. The women may learn something, and it'll loosen everyone up."

"That'll do nicely."

"Good. Angie, could you check the measurements of the women now. Not your fault last time Maestro, but women will lie about their measurements to their men and then blame the merchandise."

Angie smiled, "All too true, Jock."

Jock looked back at her and Janet, "I'll give you five minutes warning when we look like being ready for you. Let me know if you want any more champagne."

The man left the room leaving the bottle behind. She and Lou looked at the label and saw that it was Moet & Chandon. This was the stuff that daddy kept for special occasions.

Lou said to Ernie. "Christ, I see what you mean about celebrating in style. Give me a few minutes with these two to prepare them."

Ernie left and Lou looked at the two of them. "This could be a profitable night for all of us. The host has basically given me the nod that the going rate is fifty percent more than last time. The commission could be good as well if the women are up for being accurately measured."

She paused and said to both of them, "How far are you prepared to take it tonight?"

Janet said, "I need all the money I can get for the wedding."

Joanna said, "Anything goes for enough money." Lou stared at her and then nodded.

"I'll try for £20 each for straight sex, but will you settle for fifteen?"

They looked at each other and said, "Yes."

Angie went out to measure the women and when she came back looked thoughtful and asked, "Are you up for kissing each other or the women guests?"

They looked at each other. Janet said, "No problem for me with Jo--Susan. Don't know about the guests."

"Happy to snog and feel up Sally. Young good-looking guests as well. Do you think it's likely?

"Can't rule it out. Women who attend these shows like to show that they are good sports, and their boyfriends and husbands encourage them to be a little wild. At least two of the four younger ones seem to be the type who like outdoing the other one. Besides which men like watching two women getting it on. I'll have a word with Jock and see how much he will pay for the two of you performing."

Janet said, "No problem doing anything I would do with the men in public with Susan."

She nodded and Lou continued. "Look, the last time I've had the vibe I'm getting tonight was five years ago when ten men paid a tenner each to have sex with me which was good money then. The fact that they are drinking real champagne and Jock thinks that they are all up for watching me wank and suck three men off is a dead giveaway. You should assume that you will be asked whether you are up to dealing with more than one man at a time or being watched. I'll help you get the right ackers if you are."

Janet said, "I've done it before, but I'll need you there to make certain that it does not get too out of hand."

Joanna said, "For enough money, yes." She had been spit-roasted by Bill and Ernie twice and Ernie had watched Bill bonking her. At least this time she would be paid for it. Besides which she rather enjoyed the thought of people watching her perform. Her ex-boyfriend's David's obsession with the idea rather than the idea itself had been the problem.

"Any road, think of yourselves as Sally and Susan from the word go and that anything you do tonight is being done by them. The ackers will be worth it. The Maestro and I will call you by those names tonight."

They nodded at Lou who said, "Right, we will start with the four lingerie displays where you will both show your flexibility. After that Susan will be Yvette the French maid. After that we will do another four lingerie displays. Susan, stretch out the last one and see if you can get them to pay you to take the bra and knickers off or sit on their laps while Sally puts on the leather boots, hot pants, and denim waistcoat and gets ready to prance around to the Nancy Sinatra boots song before doing whatever the fuck the dying fly is."

She showed Janet a picture from a magazine showing a picture of the TV presenter wearing that combination. Janet giggled and said, "Yes, that'll be fun."

She and Janet changed into their first costumes and giggled at each other. Ernie had decided that Joanna should wear the black version and Janet the red version of each set of lingerie he was trying to get the punters to buy.

She and Janet got through half the bottle of champagne before Ernie came through and said, "Are you both ready to go?"

Lou said, "Yes, she is. What's the audience like?"

"Champing at the bit for a glimpse of tit. They won't need much warming up tonight."

When they got to the door, he told her to wait for her cue. She could hear him welcoming everyone to the show and setting out the ground rules. Ernie had dispensed with the Monsieur Alphonse persona this evening but instead was trying to channel Joel Grey from Cabaret in his role as the Maestro. A thirty-five-year-old slightly balding and tubby man from Brum was a bit of a stretch as an MC in a Berlin nightclub, but she suspended judgement. He was surprisingly convincing as a French connoisseur of women's lingerie and as a photographer.

She waited outside the door of the room as Ernie did the introductory spiel. She was in high heels, stockings, skimpy black knickers, and bustier. For the time being she was also wearing a blouse, black leather mini skirt and a mask on her face. The idea of the mask was to make it easier for the punters to imagine that it was their girlfriends and wives wearing the outfits.

Finally, he said, "Put your hands together to greet the young ladies who are here to entertain you this evening and model the marvellous clothes. They want you to imagine how they will look on your wives and girlfriends."

Clearly Jock had been primed to answer this with the traditional response, "May they never meet!!"

The laughter from the audience suggested that they were already merry if not yet totally pissed.

Ernie continued, "They are both eager to please if they are treated kindly and with consideration."

Joanna and Janet finished off their champagne and strode into the room. It was clear that the outfits were an immense success as soon as they walked in.

Ernie still channelling Joel Grey said, "Please remember that they are both virgins."

Laughter erupted, "You don't believe me, ask Susan." He smacked her on the bum. Fair dos, it sounded harder than it felt. He must have hit himself with the other hand to exaggerate the noise.

She looked around. The room was large enough to have held a small dance in and about half the room was available for her to prance about in. All the men were in evening dress although some had already undone their bow ties. The women were in smart or at least expensive dresses.

It looked like half the guests had brought in chairs from the dining room. Three men who looked like they were in their mid-twenties shared a sofa on the left side. She guessed that these were Lou's admirers.

Jock and presumably Lionel had armchairs next to each other in the middle of the room. Just behind Lionel sitting on dining room chairs were two young men who she assumed were schoolfriends of his or perhaps players who were roughly as old as him. Two couples who looked like they were in late twenties had armchairs next to each other and the women were sitting on the laps of their boyfriends or husbands with their arms around the men's necks. Both were wearing identical little black dresses which were almost but not quite as revealing as some of the outfits she would be wearing tonight.

Three older couples were in a group. She guessed the men were the umpires and scorer for the club and the wives prepared the teas.

It had been decided that Janet would go first. She was less inclined to be a performer than Joanna, but her other assets guaranteed her a warm welcome. She strutted around the room, agreed to allow some of the men to touch her back and shoulders to test how the blouse felt to the touch and then took the blouse off and bent forwards to a loud cheer. She allowed Lionel to unzip the skirt to cheers from his mates and then eased it off herself. One of the blondes on the laps of their other half whispered in the ear of the betrothed and Janet earned her first commission of the evening.

As Janet left to applause, it was her turn to perform. Ernie had told her not to go all in too early. She did however target some of the groups. The three older couples appreciated her starting with them and dancing sexily in front of the three old men one of whom mimed having a heart attack. She then moved over to the couch with the three men and took her blouse off in front of them. The skirt was taken off by Jock who copped a quick squeeze of her bum and a spank as she moved away. She turned round and flexed her hips in his direction to cheers from the audience.

They did a similar display with a different collection of lingerie, but without skirt and blouse this time. The audience had relaxed by them, and more people were willing to cop a feel and even place a pound note in the garters they were wearing for a grope of their tits while they were still wearing the lingerie.

Lou helped her change into the French Maid outfit while Janet displayed a negligee to the audience.

The French maid costume was from what she and Janet thought of as Ernie's pervert range. It had a plunging neckline, showed most of her legs, and her stocking tops and suspender belt were visible without her having to bend over. The knickers were black and frilly and there was a garter in which notes could be placed. To finish off the ensemble she was wearing stiletto heels.

As Janet finished her act she came past Joanna and said, "Lionel is mine tonight. Concentrate on his dad."

Joanna nodded, "No problem."

Ernie introduced her, "Ah Yvette, you are in your first job and have to support your family. Mama told you that you must be a good girl and please your master."

"Mais oui, maestro. Je suis une bonne fille que je suis."

Jock had a cigar in his hand and went straight into the skit. "Ah, Yvette, please light my Cigar."

He held up a cigarette lighter and gave it to her. She bent down giving him and Lionel an excellent view of her cleavage, took the lighter, clicked it and lit the cigar. He dropped a 50p piece down the front of her uniform.

"Please light the cigars of my guests who are smoking tonight."

Seven men including Lionel were smoking cigars. She lit them all and they each dropped a 50p coin into her cleavage. She had earned £4 in less than three minutes. Considering that the average wage was around £6,000 a year for a forty-hour week which was under £3 an hour, she could hardly argue about the pay rate so far.

She handed Jock back his lighter which he put back in his pocket. He then tossed another 50p a couple of feet in front of him.

"Yvette, please pick up the coin I dropped."

She went up to him, "Certainement, monsieur." She turned so that she had her back to him and bent down with her legs straight, but slightly apart, so that he had a beautiful view of the knickers she was wearing as well as her stocking tops. Some of the coins which had been lodged in her bra fell out. but she scooped them up.

He then said, "Yvette, you can keep it." She kissed him on the cheek to a round of applause. He then told her to have a puff of his cigar. She opened her mouth and, while not inhaling, mimed fellating the cigar as though she was eating a Cadbury's Flake on the adverts.

Another four men followed his example, but the fifth man threw down a pound note. This time after she had bent over in front of him, she sat on the man's lap, put an arm around his neck and kissed him on the lips. She did not open her mouth but did not object to a hand just above the knee. Another two men went through the same routine although with the second man she had to intercept a hand trying to go further up her skirt. "Ooh la, la, monsieur. What sort of girl do you think I am?"

This got a bigger laugh than she thought it deserved, but it showed that Lou and Ernie knew their stuff. So far the audience were looking at it as a live Benny Hill show. She handed the money to Lou who had come in to watch proceedings.

Now it was time for the second part of the skit which was where the maid was seduced by her master and stripped down to her stockings and knickers.

Jock had moved to a chair in the middle of the room.

Jock said to Ernie, "Maestro, I will buy one of those in the measurements I gave you earlier. Let's see if I am interested in what is underneath as well."

He held out a fiver and said, "Yvette, votre maitre needs you." She went over to him, stood in front of him and said, "Maitre."

He put the fiver in her garter belt and put his hand under the skirt and felt her knickers.

"Yvette, you are such a good maid to an old man to let him warm his hands."

"Tout le plaisir était pour moi."

The man looked her and smiled, "Tu es une bonne fille, Yvette. Tu peux t'asseoir sur mes genoux." This surprised her. She had not expected the man to actually know any French let alone know how to flirt in it.

She giggled and sat on his lap with her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck.

"Yvette, you are looking too hot in that dress. Laisse-moi enlever cette robe."

"Vous êtes un très gentilhomme, Maitre."

He unzipped the back of the dress and then lifted it over her head. Lou was there to take it from her and leave her in her underwear on the man's lap. Lou also picked up the 50p pieces which fell on the ground.

Jock said "Qu'est-ce que tu penserais si je t'embrassais?"

"Mais oui, Maitre."

The man kissed her. She opened her lips and allowed him to put his tongue in her mouth. Over his shoulder he saw Lionel and his two friends with their tongues hanging out.

"J'ai tellement envie de faire l'amour avec toi."

Another giggle was called for here. Although the phrase literally meant I want to make love with you, it really meant I want to fuck you.

She whispered, "Moi aussi, Maitre."

Her bra strap was undone, and she was lifted so that his head was between her breasts. She looked over his head and saw that the audience was enraptured by the sight. Most of the men had crossed their legs and one of the women sitting on the lap of her partner was signalling to Ernie that she wanted to buy the uniform.

Jock rubbed his head between her breasts. She pretended to enjoy it and pressed herself closer to him. Jock sucked her right breast and put his hand into her knickers.

"Maestro, the lights."

The lights went off for twenty seconds and the man inserted a finger in her cunt. She stiffened, breathed heavily, and said, "Merci, Maitre."

When the lights went on, they both took a bow to applause and whistles. He slipped her another five-pound note in the garter and smacked her on the bottom.

The applause as she left the room was enthusiastic and she was certain that she heard some men ordering the costumes for a woman of their acquaintance.

Lou said as she got back. "You were better than I thought you would be. The French was a good touch." She collected the cash from her and wrote in the notebook. Sally- £19.50.

"I think I can charge you out at £20 tonight for missionary no problem after that performance. Perhaps more for doggystyle or if you ride them. Two quid each to watch."

In the next twenty minutes she and Janet each stripped down to their knickers from being fully clothed four times. Even Ernie looked surprised at the amount of lingerie which was being bought and by the time Joanna was out for the fourth strip one of the wives or girlfriends sitting on their man's knee had already changed into their new French maid's uniform.

She slowed this one up to give Janet time to get the boots on with Lou's help. Jock helped by insisting on dancing with her for a minute and feeling her up. He gave her a pound note and a note addressed to Angie (AKA Lou).

On her way out she handed the note to Lou who glanced at it and said to Janet. "Let Jock's son unbutton the waistcoat after you have done your dances and suck your tits. Jock 's paid you a fiver in advance."

Joanna quickly got changed into a bullet bra, sweater, and tight shorts. She left on the suspender belt and garter but changed the stockings for fish nets. She could hear the song "These boots are made for walking" playing and wondered how Janet was doing.

She walked back to the room and looked through a chink in the door as Janet strode around the floor. Janet really was not convincing as a strong woman who would trample over men, although she looked sexy. As the music faded away Ernie announced, "Sally invites all the young at heart in the audience to join her on the floor to do the dying fly."

She just about resisted the giggles when she saw Lionel, his two friends, the two young couples and the sofa trio join Janet on the floor. They all lay on the backs on the floor and while the Typewriter Song played waved their legs and arms in the air as if they were indeed dying flies. Those watching burst into laughter. At the end of the dance Jock brought out young Lionel's chair to the centre of the room and directed him to sit down. He then whispered to Janet. Janet nodded and sat down on Lionel's lap and started to snog him to applause and whistles. She whispered in his ear and undid the three buttons on the denim waistcoat revealing her generous breasts. Lionel started to play with them as he continued snogging her. Janet stretched her legs out in front of her and behind his back to the cheers of the spectators.

Lou then nudged her and pointed to the note from Jock. "Fuck knows how good a year he's had but Jock wants you to suck him off in public and then finger you on his lap for twenty pounds while I do the fast bowlers on the sofa. I'm still claiming my £4 commission."

Eventually Janet stood up to cheers from the audience and left to put on her next outfit. Lionel was clearly enraptured. Luckily, this one did not need much help to put on after Lou had got the boots off her.

Joanna walked back into the room. The lights had been dimmed again and Ernie nodded as he turned on the tape and put on the instrumental version of "I wanna be loved by you." He was trusting her to be a convincing singer as well as dancer. She did her best Marilyn Monroe voice impersonation, and it was exhilarating realising that all the men in the room were imagining that they were "the nobody else but you" as she danced and flexed her hips and pushed out her breasts at them.

When the song ended one of the old women held out a fiver and pointed to the man next to her and said, "Come and sit on his lap." She looked at Jock who nodded.

She walked towards the man and the woman put the fiver in her garter. Joanna sat on his lap facing him with her legs parted and her breasts in his face. She whispered, "You can take the jumper off."

He needed no other encouragement and soon the man's head was in between her breasts and his hands squeezing her bum. She undid the bra and let him nuzzle her and suck her breasts for around three minutes.

Jock beckoned her over and she stood in front of him. He undid the button and pulled down the zip of the shorts before easing them to the floor. Ernie started playing the music to "Hey big spender" on the sound system as she knelt in front of him, undid his belt, button and pulled down his zip. She sang at him "I could tell you were a man of distinction."

He shifted in the chair to allow her to pull down his trousers and underpants and she sang "A real big..." before taking his prick in her mouth. Fortunately, he was sufficiently well developed not to run the risk of suspecting she was taking the piss. She tried to remember what had been said in the book she had read on the journey down and what Lou had told her earlier about technique.

She held his thighs and pulled them towards her while alternating licking and swallowing his prick. She made certain her body language was conveying enthusiasm. She thrust her body towards hum to allow the audience to imagine how she would be like in bed, and she felt him squeezing her tits.

She soon realised quickly that what Lou had said about older men and oral sex was probably true, luckily for her. They were used to hand jobs and they were used to fucking, but sucking was a novelty to most of them. Jock was five years younger than Bill and so had not been of fuckable age during the war. He came within three minutes and was gratified by her willingness to swallow. He added a £5 tip in her garter belt which she was determined not to share with Lou. He pulled her on his lap and inserted two fingers in her cunt. He whispered, "Twenty quid for a fuck in private during the interval."

Lou looked daggers at her. She must suspect that a deal was being done behind her back. The three men on the sofa were in their late twenties or early thirties and were presumably less trigger happy at the idea of someone sucking and wanking them off. Still, it was illuminating watching her technique with the three men. Indeed, everyone else was fascinated as Lou moved her hands and mouth between the three of them with a view to making them all come at the same time. It also meant that Jock's fingers had an advantage in eliciting a response from her and before long three of them were inside her and she was bouncing and moaning in a manner which meant he had come to attention again.

Jock grabbed her hand and took her upstairs. They were followed up by Lionel and Janet. Lionel disappeared into the bathroom and Jock whispered to Janet. "If he comes quickly, treat it as a compliment."

She laughed, "I'll see if I can get him up for round two as well."

Money passed hands and she was taken into a large bedroom. "Lie on your front on the bed and spread your legs." She did so and he said, "Like the tattoo." A pause, "A tenner extra if I don't have to wear a johnny. I'll come on your arse."

She said "Absolutely." She was on the pill after all and at least this way there was no risk of him losing his enthusiasm as she put the protection on. She was relieved that he had recovered his erection so quickly and this made her believe that he was not getting much sex generally.

He felt him getting on the bed behind her and inserting a finger into her and playing with her pussy. She began to breathe heavily to encourage him and then said, "Take me Jock. Give it to me hard." A moment later she felt him carefully penetrate her and then start to thrust himself vigorously into her. The bed springs meant that she bounced back after each thrust and was further impaled on his prick. She did not have to act too hard to convince him that she was enjoying herself.

She decided that the best approach was to convince him that he was giving her pleasure. She shouted, "Don't stop, don't stop." This seemed to do the trick as he rammed his cock faster and deeper into her.

"You're the best fuck I've had in years. I don't think I can wait much longer" he gasped.

"I'm on the pill, you can come inside me" sealed the deal and he took her at her word.

She decided to pretend that he was one of the two men Bill had promised to introduce her to and said, "Shall I clean your cock for you?"

He accepted with enthusiasm, and she licked him clean and swallowed. Just then she heard a cough. Lou was at the door and said, "Telephone call for you downstairs. They said that they had got your telegram, and all was in order. They want you to call them back."

Jock said, "Thanks Angie." He handed Joanna an extra thirty pounds for the extras and went downstairs.

Joanna said to Lou, "You can have £4 of the twenty pounds I was paid for the basics. I negotiated the extras myself."

Lou looked at her, "So you are up for them not using a johnny and coming inside you. Is there anything you're not game for?"

Joanna felt that this was a challenge and said, "Bring it on. I doubt that anything they're up for will shock me."

As they got changed for the second part of the performance she checked in with Janet. Lionel had come almost at once, but Janet had aroused him for a second go after a matter of minutes and he had been generous with the tip. Janet had paid twenty per cent of the tip to Lou as well.

Lou came in and said, "I've spoken to the three fast bowlers. They are prepared to pay you £200 for an hour of role play. Have you ever heard of a film called Straw Dogs?"