

Lady's Paradise Club

by Misterstarkers

The Interview

The lady at the desk told him that he could go in, now. Clay opened the door and entered the inner room, where an attractive blond woman quickly glanced up and down the length of him, and motioned toward a chair. "Please have a seat," she said.

He sat in the blue armchair angled to face her, with its back to the door. She handed him an application form, and asked "Have you worked in clubs before?"

"Oh, yes. I have done bar-tending and waitering, and even a little work as a dancer," he began.

"Tell me a little about the dancing. Stripping, you mean? To what extent... what did you wear?" she questioned.

"Yeah, stripping in a club. I filled in for a buddy whose club needed an extra dancer for a few shows. It was sort of tame, I guess...just stripped from a sailor's uniform down to a thong swimsuit."

"You're correct, about the tame part. It has its following, though. Are you a good dancer? Let's see a little performance." She stood up and stepped over to a stereo system, selecting a particular track from a cd that was popular in many dance clubs. Clay stepped onto the small platform in the corner of the room and began to show her his best moves. She gestured for him to begin a strip, and he began to unbutton the shirt. Revealing a nicely muscular, but not overbuilt chest, she noticed that he had a good tan. Jeans unbuttoned...slowly slipping down past his boxers...down...handsome bronze legs...shoes kicked off..jeans off now, tossed aside. She mentally took notes of his appearance and style, and that his routine could use a little work. Moving more freely about the platform, he now skinned the boxers down, revealing a black bikini-brief. He did a few more moves, ending with a drop to his knees, leaning back with arms flung wide, as the music ended.

"Not too bad. Let's see the rest of you, now," she waved toward the briefs.

"Um, you want these off, too? I haven't done that type of strip before," Clay said with hesitation. "None of the clubs around here allow you to go that far."

"You won't be working in the clubs around here. The patrons of the club I represent expect to see it all, the works! Please remove the briefs," she insisted, with a slight hint of impatience with his modesty. He stood there in a moment of uncertainty. The ad for the job had mentioned that it paid top-dollar. He fingered the waistband, nervously.

The woman had started another piece of music, and stepped up beside him as he was trying to decide what to do. She reminded him of the excellent pay offered, and he decided, "Oh, what the hell!" and yanked the briefs off, tossing them onto his jeans and shirt. He gyrated on the platform as she watched the movements of his bare buns and freely swinging dick. He worked it the best he could, and began to glisten with sweat as he completed the number.

Clay reached for his clothes, a little uncomfortable with standing totally nude in front of this

woman. She was a few years older than him. "Not yet...don't dress yet," she said, turning to the desk and picking up a digital camera.

"We will need a few shots of you, for your application file." She took shots of him from the back, side, and full-frontal. Then a close up face photo, and then she surprised him by taking close-ups of his ass and crotch.

"What...why do you need that?" he asked.

"The ladies who own the club will want to review your file, and see just what they are hiring. You won't be considered without these photos. You do want the opportunity, don't you?" she pressed him.

"S...sure! But can you tell me more about this club? The ad didn't give much detail."

"Okay. We are looking to hire dancers, bartenders, waiters, pool attendants and other positions for our club. It is a very expensive and luxurious resort club, which caters exclusively to women. It is called Lady's Paradise, and is located on a private island. We hire only the very handsomest men we can find, and they are paid well, for this type of work. The only catch is....."

Clay was listening to the woman carefully, as she explained the job offer.

"The only catch is...that all male employees on the island work completely nude. Not just dancers, but ALL male employees, all the time. You would work a shift of four days, then three days off. You would remain on the island around the clock on your four day shift, but would have sleep breaks and other breaks. The one thing you will not have, for a full four days at a time, is clothes. There is a locker room at the departure facility for the ferry to the island. You will dis-robe there, leave your clothes in a locker, and board the ferry.

Male clothing is not allowed on the island. Our female clientele are pampered with every luxury, including being served and entertained by a staff of handsome, sexy males who are deprived of any access to clothes."

She explained further, to his already amazed ears, " You cannot conceal yourself in any way while on duty. The women are paying premium resort rates to be pampered by naked, servile males. Your on-duty time is dedicated to providing that atmosphere for them. Inevitably, you will have an erection at times. I assure you that the ladies who visit us will, um, see to it that you do! If you feel embarrassed, to them, that makes it all the more delightful, because you are NOT allowed to hide it. They may look at your private parts as much as they wish, and even discuss them openly with you, or each other. You are there to serve the women. We pay you well, and expect our male employees to entertain, delight, and pamper the ladies."

"Um..Uh..wow! It's rather amazing to me, and not quite what I expected," Clay responded, looking astonished at what was expected of him. "Do, uh, do the guys get used to b..being constantly so...exposed?"

"They do, after a while, some quicker than others. It isn't hard work, not harder than at any other resort or club of comparable luxury. The only difference is that if you are male, you are naked. If you are female, you are in the lap of luxury, a queen surrounded by her naked male servants. A woman may, with special arrangements, bring a male escort with her. However, he must also surrender his clothes before boarding the ferry, and maintain a subordinate demeanor to the woman he is with, and be deferential to all women on the island, guests or staff. It is called LADY'S Paradise because the ladies are TOP here!"

"Well, do you think you can handle those conditions?" she queried.

"I'm willing to give it my best shot!" he answered, trying to sound confident.

She smiled. "That will be expected of you!" His words had a double-meaning in her mind, as he would eventually learn.

She made some notes in his file, and watched him dress. "We will call you as soon as we've got an answer, and let you know what position we think you are best qualified for. Thanks for responding."

"Wow," he thought as he walked out, "what kind of adventure am I starting?" Clay wondered if he was really up to such a challenge.

? ... (missing part) ... ?

Margaret Lewis was embarking upon her third visit to the resort, known as Lady's Paradise. She was a feisty, matronly woman in her 60's. On this journey, she was bringing her daughter Ellen, and granddaughter Erica. It was definitely going to be a fun, girls-getaway-holiday for the three of them. Ms Lewis had enjoyed her previous visits so much, she wanted to bring her female offspring along, and watch them bask in the luxury of being waited upon, hand and foot, by a horde of obedient, naked males. She relished those words, as she thought about them: males...obedient...and NAKED! Or was it that males were naked...and OBEDIENT!? Which ever, the combination was a delightful thing to behold, and she wanted to introduce Ellen and Erica to the marvellous island.

"Wow! Mom, you were not kidding when you said it was fabulous! I can hardly believe my own eyes," Ellen was saying. "I've never seen so much naked male flesh in my life! And every one of them is gorgeous. Just look at that guy's butt, honey!" She said this to Erica, who was open-mouthed in astonishment, drinking in the sights before her. Writhing in a cage, just feet from where she sat, was a stunning hunk of naked manhood. Not only a great butt, she thought, but as he turned around, she locked her eyes upon that long, slim tool swaying between his thighs. "Oooooohh!" the young Erica moaned with ecstasy. This was going to be one great vacation. Surrounded by this kind of delight, 24 hours a day!

"Ha-ha-haah! Your girl is really enjoying herself, already, my dear!" the almost bawdy Margaret cackled to her daughter. "I'm so glad you agreed to bring her along. She will get to see a different aspect of men. It can be amazing how eagerly they can work at getting a woman's attention. They become positively outrageous! It's especially fun to observe a new recruit gradually make the transformation from being shy and embarrassed to be naked, to eventually flaunting EVERYthing!"

Ellen grinned at her mother. "I remember when you used to show me those magazines, with the pictures of naked men, when I was her age. Those woman-to-woman talks, when you educated me about men, and their delicate little egos. It will be so great to share all that with my own daughter, with you here to help, and the REAL THING, live, naked males scampering around to please our every whim!"

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The three women had a beautiful suite of rooms, overlooking a sparkling and expansive pool area. Huge picture windows offered a clear view. Ms Lewis pointed out that the glass was mirrored, so no one can see in, so that the drapes can be left open, and still afford privacy to the

rooms. "You can sit here and watch the men serving the women all day long, and they won't even know you're watching...of course, it is fun to be out there, openly watching, too!" As she spoke, two well bronzed blond hunks were passing just outside the window. They stopped to take drink orders from two middle-aged women lounging under the shade of the palms. One woman reached out and gently caressed the bare hip of the young man nearest her. The three women watched as his penis began to lengthen. He turned as the woman directed him, and she rubbed her fingers over his buns, glistening with a blond fuzz of hair. She turned him around again, and the onlookers were greeted by a fully rising rod of masculine pride, aching for the woman's attention. She denied it her immediate favor, running her fingers through his bushy pubic hair instead. By now, his firm erection was blatantly twitching, begging her to pet it. Instead, she shooed him away to fetch the drink order, and the two lounging women rocked with laughter at the effectiveness of her prick-tease of the hapless young stud.

Ellen and Erica giggled at the show they had just seen, commenting on the deliciousness of having such freedom with a man's privates, being able to call the shots like that.

"Oh, my dears, that goes on all day long! All the males here are your playthings, their dicks are on display for your entertainment, not theirs! Make no mistake, they get plenty of opportunities to, um, relieve their pent-up energy, shall we say! And you get to watch it all. But it's fun to get them horny, like you just saw, and then leave them hungry for more! No matter how much that beautiful creature wants to finish what she started, he must hurry back with her order. Here he comes, now!

The three watched, as he returned, her drink on a serving tray, and his still-excited cock bobbing in front of him, giving an amusing display to all. She took the drink, and gave his half-mast flagpole a few toying caresses with her delicate feminine fingers, quickly sending it to a gallant full display again. She again ushered him away, with his cock throbbing with the urgency of its uncompleted purpose. Around the pool area, forty naked young men, in the prime of masculinity, served to delight the women with similar amusements.

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The three generations of women soon attired themselves for poolside leisure, and chose lounges near the main pool. A hunk with light brown hair, a hairy chest and legs, and a pleasantly furry bottom, was using a net to skim a fallen leaf out of the water. Constant attention to detail at Paradise. The ladies gave some attention to HIS details, as they took their seats. Cliff, who had just come on duty, happened to be serving that area, and he now stood before them, to take any order they might place. Erica grinned with delight, noticing that his penis was hanging just inches from her hand, which rested on the arm of the lounge. She watched with interest, how it jiggled slightly whenever he moved.

"Go ahead, dear. Give it a petting, if you like it," her mom said. With giddy excitement, the attractive blond of 16 reached out and cupped Cliff's cock in her young hand. It's flaccid state interested her, feeling soft and pliable to her touch, very delicate. She slipped her palm under his balls, shivering with delight, knowing that the most sensitive, vulnerable elements of his manliness were not only displayed for her view, but resting in her pretty hand. She squeezed each testicle gently, as he obediently waited for her drink order.

"I'll have a rum and cock...er, I mean coke!"..she managed to say, finally, as she reluctantly released his scrotum. His penis had stirred slightly, but he was used to much more fondling than she had given him.

Cliff returned with their drinks, and Ellen took a turn at examining his goods.

She wet her finger and traced the corona of his penis, circling all the way around, and then

toying with the pucker of skin, the frenulum, underneath. He began to stiffen as she wrapped her fingers around his shaft, gently stroking it to an increasing plumpness. She moistened her hand with a little lotion from a tube in her handbag, and increased the vigorousness of her play with his now firm rod. She had played with a man's erection before, of course, but never so openly. She was amazed at how much she enjoyed it, then remembered that her mom and daughter were watching her fondle this man's penis! She hesitated and glanced at them. "Go ahead, dear! Enjoy it -HE obviously is!" cackled Margaret Lewis. "Watch your mom, carefully, darlin'. Don't be shy about these boys and their weenies! This is what these guys are here for. And their dicks are for having fun with, honey!"

Ellen was really giving Cliff's fat cock a workout, now. He stood between her chair and Erica's, and Margaret was now standing behind him, gently massaging his smooth young buns. Erica watched her mom and grandmother excitedly work the gorgeous stud to the hot brink of orgasmic eruption. She saw him tremble and writhe with pleasure under their experienced hands. He moaned, then gasped, and a ribbon of pearly white cum shot from the end of his swollen member, then another, and another. She was warm with an excited glow, watching this display of male craving for orgasm, and the delight on the faces of the women nearby, who had enjoyed observing.