**Becoming A Star**

by LetsMisBehave

**Becoming A Star Ch. 01**

*Joanne decides to do what is necessary to become a star*.

This is linked to the earlier story "Yes sir I can boogie." There is no real need to read that story as I have tried to incorporate the necessary information in this one. This is set in 1980 Birmingham so no social media, no internet, no smartphones so characters can be more confident about not being found out. Also social attitudes were very different then and this reflects that.

The idea is that the main character Joanna wants to become famous and is prepared to pay any price to achieve this. While she is worried about the consequences of being found out, she is willing to take more risks than the characters in my earlier stories.

A word of warning. I have deliberately chosen to generally have longish introductions, including back story and development of the underlying story and some flirtation before sexual activity takes place. That reflects my own preference in stories, but YMMV. I also prefer to have my characters normally consider the implications of their actions.

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It was three o'clock on a cold January Wednesday and Joanna was standing behind the counter with Janet at Monsieur Alphonse's waiting for the working day to end. She worked there three afternoons a week as well as on Saturday. Until five weeks ago it had only been a Saturday job, but her essay disaster had meant she needed to do more work.

Luckily Daddy had never been to the shop and so she had been able to tell him that she was a shop assistant in a women's clothes shop. This was strictly true, although a large number of the customers were men and her boss's specialities were lingerie and sexy costumes. The business also had a few side lines which daddy would definitely not approve of. They weren't compulsory and she did not do "overtime" at the flat or go on the Road Shows.

If she had told herself six months ago that she would behind the counter selling stockings rather than in front of the counter burying them on she would have laughed in disbelief. Unfortunately, since then she had blotted her copybook by getting an E in History A level last year despite getting an A for French and C for German and therefore had not get the grades she needed for Exeter. She had paid the price for coasting for the last two years preferring to be the queen bee at school and among her social group rather than studying. The English history paper had not asked questions on the few topics she had revised properly, and she had gone off the wrong tangent on two of the questions and only written a page on the fourth.

Darling Daddy had reacted by becoming a stern Father on hearing the results. He told her that she was a lazy cow who thought the world owed her a living, but that really she needed constant kicks in her bum to amount to anything. After the A level disaster, he had reduced her allowance and insisted on her retaking History and German. She had been given an offer to go to university in London this September if she got a B in history this year and was studying at a crammer.

He had also insisted on her taking a Saturday job to learn about the real world.

Originally she had chosen the job because of the twenty per cent staff discount and the fact that the lingerie and clothes really were excellent. She had quickly found out from Janet that an extra ten per cent discount could be obtained if she allowed Monsieur Alphonse (AKA Mr. Ernie) to play with her tits for around five minutes. This originally involved taking the blouse and bra off to avoid the blouse being creased and wear and tear on the bra and allowing him to face her and squeeze and suck her tits.

She might not have taken advantage of the perk if it had not been for David, her boyfriend at the time. David had this kink about imagining her having sex with other people and kept trying to persuade her to do a threesome with his best friends while he watched. When she described the special discount, he had badgered her to let Ernie have his fun. It had for a time satisfied him to listen her describe a slightly balding and overweight thirty-five-year-old man from Brum who pretended to be French playing with her tits in the office while she pretended to chew gum and look bored.

Unfortunately, the third time she did this Lou had walked in on them when Ernie had been sucking her tits and she had putting on her act. Lou had just loved the moment and fair do's Joanna had been a bitch to her. "I knew you were a hypocritical slut, Joanna. Ernie, she's chewing gum like an old whore being fucked against the wall in a pub carpark at closing time."

After that Ernie had reduced the discount to 25% until she negotiated a new deal involving a forty per cent discount with him. This required her to take her skirt, blouse, and bra off, bend over the desk in his office and let him fondle her breasts from behind. The real advantage for him was that it allowed him to rub his cock against her arse. While her slip and his trousers remained on, she could always feel when his prick hardened. She was also required to face a mirror and to look as though she was enjoying it.

She amused herself by seeing whether she could make him end the session earlier than five minutes and rush off to the toilet before coming in his trousers. If he was going to force her to smile then she may as well go the whole hog and pretend to be turned on by it or tell him what she knew he really wanted to do to her. What seemed to work best was speaking in French.

It had at the time helped satisfy David's fantasy of her having sex with other men without actually doing so. It had also been the beginning of the end of the relationship when she realised that her public school educated Birmingham University student boyfriend was imaging that he was her boss while fucking her doggystyle over the desk in his room and encouraged her to let Ernie fuck her.

She could not blame Lou for telling on her or indeed rubbing it in that she was no better than the rest of them. Christ, she had been a real cow when she had first started at the shop. She had been condescending to Ernie's wife Jill and the two long serving assistants Anna and Lou especially once she worked out what the side lines involved. She had been less of a bitch to Janet, but that was in part because that would have been like kicking a puppy and mainly because she knew she needed someone to speak to. She had assumed that Darling Daddy would relent and, when she realised that he would not, had already burnt her bridges with Lou and Jill. Anna was rather more forgiving, but seemed to take the view that it was now only a matter of time before Joanna joined in the other side-lines.

Joanna suspected that Anna was not wrong about this. The essay disaster had made her dependent on the job for money. The Crammer had written to Darling Daddy when she had submitted an essay comparing and contrasting Elizabeth 1 with Mary Tudor. Unfortunately, the crammer had asked for one comparing Elizabeth with Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots in the 1560s. They said that the essay had been excellent on the question it had answered but that such carelessness could result in her not doing herself justice in the exams.

In retrospect it was totally her own fault. She had been working moderately hard, but that week things had been busy socially and she had got behind. Daddy had worked out she had copied an essay from George. The giveaway had been that they had said it was an excellent essay, but on the wrong subject. Darling Daddy had reacted by becoming an even sterner Father. He had cut her allowance almost to nothing and would not think of reinstating it unless she performed well in her mock history exam in April. He also made it clear to George that while he could tutor Joanna, there was to be no lending of essays and no writing them for her.

This had resulted in her adding three half days a week to the time she worked at the shop and also, in combination with some other developments, being a little less fussy about how she earned money.

Unfortunately, his plan was succeeding. In the last month she had dumped David, studied hard and was even enjoying the subject. The crammer had told father the good news and he had taken it as vindication. She knew how her father's mind worked. If she performed well, he would decide that it was because she had been forced to knuckle down and earn some money and he would give her the bare minimum on top of her basic maintenance grant to get by on at university. As it was she knew she would receive the minimum from the local authority, and she suspected Daddy would only top it up to £1,000.

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 working most of the summer and at weekends to afford to have an enjoyable time. She needed another source of income. Modelling sounded attractive to her. She wondered whether Ernie's acquaintance would introduce her to his friends in the business as he had half promised.

Just then a man of fifty and a girl of around twenty-five came in. The girl was blonde like her, and the man was clearly not her father. Boss and secretary she guessed. Actually, maybe not, she was dressed rather sternly for that. The bun in the hair and the glasses made a difference. They were both looking tired. Maybe she was a junior in the company the man was a bigwig in. The man had a briefcase, and the woman was carrying a large pilot bag which seemed quite heavy.

Ernie came out of his office and turned into Monsieur Alphonse. He had an eye for the customers who might spend real money. Joanne half listened. The man sounded as though he was from London. Probably in Birmingham on business and wanted to mix some pleasure with it.

Myles said that the girl deserved a reward for her hard work this week and that Monsieur Alphonse's Emporium had been recommended to him. The girl looked doubtful about this and said that she could not imagine herself wearing some of these garments.

Ernie looked across at Joanna and raised an eyebrow. She nodded. She did not know either of them and so would be happy to do the modelling. Ernie offered this as a special service for discerning customers to enable them to visualise how the garments he sold would look on their girlfriends or wives.

Ernie then turned, "We do offer a special service for discerning customers such as yourselves. Our assistants are willing for a small fee to act as models showing how certain of the garments look on a female form. Obviously, we cannot afford to have copies of all garments we sell, but I believe that we have the ones you are most interested in available for showing and others will help give you the general idea. We have a private room in the back of the store."

The room was at the back of the store with a small "stage" with a wooden chair on it in the corner. There were mirrors on the walls by the stage which allowed the customer to get a full view of the garment and the girl. There was a record cassette player next to it. A comfortable sofa faced the stage and there was hat stand in which coats and jackets could be hung.

He looked over at Joanna, "La belle Suzanne here would be glad to be of service." She had been originally reluctant to offer the modelling service herself but had been persuaded when Ernie had said that she could call herself a different name in the shop and pointed out that she could wear her hair in a ponytail to further disguise herself. Besides which if all she did was danced or posed what was the harm.

She was normally Susan (Lou chose the aliases) but occasionally Ernie preferred to make it more exotic. This meant that she had some plausible deniability in the event that any acquaintance came to shop in the store, or she met customers in a different environment. She had hidden the fact of the Saturday job from friends and Daddy had not advertised the fact either.

The man looked at her and his companion. "I think that will be extremely helpful, don't you Joy."

The blonde said, "Yes, that should help."

The man said that Joy should look out for some more things she wanted to look at while he had a word with Monsieur Alphonse. The woman nodded and Joanne helped her choose things. Clearly a Grammar School type of girl. Clever enough but did not know how to make the best of herself. Bit like that girl Rebecca who was George's nemesis. Joy said, "It's hard getting the balance right. I don't want to be mistaken for a secretary, but I would like to dress more attractively." She did accept being measured by Joanne. The girl was two inches shorter and that was all in the legs. Breast size was nearly the same. Hips were within an inch. She pointed this out to the woman and Joy said, "That's good. It will help me choose."

Ernie was no doubt explaining the terms to the man. Normally the cost was £5 for thirty minutes with a pound refunded for every fifteen pounds which was spent. He would offer them a bottle of Freixenet sparkling wine at a price somewhere below the price they would pay in a hotel or wine bar and above the price that he paid for it. Ernie's motto was that if he did not rip people off on the things they knew the price off they were less likely to question his mark-ups on the clothes.

This modelling service involved her, Janet, Lou, or Anna wearing the display costumes and posing or dancing on a small stage showing them off to the customers. Ernie did his best to reserve the service to established clients and wealthy ones and to single men or couples.

She was paid an extra £2 for every half hour and got commission if they bought over £20 worth of merchandise. Janet, Anna, and Lou were happy to earn tips by sitting on the men's laps and allowing the men to feel their tits or stroke their legs on the pretence of allowing them to appreciate the feel of the material. It was also not unknown to allow the men to practice undoing the bras and after that they may as well cop a feel. Lou had established a scale of fees and woe betide anyone who did not charge at least union rates. So far Joanna had resisted this aspect of the service. Posing and dancing was one thing, being felt up was another. It was too close to being a girl darling Daddy would describe as the type you found behind the back of Rackhams.

She was rethinking her policy on this at least where it involved men like today's client who were from out of town.

She went to the staff changing room next to the back room and took off her blouse and skirt. Ernie came back and gave her the first set of clothes which to her surprise included a skirt and blouse. She gave him the measurements and he nodded. He then briefed her on how she should deal with the modelling, "Junior employee and boss situation. He definitely wants to spread a little Joy today and become her mentor. Sexy but not tarty. Remember to look like you are enjoying yourself."

He paused, "The man asked if you could start off wearing the blouse and skirt over the outfit and take them off when he asks. He's paying above the odds for an hour so it's a fiver for you. He'll tip you some more if you put on a good act. If he offers you a glass of the fizz take it. You should use your posh voice. Put those on and do up the blouse to the top. Don't bother about simulating the bun, but the ponytail is fine. It's a drôle de vieux monde."

She laughed. It was a shock whenever she realised that Monsieur Alphonse actually knew some French. It was indeed a funny old world.

She quickly dressed and looked at the effect and realised that she was dressing up in a sexier version of the costume Joy was wearing. The blouse was satin rather than nylon and was only semi-transparent. The skirt was tighter and shorter. She was wearing stockings rather than tights. Ernie did not actually have any ordinary shoes, but the stilettos were about as innocent as he stocked.

She walked into the room. The man was on the sofa. The girl was next to him sipping the fizz. There was a chair on the stage, and she sat down on it and crossed her legs.

The man was speaking to Joy. "No doubt you are seething that despite the fact that you did all the hard work the clients were more interested in speaking to Annabel."

The woman nodded, "It does seem unfair, Mr Frobisher."

"Myles. We're colleagues and not in front of clients now, Joy. I'm afraid that it is still a hard fact of life that if you want to be the first female corporate partner in the firm it needs more than your first-class degree from Cambridge, technical expertise, brains, and hard work. You need be better known within the firm and you will need an ardent supporter." He patted Joy's knee and left his hand there. Ernie was right about the man's intentions.

The girl pulled a face and sipped some more fizz. She said, "I know you are right. I can't rely on being a good lawyer." Joanne almost felt sorry for the girl. You work hard, do your best and then are told that to be promoted you have to let an old man fuck you. The girl seemed to nod to herself.

The man turned to her and said, "Suzanne, stand up and undo some of the buttons on your blouse and take off the glasses."

She did so and watched the man for a signal as to when to stop. He nodded when it had got to the respectable from the front, but not from above stage. She then took off the glasses.

He said, "Joy. You would agree that from where you are she looks perfectly respectable."

"Yes, Mr., I mean Myles."

"Suzanne, sit on the chair. Joy, stand behind her and look down."

They both did as they were ordered and Joy went, "Oh."

"That's why Annabel attracts the clients and the senior partners."

The girl asked, "Can I touch the blouse, Suzanne? I want an idea of how the material feels."

"Of course, Miss." After all the girl would be the one wearing it if it were bought, and it was not the man feeling her up.

The girl touched her on the back and stroked. "Hmm. That's really good material." She then moved her hands to Joanne's shoulders. Joanne liked the sensation.

Myles said, "Undo another button to see the full Annabel effect."

Before she had chance to obey, the girl had reached down and done as he requested.

"Stand up and walk around Suzanne. Show Joy that she can look attractive and professional at the same time."

Myles and Joy both seemed happy with her attempt. Bluntly she just carried herself the way she did at school and how she had dealt with the admirers at the Grammar schools after she had discovered university men. A look of I know I have what you want, but you aren't getting it.

Myles said, "See. You need to sell yourself more and be more confident. Look in the mirror and think how the clients would react to you if you dressed like that. You know that you are a better technical lawyer than Annabel. You must also be more confident than her and compete on her terms with clients and the senior partners."

It was possible that Myles did want to help her career and that the advice was good. However, she was also certain that his main aim was to have sex with Joy tonight. Her glass was being constantly topped up and Joanne gathered that they had worked most of the last forty-eight hours before in a solicitor's office negotiating a takeover deal and they had had about three hours sleep each night. The documents were being retyped to reflect the amendments agreed today and the deal would close tomorrow morning.

Joy was soon giggly and being introduced to the arguments favouring tight skirts and stockings for the office and moving beyond M&S for bra and knickers. Myles had sold the line that if you felt attractive underneath then that helps you sell the illusion. Joanne was included in the wine drinking at that point, the skirt and blouse were now off, and she was bending over.

Joy was even taking lessons from her in how to ensure men were imagining grabbing you by the hips and thrusting without thinking that you were inviting them to do so. Well, it was not put quite that way, but it was clear to Joanna what Myles had been hinting at.

After forty minutes Ernie had been called in and an order placed for six blouses, three skirts, seven bras of assorted colours and cuts, two pairs of stilettos, and twelve stockings. The blouses and skirts looked professional enough and would make Joy look more attractive.

A second bottle appeared. By now the woman was definitely giggly and did not demur when Myles suggested that she try some of the clothes on. She went back to the changing room with Joanna and changed from nylon into satin and silk. Joanne was by now using her home voice and Joy was treating her as a friend.

Apparently Annabel had stolen the man Joy fancied from her. Joanne knew her cues and, besides saying how stupid the man had been, was encouraging Joy to show him how wrong he was. The blouse buttons were undone so that the cleavage was open to view, the bra could be glimpsed, and the skirt was tight enough that you could see that she was wearing stockings through the skirt. Joy whispered, "I knew Myles fancied me, but I did not expect him to admit it or do anything about it." The glasses came off and the bun was dismantled. Joy "borrowed" an elastic band and adopted the ponytail. She was now looking inviting rather than intimidating. Joy said, "I hoped he would support me because of my work. Ok. If it has to be like that, c'est la fucking vie." She gave Joanne a fiver. "I think I know what he likes. Just follow my lead and dance with me."

When she returned with the first of the suggested choice of dresses for client entertainment events, Myles had taken off his jacket, waistcoat and tie and hung them on the coat hanger. Joanna started out with the all-purpose little black dress with a little more cleavage than usual. By now Myles had his arm round Joy's shoulder and she was leaning against him. Joanne saw Joy undo another button on her blouse and Myles had his hand resting on her breast while saying, "I see what you meant about the material Joy."

Joy and Myles liked the little black dress, and one was ordered. The real one which excited them was the slightly longer backless dress with the slit in the side. By this point music was playing and Joanna danced to it.

Joy then asked "Suzanne, I would like to try the dress on." She did not even bother going to the changing room, but started to take off the new blouse, skirt, and bra in front of Myles. Myles signified that Joanne would get a tip for not breaking the mood and so she also stripped off and helped Joy put on the dress. This meant that Joanna was now braless in front of Myles. Myles enjoyed the show, but wisely delayed drawing attention to the fact that he had now seen Joy almost naked and definitely avoided showing any sign that he fancied "Suzanne."

Joy fell in love with herself when she looked in the mirror. She looked at Joanne and said, "I want to see myself dancing in it."

While Joanna would not have agreed to this with a male customer (especially as she was now in knickers and stockings only) she saw no reason to refuse Joy and the fiver helped. She put on a cassette with a slow dance on it and played the male role. Joy seemed happy about this and pressed her body against Joanne's. Joanne found herself rather enjoying having the woman next to her. She moved her hand down Joy's back and pulled the woman closer and then to her surprise found that Joy was kissing her.

At that point she felt a tap on her back and Myles said, "Excuse me." He handed her a glass of sparkling wine and a fiver and took over the dance.

She left the room to speak to Ernie. He met up with her and said, "Change into the negligee next before they start humping. He's already paid for this lot when you and she were getting changed. I hope he uses the towel."

She did as requested and returned with Ernie to find the two snogging, with Joy's arms around Myles's neck and his hands squeezing her arse. Myles saw her, stopped kissing Joy. "My dear Joy, do you want the dress?"

"Of course, I do. I have never felt so attractive. But I can't afford it and you've been so generous already."

"Consider it a thank you for your hard work on this deal. I'm the man with the profit share and I would like you to work with me again."

"We have a version in Miss Joy's size." This was from Ernie.

"Excellent. Joy, best take this one off before we have to buy both."

Joy took off the dress and was left in black knickers, stilettos, and stockings. She looked at the negligee and said, "I can hardly wear that for work." She then giggled.

"Do you like it?"

"Of course, Myles." She knelt on the sofa and placed her legs on either side of Myles and kissed him passionately. He put one hand on her bum and started to ease her knickers down.

"Add that to the bill, Monsieur Alphonse with the other items we discussed. Perhaps you can prepare my bill and we can then pay and take away our purchases in twenty minutes."

There was a peep hole in Ernie's office. The girls all knew about it and accepted that there was some truth to Ernie's claim that it allowed him to intervene if a client pushed things too far rather than simply an excuse to watch them half naked.

Ernie told her that she might as well watch the results of her excellent work this afternoon. The man had already showed him that he could pay in cash which would allow Ernie to hide the transaction from the tax man. Ernie turned off the lights of the office and attended to the packing in the main shop area.

The man had clearly decided not to wait to get Joy back to the hotel before having sex with her for the first time. Joanna wondered how far Joy was succumbing because of a mixture of exhaustion, jealousy, and frustration, or whether she had made the choice deliberately. There had been no wedding ring on his hand, and she had seen a look of triumph cross Joy's face when he had kissed her.

They had stood up and were dancing on the stage with the chair on it. Joy pulled his braces off his shoulders as he put his hands underneath her black knickers. They both then broke the clinch. Joy undid the buttons on his shirt and took it off. He sat down on the chair, pulled her towards him and then eased her knickers to her ankles. She stepped out of them and then undid the button and the zip on his trousers and pulled them and his Y-fronts down around his ankles.

His penis was erect, and Joy started kissing it and stroking it with her hand. Joanne inserted a finger in herself as she watched the two lose themselves in each other. Myles grabbed the ponytail and pushed Joy's face further down on his cock. She saw a look of delight cross his face as the young woman put her hands on his legs and deep throated him enthusiastically. Joanna suspected though that this was a marker he was placing for the future as once a man had done something to you once, it was nearly impossible to say no in the future to it without ending the relationship. After a minute or so Myles released the hair and Joy said something to him.

Joy lay on the floor with her legs apart and her knees in the air. Myles removed his trousers and underwear from around his ankles and kneeled in front of her. He grabbed her ankles and, as Ernie had predicted, spread Joy so that she was virtually doing the splits and was ready to receive him.

For a moment the man hesitated as if wondering whether it was wise to have unprotected sex. The woman had no such hesitation. Joy lifted her back off the ground, leaned forward, grabbed his prick, and inserted it into herself bareback.

Joanna added a second and then a third finger as she realised that she was being turned on by the thought that it was the young woman who had made the choice.

Myles let go off Joy's legs, but she initially kept them spread widely apart and had her hands around his back. After four minutes of him thrusting into her, Joy started to thrash around on the floor, wrapped her legs around him, screaming so that even over the music the words "Don't stop now" could be heard and started clawing at his back. Even if he had wanted to, Myles could not have pulled out. Eventually he ejaculated inside her and lay on top of her as she hugged him close to her.

She then realised that Myles had fallen asleep inside Joy. Joanna came herself at that point. It was not the first time she had watched another woman being fucked, but it was the first time she had felt that the woman had been in control.

Ernie coughed and asked, "Have they finished as well?" She realised that he must have been watching her masturbating.

Joanna explained the situation and Ernie sighed. "Suppose we had better wake him up."

Joanna was sent in first with the bill and the goods. Joy was lying beneath Myles and winked at Joanna before gently awakening Myles. "Let's get back to the hotel after you have settled up."

She turned, "How far is the Midland hotel from here?"

Ernie said "Five minutes' walk. That would be quickest. Suzanne here could guide you if need be."

"It's OK. I have an A-Z in my handbag. Just show me where we are and I can get us back."

Within ten minutes the two lawyers were dressed, the bill had been paid and they had been dispatched in the appropriate direction. If anything, the man seemed drunker than the girl. Perhaps the all-night meetings had caught up with him.

Well, that had been entertaining and when Ernie handed her £14 and told her to keep the stockings she was content. About 80% of women her age with a full-time job earned less than £65 a week. She had been paid £24 for around an hour's work.

Janet then asked for the details of what had happened. She was aged 19 and was getting married later this year. Luckily for her, her betrothed was a practical man. Provided she made the men wear a condom he had no objection to her doing "overtime" at the flat which Ernie's mother kept. Tonight, Janet had two customers who would be returning goods for a "refund" which was not in cash. She was also going on her second Road Show at the weekend with Lou who would look after her.

It was now 5PM and work was nearly over for the day. At that point Ernie came out of the office. "Can we have a word, Susan?" He turned and went back in. Janet giggled and said, "Time to earn your special staff discount."

She now had to do rather more for her discount now than previously. A few days after the loss of her allowance a distinguished looking older customer who had mentioned two names who she knew were players in the Birmingham modelling and night club scene. Ernie was tempted by the chance to add these men to his customer list for clothing and therefore wanted to ingratiate himself.

She believed the man's story about buying a wedding present for his niece about as little as Ernie did. However, the name dropping and the respect which Ernie showed the man meant that when Ernie asked her to model some of the clothes the man was interested in buying she had been willing to do so and to cancel her date with David in exchange for an extra discount. Well, she had about had enough of David by then anyway.

Anyway, she had danced her sexy dances for him and drunk sparkling wine with him. He had looked at her portfolio and told her what was wrong with it. She had known he was right, had flirted with him and eventually had sex with him on the half promise of an introduction to the men.

Ernie was a keen photographer and was better than the photographers she had used previously. He had taken some polaroid pictures of her after she had been bonked by Bill and she had looked attractive. After some more sparkling wine, Bill had then got her to suck Ernie off while he fucked her from behind.

After Bill had left, she had let Ernie bonk her in exchange for a proper photographic session and a Liza Minelli Cabaret costume. She had been drunk by then, but she had known what she was doing at the time. She had not thought through all the implications.

Obviously now she had sucked Ernie's dick and been fucked by him, it was not possible to go back to merely letting him squeeze her tits and rub against her in exchange for a discount on the clothes. Ernie had pointed out that the days of pretending that she was any better than the rest of the staff were over.

She went into the office, made certain that the blinds meant that they were invisible, and Ernie said, "The Marilyn outfit and book is in, Susan. Do you want the 20% or the 40% discount?"

He showed her the two items and the price. She made her choice. She could afford today not to use the discount, but why spend money she did not need to?

"The 40% discount, Monsieur Alphonse."

She took off all her clothes apart from her stockings and bent over his desk and faced the mirror. Ernie had insisted that in order to get the forty percent discount he was allowed to come on her back and arse and that there was no time limit. He did provide a few Kleenex to wipe herself with He said, "No. These are more expensive than normal. This time you swallow.. Don't worry, I washed five minutes ago."

She nodded and kneeled on the towel, undid his belt, and pulled down the zip of his trousers. Next she pulled the trousers down and then the boxer shorts. Fortunately, the prick was already half erect, and she grabbed it with her right hand and opened her mouth and started licking it.

She was bonked by Ernie once a week after he had taken more photographs for her portfolio. It wasn't as though she minded the sex. Hell, he was no worse than her old boyfriend. At least he was not stoned or drunk half the time and had no desire for her to tell him about being bonked by other men. It was just that she now knew something about herself that she had hidden from herself before. It was that she could enjoy sex with men she did not claim to love.

At that point she heard Janet shout "Sir!" as the door opened, and someone entered the office. Fuck it, after Lou had walked in on them that time she had got used to locking the door behind her, but this time she must have forgotten.

A voice she recognised said, "Joanna, no need to get up. Just carry on. I can talk to you and Ernie here while you swallow."

Ernie said, "No that's OK, Bill. Joanna, could you open a bottle for our friend here and get three glasses."

Joanna did as she was requested. Bill sat down in Ernie's chair. "I've been busy. Ernie, did you receive a visit this afternoon from a London lawyer and his attractive assistant? I trust that they spent money."

"Yes, I did, and they did. How did you know?"

"I've spent most of the last week in their company. It became clear early on that he fancied her and that she was pissed off by everyone fancying the bimbo."

Joanna said, "Well, by sending them here you helped spread some Joy."

He laughed, "I'm glad to hear it."

He looked at Joanna. "Would you still like to meet either Esmonde or Larbey? Perhaps both."

"Of course." She had been thinking that Bill had been bullshitting her last time. She drank from her glass.

"Good. I have been thinking about the best way of introducing you to them. Would you prefer to be a model or a performer?"

"Both. Ideally a model who becomes an actress."

"I thought so. To be a performer you will need an equity card sooner rather than later. I gather from what you said last time your father will not fund you going to stage school?" Her glass was refilled at that point.

"No."

"A pity. You may have read that one can earn equity cards by stripping. I am afraid that is true. Still, you can hardly do that in Birmingham. I have contacts who could help you get gigs in say Nottingham or Coketown. Either of the two gentlemen I mentioned could no doubt speed up the process if they thought you had the talent. Problem is that you will need to have some practice in performing in front of an audience."

"I understand."

The man said, "Look, you know the score. While they won't insist on it for just an ordinary modelling job, both of them use the casting couch for people they feel they are taking a chance on or pushing."

After watching a lawyer on the casting couch or rather the casting floor, she accepted this as a statement of truth. "I understand, sir." She gulped down the wine and allowed it to be refilled.

"Fine. We also need to decide what type of performer and model you want to be. I assume that you want to avoid being a page 3 girl or a glamour model."

"That's right. I would prefer to be a fashion model."

"I thought so. That will need more practice. Look I don't want to put you in front of them too soon. If I do the risk is that we will see you as just a top of the shelf girl and not a Cosmopolitan girl. They may not take you seriously as a performer either. Have you had any experience or training?"

"Daddy did not want to encourage me to be an actress or model. He was happy that I took dancing lessons because that would be useful socially. He did not allow me to learn to tap dancing. I have practised in my room."

"Yes, I enjoyed your Liza Minelli performance. It needs some real coaching though. Acting and singing?"

"I performed in school productions of Gilbert and Sullivan as a lead and did plays with the Boys Grammar school. He did not allow me to join the Edgbaston amateur dramatic society."

"Ok, some experience, but with a friendly crowd. You need some experience with a more difficult audience."

"I suppose so." She swallowed more sparkling wine. She was feeling quite tipsy after the two glasses she had earlier and had not eaten since breakfast.

"I guess modelling was out of the question?"

"Yes. I had to tell a few lies about how I was spending my afternoons to get those shots you saw last time. As you saw they weren't much good. The one's I have doing with Ernie here are far better."

"Let's have a look."

All three looked at the recent photographs. As they did Bill started fingering her and she spread her legs wider. "Much better. Ernie, you should have gone down to London in the sixties. You do have some talent."

Ernie simpered. He was not used to praise. He said, "I was planning to do a photoshoot tonight." He pointed out the Marilyn Monroe book by someone called Norman Mailer.

Bill nodded, "That's a promising idea. There are some marvellous photographs in that book, and you should both try some of the poses in it."

He looked thoughtful and inserted a second finger into Joanna.

"Bill, do you still do the road shows?"

"Yes, I have one on Saturday."

"Take Joanna here on it. Work out some routines for her to try out. Perhaps a song or some acting."

Joanna panicked slightly. "But where is it being held? I might know someone there socially."

Bill replied, "Near Leamington Spa. The local cricket team is having a do."

Joanna thought to herself that she knew no one there and she believed that cricketers were safer than rugby players.

"Maybe that will be fine." Her voice still sounded uncertain.

"Janet and Lou will be there as well. Last year they did not go overboard on the extra services. That's one of the reasons we are taking Janet there. Less risk of her getting spooked and Lou will ensure that neither of you are taken advantage of."

"Lou doesn't like me much. My fault, but it's true."

"We'll do the same deal as she has with Janet this time. She takes £10 of the fee and twenty percent of the price you get paid for the extras. She will not mess you around if it costs her money."

"I suppose so." She still sounded doubtful.

Bill looked at Ernie, "Isn't it about time Monsieur Alphonse shut up shop?"

Ernie took the hint and disappeared.

Bill said, "Bend over the table."

She did as he asked, and he continued playing with her vagina. He spanked her with his other hand. "If you want to be famous, you can't behave like an entitled brat." He spanked her again harder.

"You need practice performing and this way you will earn money to pay for you and Ernie to use a proper studio for the modelling. You also need some fucking practice if you want my friends to make you a star."

Another spank. "I am spending time on you to help you. I'm not going to be your sugar daddy. You strike me as a girl who will take it easy given the opportunity. I am going to give you a chance, but you will have to earn it."

He took his fingers out of her and said, "Do you understand?"

She delayed answering and he spanked her harder.

She gasped, "Yes, I do sir."

"Tell me what you to do."

"I need to work hard practice and not take anything for granted." Another smack on her bottom and he heard him pull his zip down.

"Do what you need to do to make me hard and then put this on me."

She turned round and saw that he was handing her a condom. She knew that after having walked in on her sucking Ernie that she would have to do the same with him. She knelt down, opened her mouth wide and followed the example of the lawyer she had watched earlier. "Good girl. You are getting some practice, I can tell."

A minute later he was hard, and he said, "Put it on, Joanna Latimer."

"Call me Susan Ridley? I need to get used to a stage name."

"You're learning already, Susan."

He then shouted "Ernie, have you closed up yet?"

Ernie shouted back, "Yes. I have."

"Then open the door. I want to fuck the shop girl over the counter with the lights on. She needs to get used to acting." She had just finished getting the condom on. He said to her, "Put your arse on the desk."

She again obeyed and he put his dick in her vagina and then told her "Arms around my neck." He then lifted her off the desk and walked out the now open door with her impaled on his prick.

He marched her over to the counter and then lay her down on it and raised her legs in the air. He then pushed into her and she went, "Oooh." Somehow he had penetrated her deeper than last time.

"Ernie, play with her tits so that she enjoys it."

Ernie did not hesitate, and she realised that with Ernie concentrating on her breasts and Bill fucking her that her enjoyment was enhanced. Ernie had got very used to her boobs and knew what worked with her. She realised that Ernie's cock, although still within his trousers, was rubbing against her face. She decided that this was part of her training and reached over her head and undid Ernie's belt, button and zip.

"Good girl." This was from Bill. "Ernie, fill her mouth."

Ernie took one hand off her breasts and did the necessary with his trousers. She then realised that the angle Ernie was at meant that she would be having his prick coming down into her throat. She was glad the Ernie had a slightly smaller than average dick as otherwise she would have choked. Bill slowed down so as to ensure that she could keep Ernie's cock in her mouth. She looked over to the side and realised how obscene it all looked. Her stockinged legs were sticking up in the air with her ankles around Bill's head, Ernie continued to play with her breasts and her lips were touching Ernie's balls as he pushed his unprotected prick in and out of her.

She found the sight exhilarating and orgasmed. "Naughty girl, you should have waited for us."

For some reason that set Ernie off, and he came in her mouth. She began to gag and Bill said, "Ok, You can get on your knees and swallow now." She clambered down from the counter and then reinserted Ernie's prick in her mouth. Bill handed Ernie the polaroid camera and told him to take a picture from above.

She swallowed all that Ernie had to offer. She then looked at the photograph once it had developed and realised how hot she looked with a dick in her mouth. She did not have much time to think about it as Bill picked her up and bent her over the counter. He initially gently inserted his cock into her and pushed in and out of her.

"Esmonde and Larbey are going into business with the Silvers. They want to move slightly up market and create a modern version of the Carry On films. Look, there's no chance of you being cast as a serious actress out of the gate, but you have to start somewhere. Knowing them they will want to have some stars they find for themselves. You know the thing; in the titles they will say "and introducing" whatever you choose for your stage name. Do you want that woman to be Susan ridley or whatever name you choose."

"I do." The truth was she did. If going to university just meant she had to fuck men to get promoted in an office job, she may as well go for broke and fuck them to become famous.

He gradually speeded up and went deeper. "Susan, is this how your boyfriend likes other men to fuck you?"

She was initially confused, but then recalled she had told the man last time that her boyfriend liked to think of her being fucked by other men and Bill would not know she had split up with David.

"Yes, the harder the better." Well, he would have done if she had actually allowed other men to have sex with her.

"OK, you are going to Leamington Spa on Saturday and let everyone who wants special services use you for the price agreed. We know you don't mind having sex with men who don't know. Don't give it away for free like you used to but earn every penny they pay you. Make them all want to have sex with you even if they don't dare. See if you can have the same star quality as Marilyn."

He then started really shoving himself into her. She began to scream with pleasure at the thought of becoming famous.

He said, "Make those who are too scared pay to watch you. I know you will like it."

She shouted, "I love performing in front of an audience. I wish there were a thousand people watching me now." To her shock she realised that she was telling the truth.

Ernie took another photograph of her as she came for the second time today.

As she lay exhausted flopped over the counter, Bill said, "Go home, read about Marilyn, and look at the pictures. Choose some and in your next photoshoot with Ernie here re-enact the ones you like best."

Ernie said, "I can do Friday night. We can also plan your Road Show act then."

She nodded and said, "Ok." Ernie then showed her the photograph. Bill's head and upper body could not be seen, but it was obvious what was being done to her. She looked at her face and realised that her ecstasy was self-evident. God, perhaps David had known her better than she thought he did.