

4 CHLOE

Two hours later, I arrived in Charlotte as the gas light in the car began to come on. I would've driven the full four hours straight to Raleigh, but I had to make a pit stop, because there was some pertinent information that I needed from this city. While on the road, I called in a favor from an old client of mine, and he put a meeting together with someone named Mr. Tate, who agreed to help me.

After stopping at a gas station to fill up and grab a donut, I decided to change my clothes. I'd been in the same blood splattered sundress for hours, so a new set of clothing was well overdue. I walked into the filthy bathroom and placed my duffel bag on the sink. I decided to put on my short black Stella McCartney dress, which had a plunging neckline. If I wanted heads to turn when I walked in the room, this was the dress. I proceeded to take off my clothes, and could've cared less if someone walked into the bathroom at that moment. I was on a mission, and wasn't about to go into one of those small ass stalls. Once I sprayed a few squirts of my favorite Vera Wang perfume, and played with my hair, I was back in business and

ready to take on whatever Charlotte had to offer.

Minutes later, I pulled up in front of the strip club, *Swallow*, and decided to go in, even though I had at least thirty minutes before my meeting. Little did Mr. Tate know, he couldn't have picked a better place to talk business. Strip clubs were next to heaven in my opinion. As I walked in, several eyes were on me as I made my way to the stage and took a seat in the front.

The best seat in the house.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the high end titty bar was jammed packed, and the dancers were nasty, just the way I liked them. They even danced fully nude. *Someone pinch me, because now I really am in heaven.*

I immediately noticed a gorgeous dancer, as she climbed up the famous silver pole like a cheetah, and worked her way down, while her pussy seemed to talk to the audience. Her gigantic round ass clapped with every move she made, almost sending me into cardiac arrest. I could tell she'd been doing this for a while. Though her face said, early twenties, I knew she was a pro. She moved the black wig that came down to her waist, over her shoulder, and crawled her way over to me. Her skin was the color of a cardboard box, and the barb wire tattoo that lined her lower back was sexy as hell.

When she stopped and showed me what she was working with, I licked my lips at the thought of the goddess that was before me. I hadn't been this close to pussy since my last girlfriend, Joy. While all the men howled for more, she took her smooth hand and rubbed her kitty in a circular motion. My clit began to throb as I admired her perfectly toned body.

"Come and rub your pussy against my tongue," I insisted, as I held it out. "I promise I won't bite!"

She pretended to be getting fucked as she humped the air and moaned in ecstasy. I took some of the fake money that I couldn't seem to get rid of, and placed it in the crack of her ass. I craved to feel the warmth and dampness of her shaved

goodies. As the crowd cheered, she looked me in my eyes and dared me to fondle her. I instantly became mesmerized by her beautiful body.

Her kitty looked divine as she bent over and grabbed her ankles. At that moment, I was so turned on, I began to make circular motions in the chair while my clit begged to be licked. I wanted to cum immediately.

“Let me touch it,” I mouthed to her.

As she did her final seductive moves, she rolled her eyes, and said, “I’m strictly dicky!”

“Next on stage is La La,” the DJ said, interrupting whatever was about to go down. Little did he know he’d just saved her ass from a butt naked beat down. The bitch that played me was now on her six-inch heels and strutting off the stage. *I hope that dumb bitch has a great time spending that fake money.* I was furious. I wanted her to come back out, so she could put out the fire she’d started. With nothing left but time on my hands, and a soaking wet pussy, I went to the bar.

“What you drinking, beautiful?” a man asked, who was surrounded by hoes.

“Ace of Spades.”

“What the hell is Ace of Spades?” he asked, as all the girls chuckled.

“What’s your name, playa?”

“Boo...Boo Brown.”

If the girls wanted to laugh, now was the time because his name was hilarious. “Well...Boo Brown, here is a little lesson since it seems like you’re here to be a baller. Ace of Spades is a champagne, that could be seen in Jay-Z’s new video, and that’s what I like to drink. So, if you can’t afford it...I understand!”

“Can’t afford it? Are you serious? These bitches aren’t around me for nothing, sweetheart,” he said, getting obscenely loud. “I’m buying out the whole bar right now!” he screamed, slamming a few stacks on the bar. The bartender ran and

grabbed the money, and moved as fast as he could to take everybody's order.

I walked away, not really wanting to entertain him. I knew that if I got hyped enough, things would get ugly. I was more concerned with finding my new friend. I looked down at my watch and saw that it was almost time for him to arrive. I went and sat back down in front of the stage. I was hornier than ever, so I was expecting the next dancer to put me in the same zone as the previous girl did. *Maybe this time, I can have an orgasm.*

"Chloe?" someone said to me, over the loud rap music. When I turned around, a humongous bouncer stood in my view. *I could sure use him on my team,* I thought, wondering how many heads he'd smashed over the years. "Mr. Tate is ready to see you now."

Damn, this dude must be pretty important, anytime he sends someone to come get me. I got up and followed the massive man to the VIP section of the club. When I arrived, I noticed an attractive guy in a buttoned up polo shirt, a pair of glasses, and some Dockers. He looked way out of place, and more importantly, I was expecting some thug type dude. Everybody knows you can't be a gangsta with four eyes.

"Thanks, Pete," he said, as the bouncer announced my presence before turning around to leave. "So, how can I help you today, Ms. Chloe?" he asked, keeping his focus directed toward the stage.

"I need a little help finding someone, and I know that you have the resources I need." I wanted to destroy Oshyn's whole life, and he was the only man who could do it.

"Don't you have enough trouble on your hands after what you did in Asheville?" he asked, never looking my way.

I could've shitted on myself.