

Murder at the strip club



By Lew Pit

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Introduction

After having written a bunch of erotic stories I tried my hand at a detective story. I hope you enjoy it. If you do I'd love to hear from you if not...I don't.

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Please be advised that this is a very adult story There are some graphic descriptions of murdered women contained in this story.

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Chapter 1

The day started and would end like any other day when I opened the strip club. Arriving at noon my cleaning lady Julia had finished the cleaning and gone over the last, and usually, the dirtiest place, the toilets, especially the men's room always looked very bad. The ladies' was OK, probably due to the fact that we didn't get many female customers.

"Everything OK Julia?"

"Yes George, nothing special, I gave the boy's room an extra sweep, why is it that they always manage to put the toilet paper with their spunk not in but next to the bin, or straight in the toilet where it belongs?"

"Too much to drink? Blurred vision after cumming? Not realizing or caring that someone will need to clean it up? I have no idea dear, toilet paper should indeed go in the toilet or the bin and not on the floor, maybe I should put up signs educating them.

"Yes putting up a sign might indeed be a good idea, George."

"But aside from this, was there anything else out of the ordinary or worth mentioning?"

"No, nothing special today."

"So you'll do it again tomorrow?"

"Yes absolutely, as usual."

"Excellent, I may be a bit earlier tomorrow as I have some administration to take care of."

"No worries, I'll be here bright and early as always."

"Excellent, and thanks for taking such good care of the club Julia."

She gave me a smile, we go way back, Julia and me, she's been with me cleaning the club since it opened so many years ago. When I first saw her I thought she came to solicit for one of the positions as dancer/stripper, she sure as hell had the figure for it. When we got talking, I learned that she had done some serious bodybuilding and participated in numerous competitions in her home country Poland, but when she was urged to start taking powders and pills to build abnormally big muscles and refused she was systematically boycotted so she quit. She even had to flee the country, as this racket was regularly run by unsavory characters.

That's how she ended up in our country, smart enough to do it on her own and not sign up with what I call people smugglers who bring a lot of Polish and Eastern European girls to our country promising decent jobs but then invariably end up in

prostitution. When she arrived a little over 15 years ago, she was welcomed into the local Polish community and by some family members who'd come here sooner already looking for jobs and a better life, and was urged to learn our language so she could find a decent job and that's how she ended up on my doorstep, applying for the job as a cleaning lady.

Because of the nature of my business, I didn't want to work with an agency and have different cleaning ladies regularly. And although she was only supposed to come 4 days a week, I was prepared to employ a full-time cleaning lady and had put an ad to that effect in the local newspaper, and that's how I got to know Julia and she became my faithful cleaning lady almost from the moment I opened the club some 15 years ago.

So the day started in a very regular fashion for me, checking the supplies, putting in orders for booze and snacks, and getting everything ready for opening. One, out of the ordinary thing I had on that day was a girl coming in to apply for a position as a performer. She told me that she would come at 1 pm to show me what she could do. The normal opening time of the club is 2 pm so she had an hour to convince me she was going to blow my customers away with her body and her performance.

At 1 the bell rang. I was pleasantly surprised, a girl that was on time, a rare commodity in these circles and one of my biggest frustrations. You quickly get angry customers when you open the club and you have no one to perform. After all, that's why the punters come and pay good money, to ogle girls taking off their clothes and wrapping themselves around a metal pole showing off the most intimate parts of their bodies. If they only wanted to have a beer or a cocktail they would go to a different establishment.

At the prices, I charge for drinks, they expect to see bare tits, asses, and pussies, preferably nice ones. OK, they always get to see tits, as the girl or girls working behind the bar are always topless, but that's just the short while when they order and pick up their drink or when one of the girls brings it to their table. I had not foreseen bar stools in front of the bar as I didn't want men to distract whoever was attending the bar by trying to chat them up. After all, the sale of booze is where I make most of my money, so it's very important that no mistakes are made there. There is a small cover charge upon entering the club, but that barely pays Joe's wages, the bouncer I employ during opening hours.

So after hearing the bell, I let the potential new dancer into the club. At first glance, she looks good, with nice long reddish hair, one of the preferred hairdos for strippers. She wears a crop top, leaving her midriff bare, and a cut-off pair of jeans shorts showing off her very slender and long legs. At first glance, I don't immediately see any tattoos or piercings, excellent, but yeah you never know what will be revealed when she starts to undress.

"Welcome to my club, Maya, was it?"

"Yes, Maya."

"I presume that is not your real name but a stage name?"

"Indeed it is, do you need my real name as well?"

"Only if I employ you, dear, that's a legal requirement, for the contract. But we'll cross that bridge when we get to it."

"OK."

"What I do need to see right now is some sort of ID, making sure you are over 18."

"Oh but I'm 20, so there will be no problem there."

"Wonderful, but I do need to verify it anyway, I don't want to get into trouble with the law."

A bit reluctant she handed me her ID card knowing I could not only see her birthdate but also her real name. She was indeed 20 as she claimed and I couldn't help myself taking a quick look at her name as well. Tabitha Bell, maybe she was ashamed about her given name. Tabitha was more a name for a colored girl and she was absolutely not colored, in fact, from what I could see of her skin I would say she had a real British rose complexion, including the red hair and some freckles.

"OK Maya, you are aware of the kind of service we offer our customers?"

"Euh, I guess, stripping, dancing, public and private, and also maybe a bit more?"

"When with a bit more you mean do we allow our girls to offer sexual services, no, we don't, we have a separate area for the dancers to perform a lap dance, but we don't have any rooms for intimate encounters. If that is what they want to engage in they have to do that off the premises."

"I'm glad you don't, most clubs do offer that, but that is not something I want to engage in, I love to dance and show off my body, even one-on-one, and I don't mind if they do some groping but I don't want to do any more intimate stuff."

"Excellent, I'm glad we understand each other. Do you have your own music adapted to your own routines, or do you dance to any music the DJ puts on?"

"No I have my own music, I've got it on a stick is that possible?"

"Of course, I don't need a DJ to make that work, would you like to show me then what you can do, one or more of your routines?"

"Yes."

"Do you need to put on a different costume?"

"No, I found out that when I wear normal daily clothes and get undressed it gets me more and bigger tips, I hope we can accept tips being slipped into our clothes?"

"Yes of course."

"Starting from normal clothes makes it look real, maybe a bit like those girls that do Naked News on the internet."

"I think with that attitude you will fit in perfectly, most girls start their routine dressed as if they would be out on the street, or sometimes even working in an office some do have fancy costumes as well. "

"OK, if you want you can put the music on so I can start, and I too have a few fancy costumes I sometimes use."

I got up while Maya walked to the stage in the middle of the room. I had no idea what kind of music she had on that stick, I was expecting something from one or other modern rock band or this heavy metal stuff, but I must say I was pleasantly surprised when I heard music coming out of the speakers I recognized as the theme from the movie Bilitis from David Hamilton, the famous photographer, specialized in erotic photos of young girls.

Maya began to sway to the music, her arms high up in the air, showing off her lite body, I even thought I sometimes saw a hint of underboob. She then began to caress herself in a very suggestive way, her hands going over her bare midriff and her still covered-up boobs. She also started to play with the metal pole in the middle of the stage. It became quickly clear this girl knew how to handle a pole. She climbed up the pole and when at the top, she bent one leg around it and slowly let herself slide back down. That was only the beginning, within the shortest time, she was hanging upside down, did a split holding on to the pole with her hands between her legs. She was using the full 11,5 feet height of the pole, and the whole stage playing up to me like the girls usually do to receive tips put between the elastic of their panties. To make it real I had taken a seat right next to the stage like the punters usually do.

After a good 10 minutes of performance on the pole, she began to take some of her clothes off. First, the crop top she was wearing, taking ample time to reveal the nice bra she was wearing underneath, so I must have been wrong in thinking I saw some underboob earlier. Then the jeans shorts followed, leaving her in a very beautiful lingerie set showing off her nice rounded tush. Dressed like that she did another 5-minute routine on the pole, now being able because she had lots more nude skin, to perform some more daring moves. She really built up to the first movement of truth, the unveiling of the boobs. They were stunning, beautifully sticking out of her chest. I think she threw her bra in my face to make me check her size, an 85C European, or 38C American, nice size, not too big, just perfect for this job!

Her areolae and nipples were rather light-colored, like her skin, which had some freckles, not really heavy mind you but just enough to make her look really British in combination with the red hair. I wondered if she was going to deliver the proof of being a real ginger. Two minutes later I hoped she was going to put me out of my misery when she removed her panties. Only there was no proof as she was nicely shaved or waxed and completely bald. She did have a textbook pussy though, two

full pussy lips showing a neatly closed slit in the middle no inner lips visible. What I adored most of all was that she had no tattoos or piercings whatsoever. The most perfect natural body you can imagine. Admiring her nice behind I was certain that when you would throw a tennis ball against that bottom it would bounce right back.

When she had finished she put her hands on her hips making a curtsy, followed by a little air kiss, as Marilyn used to do. I applauded like an audience would normally do. She quickly picked up her clothes and put the top and jeans back on, not bothering with the underwear coming down from the stage.

As I could see she was sweating after such a performance, I had a bottle of water at the ready for her, which she accepted thankfully.

Where did you learn all that?"

"Oh here and there."

"Do I detect a classic training?"

"Yes, you did."

"Why didn't you pursue a career in classical ballet then?"

"I did for a while, but then I had an accident and I couldn't do pointe work anymore, and that was it. So I changed to burlesque, which allowed me to use all of the other things I had mastered without having to dance on my toes."

"You clearly don't have any problem with the nudity?"

"No, I'm very proud of my body and if I can make it work for me, showing a bit more skin, after all, in modern ballet, there is also a lot of nudity these days, I even performed for a while in the ballet group of Jan Fabre."

"Yes I know him, he is very controversial, there was even a bit of a scandal brought forward by the MeToo movement."

"Yes, but I left the company well before that, I never experienced anything inappropriate, but it didn't pay very well, so I went looking for something that would allow me to live a decent life."

"And is that why you came here?"

"Yes, I read the reviews of the club and they were good, so I guessed you employed a better class of dancers and not girls who just take their clothes off and make money on the side fucking the customers."

"Yes, I pride myself in employing only top-class performers, like yourself I may add."

"Thank you."

"I mean it, your show was absolutely breathtaking, combining beauty, strength, flexibility, and nudity. And if I may add, you do look stunning. When can you start?"

"Wow, you mean you want to employ me?"

"Yes, by all means, I think you will draw big crowds, you are definitely as good if not better than my current star performer Rose."

"I saw pictures of her in the box in front, she is very beautiful, I can imagine that she is your star attraction."

"So I guess if you need to draw up a contract of employment you will need my real name."

"Yes, I will Tabitha Bell."

"You read my ID card!"

"I'm afraid so darling, but I don't see why you wanted to keep your name a secret."

"Come on, do I look like a Tabitha? That's the name of the witch in my mother's favorite series Bewitched."

"Well, The name was common in 18th century New England and became very popular again in the 1970s and 1980s in the States, probably due to indeed the 1960s TV series. Nothing to be ashamed of."

"How long do you want to perform here and how many days a week, we are open for business Wednesday through Saturday from 2 pm to 2 am. I expect the dancers to at least do an 8-hour shift with two half-hour breaks, to be arranged amongst themselves. I want at least one performer, from 2 pm to 5 pm and from midnight to 2 am. The other times I want a minimum of 3, but preferably 4. If you join us there will be 6 performers in total, so it won't be too strenuous. "

"That sounds reasonable, I would go for the 4 days and I won't mind the first month to do the afternoon or graveyard shift, when there are the least number of punters, 2 or 3 times per week. What concerns the total employment time, if I like the other dancers, I'll go for an open-end contract with after the initial 3 month period a 3 months' notice if I want to leave or you want to fire me."

"Excellent, don't you want to know about the financials?"

"I want a fixed gross pay of € 5,000 per month, I'm willing to equally share the tips I get on stage with the other girls, and you, if that is the practice here or I'll give 15% of the tips to you. For any additional money I make from lap dances, I only give you a 15% commission and I decide on my price for that service myself."

"Sounds reasonable, and as I do for all the other girls, I'll add 100 Euro a month which I'll deposit in an extra-legal pension fund, which you will receive when you retire or when you turn 65, not that I expect you to work for me till you reach that age," I said with a wink and a smile. It took her a bit to understand I was just pulling her leg with the age thing.

I also confirmed that the girls always put all the tips they made on stage in one pot which was then divided in accordance with the hours they worked that day.

By this time, two of my girls had arrived, Daisy, one of the two who tended the bar, and Apple the oldest of the five dancers I employed. She preferred to work days and be home at night. I turned back to Maya or Tabitha if you wish and asked her.

"So final question, when would you like to start?"

"Today if possible."

"That's right now then, we open in a few minutes, is that OK?"

"Yeah, and if you wish I'll work till closing time, that way I guess I'll get to know everyone and they get to know me."

"OK by me, but I don't pay overtime."

"That will be my gift to you for accepting my terms, but it will only be a one-time deal mind you."

I called Apple and Daisy, to introduce Maya to them, and beckoned Joe the bouncer who had also arrived.

"Hey guys, we have a new recruit, Maya is joining us as of today, exceptionally she will work the whole shift to get to know everyone. I expect you Apple to take her under your wings today to show her how we work and figure out how she will fit into the schedule for the coming weeks."

"OK boss, no problem, the more the merrier."

"Maya, this is Daisy, one of the two girls tending the bar, this, as you already heard, is Apple one of the five dancers who currently perform, and Joe is the one who will protect you when there is a customer that causes trouble."

"Nice to make your acquaintance you all," Maya said with a bit of a Southern drawl.

"You from the South girl," Apple immediately wanted to know, as she herself came from that part of the country.

She took Maya backstage with her to show her where she could prepare herself for the shows. I was curious how she would do, it's always a risk to hire a new girl, will she perform well? About her performance, I had little doubt after having seen the routine she put on to convince me of her abilities, but will she fit in the team, only the future will tell. By the time they had disappeared, Joe had allowed the first customers in, they were a small group of 5 youngsters, by the looks of it, some sort of birthday treat for one of them who probably just turned 18 which is the legal age we can allow them in.

I know and trust Joe to make sure they are of legal age, even if they show up with fake IDs, he can spot these a mile off. After they got their beers, leering at Daisy's naked tits, and making rude remarks, which Daisy countered in her own way,

shutting them up immediately, leaving them with red faces in the process, they took up a spot near the stage.

I wondered who was going to come up first, Apple or Maya. If it was Maya, I still had the memory stick with her music and would put it on immediately, but no it was Apple who appeared first. A sophisticated computer program would handle the music and lights for her act, the only thing the girls needed to do was push the right button before coming on stage. Later when Maya would come on I would have to activate the memory stick with her music and work the spotlight manually. Eventually, the music and spotlight moves for her show would also be programmed into the computer so that, like the other girls, she could activate it herself before starting.

I saw that Apple did her detective routine, entering on stage in a black Macintosh wearing a black men's hat. Her whole routine took about 20 minutes with her getting completely nude after about 15 after which she teased certain guys in the audience, giving them a really intimate look at her pussy during the last five minutes. That usually got her some extra tips. She doesn't mind a guy shoving a bill in her folds, provided it's big enough of course. From what I witnessed over time, nothing less than a 100-euro bill had ever entered the gates of heaven. I doubted the youngsters would give any tips at all.

I must say, they surprised me as when Apple was dancing around in her underwear, I saw some of them slipping a fiver through the elastic holding up her panties. They were rewarded with a wiggle of Apple's huge E-cups right in front of their faces. I knew that when you slipped her a 20, she would immediately remove her bra and wiggle her naked tits right in your face. Now Apple could well be one of these guys' mother, I didn't know exactly how old she was, but I guessed she must be on the wrong side of 50 and picking up speed. She didn't look it though, still very firm and flexible, she could do things on the pole that many of the younger girls were incapable of.

When Apple's routine was done, there was a 20-minute break, allowing the punters to get another drink or two. I presumed Maya would be next. By this time a couple of older men had entered and taken up a spot on the opposite side of the stage keeping a safe distance from the boisterous young ones. These were the kind of customers I liked much more, they drank hard liquor, which generated a bit more revenue than beer. Later in the day, when there were more girls the customers could ask one of them to join their party and treat them to a drink, which invariably was a glass of Champaign or for the more generous a whole bottle. Unknown to them, it was alcohol-free bubbly of course. They could even drink it themselves, because by the time they were, they had, had a lot to drink already and didn't feel the difference anymore.

The youngsters enjoyed Maya's show tremendously, after all, she was very close to their own age and they could easily imagine themselves having sex with her. I saw that she managed to get a nice amount of Euro bills shoved around the elastic of her panties 5 Euro bills from the youngsters and 10 or 20 Euro bills from the older

gentlemen. As a reward, the latter got a front-row view when Maya removed her bra. Afterward, she also showed her tities to the youngsters to, but the older guys got the scoop this time. The show she put on was the one I had seen before but it still aroused me, she was very beautiful.

Ten minutes after finishing her show she came towards me.

"Was it any good?"

"It was tremendous, I enjoyed it as much as the first time I saw it, is Apple treating you OK?"

"Absolutely, we've become friends already and if the other girls are like her we are going to get on like a house on fire."

"Well that's what I expect of you girls, to put the house on fire so that the customers get really thirsty," I said with a wink.

"Oh here is our next showgirl," I beckoned Peach over, who'd just walked in.

"Hi Peach, meet Maya, our latest recruit."

"Hello Maya, nice to make your acquaintance," Peach said while giving Maya a hug and a kiss on the lips.

Maya, a bit flabbergasted said, "Wow that is a very warm welcome, nice to meet you Peach."

"Don't mind Peach, darling she's more into girls than boys."

"I see, no worries, I don't mind the occasional cuddle with a girl either, but I do like boys as well."

"So you're bi?" Peach wanted to know.

"If you want to put a name to it yes I'm bi."

"Great, now at least I won't be the only one here who's into girls."

The remainder of my performers, Rose, Eve, and Ruby came in the late afternoon or early evening, and whenever one of them showed up I immediately introduced Maya to them. At first glance, they seemed to get along with Maya as the other two had. I hoped I had indeed made a good choice to hire Maya to strengthen the ranks. It would at least get some of the pressure off, as it had been a problem lately to have enough girls around to get a show with a 20-minute break in the afternoon and constantly from 8 pm till midnight. After midnight I hoped now to be able to offer a show with only a 10 instead of a 20-minute break between each of the acts.

The remainder of the evening went rather well. Maya stayed, as promised, till 2 am. With the help of the other girls, costume-wise, she had put on at least 5 different 20-minute shows repeating the ones that proved to bring more tips, totaling about 12 throughout the day and evening. It meant some additional work for me as her shows

were not yet programmed in the computer but I didn't care as she was a great success with the punters. As far as I followed her, I had seen her disappear in the lap dance room a couple of times and when they came out the guy she was with had always a big smile on his face, some even had a wet spot in their pants.

I had agreed with Maya that she would come over on Sunday or one of the other days that the club was closed to program the computer handling the music and lights for her. She agreed to come in the next Monday. I arranged for my computer guy to come as well.

Although I had seen all 5 different shows she put on I wanted to be present when the programming was going on, I needed to be there anyway to help with the lights. She had also brought her different costumes with her and I must say the shows looked even more impressive with her own costumes than with the ones the girls had lent her the first day.

The first one she put on was the one she put on when applying for the job. The second one started with her entering the stage dressed in furs like a cavewoman, her midriff was bare with her boobs covered in a fur bra. The outfit was completed with a short furry skirt and furry boots till mid-calf. To add drama to the outfit she had a fur bag, meant to carry any small animals she supposedly had killed or fruits she could have gathered, a bow with arrows in a tube made of leather and fur, and a spear with her completing her 1 Mio years BC outfit. She danced wielding the spear around and stabbing at imaginary beasts, in this case, the punters that would be seated around the stage. The point of the spear was made of rubber, to make sure nobody got hurt. The final touch was a big wig with hair going in all directions making her really look like a wild cave woman.

The soundtrack she had handed to the computer guy enhanced the whole scene, starting with some music suggesting danger when she mimicked hunting. After a while, she took off the bow and arrow tube and the music suggested she had arrived at a pond. She looked around to make sure nobody was following or stalking her and slowly began to remove her clothes to the sound of distant drums and a waterfall. First, the fur bra, under which she wore a tiny leather thing, just covering her nipples. She mimicked taking water from the pond and wash her upper body with it. She removed the footwear and mimicked wading in the water, throwing it up with her bare feet. The tiny bra, she was still wearing proved to be inconvenient and of course, she removed it showing off her tits in their full glory. Lights in the back had changed suggesting a waterfall was feeding the pond she was wading in. She moved in front of it and began removing the skirt revealing a pair of tiny leather panties, with a small triangular patch in the front just covering her pubes kept in place with leather laces around her hips and in her asscrack.

In this outfit, she made a wild dance around the stage, to entice the punters to put money through the laces, ending up removing it altogether. Then she moved to the pole and performed some acrobatic moves on it accompanied by some more

drumbeats but this time sounding nearby. A real cavewoman would of course have had a full bush but we didn't think the punters would object to her shaven pussy.

It took about 45 minutes to can the whole routine and all the lighting and sound changes it required. After a break to change into her next costume, we continued. In this routine, she started in a full-length evening gown. The type movie stars wear on the red carpet, fully covering her body, but with parts that would also reveal her full legs, suggesting even she wasn't wearing any panties or a bra, but where would the fun in undressing be when she removed the dress she would immediately be completely naked, so the lingerie she was wearing was sort of see through.

The fourth routine began with Maya in a school uniform, her hair in two ponytails a much-liked way of starting a striptease, adding youth and innocence to the routine and playing on the idea of the forbidden. A schoolgirl taking her clothes off. The fifth and final routine was based on the naked news or weather bulletin routine which is very popular on the internet. It was combined with projections of news items or a weather chart on the back wall. She looked a bit like a secretary when she entered the stage and then simply took her clothes off as she played the news anchor or weather girl. Although they were very similar it gave in total 6 different routines.

It went like a dream, everything was done and dusted in a little over 5 hours.

Mother hen Apple had worked out a new attendance schedule including Maya over the same weekend and had mailed it to all concerned so that everyone knew when they had to be at the club. After a few small changes made by the girls, the final version would be the work schedule for the remainder of the month.

Everyone was happy, working nicely together and making good money until that horrible day, two months after Maya had joined our little family, which would change our lives forever.

Chapter 2

It was 3 am in the morning that Friday when I drove out of the parking of the strip club. Pushing the remote the sliding gate closed slowly and as usual, I waited until it was completely closed as lately a wave of break-ins had hit the area where the club was located. A number of my neighbors had been visited by burglars who'd taken cash or valuable items from their shops and if they hadn't been able to get something of value had created a lot of damage. Despite the numerous cameras, we had installed over the past months, the police didn't have a clue. There were even suggestions going around to set up a 24/7 guard system, most shop owners were willing to chip in to hire a professional crew. The next day I was very sorry to not have pursued it sooner and more vehemently.

After a reasonable night's sleep, I drove up again to the club around 9 am the next morning and found the parking half filled with a bunch of police cars with flashing lights. When I wanted to go in I was stopped by a big guy who told me to get out of there. Getting out of the car, I told him I owned the place, and even when I told him my name he still became rather aggressive telling me to keep my hands where he could see them while grabbing his handcuffs. I was ordered to turn around and put my hands behind my back and was immediately handcuffed and marched towards what looked like the command vehicle.

"Chief this guy claims he owns this place, and says his name is George Gentle," the big guy who had cuffed me said to what looked like the person in command. Before he could reply I asked what was going on, and where my cleaning lady was.

He looked at me and said, "You have a cleaning lady inside?"

"Yes, sir, she comes every morning and cleans the place for me."

"And what does this cleaning lady look like?"

"She's around 30, average height, black hair, she's Polish, has a nice figure, she used to be a bodybuilder."

"And she comes every day?"

"Not every day, but only when we have been open for business the day before, she's got a key, she starts at 8, and by this time she's usually halfway thru and when I arrive she has her break and we have a coffee together."

"And you do that every time she's here?"

"Yes and I would like to know what is going on, and what all of you are doing here, and why am I handcuffed, and why can't I enter my own premises? Has there been a break-in?"

"We will be asking the questions here sir, but if you absolutely want to know why we're here is because your cleaning lady called us."

"So there was a break-in then?"

"That we don't know, what we do know is that there is a corpse in there and it doesn't look like an accident."

"A CORPSE?"

"Yes, sir a dead woman."

"What dead woman, where did she come from, who is she?"

"That is exactly what we're trying to figure out, where were you last night?"

"I was at home, sleeping."

"Mmhm, can anyone confirm that?"

"No, I live alone."

"And what time did you get home?"

"I left here as usual around 3 am and I was home about fifteen minutes later, say 3:15 and I went straight to bed."

"And you slept till now?"

"Not exactly, else I wouldn't be here now would I?"

"This is no joking matter mister, what time did you get up and what did you do?"

"OK, I got up at 8, showered, had breakfast left home around 8:45, and drove here, where I was handcuffed by one of your officers without giving me a reason or a chance to explain why I was here."

"You said you own the place?"

"Yes, for the past 15 years, you see it's called George's hideout, well George that's me."

"I see, and you never had any problems?"

"Not this far, I guess I was the lucky one as a lot of my neighbors had burglars visiting, but none had a dead person awaiting them when they arrived in the morning to open up."

"Yes we know there's been a wave of burglaries lately, but this is the first time a dead person was found."

"Do you think I had anything to do with this dead woman, whomever she may be?"

"We don't know yet, what you tell me makes sense at first glance but we have to be careful."

"Is there really a need to handcuff me for that?"

"Maybe not," looking at the big guy who had brought me to him he ordered him to remove the cuffs.

"Can I go in now, and can I please see Julia, this must be awful for her."

"Why do you want to see this Julia and who is she?"

I wondered, was he trying to trick me and thinking I will tell a different story?

"As I said before sir, Julia is the Polish cleaning lady who works for me and I'm not only her employer but also a close friend, she must feel overwhelmed by all of this, as I presume she was the one who found the dead body?"

"Yes, and as you sort of claim to care for her and be her only friend, it is odd that she didn't call you in the first place but us instead."

"That is not odd at all, after the wave of burglaries started, I told her that whenever she found something strange arriving or entering or she didn't feel safe she needed to call the police immediately and wait outside for you guys to arrive, which I guess is what she did?"

"Yes, she was outside waiting for us when we arrived, extremely upset. We immediately called for an ambulance to provide medical support."

"Thank God, and how is she now?"

"She's fine."

"Can I see her?"

"We would first like for you to accompany us inside and see if you know the dead woman we found."

"OK."

"A word of warning, it's not a beautiful sight, she was violently attacked and her whole body was badly scarred."

Another car arrived and a young oriental-looking female driver stepped out and joined us. She greeted the chief and he took her immediately aside. They seemed to have a heated discussion. Unfortunately, I couldn't understand much of what they were saying. Later, much later I was to find out what this was all about. When, after about 10 minutes, they came back to me still discussing, both looking rather angry with the chief almost using hands and feet to make his point, to the young oriental woman, with whom he clearly had an argument and kept repeating they had received a call via 112 (the general emergency number in Europe to call the fire brigade, police and or ambulance similar to 911 in the US) from a woman with a strange accent telling them she had found a dead person in this bar. That they had rushed over and indeed found a dead woman, most probably murdered and half an hour later I had arrived claiming to be the owner of these premises, and we were on

the brink of going inside to find out if I happened to know the victim or could shed any light on what had happened.

She looked at me, extended her hand, and said, "I'm Seiko Tashima and I will be the investigating officer for this case, and you are?"

"Pleased to make your acquaintance misses Tashima, I'm George Gentle, owner and operator of this place."

"Miss Tashima, mister Gentle" she replied, "and do you know the woman who placed the call to the police?"

For the umpteenth time, I had to tell somebody else who Julia was and why she was there, and what my relationship with her was.

"Yes, she's my Polish cleaning lady, Julia."

"And have you known her long?"

"Yes, we go back a good number of years, she has cleaned for me for the past 15 years now, almost from the day I opened the club and she's very dear to me, so I'm rather worried about how she's feeling after discovering what it is she discovered."

"Well Mister Gentle, we'll find out together what she has discovered when she walked in this morning."

Coming in I immediately saw that what the chief had told me was a serious understatement. A naked female body, covered in blood, was suspended from a beam with four ropes attached to her wrists and ankles, spread-eagled completely. I had a serious problem not heaving.

"Do you know this woman Mister Gentle?" The chief asked after he saw that I looked a little less pale.

Do I know her, God she is my best stripper and pole dancer, when she is performing all the men go crazy, throwing money on the stage to urge her to get completely naked as quickly as possible.

"Yes officer, this is one of the girls performing here, she's my star attraction, her stage name is Rose, you can see her photos on display in the box at the door."

"Is that her real name Mister Gentle?"

"No of course not, all the girls that work here do so under a stage name, her real name is Meredith, Meredith Taylor.

I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. Who in his right mind could mangle a woman as beautiful as Meredith in this way, it was pure horror. We were asked to stay at least 5 meters away from the body to avoid any contamination. She had cuts all over her body, with her back almost raw flesh, clearly from a vicious whipping. What looked like a champagne bottle was rammed up her pussy, and with rammed I mean not only the neck of the bottle but the whole bottle, there was barely 2 inches sticking

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