

La Donna Tutt

The Dressing Room Chapter One

Karyn Cole cringed as the deafening music pounded from the other side of the hollow metal door. Hesitating, she held the silver doorknob for a few seconds and deliberated with her own thoughts.

Don't do this, girl. Just turn your monkey ass around and go home. No, I can't do that. My pockets are a little light these days and Jamal needs some new shoes by next week. Oh Lord, why do I put myself through this shit? Is it really worth it?

She held the doorknob even tighter, causing her hand to tingle within its own tense grip. *Oh, fuck it! What the hell do I hafta to lose,* she thought as she finally reached her decision to enter. She stepped inside the door and the music was louder than she anticipated. Cigarette smoke wrapped itself around her like a wool coat. Other than the cloud of smoke, Karyn was pulled into the appeal of the Detroit nightclub.

She strolled inside the room with seriousness written across her brow. Her curvaceous legs guided her across the carpeted floor. Karyn pulled her long hair behind her shoulders so she could get a non-obstructed view of her surroundings. Sensing a sea of eyes staring at her, she realized the racing of sweat beads from her underarms.

Degree protection my ass! This is the worst deodorant on the market! I would've been better off wearing no deodorant at all, Karyn reflected as she took small, deliberate steps toward the occupied bar. *And no more wonder bras for me. My chest is about to bounce out of my blouse with each step I take.*

She tugged at her bra straps so that her bosoms would fall back in the cups comfortably.

I don't know what in the hell I was thinking. Like the silly idea of a beautiful, vibrant woman walking into a strip club will easily be accepted among her peers. Ha! Only in la-la land would that ever happen.

Even though Karyn knew it would be virtually impossible, she wanted to be accepted at the Pretty Woman with welcome arms. With each step, her nervousness grew and butterflies began to flutter in her innermost being. She absorbed the uniqueness of her surroundings as she walked down the aisle, but reality began speaking to her.

If I'm not the silliest woman on the face of the earth, I have got to be close it. Here I stand trying to act like this club is going to be any different from all the others. In actuality, it's just like the others, just better looking. All I'm doing is wishful thinking, better yet, grasping at imaginary straws, she thought as she adjusted her duffel bag on her shoulder. *It's a known fact that veteran strippers take it upon themselves to make it difficult for all new dancers who enter their arena. The head-strong, territorial veterans*

will do just about everything in their power to make sure that the rookies have an unpleasant experience, or worse, do something that any timid person couldn't stomach, causing that chicken head to run for cover. But ab-hub. Not me, I'm not that one. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not ever.

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