

Zulas slid down the pole, flashing a surly glance at his enraptured and raucous audience as his feet touched the platform floor. His clothing lay at his feet, having been slid off his body with all the allure that the experienced pole-dancer could muster. What clothing remained was aesthetic at best. A pair of white suit cuffs, separated from their sleeves, dangled off his wrists. A matching white collar rose from his shoulders and up to his chin, and was fastened to his neck with a green necktie with white polka dots. The only piece of cloth protecting his modesty was a small green speedo with a white heart on the front.

He bent backwards and twirled around the pole, giving his audience a full three hundred and sixty degree look at his black-furred body and the striking blue stripes that highlighted his curves.

"You all want more?" he shouted over the cheers and the pounding bass beat of the club music. He knew they did. They always did.

The euphoria of showing off made every inch of his skin tingle. He felt electric, as though the pole itself were charged with blissful electricity that flowed through his body and out into the crowd. There was another uproar, and Zulas was showered in green; dollar bills of all sizes blinding him to the crowd that flung them at their idol. He waited for the shroud of cash to settle and got into position. One leg curled behind the pole, his back arched away from it, his hips thrust forward.

He ran his hands down his sides, slow and teasing, all eyes fixated on them as he caressed down his ribs and over his waist. His fingertips met his immodest underwear, filled as they were with his bulge. He tugged the hem away from his hips, and flipped the fabric down, letting his black shaft with its deep blue tip flash out. The crowd lost it, erupting into a roar as their performer showed them his goods.

Zulas tried his best to hide his blush, trying to remain professional in the face of roaring praise and showering cash as he flashed his body to the club. The attention got him harder, and he performed another spin on the pole, twisting himself upside down and hanging there to make it less obvious. Ultimately it didn't matter. He loved it. They loved it. He knew that he'd always come back here to perform. Not just for the money, but for the glory.