

SOPHIE ADAMS

BET ON

*Love*

SEVEN SINS: LUXURY



## Blanche

*“Emily Crowford is dead. Stay focused, Blanche Deluxe”*, is what I would say to myself every morning when I woke up and a slight feeling of sadness would wash over me as I took in the peeling walls and the musty smell in my small rented apartment in Lake Las Vegas. For a woman used to living in an eight-bedroomed mansion in the wealthy district of Raleigh, North Carolina, it was far from easy to keep my spirits up and remain optimistic when I was living in a neighborhood mainly made up of alcoholics, working girls and drug dealers. To get across town to get to the Strip took me almost two hours. Then, it was rehearsals for eight hours non-stop for a one and a half-hour performance and then I had to do the same journey in reverse to get back but now with the added complications of the late hour in a city that never sleeps and the dangers that are around at that time of night.

But, I couldn't complain. It could be worse. At least I had food on the table and a roof- albeit ugly, small and musty, over my head as well as a job that enabled me to get by.

I still remember when I arrived in Vegas, a little over a year ago. After my mother's death and the reading of the will, I had lost everything: family, my place as Prima ballerina at the city's ballet corps, money, social status and the fiancé. That was how I referred to Jacob Mills- the guy who doesn't deserve to be given a name. The asshole who trampled on my heart and then took off at the first sign of trouble. The only thing I had left was the house but it had been mortgaged for years and so I had needed to sell it to pay off all the debt, taxes and fees. With only two thousand dollars in my bank account and being treated like a social outcast by everyone I'd known my whole life, I made a list of all the American states and, through an app

on my cell phone, I picked one out at random. I had chosen my destination. The numbers rotated and Nevada came up. In less than 24 hours, I was on a plane, economy class, on my way to Las Vegas with one designer suitcase, which I sold when I got here, and a folded piece of paper in my jacket pocket which was an ad for an audition at a casino in the city.

The biggest con ever!

When I arrived in the city, I came across what I consider to be one of the worst things in Vegas: the strip clubs.

Women would dance naked or semi-naked on stages in places that were even worse than my apartment, gyrating their bodies around a pole and receiving money in their panties. They left 65% of what they'd earned with the pimp owner of the club.

I admit those days were tough. I got a job waiting on tables at the worst restaurant in the world, on the ugly side of the Strip. Hours and hours on my feet serving all kinds of people, hearing the worst chat-up lines, getting my ass pinched and being treated rudely by clients in return for \$1.50 an hour. It was the same story at every bar or showhouse I went to: I could be a topless cabaret dancer or a working girl. All I had to do was choose. My money was running out, the landlord of my flea-ridden room was threatening to kick me out and I hadn't had a decent meal in five days when my luck started to change. I managed to get some auditions for better shows. This was when I met Kitty Monroe, an original showgirl. With an hourglass body and a pout to die for, Kitty was as hot as her name suggested and she turned men on and made women envious. I met her the first time at a dingy casino where she was the choreographer and was hiring girls for her new show. She looked me up and down, her lips, painted in shiny red, turned up in distaste.

“My dear,” she said, “the swan lake ethereal type might be successful where you come from but here in Vegas, to be a successful showgirl, you need to have long, shapely legs, a round butt that leaves men drooling and, most importantly, know how to move your hips.”

I didn't pass the audition. My ballerina physique of 1.58m, slim but toned body, very blonde hair and classical expression weren't compatible with the sensuality Kitty was after. But, after seeing me cry as if I'd just lost my best friend, she agreed to help and train me to be the perfect showgirl.

As I, obviously, couldn't stretch my limbs enough to transform my 1.58m into 1.75m, Kitty put me through a training program fit for a soldier preparing for war. My diet, which until then had been 1,200 calories a day, had practically doubled. The objective of the exercises was no longer to keep my muscles firm and build up my resistance. I needed to thicken my legs and butt so that, for the first time in my life, I had a body so curvaceous that Jessica Rabbit would have been jealous. Kitty taught me how to do precise movements and perfect high kicks, sensual hip swinging and what I would call puffing out my chest which drew attention to all my attributes...which I hadn't even known I had.

After a few months, I was the perfect pinup girl: as well as a body full of curves, I'd also gained a sexier and more sophisticated appearance as a result of my make-up classes, my very tight clothes and long, red, wavy highlights instead of my blond hair.

When Kitty thought I was ready to kick ass, she gave me a small role with tears of emotion in her eyes and said that I had passed her showgirl training school with flying colors, even though I was the only student, and that, for this reason, I deserved a new name and a new opportunity.

That was the day I buried Emily Crawford and became Blanche Deluxe, the sexy redhead.

On the sheet, in her beautiful calligraphy was written:

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