Second Career

by David James

“Just how many different bipeds try to hide their nakedness?” “Only one. And that'd be us, idiot.”, Twinkle responded. “Then, why don't we mind showing certain parts of our bodies?”, she then asked. Twinkle could see it was going to be another one of those days with Misty. “We often blush when asked to take off our robe, but we work hard waxing our legs to show them”, she continued. “Misty, shut the fuck up!”, said her friend, Twinkle.

Most pole dancers probably don't take a shine to banter like this on a drive to pick up late meal at a Chinese takeout joint after work, but Misty, however, still thought herself a philosopher by day though she acknowledged that she was a high-priced bimbo at night. She would sometimes stare at an egg roll in her fingers and pose esoteric questions to it like, "Can God make a rock so heavy that even he can't lift it?" Twinkle would grimace. It was weird all right, but Misty had never seemed right after the accident which left her car horribly damaged. And, though there was no blood, the wreck was not without complications. You see before this event Misty (née Jane) taught at the local junior college and she would often lapse into professor-ese talk but then that night whoop it up, performing her pole dance, giving lap dances and sometimes more.

Her teaching career was wrecked away. With the seams undone, she entered this, her second life. Misty really liked the young college guy fans. She'd say, "Twinkle (née Elizabeth), they adore me. Here I am at 52 and my body still retains the tone that has them asking for a racy photos for their dorm rooms. To me, that's the measure of an examined life. It's worth living."

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