

Being a hostess at the high end strip clubs came with a lot of perks but there was also politics associated with those extras. The top girls also got bonuses but they also had to know how to play the game to keep their position. They knew if they wanted to be a big earner, they had to be in my good graces. I had clients at Scores and Hustler who would specifically request me to party with them and bring other girls whenever they came to the club. This is when the politics of strip clubs enter the game. I would arrange for the hottest girls to come to parties because of their looks and bodies. They would get the top money. Then I would arrange for some "flutters" to attend. These were the lower tier of girls who would do the "dirty work" which would include sex. The "it girls" didn't participate in those escapades. These parties always came with big bonus payouts for me and the girls.

There was one night at Hustler where a well known R&B singer who had a volatile reputation was partying all night in a private room with me and a few of the top girls. He wanted to continue the party in his hotel room so he requested the host to invite all of us to come over. He said he would pay each girl an extra 8K. When we arrived at his five star hotel suite, his security promptly took all of our phones because of who he was and the amount of drugs he was doing. They also wanted to make sure that none of this would be leaked to the media. He was so paranoid that there was no sex involved, even the fluffers didn't need to do anything. All he wanted to do is dance with the girls and do mounds of cocaine with all of the T&A surrounding him. After an hour and a half, I was so bored that Jacklyn and me decided we wanted to leave, since we knew we weren't going to get paid anymore. He also started acting so strange. He kept looking out the windows and under the doors because the paranoia from the drugs were really kicking him. Once he saw that I was leaving, he said, "Please don't go. I'm sorry. I'm fucked up. I like your company". He handed me a huge tip and his personal phone number and we've been friends ever since that night.

After one night at the club, one of my biggest Wall Street finance clients from Pennsylvania, and I left around 5am, after he spent about \$115,000. This wasn't a big deal because it was considered a small amount of money. Ariana, Hana, and I got into the SUV supplied by the club, and went to Christian Louboutin on Horatio Street. I called ahead and asked them to open the store for me around 6am. The manager knew me because I was already one of his biggest clients. He said he would open the store but we would have to spend a minimum of 30K. I told him okay and that we would spend 77K. We spent that exact amount in less than a hour. I got so many shoes that it was just crazy. The client from Pennsylvania didn't care about the money and loved the way we shopped so much that he said let's do it again tomorrow. The next day we picked him up from the Wall Street power player restaurant, Smith and Wollesky Steak House, and went straight to the high end jewelry store Tourneau, where he bought two Rolex Presidential watches for me. He was so happy spending time with me after the shopping spree but he wasn't interested in going back to the club. The club got wind of these shopping escapades and was getting on my ass to bring him back in. I knew if I didn't get him to come back to the club I would be blacklisted. Although, he offered me thirty grand not to go back to the club, I begged him to go because I had no other

choice. I needed him to go back so the club could keep money or I wouldn't be making money there or any place else again.