College Stripper Confidential

by secretbadgoodgirlÂ©

I pulled into the parking lot and turned off my car. The sun was dazzling. It

was a hot early autumn afternoon, nearly eighty degrees out, and I still hadn't

gotten my air-conditioning fixed. The weather would turn cooler soon enough and

then I wouldn't have to get it fixed until spring, I thought. I sat there with

the windows rolled down. My t-shirt stuck to my body with a thin sheen of sweat.

I'd driven by this place at night before. It looked a lot different in daytime

without the neon lights. It was a building without windows, dirty and in need of

paint. It looked more like a warehouse than a strip club.

I felt tingly and nervous, my heart beating faster. There were just a few other

cars in the parking lot. I looked in the mirror, made sure my makeup was ok, my

hair reasonably brushed. I was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, and sneakers. For a

regular job interview, I'd have worn my skirt-and-jacket that looks like

something Scully would wear in THE X-FILES. Well, what is one supposed to wear

to a stripper job interview? I was fresh out of hooker clothes. I wasn't going

to wear lingerie. I'd rejected the idea of a sundress. Most of my skirts weren't

that short, and I'd feel faintly ridiculous in them. I mean, not ridiculous in

them per se, but wearing them to a job interview to be a stripper I had worn a

nice lacy bra and knickers. I wasn't wearing a thong, but I had taken the

precaution of checking the knickers for holes. As my grandmother said, what if I

was in an accident? Besides, this probably wasn't even the interview, this was

just get-some-paperwork-to-apply time. I wasn't really expecting to strip down

today.

I decided I didn't want my car to be an oven when I came out, so I rolled up the

windows but left them down a couple of inches. I'd put my book bag in the trunk,

so there was nothing worth stealing in the car. On some level I assumed there

were street urchins waiting to break into cars left unattended in a strip club

parking lot.

As I got out of the car, I could feel the heat coming off the blacktop. I felt a

little weak on my feet. Taking a deep breath, I started walking towards the

strip club entrance.

What's the worst that could happen here? Bouncers could grab me as soon as I

walked into the entrance, hustle me into a side room, inject me with heroin,

throw me a crate, and ship me off into sexual white slavery to some foreign

country, where I would live out my days as a drug-addicted whore. That was

probably not going to happen.

What's the second-worst thing that could happen? I thought back to movies I had

seen. I'll be led up some stairs to an office, which looks down on the club

through one-way glass. A short, balding man with a mustache, chomping on a

cigar, would leer at me, and ask me to take my clothes off. He'll try to fuck me

on his desk. I guarantee you, I can outrun that man to the exit.

What's the tenth worst thing that could happen? A dozen buxom girls, all with

considerably bigger breasts than mine, will laugh at me, and heap scorn on me

for thinking that anyone would want to hire me to take off my clothes in front

of strange men. They will chase me into the parking lot, boobs shaking, and beat

their palms on the roof of my car as I drive off in tears. "Don't come back, you

bony-assed no-tits skank!" one would scream. They'd pull a rope, and a vat of

pig's blood would spill all over my prom dress. Suddenly my telekinetic powers

would begin to manifest with deadly consequences. Wait, wasn't I driving a car a

moment ago? Why am I back in high school now? And why am I plagiarizing from

CARRIE?

Ok, this wasn't going to play out like any of those scenarios. There, my

over-vivid imagination had already disaster-proofed this misadventure.

If it gets too weird, I can just leave, I kept telling myself.

I walked through the door. It was a cool dark cavern inside. My eyes had to

adjust. There was a booth where a woman sat on a stool. There was a sign that

stated it would cost $10 to get in.

What would she think of me standing there? That I was a lesbian coming to look

at naked girls on a weekday afternoon?

"I...I want to apply for a job!" I stammered.

She looked me over, but I didn't detect a critique. Not "you're too skinny," or

"with boobs like those?" or "You don't look like a stripper!"

"Hold on," she said, and left through a door in the side of the booth. I stood

nervously. I could still bolt for the parking lot.

I had this absurd notion that cops were going to leap out of nowhere and arrest

me. And why? I wasn't doing anything illegal.

She seemed a little plump to be a stripper. I had actually been to a strip club

once before, a pretty high-class one, with some male and female friends, six

months ago, soon after I'd turned 21. I'd gone along for a lark. It was actually

kind of fun. It was naughty and exciting, seeing those girls strip. The guys

seemed to like the idea of us girls giving one-dollar bills to the strippers, so

they kept plying me with money, plus paid for a few table dances. And they

bought most of the drinks. I paid very little that evening. I should state, I'm

not bi, I'm not bi-curious. I had fun that evening, but it didn't turn me into a

sex-crazed lesbian. But I was fascinated by the girls. What would it be like to

do this, to take off my clothes for strangers? Mostly I enjoyed the reaction of

the guys watching me give money to the strippers, or having a lap-dance from

one. I played it up. We'd embrace and kiss after the lap-dance. My male friends

would cheer. Guys are pretty dumb. I had fun, I was tingly and excited. For the

record, I did not feel a spread of moisture down in my nether-regions. My

knickers were not soaking wet. My pussy was not sopping with desire. Fortunately

we'd taken two cars, because eventually we girls (and one guy) had had enough;

we left and the rest of the guys stayed, probably until closing time.

And I didn't really think about it again, until a month ago when I was chatting

with a girl at a frat party, and she revealed that she was a stripper. She

worked in a strip club that was just a few miles away from campus. I decided I

couldn't do that; I couldn't work as a stripper where I'd be so easily

recognized. I'd be mortified.

But campus was only 40 minutes from the Big City, and there were strip clubs on

the outskirts of that which, on a good night, I could make it there in 30

minutes.

I weighed it in my mind. My parents are fairly religious, not crazily so, but I

was going to have to keep this job a secret. But we lived out of state from

where I went to college.

I, frankly, needed the money, and I was sick of waitress jobs or, before that,

working in the school cafeterias. And this would be a lot more money for less

work.

This wasn't prostitution. I wasn't going to have sex with these men. To my mind,

this was just a little more risquÃ© than being a Hooters waitress.

I know I'm pretty. Guys hit on me a lot. Women are often jealous that I can eat

a lot without gaining weight. I stay thin. I have a decent, thin body. I have

small breasts, and my ass is a little bony. I've noticed that doesn't keep guys

from hitting on me. In the grocery store, at stoplights, they flirt. I'm no

supermodel, but I've got an athletic body, and a pretty face.

But could I work as a stripper? I didn't have huge breasts. Would more buxom

girls be getting all the requests for lap-dances, while I stood, forlorn,

waiting to be picked?

What would be more humiliating, having men shout as I took off my clothes before

them, or not being picked for the up-close-and-personal stuff?

My friend assured me that I had what it takes. Some men prefer the

small-breasted girls at the strip club. Some nights, I'd make less money, but

other nights, I'd be busy while the big-breasted girls had more idle time.

I thought it sounded like fun. I could be a sort of play-slut. I could strip

naked in front of a room full of men, and yet there were big bouncers making

sure I wasn't gang-banged.

Sure, I had concerns. I didn't want it known among my friends, classmates,

professors, that I was a stripper.

I didn't want to be put in a position where the customers were taking liberties

with me, but my stripper-friend at the party had assured me that the bouncers

usually kept them in line. Most of the guys were nice, some were assholes, and

some were a little creepy. But, she said, usually the worst thing was the rare

but not unknown instances of customers with bad body odor or bad breath that you

had to get close to.

I was more concerned about the people who worked at the strip club. Would the

owner, manager, bartenders, bouncers always be trying to score with me? I'd seen

episodes of THE SOPRANOS where the bouncers demanded blowjobs to work the VIP

room. I didn't need the money THAT badly.

Again, my new friend assured me it wasn't a big problem usually. Good managers

keep the help off the girls.

I figured, if it did get too weird, I could always quit.

I was startled out of my reverie by the return of the booth girl, this time

through the entrance into the club, and she had a man in tow, whom she

introduced as the manager. Bruce.

He wasn't short, but he was stocky and balding with a mustache and more or less

looked like my concept of a Mafia-connected strip club owner. However, he shook

my hand and was nice, gave me some forms to fill out. And, he said reassuringly,

I'd be interviewing with his wife. I could bring the forms back, or I could fill

them out here. I decided to fill them out here, so they led me back through the

kitchen to a break room with tables and chairs.

His wife, Cheryl, was a homely woman who looked like a kindly aunt. She made me

some tea, and we chatted. I was upfront, that I'd never done anything like this

before. She was very soothing, and asked me to go over my fears about it.

I ticked through them. Assurances that I wouldn't have to screw the customers.

Making sure I wasn't expected to screw the other employees. Worries about

leaving the place at night. She assured me that they had employees see us to our

cars. She did advise a cautionary note to make sure weird customers weren't

following us home.

I'd heard strippers did a lot of drugs. She said that she was sure some did a

lot of pot, but if serious drug use was detected at work, it was grounds for

firing. The local police didn't hassle the club much, but they would if it

became a drug zone.

I was in college; I didn't want this to affect my studies. She said that, if I

could commit to 3 nights a week, they could use me. She did warn there were late

nights; they closed at 3 AM usually. On weekends that wouldn't be a problem, and

I thought I could manage to do that once a week on weeknights.

I asked if my boobs were too small for this kind of work. She said that wouldn't

be a problem, I had plenty to offer as a stripper. But she did say that some

girls who'd gotten implants did make a little more money. Would I consider that

if I worked in it awhile? I said I didn't think so, and she said that was fine.

She seemed forthcoming and honestly concerned, so I asked if there were pitfalls

that I should be cautious of. She told me that I already seemed to have thought

this out a lot better than most girls. The one thing she mentioned I should be

cautious of, is that some strippers tended to be party girls, after closing they

still wanted to go to a bar and drink. She said she was concerned at times, not

of the girls leaving her club drunk, but of them driving home from their

nightcap party spot. And she'd seen cases where college girls hung out with the

other girls too much after hours and their grades suffered.

And she mentioned the smoke. Strip clubs are smoky places. I didn't smoke, and I

was concerned about secondhand smoke, but I thought I could handle it.

Maybe, she said, but don't underestimate it. Some girls have had to quit because

they can't handle all the smoke.

I figured if too much smoke was what caused me to quit being a stripper, my

other qualms wouldn't be a problem.

So, she asked me, do you think you can dance?

Well, I'm not Elaine from SEINFELD, I seem to do pretty good dancing at bars

when band are playing. But this isn't really that kind of dancing. I took some

dance back in Elementary and Junior High.

I was apprehensive, wondering if she was going to have me strip down and dance

in front of her, in front of the other employees, or what.

She told me that what they did was, every other Saturday morning, they had a

little dance class for new employees. I didn't have to go buy clothes at first,

I could pick stuff out of a closet they had, but if I kept with it, I would want

to get my own stuff.

And then, almost embarrassed, she said, I do have to ask you to strip down

before I can sign you up for that.

So I did. We went into her office (which was up a flight of stairs, but adjacent

to the office that I had pictured pretty accurately with the one-way glass

looking down on the proceedings).

She had me strip down and just show my body to her.

It was strange, stripping before this woman. Somewhat like going to a doctor's

office, but then, she was appraising me. She said I had a nice body and I'd do

fine. She said, honestly, she was just checking for weird scars, tattoos, and

whatnot.

I didn't have any tattoos, but I asked if they weren't allowed. She said they

were, but, everything in moderation. She compared it to a car with a couple of

bumperstickers, versus a car that had a dozen bumperstickers. The latter has a

crazy driver behind the wheel. That made me laugh.

We shook hands, she told me that there wasn't a beginner's class this Saturday

but the following Saturday, and that she'd give me a call before then, if there

was any problem with the paperwork.

And then I was out the door, back in the hot parking lot, and feeling giddy. I

felt, oddly, like I'd pulled off a jewel heist or something.

I spent a week on pins and needles, scared she wouldn't call, and scared she

would call. But she left a message the following Tuesday, said all was in order,

and the class would be that Saturday morning at 7 AM. She apologized for the

early hour, but it had to wrap up by 11 AM, when they opened for real and

started getting the lunch crowd.

I got up at 5AM Saturday morning, showered, dressed, drove over there, and was

there at 6:45 AM. It felt strangely like going to a swim class in the summer

when I was a kid.

There were three other new girls there, and another girl, Julia, taught the

class.

It was actually comforting to go through the class. If I'd just been thrown cold

into jumping up on stage before a room full of strangers, I don't know if I

could have done it, but this made it seem professional. Yet, they weren't too

serious about it; there was a sense of, ok, we all know this is a little

ridiculous. Can you believe they're actually paying us to do this?

And she went over some basic ground rules. How to flirt without getting too

nasty. How to get the attention of the bouncers in a hurry if you needed them.

Customers would buy us drinks, but they would be watered down so that we weren't

falling off the stages.

We practiced doing lap dances/table dances; how close to get, what to not make

contact with. Where to make sure the customer's hands stayed. We paired off and

practiced with each other, which was both a little sexy and so completely silly

that pretty soon we were laughing like loons. It felt a little bit like we were

practicing to be in a play or a musical.

I tried several different costumes. The hardest part for me was the ridiculous

high heels; I was afraid I'd twist an ankle. Move conservatively at first, I was

told.

And then, it was 11 AM, and class was over. I was told to come back Tuesday

night. Come a bit early, so I could go through the prop closet and pick out my

costume. But, I got to take the shoes home. I could practice and try to get my

sea legs.

And so I did that Sunday and Monday night in my apartment's bedroom, to my

stereo, looking in my full-length mirror, feeling six kinds of ridiculous, and

making sure my roommate wasn't home while I did this.

Then Sunday night I took a long luxurious soak in the tub and proceeded to shave

my pussy clean as a whistle.

Tuesday I felt like I had a buzz on all day, in classes and walking around

campus. I was excited, scared, about the evening. I only had to work 4 hours

that first night, 9 PM to 1 AM, but I was there by 7 PM to get ready.

Cheryl had one of the experienced girls, Rachel, take me under her wing. I

decided on a schoolgirl outfit, plaid skirt, white blouse. Red knickers and a red

bra. These were stripper garb, made for easy peel-offs. I was a bit squeamish

when it came to the knickers and bra; who else had been in these? But, I was

assured, they'd been laundered since their last wearer.

I kept telling myself, if I screwed up, if I made a fool of myself, it didn't

matter, I could quit and never show my face there again.

I'd been told to think up a stage name. I'd also been told not to stress out

about it; if I decided on a better one later on, I could always switch. I

decided on "Samantha." That was back at the training Saturday. We'd used our

stage names the rest of that day, and it was funny: It was a lot easier to take

off my clothes when I was going under an alias.

From 8:30 PM to 9:00 PM, I sat at the bar, sipping a Coke, until I stopped for

fear that it was just going to make me have to pee. I watched Rachel, or Star as

she billed herself, seemingly effortlessly dance up on the stage near me, and

then wend her way through the crowd to coax table dances out of them.

And then it was my turn. The DJ, whose patter was every bit as sleazy as I had

imagined, said into his microphone, "Gentlemen, let's give it up for Sa-MAN-THA!"

I went up the steps terrified. Half wishing that he'd said, "Be gentle, this is

her first time!" Half-glad he didn't.

And the first song played. It was Evanesence's "Bring me to life." I danced. I

unbuttoned and slowly shrugged out of my blouse. Then my skirt. Men scoped me

out. A few held out dollar bills, and I retrieved them and put them in my garter.

I felt like an imposter. Somebody in the crowd would shout, "She's no stripper!"

and then, a crowd of peasants with torches would chase me down and burn me as a

witch.

The first song ended, and nobody was booing at me. The second song started,

"Closer", by Nine Inch Nails. This time, gulping, I took off my red bra,

exposing my little titties. Nobody laughed. Men stared at them transfixed.

The third song started, "Ragdoll", by Aerosmith. And, for a few dollars more, I

undid the Velcro on my knickers and took them off. I was now bare before a room

full of men, but for my heels. Men looked at my shaved pussy with bright eyes.

Hot tramp, daddy's little cutie.

I felt like I was in a room full of friendly but hungry wolves. But there was a magic force field here, three bouncers that would kick ass if anyone messed with me.

And I got through it. The song finished, I picked up my scattered clothes, put

them back on, and stepped off the stage. I wasn't the most graceful dancer, but

I hadn't embarrassed myself, I hadn't tripped and fallen off the stage.

I sat out the next round of songs at the bar, and then, I moved to a different

corner of the room and a different stage and was ready to go again.

Then came my first request. As I finished and stepped off the stage, a young man

stepped up to me and said, "I would love if you'd give us a table dance." I made

certain where he was sitting, and told him I'd be there, after a short break.

And then I went and peed like a racehorse.

And then I went to their table. He wanted me to dance specifically for his

brother, who had just turned twenty-one, and had chosen me from afar as the one

he wanted his lap dance from.

I sat and chatted through the next round of three songs, as Rachel had told me to do.

The brother was nervous. I decided to come clean. I said to him and the other

three guys at the table, "Listen, this is my first night, and you are my first

table dance. I'm a little nervous."

They loved it! They had me do table dances for all of them!

By the time I was done, I was pooped, and begged Rachel to take a break and sit

by the bar for a bit. After that it was up on stage, then some more lap dances

at other tables.

Eventually my first table called me back for more. They were so pleased to have

broken my table dance cherry!

And so the evening ended at 1 AM. I'd gotten through it, I was exhausted, I'd had fun.

In the dressing room, Rachel said something that stuck with me. "Honey", she

said, "That's a table of four guys who are going to go home and every one of

those guys is going to jack off thinking of you."

"One of them was married."

"Well then, he's going to go home and screw his wife thinking of you."

I drove home and was wired. I had a glass of wine. Finally around 4 AM I frigged

myself under my covers until I came. I barely made it to my 9 AM class, and all

day I was dragging, but I felt exhilarated like I'd run a marathon.

And so it went. Three nights a week. I made great money. I managed to keep my

grades up. My social life suffered a bit; I didn't have as much time to hang out

with friends or to date. And I felt mysterious, like I was a spy or superheroine

with a secret identity. A few times I saw students I knew vaguely in the

audience, and also a few professors. They didn't seem to recognize me.

October rolled around, and we had a Halloween theme night at the club. I went as

a sexy cat.

My life became very compartmentalized. I made friends with some of the strippers

at work, but I didn't socialize with them outside work. Some of them were also

in college, some weren't. Some were single mothers, which kind of blew me away.

I know what everyone says. Strippers are all screwed up. They were sexually

abused when they were kids, and this leads this to crave exhibiting themselves.

Well, I wasn't. Some of them were a little screwy, some seemed fairly normal.

The strip club was a fairly classy one, so all of the women were pretty

attractive, and not older than mid-20s. I did suspect some of them were drug

users, but they kept a wrap on it at work; the management was pretty strict

about that.

In the end, it was wild, fun, naughty. I could release some inhibitions in a

safe environment. I enjoyed showing off my body to men. I could be a play-slut.

Was I demeaning myself by doing it? I didn't think so. In a way, it all seemed

kind of silly, and if men wanted to give me money for what I was doing, so be

it. I enjoyed turning them on, but I wasn't going to have sex with them. I could

be a bit of a tease, and get paid for it.

Most of the men were actually pretty respectful, and weren't taking it too

seriously. There were occasionally some weirdos, but, the bouncers kept them at

bay. I did get customers trying to get me to go on a date with them, but, I'd

had that as a waitress as well, I got pretty good as nicely deflecting them.

Some of the bartenders and bouncers would hit on me as well, but I just sort of

rolled with it.

In late November, I was going to stay on campus for Thanksgiving, but my mom

begged me to come home. I decided against flying, so I drove the 600 miles. At

Christmas time, I'm flying, I decided.

Thanksgiving was nice, a big dinner at the house of my aunt and uncle. My mom

and dad, my brother, surviving grandparents, and my cousins were there. Everyone

asked how school was going. I told them it was going well. And that I was

working part-time as a waitress. Smiling inwardly the whole time at my secret.

If they only knew!

Friday night, the day after Thanksgiving, my neighbor Mr. Johnson was out

walking his dog. When I was in high school, I used to baby-sit for his kids. He

was an attractive older man, and I always thought that he found me cute. At

times he'd look at me a little lecherously. I didn't mind too much, because he'd

never do anything untoward.

Tonight, I walked down the driveway to greet him. "Hi, Mr. Johnson!" I said.

He grinned. "Hello.... Samantha."

I felt a jolt go through me like my heart had skipped a beat. My neighbor knew

my stripper-name! And I know it's a ridiculous overreaction, but my bladder let

go, just a little. There was a little squirt of moisture as I literally peed my

knickers in fear.

Gulp!

TO BE CONTINUED...