**Girlfriend's Revenge**

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**Girlfriend's Revenge Pt. 01**

My head was still spinning from what Becky had just said. Her boyfriend, Brad, and mine had been frequenting the strip club on the other side of town. I could hardly believe Aaron would go to such a place. We had known each other almost five years, been dating for two, and sleeping together for the past year. We were even talking about getting jobs in the same city and moving in together after graduation, maybe even getting married.  
  
"Well, I don't care where Aaron gets his appetite, as long as he eats at home." I heard myself say, repeating what my older cousin had said about her husband looking at porno magazines. The words seemed as empty as they did when she said them.  
  
"Really? You don't care?" my roommate replied.  
  
"I'd rather he didn't, but what's the harm?" I said, while in the back of my mind I was thinking it was likely Brad's idea anyway. It seemed he was always pushing or dragging people into doing something.  
  
"I'm pissed. Why should he be looking at other women like that! What do they have that I don't?"  
  
"Have you confronted him about it?" I asked.  
  
"Ya, and he said it was no big deal, just a little T&A show and that amateur night was pretty funny sometimes. When I asked him how he would feel if I went with him he said 'any time', but when I asked how he would feel if I were the one up their dancing naked in front of other guys he said he would never allow it."  
  
"So, what are you going to do about it?"  
  
"I don't know. I love him, so I don't want to break up. After all, the sex is still good. I thought of hiring a male stripper for a party and making sure Brad knew about it. Give him a dose of his own."  
  
"That might be fun, but I don't think that would phase him at all. I think you would have to do something more." I suggested.  
  
"You mean fuck some other guy?"  
  
"Oh, no. I wouldn't go that far, just something to make him take notice. If you don't want to lose him I don't think you want to give him an excuse to dump you." I counseled, trying to think of how I was going to handle things with Aaron.  
  
"Maybe if we showed up on stage at amateur night it would get their attention." Becky countered. "Would you do it?"  
  
With a gleam in her eye she grabbed her phone and dialed Brad's number.  
  
"Hi Sweetie, where are you?" she cooed.  
  
"Which one? Maybe Tracy and I can come join you guys." she probed.  
  
"What's that I hear about 'take it off'?!? Are you at that strip club?" Sounding a little upset.  
  
"Why are you there? ... What do you mean 'no big deal'? ... What do you mean it's a 'guy thing'? ... I don't buy it ... I don't care if it is amateur night! Would you want me dancing naked like that? ... Ok, then why is it fine for other girls and not me? ... Don't bother coming over tonight then!" and with that she finally hung up the phone.  
  
"That asshole!"  
  
"Calm down a bit." I said. Becky was always flying off the handle at every little thing, overly jealous about anything or anyone that Brad did separate from her. "So what if he is at the stripper bar. It's not like he's fucking them."  
  
"I don't care. I just don't like the idea of him looking at other girls that way. What am I anyway, chopped liver? I ought to go down there and show him a thing or two from the stage of that dive."  
  
"Now, slow down. You don't want to rush into anything." I cautioned, aware of the buzz I was feeling from the wine I had been enjoying. Her last statement struck a cord deep within me, touching on one of my long secret fantasies - to get naked in front of a bunch of guys. I'd had repeated dreams of stripping at a frat party, a bachelor's party, and even on stage at a club. She was on the edge of doing something impulsive, and similar to hasty reactions that had cost her a previous boyfriend. I was amazed that Brad hadn't bolted either after nearly six months with her.  
  
"Ya, well Aaron is there too. Doesn't that bother you at all?"  
  
I cringed. I hadn't thought of that. I could hardly believe Aaron would go to such a place. Not once had he gone to a strip club or to a party with a stripper, at least that I knew of anyway. We had known each other almost five years, been dating for two, and sleeping together for the past year. We were even talking about getting jobs in the same city and moving in together after graduation, maybe even getting married. It was shocking to realize the different facets and implications of fulfilling this fantasy, and what other things Aaron and I had not shared.  
  
"Well, I don't care where Aaron gets his appetite, as long as he eats at home." I heard myself say, repeating what my older cousin had said about her husband looking at porno magazines. The words seemed as empty as they did when she said them. I could feel the anger and doubt start to build inside, contrary to what I had just said, because Aaron had not told me about this. Just as strong was the feeling of excitement in living out the fantasy, and having Aaron be a part of it.  
  
"That's bullshit!" Becky fired back. "I'm going to change and go down there."  
  
With that she bolted off to her room. Crap. She was going to go. I couldn't let her go alone, that would be a disaster. A surge of adrenaline surged through my body as by the possibility of fulfilling my fantasy could be at hand. Getting up from the couch I headed to my room. What does a girl wear to a strip club? Definitely not the sweats and t-shirt I had on. I stripped off my sweats as I looked at my closet, contemplating what to wear as if I were really going to be stripping.  
  
"You have to wear more than that. Hurry up so we can go." Becky commanded as she appeared in my doorway, brushing her hair.  
  
She was wearing her red "fuck me" dress. I hadn't seen her wear it since she bought it and wore it to a Pimp-n-Ho party in the middle of the summer. It was a tight fitting tube dress with openings on the sides that barely left enough material to hide her bra and panties, if they were worn at all. It was clear she was wearing a lace bra and matching bikini bottoms this time.  
  
"They're going to think you're one of the strippers wearing that." I commented, as I pulled out a mini skirt and tossed it on my bed.  
  
"Good, maybe he will pay attention to me then."  
  
Not responding to that comment, I picked out a tank top and blouse to match the skirt. I changed from my plain bra and panties to the lacy set that I had just gotten as a surprise for Aaron. The set came with both a thong and bikini brief, which were perfect for maintaining the fantasy in my head. Slipping on the thong could feel my juices beginning to flow, layering on the bikini bottoms.  
  
"Ok, let's go." I said after looking in the mirror and grabbing my ID and some cash off my desk, shoving them in my pocket.  
  
"Finally!" Becky grumbled.  
  
I don't know why, but we took Becky's car and she drove worse than usual. Weaving in and out of traffic, nearly running a couple red lights. By some miracle we passed the sign marking the city limit without getting pulled over, and pulled into the club parking lot. There were about two dozen cars in the lot and the lighted sign by the road read "Tues Nite = Amateurs $100 1st prize". Becky parked in the empty spot next to Brad's car.  
  
"That little shit." she muttered as we got out of the car.  
  
We could hear the music coming from the club as we walked toward the door. Becky was stomping ahead like a woman on a mission, while I tried to keep up. I had a nervous feeling with more adrenaline adding to my buzz, not knowing what really to expect as Becky opened the door, nor exactly what I would do.  
  
"Well, hello ladies!" greeted the bouncer just inside the door. "Here to show us your dance moves on stage or just have a drink and a chance to get lucky?"  
  
I looked out over the room, surprised by the large number of people and that about a third of the crowd was women. There was a thirty something girl dancing topless on a stage at the far side of the room. Mostly guys had chairs pulled up to the counter and ringed the stage. Some were waving money as she danced by, stopping long enough to shake her saggy tits while they stuffed the bills under the elastic of her thong.  
  
Oh God, that was Aaron and Brad that just tipped her. Becky was staring in the same direction. I was a bit numb, seeing the pleasure filled expression on Aaron's face.  
  
"Dancing!" Becky replied, while I just smiled as my head spun.  
  
"Great! Mandy, take these girls around back and get them set up. We can just squeeze them in."  
  
Numbly I followed Becky and Mandy back behind the bar and into the back room, not actually having answered the bouncer's question. Was I really doing this? Excitement surged in me as we passed storage cabinets and a set of lockers lining the walls. There were six other girls, or I should say women sitting around chatting. They ranged in age from twenties to maybe forties. Most were just sitting there topless, like they just came off the sage, clothes piled under their chair or stuffed in a bag.  
  
"Hey ladies, we have two new contestants, so it will be a bit longer." Mandy announced.  
  
"Let me see your IDs. You can use any of the open lockers for your stuff, Jerry will watch it." Mandy prompted.  
  
We each handed over our ID. She dropped them on the copy machine in turn, then pushed the copied pages at us with a pen. "Ok, sign here."  
  
I started to skim the page, "...I hereby certify that I am eighteen..."  
  
"Come on honey, just sign. We don't have much time if you want to dance tonight. You are the last two." Mandy prodded.  
  
Becky was already handing the signed paper back as I signed.  
  
"Ok, girls. Here's the list of songs you can pick from. You keep any tips you get. You have to stick around for the vote parade, if you want a chance to win the $100. If you are bashful, there are face masks over there, but no one has ever won keeping the mask on. Oh, and be sure to collect all your stuff off the stage when you are done. Any questions?"  
  
We shook our heads to indicate 'no'.  
  
"Good, now tell Jerry over there the song you want and name for the introduction. You can use your real name or make up another. Be sure to wait for your name to be called before going out."  
  
We squeezed past the other women and stood next to Jerry. He was a large man, fat by any standard, sitting on a stool next to the curtain that led to the stage. Next to him was a CD changer and a microphone.  
  
"What can I do for you?" he asked.  
  
"I guess I am up next," said Becky. "I'll go with this song." She pointed to the list.  
  
"Ok, what's your name dear?"  
  
"Bobbie" she replied, reaching over and grabbing a mask off the wall.  
  
He nodded his head and peeked out the curtain. "You have about one minute. When you get out on stage you will see a green light above the normal white lights. When it turns yellow your time is half over. When the yellow light flashes you have one minute. When it flashes red you only have thirty seconds."  
  
I could see the light he described, just over the curtain, it was flashing yellow. A moment later it flashed red and the music ended. I grabbed a mask and slipped it on, just as the cheer ended and the girl came through the curtain.  
  
"Next up we have Bonnie! Ya, I lied when I said Sandy would be our last amateur tonight. We actually have another girl after Bonnie too, so let's keep the party rolling!" Jerry waived Becky to get out on the sage.  
  
As soon as she was through the curtain there was a cheer and Jerry started the music.  
  
"You know your song yet, Sweetie?" Jerry asked me.  
  
"How about you pick me a winner?"  
  
"Sure thing." he replied, peeking out the curtain at Becky.  
  
I stood their fidgeting, glancing up at the light to track the count down. The butterflies were really jumping in my stomach. Would reality match my fantasy? In a way I hardly knew how I got to this point, silly as that sounds. It reminded me of cheerleading in high school, on a last minute whim I did as Jenny. Now I was doing what Becky did, just this time I would be mostly naked at the end, not just slightly embarrassed like at the end of cheer tryouts. Looking up one more time I saw the light flashing red.  
  
"Ok, Sweetie, you're up. What's your name?"  
  
"Trina" I replied.  
  
"Thank you sooo much Bonnie! Now make ready for the last amateur of the night, Trina!"  
  
Becky came through the curtain, mask off and a huge grin on her face.  
  
"You should have seen Brad's face when I took the mask off!!"

**Girlfriend's Revenge Pt. 02**

I pushed past her and through the curtain. I was greeted by a light cheer as the stage lights momentarily blinded me. When I was able to make you where Aaron and Brad were seated, I saw Brad looked really pissed off. Just as the music started he got out of the chair and headed to the backstage door.  
  
I started dancing around the stage, unbuttoning the already half open blouse. Slipping off the blouse I twirled it over my head as I strutted past the guys seated round the stage. Replaying my fantasy in my head, letting it guide me. Tossing the blouse against the mirrors that flanked the stage I noticed that Brad had been intercepted by the bouncer from the door.  
  
Pulling my tank top out from my skirt, I realized I would have to remove the mask to get it off. That wouldn't do, so I stretched one of the shoulder loops and slid my arm through. Repeating on the other side, pausing for a deep breath as I had a "am I really doing this?!?" moment. I pushed the tank top down around my waist to reveal my tits snuggly nestled in my bra. I could see the outline of my hard nipples partially visible through the lace. Working the tank top down over my skirt, I tossed it next to the blouse.  
  
Peeking up at the light, I saw it was still green. Turning my ass to the patrons, I bent over and flipped my skirt up to flash my lace covered ass. Shimmying up to an old man at the side of the stage waving some money. I collected the tip and stuffed it between my tits, just like I had seen on TV and in movies.. Fondling my tits I worked back to the center of the stage, standing up straight I again put my backside to the audience and watched them watch me in the mirror as I unbutton my skirt.  
  
There were a few shouts as I let the skirt drop, kicking it over to my other clothes. There were a few greenbacks waving in the air this time as I strutted around the perimeter of the stage allowing the guys to slip the bills inside the waist of my panties. Aaron even had a buck out, which I gladly took by squeezing it between my tits as he stared at my cleavage. Brad still appeared to be discussing something with the bouncer.  
  
Making it to the far side of the stage, a man in a business suite was waving a twenty. As I got closer, he pointed at my chest. "Show me those titties!" he shouted as he waved the twenty. Kneeling down in front of him I moved my tips from the bra to my panties, giggled my tits while he watched. Leaning forward to him, I pulled the cups of my bra down slowly until my nipple slipped out. He was watching intently. Giving my tits another giggle, I covered them with the bra again. I reached out for the tip, but he pulled it away. Knowing he wanted more than just a peek, I slowly reached back and unhooked my bra. He had a big smile on his face and eyes glued on my chest as I rolled my shoulders forward and allowed the bra to slowly start sliding off. Swiftly I used one hand to momentarily hold the bra in place as I turned my back to him. Freeing my other arm from the bra I slipped it under the bra uncovering my tits. Standing I turned back to him as I twirled the bra over my head before tossing it behind me. He was still smiling and holding out the twenty. Leaning back toward him I pulled my hand away I shuddered slightly, with the sensation similar to an orgasm. My fantasy was now a reality. After a moment I looked up at the smiling guy and reached out for the twenty, which he surrendered to me.  
  
Taking a moment to dance to the mirrors, I drop my tips on my discarded clothes. I noticed the light was now yellow. Ooops, I was only about halfway through the music, but only had one item left to remove.  
  
Dancing around playing with the waistline of the bikini bottoms while collecting a few more tips looping around the edge of the stage, showing off my tits, stalling for time. Guessing that the yellow light would be soon blinking, I began slipping down my panties, revealing my smooth ass, neatly split by the cord of my thong. Twirling the panties on my finger I made another circuit around the stage, collecting a few more tips along the way.  
  
Aaron sat there waving a twenty and pointing at the panties. Kneeling before him with my legs spread, I held out the panties in one hand and reached for the twenty with the other. He was not at all shy about staring at my tits or crotch, not even looking at my masked face. There was a loud cheer as the exchange was completed. Getting up I again danced over to drop the money with the rest I had collected.  
  
Checking the light I saw it blink yellow and then red. Spinning back to center stage I saw the guy in the suit waving more money, so I went over to him. He held it still so I could easily make out it was a fifty. I reached for it and he held it back, shaking his finger. Then he pointed at the mask and held out his hand. I hadn't expected to take the mask off, but I figured what the hell. I pulled off the mask and handed it to him. The orgasm-like sensation once again shuddered through my body. There was a loud cheer and he handed over the money.  
  
Turning, I looked right at Aaron. He was smiling, holding up my panties. From the middle of the stage I giggled my tits one last time as the music ended.  
  
"Thank you Trina!" Jerry's voice boomed.  
  
I hurried to collect the last tips that were being waved, then collected my clothes and the rest of the tips. Pushing through the curtain I saw all the others standing in a line.  
  
"Nice job Trina," Jerry said, "now go to the end of the line. Follow the others out for the voting. Here's a bag to put your things in for now. All the rest of you, remember to line up against the mirror and step out when I call your name." He held out a plastic grocery bag.  
  
I took the bag and squeezed past the others, while trying to jam my stuff into the bag.  
  
"How did Aaron take it?" Becky asked.  
  
"I think he liked it. He gave me twenty bucks for my panties!"  
  
That was all we had time to say before slipping back out through the curtain. There was mild cheering as each topless girl lined up against the mirror. Aaron was still in the front row cheering. Brad was back sitting at the bar with the bouncer a few feet away.  
  
"What did you think of these ladies tonight?" Jerry asked the crowd, wandering out with the microphone in hand. The audience responded by cheering a bit louder.  
  
"Ok, now you all know we have to pick only one winner, so let's hear you shout out for your favorite." With that he introduced each girl in turn. As he paused, each stepped out and posed to try to prompt a louder response. Finally it was Becky's turn, then mine.  
  
"Well, I think we have narrowed it down to three that are pretty close. Jasmine, Bonnie and Trina, would you three please step forward. The rest of you ladies, thank you very much and you can try again next week."  
  
As the others filed out, we stood there. It felt better than I had imagined my fantasy. There was a pride in being nearly naked, no shame or hint of embarrassment. But, then to my surprise there was a flash, followed shortly by another. Instinctively, Becky and I covered ourselves with our hands while Jasmine faced the camera and posed.  
  
"Oh, come now ladies, don't be shy!" prodded Jerry. "We've already seen it!"  
  
The audience responded with hooting and more hollering. Tentatively, I put my hands down again and did my best to smile, as Becky did the same. The guys roared with approval. I could feel the adrenaline surged through my body as I posed.  
  
"That's better girls!," coached Jerry.  
  
I could see the guy with the camera move around and then the flash went off a couple more times.  
  
"Ok, let's hear it for Jasmine!" The roar was louder.  
  
"How about Bonnie!" The roar was about the same.  
  
"What do you think of Trina!" To my dismay the roar was a bit softer, although Aaron was doing his darndest to make a lot of noise.  
  
"Well, thanks for participating Trina. Won't you just stand over here next to me for a moment."  
  
I stepped back against the mirror, as Jerry continued.  
  
"Very interesting! It's been a long time since we had a vote this close. I think we need to vote again for Bonnie and Jasmine!"  
  
"Once again, let's hear it for Jasmine!" Again the loud roar.  
  
"And again for Bonnie!" still just as loud.  
  
Jerry smiled, "I don't recall ever having a tie before, but the boss is giving me the signal that they are both winners!" The crowd cheered some more.  
  
"Ok, show your appreciation for the fine ladies one last time!"  
  
As the shouts and applause died down, Jerry herded us back through the curtain. Hanging up the microphone he pushed a button and music started playing again.  
  
"Ok you three, get dressed and wait here while I get your prize money," and off he went.  
  
Comfortable the way I was, I did really want to put my clothes back on. So, compromised by just slipping on my skirt and tank top and leaving the rest of my clothes in the bag. Jerry returned a minute later, followed by Mandy.  
  
"Here you go. One hundred for each of you, and fifty to you for second place."  
  
"Thanks," we all replied.  
  
"Now, Mandy has a few things to go over with you," and again he wandered off.  
  
"First of all, congratulations on winning. That was exciting. Now as winners you qualify for round two of our amateur contest in two weeks, on Saturday night. The prize for the winner is one thousand bucks. Can I count you all in?"  
  
Dumbfounded we just smiled as we nodded.  
  
"Great! Ok, the next part is scheduling your photo shoots and what night you work during the next week."