**Kaycie Goes to College**

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**Kaycie Goes to College-Prologue and Chapter 1, The Interview**

**PROLOGUE**  
I arrived for my freshman year at college full of self-assurance. I had been an honor roll student in high school, popular, active in my community, and comfortably well off.  
  
Although I had somehow been unable to save more than $227 from my summer job, my parents had generously supplemented my bank account, bringing it up to $1500, and I was further armed with a major credit card with a $1500 limit. As I was living in a dorm and my meals were paid for by my board contract, it was felt that my resources were sufficient to see me through the first semester at the State University College my parents had selected for its affordability and close proximity to home. This was soon to be revealed as unwarranted optimism.  
  
I had insisted on saying my goodbyes at home and driving myself to campus. Wanting no repetition of my parents' embarrassing behavior during "orientation weekend" two months before, I loaded my belongings into my brand new used X-Terra (a going-away-to-college gift from my grandfather) and drove the 70 miles to school. At eighteen, with a car, $3000 in cash and credit, and a large bag of marijuana (one of the reasons my summer job savings had been so disappointing) I was on my own and on top of the world.  
  
I adapted quickly to campus life. There were a number of kids I had graduated with attending school, and I soon made a flock of new friends as well. I managed to restrict (most of) my partying to the weekends, and at the same time maintain a 3.8 GPA. The only problem I had was money. As I approached the winter holiday break, my checking balance had become alarmingly low. To compound the problem, I had lost track of precisely how low it was, having neglected to balance it for two months running.  
  
As I was afraid of bouncing checks, I began to rely on my credit card perhaps more than was wise, and soon found myself in the awkward position of making a minimum payment on a maxed credit card without any confidence at all that the check would clear. My car had developed a mysterious ailment that caused it to sometimes refuse to start, or even turn over. Then a few minutes later, it would be fine. Two trips to the repair shop had failed to reveal any problem. I dreaded the coming conversation that was sure to take place when I went home for the holidays. On top of it all, my big bag of weed was now a small baggie of crumbs, twigs and seeds.  
  
All of this is by way of explaining how I came to take my first job as a nude dancer. Carrie, one of the RAs in the dorm, had started dancing at a bar nearby, and suddenly seemed to have all the money she needed. I asked her if they needed any more dancers, but she told me they would not hire me because of my age, as they only hired dancers over 21. She did know of another bar that would hire eighteen-year-olds, as they had a "BYOB" (Bring Your Own Bottle) license, and therefore did not sell any liquor. The name of the place was “Benny’s”. I called the number and made an appointment to interview that day. The owner, whose name (unaccountably) was Bill, said he or his manager would be there between 2:00 and 3:00 PM.  
  
I was not nervous about it, having always been something of an exhibitionist. In fact, I had something of a reputation for it in high school, having eagerly participated in drinking games that involved removing clothing, and whatever followed. Nude dancing was perfect for me, since I would be getting paid for doing something I enjoyed.  
  
I tried to dress appropriately for the interview, in a clingy white tank top that emphasized my small (but perky) boobs and an extremely short denim skirt. Looking in the mirror, I was pleased as the outfit emphasized my best feature, my legs. Carrie loaned me a pair of high heels with ankle straps and I was almost ready to go.  
  
She asked me what kind of panties I had on, and when I told her a thong, she made me change into a pair of tiny little red booty shorts. They were silk-screened with "liquor" in front, and "poker" in the back, with arrows pointing downward. She said they would help me establish the “right mood”. My roomate Karen thought I looked incredibly cheap. That was the look I was going for.

**Chapter 1- The Interview**  
“Benny’s” looked rather dingy in the light of day. The front of the building had big plate glass windows but these were completely papered over on the inside, with signs in large letters saying ADULTS ONLY! And LIVE NUDE GIRLS! in huge yellow letters. There was a big sign on a pole in front declaring it was “The One and Only Benny’s Lounge!” The lettering was neon, and there were light bulbs all around the sign. I imagined it attracted quite a bit of attention at night. There was a sign on the locked front door that said “Deliveries in rear”, so I walked around back and in the open back door. As I walked in I noticed an old well-taken-care-of Cadillac and a Harley-Davidson Trike parked in back, the only vehicles in the lot.  
  
The bar smelled of stale beer. Looking around, I saw the walls were decorated with beer signs and posters, even though they did not sell alcohol. The bar was a u-shape around the main room, with a platform in the middle with two shiny poles extending to the ceiling, and multicolored lights aimed down from the top. The back room I had walked through coming in had a half dozen beat-up easy chairs arranged around the outside.  
  
I spotted a door marked “Office” and heard a voice I recognized as Bill’s. He was evidently talking on the phone. I knocked on the door.  
  
Bill barked, “Come on in!”  
  
He was a big man with long grey hair flowing around his ears and the back of his head, and completely bald on top. He had a full grey beard, and the leather vest, teeshirt, jeans and motorcycle boots that told me the trike out behind the bar was his. His face was deeply tanned, freckled and weather-beaten, which made his startling light blue eyes stand out like light bulbs. He told the person he was talking to he had to go, and hung up the phone.  
  
“I have two of you coming in today. Which one are you?”  
  
“I’m Kaycie. I talked to you this morning”  
  
“Right, the college girl,” he said, and extended a huge hand.  
  
When he smiled, I saw he had gorgeous, perfect white teeth.  
  
“Since you got here first, I’ll let you have your choice of the two shifts I have open.”  
  
“That’s it, no interview?” I asked, surprised.  
  
“I can see you’re cute, and have a nice figure. These guys that come in here really don’t care how you dance anyway. All I care about is that you are over eighteen, and you understand the rules.”  
  
He handed me a green sheet of cardboard with “House Rules” at the top, and the following list of bullets:  
  
\*Dancers are paid $6/hr  
\* Dancers must be on time for their shift.   
\*Tips must be handed to dancers or placed in garter.   
\*Customers may not touch dancers, except when placing tips in their garters   
\*No cameras may be used in the bar, by customers or dancers.   
\*NO illegal drugs on property. This is a ZERO TOLERANCE item. What you do on your own time and in your own place is not my business, but keep it off my property. This includes the parking lot.   
\*NO personal contact between dancers and customers, except during lap dances. Customers must remain fully clothed during lap dances, and may not touch dancers with their hands.   
\*NO hookups between dancers and customers on my property. This is a ZERO TOLERANCE item. What you do on your own time and in your own place is not my business, but keep it off my property. This includes the parking lot.   
  
“Think you can follow the rules?”  
  
I nodded yes. Bill noticed I seemed quiet, and asked what was wrong.  
  
I told him I was a little bit disappointed that I did not get to at least audition.  
  
He burst out in a big booming laugh and said, ”Well, if you want to, let’s step over to the platform, You looked fine to me, so I had made up my mind already, but I don’t want to disappoint you.”  
  
He pointed to the juke box. “It’s on free play, just pick out what you want to dance to and go ahead.”  
  
I looked over the play list, and saw hardly anything I recognized. Finally, I picked out a few songs at random and climbed up on the platform. The first song was a noisy techno thing that at least had a good strong rhythm. I was able to dance to it pretty well, (I thought) and by the time it was done, I had dropped my skirt and stepped out of it, and was working my “liquor in front, poker in the rear” panties down to show the “landing strip” I had so carefully trimmed into my pubes.  
  
The next song was an electric blues with a really dirty sound, and I decided to try my hand (and whatever) on the pole. I peeled off my top and felt my nipples harden as the cold air from a fan overhead hit them. I tugged my tiny booty panties up to form a tight camel toe, and started working it against the pole. Although I did not really know what I was doing, I loved the way it felt, and the brilliant gleam of Bill's grin told me I was doing okay.  
  
I pushed my panties down my thighs and calves, and spread my knees wide open as I pushed the tiny scrap of cloth off my ankles. Now clad only in my borrowed red “fuck-me” shoes, I started to try different ways of using the pole. I tried to do a couple of spins, but really did not have any idea what I was doing, so I returned to just humping the pole with my bare pussy. I loved the sensation of the cool metal when my wet labia pressed against it, and I worked from one pole to the other to feel that again and again. I also learned to back into it, letting it part my buttocks and pussy lips, rubbing my "groove" up and down against it. When the third song, a sexy R&B number finished, I was covered in a sheen of sweat, and thoroughly aroused.  
  
Bill had an enormous grin on his face.  
  
“Well, nobody would accuse you of being a pro, but you have enthusiasm!”  
  
He told me I was hired, and if I wanted to start that night, he had an open shift.  
  
“Be here by 7:00 PM, and just watch the other girls to see how it works.”  
  
I accepted immediately. Dancing naked for him had been such a turn-on, if he had unzipped his jeans just then I would have fucked his cock off right on the bar. I told him I would see him later and started for the back door.  
  
“Don’t you think you’d better get dressed first?”  
  
I had completely forgotten to pick my clothes up off the platform. We both laughed, and I gathered them up. I put on my skirt and top, and stuffed the panties in my purse. I knew I would want to “get at myself” on the drive back to the dorm.  
  
I also knew that working for Bill at Benny’s was going to be a lot of fun…

**Chapter 2-Rookie**  
When I got back to the dorm I went to see Carrie, my RA friend (and experienced dancer) to tell her I’d gotten the job, and to ask what I should do to prepare for my debut that evening. She asked me how many sets I was supposed to dance, and how long each set was. I told her what Bill had said, with six girls dancing sets of three songs, it worked out to about one set an hour, and about six or seven sets for the night.   
  
Carrie told me I’d probably want to take at least six outfits to dance in, as I’d feel better if I had a fresh costume for each set. I had a drawer full of panties, so I put half a dozen pairs of cute ones in the bag, along with a few cute tops I had. I found an old pair of jeans and cut them down to the tiniest pair of “Daisy Dukes” I had ever seen, so short that the pockets flapped in the breeze and there was nothing much between my legs but the seam. I wasn’t sure what else to take, so Carrie loaned me a plaid skirt and a white blouse for a “schoolgirl” costume, which she said would bring tons of tips. She asked what the dressing room was like, and if there was someplace to wash or freshen up. I told her I hadn’t even thought to ask. She rolled her eyes and said “Well you’d better take plenty of deodorant, and some perfume too, you might need a “French Bath” if there’s no place to wash up!”  
  
I followed her instructions and packed everything she said in a sport bag I dug out of the closet. She told me the most important thing would be my choice of shoes. “No matter how cute they are, if your shoes aren’t comfortable they’ll kill you!” I picked a couple of pairs I thought would be suitable, and she told me to take a pair of sneakers too, just in case. “They may look stupid, but you can at least wear them to walk around in if you get blisters from the dance shoes”. She also gave me a pair of saddle shoes for the schoolgirl costume, and said I could keep them, as they didn’t fit her very well. She gave me a pair of white knee socks to complete the outfit.  
  
I tried to take a nap, because I’d be at the bar until closing, but I couldn’t sleep. I had always been an exhibitionist, and in High School I had found plenty of opportunities to indulge myself at parties, but the prospect of stripping naked and exposing everything I had to the gaze of a barroom full of strange men was so exciting I couldn’t keep my hands off of myself. My fingers stayed busy between my legs all afternoon.  
  
When I got to the bar at 7:00, I went to the office to check in. Bill wasn’t there. Instead, a tough looking woman named Ronnie greeted me. her blonde hair and deep tan, as well as several visible tats, told me that like Bill, she was a biker. She had a “seen it all” look on her face, but I found that she was really friendly, much like Bill. I suspected they were more than business partners, but didn’t ask. Ronnie put my name on the set list last, because I hadn’t danced before, and she said it would give me a chance to see how it all worked.  
  
She showed me to the “dressing room”, such as it was, which turned out to be not much more than a small storeroom in the ladies room. There were four other girls already there, two of them already dressed to dance and the other two still in street clothes. Ronnie introduced me to the other girls, who all greeted me and made me feel at ease. There was LuAnne, who was a cute blonde, about my age and like me, on the skinny side. Cathy C, had waist long black hair with a purple streak. She was tall and willowy, with impressive boobs. I guessed they had been “augmented”, and later on she confirmed it. I couldn’t guess her age. She looked like she was in her early 20s, but had an air about her that made her seem older. She went by “Cathy C” because there was another girl still to come, named “Kathy K” and evidently the others were not surprised that she was late. Shaniqua was a short, solid (NOT fat) Black girl about 20, also with a formidable chest. Finally there was “Flame”. I never knew her real name, but the reason she called herself Flame was obvious, she had shoulder long red hair, frosted blonde, and it really did resemble flames. She also had a tight, athletic body adorned with flame tattoos. She presented quite a spectacle.   
  
Shaniqua and LuAnne went out to the bar, as Shaniqua was up on the platform first and Luanne next. Cathy, Flame and I all changed into our costumes. I put on my Daisy Dukes, a thin purple halter top that complimented my boobs and allowed my nipples to show through, and the borrowed red shoes. As we completed our makeup, Ronnie came in and told us we’d be the only five dancers that night, as she had just fired Kathy K, after catching her turning a trick in a van in the parking lot. Evidently Bill and Ronnie had been on to her for some time, and the other girls didn’t act surprised.  
  
When we went out to the bar I saw that it had filled up quite a bit. Most of the bar seats were filled, as were many of the tables, and there was a group of guys around the pool table. I noticed several things that I hadn’t expected. I was no stranger to stripping and showing myself off to groups of guys, but I had only done it at private parties, usually for guys I knew. In the bar, guys acted much different. At the parties, they whooped and hollered and goofed around, the way women act at a Chippendale show. At Benny’s, they were very different, They watched the dancers, but there was no yelling or whooping. If they made any comments, they were spoken to each other quietly.   
  
Occasionally a guy would hold up a dollar, and the dancer (LuAnne in this case) would step across the gap between the platform and bar with one leg, and let the customer stick the tip into her garter, but most of the men held onto their tips until the dance set was finished, and the dancer would get off the platform, and then still naked, climb up and crawl around the bar, stopping in front of each man and spreading her legs to collect a tip from almost every guy at the bar. Shaniqua was working her way along the bar as I took a seat and waited my turn, and I could overhear enough to understand that she was trying to get someone to have a lap dance (Lap dances cost twenty dollars, and were split with the bar)  
  
I sipped a Sprite as I watched the others get up in turn and dance their strip set, and then crawled the bar for their tips. Finally it was my turn. When I got up, Cathy was crawling the bar, and LuAnne and Flame were both back at the Easy chairs getting ready to bestow lap dances on a couple of guys. I checked myself in the mirror that covered one wall, and decided that I would do. I hadn’t chosen my own songs, as I didn’t really know much of what was in the jukebox, but Shaniqua helped me out and picked out three good dance tunes, and I was on my way!  
  
I didn’t try to do any fancy moves, just undulated to the music, and turned slowly to make eye contact all the way around the bar. I had my legs wide apart and all the guys got a good look up the leg openings of my shorts as I began to move. The narrow strip of denim between my legs was more of a distraction than an obstacle, but they still seemed pleased when I unbuttoned the tiny blue shorts and let them drop to the platform. I reached out and used the pole on my left to steady myself as I squatted suddenly, spreading my legs and causing my wet pussy to gape wide open. I was trying to pace my dance set, but couldn’t keep my hands away. I gently masturbated as I danced until the end of the first song.   
  
When the second song started, it set a faster, more energetic pace, and I could feel my tits jiggling against the thin jersey fabric of my halter. I rubbed my nipples through the stretchy material, keeping them rock hard, and then slipped my hands inside and played with them as I prepared to drop my top. As the song came to an end I reached behind my neck and untied the top string.   
  
The third song was a bit slower, and it took a while for the top to finally flop forward, exposing the hard deep-pink nipples of my otherwise fairly ordinary boobs. I reached behind my back and untied the lower string, letting the purple scrap of cloth fall to the floor. Knowing that I was now, except for my shoes, stark naked in front of an entire room full of strange men was a terrific turn-on. My head was swirling as I used the pole the only way I really knew how, spreading my legs and pushing my pussy against the cold metal, and sliding my wet twat up and down. As the song ended I came to my senses, and started to pick up the tiny scraps of my costume. Shaniqua was getting ready to come up on the platform, and she handed me a towel and a bottle of Windex, to clean the pole I had humped so pleasureably. I laughed and took care of it, and said “sorry!   
  
I dug the garter I had brought for the occasion out of the pocket of my shorts, and slid it on, pulling it high up on my left thigh. I eagerly climbed up on the bar, and began my crawl for tips. The first guy I came to was young and kind of cute, and he had a dollar bill all ready in his hand as I spread my legs in front of him. The other girls had told me if there was going to be any illicit touching, this would be the time, and they also warned me that it was best not to make a big deal out of it, if I wanted to keep the tips coming freely, so I wasn’t surprised to feel a finger slide between the folds of my labia as he tucked the bill into the garter. I winked at him and let him leave it inside for a few seconds, then moved on to the next guy. This would be repeated with several of the other guys as I worked my way around the bar, opening my wet twat for the enjoyment of each stranger in turn.  
  
Some of them were eager to tip, others made me earn it by spreading my hole with my own fingers, and letting them watch me rub my clit. Some of the guys were more interested in my other attributes; occasionally the probing finger would find its way up my anus rather than my pussy.  
  
By the time I made it around the bar, I had lined up two lap dances. All the finger play, along with the excitement of displaying my crotch inches from the faces of a bunch of horny men, had me primed for this next phase of my training as a dancer.  
  
I popped into the ladies’ room for a quick pee, and left my shorts and halter in the dressing room. When I walked, naked, back to the easy chairs I found both of my lap dance customer’s already waiting. Each lap dance was supposed to last for only one song. The customer was not supposed to put his hands on the dancer at any time. That’s as much as I knew of the rules. Luckily, Cathy C was getting ready for a lap dance when I got back there, and I decided I’d just watch her to see what I could learn.  
  
My first customer handed me two ten dollar bills as the music started. He was youngabout 21, and stocky but not fat. He sat back in the chair and held his hands up over his head, so the bouncer, Ray, could see he wasn’t breaking the rules. I sat on his lap and worked my ass as he squirmed underneath me. I watched Cathy to try and get ideas for how to pleasure my customer, and following her lead, I slid off of his lap, pushed his legs apart, and worked my body against his crotch. Cathy was on her knees in front of her customer, rubbing her breasts against the front of his pants. I tried the same move, and got a grunt of pleasure in return. Then my guy said “use your ass, I love your ass” so I backed up against him and finished the lap dance rubbing my buttocks against his crotch. Evidently it was exactly what he wanted, because he handed me an extra ten as I climbed off of him.   
  
The other customer was a tall, rangy older man in white painter’s pants and a striped tank top. He had long white hair and a stringy goatee, and a friendly smile. He told me his name was Al. He sat slouched way down in his chair, with his legs stretched out in front. He obviously wanted me to straddle him, so I stepped over his legs and lowered myself onto the attractive bulge in the front of his pants. I rode him that way until I could feel the swelling of his cock as he grew between my legs. I watched his face and he grinned back at me, and we began to develop a rhythm, both of us thrusting our hips as we felt the pleasure of the friction and pressure. Watching Cathy had informed me that even though the customer was not allowed to touch us, it seemed there was less of a problem with us touching the. About halfway through the song, I rose and stepped off of Al, turning so I faced the other way. Straddling him again, this time with my ass towards him, I again began rubbing my crotch on his thrusting package, but now I slid my hands between his thighs and started massaging his round nuts, and I could feel the rigid length of his cock inside the white painter’s pants.   
  
Al tipped me an extra twenty as the song ended, and asked me if I ever did private parties. I was unsure what to answer, so I asked him what he had in mind. He told me he was in a blues band, and sometimes he and his band had private get-togethers and would like to have me entertain them. I asked if he meant just dancing, and he said, well whatever I was up for. I was cautious, because of what had happened to the unseen Kathy K, so I told him I’d have to think about it. He asked me when I was working again a,d I told him I thought it was Thursday, so he gave me his card with a phone number, and said if I didn’t see him then, to call him, and then he left.  
  
I decided to ask the other girls what they thought.