**Kerry's Hubby Sees Her in a New Way**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Kerry was NOT a happy woman.

She knew that her husband's job as a site superintendent for a construction company required out of town travel, but Tony's latest assignment was by far the longest one she had ever had to deal with; a full six months of his being away all week, only being home from Friday night to Sunday night. He told her they could talk or share a video call every night, but she knew from some shorter assignments he'd had that contact over the phone was a poor substitute for really being together and tended to taper off after a while.

The first couple of months went about as well as they could; Tony managed to get a few Fridays off and dutifully called every night he was away. Still, Kerry was getting weary of living with the long-distance relationship. Ten weeks into his assignment she took two vacation days and made the three-hour drive to the town Tony was staying in, planning to surprise him and get a feel for how he was living on the road. The mini-reunion got off to a poor start, with Tony not showing up at his hotel until after 10 PM, clearly several beers away from his work day. The fridge in his room had two kinds of beer, a few condiments and an out of date carton of orange juice, but at least it was organized; the rest of the room had laundry scattered about and the desk was covered in work documents. She was particularly unimpressed by the porn website his laptop had apparently had on the screen all day; videos of strippers, of course!

Despite his apparent tendency to live like some kind of frat boy, she reminded herself that he hadn't been expecting a visit and held her tongue. The visit ended much better than it had begun; Kerry went out early the next morning to stock up his fridge and pantry while Tony stayed in bed nursing his hangover. He enjoyed waking up to find his beautiful wife naked and slipping under the covers; his first home-cooked weekday breakfast in three months paled in comparison to the wake-up sex but also did him good, and they parted on a happy note.

Since Kerry had the day off, she decided to do some sightseeing and a little shopping. She had a walk in a pretty waterfront park, enjoyed a fine lunch, visited some shops and caught a movie she'd meant to see but missed in her town. She didn't get on the road for home until almost 6 PM, but since she'd be home by 9:30 the timing seemed reasonable. Just over halfway home she realized she was coming up on an exit which was near The Doll Haus, the club she'd stripped at a few months ago. She often thought about her experiences there, more than ever when Tony was away and her vibrator was her closest companion. As vivid as her memories of those nights were, they almost seemed more like something she'd imagined than something she had really done.

Since she'd already begun to feel like her drive had been long enough that a short break to stretch her legs and have a coffee was in order she thought it would be interesting to have a visit to the club without the stress she'd been under during her earlier visits. She pulled off the Interstate and a few minutes later was looking for a space in the strip club's parking lot. She parked and began walking towards the entrance, looking forward to saying hello to a few of the staff she'd met there and wondering how the place would compare to her memories. She smiled thinking how much less intense this visit would be, with her staying fully dressed for a change!

The idea that this would be a stress-free stroll down a particularly exciting stretch of memory lane went out the window before she even got close to the door. Her good mood evaporated the instant she noticed the large red pickup truck parked near the entrance. The one which looked exactly like Tony's truck. The one with his license plate on the back! "Shit!" she shouted, "I can't believe him! He's hanging out at a strip club the same day we had sex?"

Kerry quickly changed direction, not wanting to have to explain her presence there in case she crossed paths with Tony. She hurried back to her car and moved it to a new parking spot, a little closer to Tony's truck than before, but backed in so her license plate would be out of sight. She stared at the entrance non-stop, still hanging on to some unlikely hope that Tony had loaned the truck to a co-worker. Her vigilance was rewarded and her spirits lifted when she saw two guys she had never seen before approach the truck; but when she saw them climb into the truck and leave the driver's seat open she went back to her focus on the club's front door. Less than a minute later she slumped in her seat when she saw Tony come out the door, climb into the truck and drive off.

Kerry sat in her car for a half-hour, thoroughly dejected. Tony had promised to give up his strip club habit and clearly had gone back on his word. She wondered if he'd ever intended to follow through, or if he had just assumed he'd never get caught and had no intention of giving up the habit. After a good long cry, she began to develop a plan to get back at her wayward husband. She left her car and headed for the club's entrance for the second time that night, this time not so much to revisit the scene of some earlier wildness as to somehow find a way to put Tony in his place.

"Hey, I remember you!" the bouncer said as she entered the club, "Been a while, but it's nice to see you. Are you here to..."

"Nope, at least not tonight," Kerry replied. "Is Nick around?"

"In his office, I think, you know the way?"

"I don't, actually," Kerry answered, realizing how little of the club she'd actually visited in her two earlier visits.

"Come on, I'll show you; I'll bet Nick will be glad to see you, especially if you're looking for work. We're down a couple girls at the moment."

Kerry followed the bouncer through the crowded sea of tables and up a short flight of stairs. He knocked on a door at the top of the stairs and waited, opening it for her after hearing a buzzer. He stepped in and said, "We've got a visitor to see you." then turned to head back to his post by the door.

Nick smiled and motioned for Kerry to take a seat, saying, "Great to see you, what brings you here tonight, the usual?"

Kerry laughed, "No, I'll be staying dressed until I make it home tonight. I've been on the road for a few hours and realized I was passing close by. I just thought I'd stop in to say hello and have a cup of coffee before tackling the rest of my ride home."

"Too bad," Nick replied, we're shorthanded right now, that job offer I made the last time you were here definitely still stands."

"I'll admit to being flattered, and my experiences here were incredible, but I'm not ready to give up my day job just yet. I couldn't help you out much with your dancer shortage anyway; the most I could possibly manage would be 3 or 4 hours at a time, and even that only from Tuesday through Thursday."

Nick leaned forward on his desk and said, "Sounds great! My dancers have been working six days a week with our current vacancies and they'd appreciate getting some time off, especially since the days you mentioned tend to be quieter and less lucrative for them, with less lap dance customers."

Kerry was taken aback by Nick's willingness to accept her schedule limitations, saying, "I really wasn't expecting to be having this conversation, I'd have to give it some thought, dancing as a regular isn't something I've ever considered."

"Think it over and let me know; with your looks and anywhere near the enthusiasm you showed here before I'm sure you'd make a good income even on the slower nights. Now go get that coffee and have a safe drive home."

Kerry's thoughts were all over the place as she drove home; before her conversation with Nick, she'd thought of challenging Tony's lies about patronizing strippers, but had no idea how to go about it. She thought about how shocked he'd be if she could confront him with details of exactly when and where he'd been misbehaving, even being able to describe in detail just how he'd been acting inside the club. Working there would make catching him possible.

The fact that she'd have to really be working as a stripper, getting naked several times a night for the pleasure of anyone with the price of admission in order to catch Tony in the act did give her pause. The two times she'd stripped at the club before had been for a specific purpose and only amounted to well under an hour of admittedly outrageous behavior; what she was considering now was way more extreme.

In the end, the memories about her previous stripping experiences helped tip the scales in favor of taking Nick up on his offer; her frequent reliving of the two nights she'd danced before helped override her doubts. She checked the photos she'd sent Tony from her previous visits to the club and was relieved to see that Nick's face was mostly hidden, so Tony wouldn't have connected her photos with the club.

The next afternoon Kerry called Nick with a couple more concerns; "I can't believe I'm considering this, but I'm interested in taking you up on your offer. The one thing holding me back is the idea of someone I know recognizing me. Would you have a problem with me wearing a wig and some kind of mask?"

His reply was what she hoped it would be, but still gave her goosebumps; "It will be a shame to hide that pretty face, but I don't have a problem with it as long as by the end of your sets the wig and mask are all you're wearing!"

Feeling a little flushed discussing stripping nude while sitting at her post at her day job as a receptionist, she told Nick: "Then I guess I'll see you next Tuesday!" After their call ended she had a lot of trouble focusing on her clerical tasks, mostly thinking about putting together a collection of sexy outfits, and also about how she'd look getting out of them.

Several days, three trips to the mall and one to a second-hand store later, Kerry found herself in the Doll Haus parking lot again, this time near the employee entrance. She gave some serious thought to dropping this whole crazy scheme; she'd never pictured herself as a real working stripper, but that was what she was about to become. She thought to herself, " Four years of college and four more working in a professional office and now I'm going to work for tips stuffed in a garter? I could have saved my folks a lot of money by skipping all that and taking up stripping years ago!" Her determination to catch Tony at the club got her to open the car door, and her memories of how aroused getting naked for a cheering crowd had made her got her the rest of the way to the employee entrance.

Her first night was a very slow Tuesday, with only a handful of customers, most of whom weren't feeling prosperous enough to spring for a lap dance. A couple of Kerry's fellow dancers, Wendy and Gina, spent some of their free time giving her a sort of Stripper 101 course; how to maximize tipping while on the stage, where to set up her clothes and accessories backstage, how to deal with the occasional mean drunk, a whole range of topics.

When Gina offered to give her a short introduction to the rules about taking patrons into a separate room for a private lap dance, Kerry waved her off, saying: "I don't plan on doing that, at least not for a while. Thanks anyway."

Gina took Kerry's rejection as an insult, as if Kerry thought she was better than her, telling her, "Must be nice to be able to turn down money, I wish I could be so picky!:

Kerry didn't want to get on anyone's bad side on her first night, so she apologized, "I just meant that I'm not sure I can handle that much contact with a stranger, not yet anyway, especially if I'm not wearing much. I'm just beginning to realize how little I know - I'd be glad to have you show me the ropes."

Gina smiled and said, "Let's get together after your set and I'll give you the benefit of my years of experience!"

"My set! I almost forgot I'm up in a minute!"

Kerry hustled backstage to be able to make her entrance, putting on a purple feathered half mask and checking her makeup in a full-length mirror right by the stage door, "Just the right mix of slutty and innocent, and I like myself as a redhead," she thought as she crossed paths with a very naked Wendy, leaving the stage and clutching a few bills. Kerry stepped onto the stage just as her first song started up, Bad Girls by Donna Summer; she smiled as she skipped out to the end of the stage. Skipping made the handful of patrons snap to attention, as she was wearing a tight t-shirt cropped way too high to ever wear in public, barely coming below her nipples. The high cut and her location well above the seats allowed the guys along the stage to see she had decided to go without a bra for this set, with a lot of shapely underboob already on display.

Kerry slowed to a strut as she paced around the edge of the stage, lifting the front of her shirt over her boobs but keeping them covered with her hands, squeezing and pulling on them. She slid the top back down to more or less cover her chest but rewarded her first tipper as a professional stripper with a quick flash of her entire right breast.

With her boobs somewhat covered again, Kerry ran her left hand down from her chest, over her belly right down to the top edge of the waistband of her short-as-could-be shorts, then back up her torso for some time caressing her nipples, tantalizingly close to being, but not quite, in view. While most of the small crowd was distracted by her left hand's travels, she slipped her right hand into the front of the shorts, popped the button open and took advantage of the extra space to let her hand slide deeper for a while. As the first song closed she smiled as she thought to herself, "It's like I've got these guys hypnotized, even without taking anything off! Time to let them have a little of what they came for!"

As her second song, Little Red Corvette began, and Kerry sauntered to the center of the stage, where she spun around slowly on one foot while pointing first at her shirt and then at her shorts. The audience caught on to her little bit of interactive stripping and began shouting out their preference; "Shirt! Shorts! Shirt! Shirt! Shirt! Shorts! Shirt! Shirt! Shorts!" She bowed to her audience's desires, at least this one desire, beginning by pulling the back of her shirt over her head, holding the front edge down to remain somewhat decent. Once her head was free she started to stretch her right sleeve down over her elbow and completely off over her hand. She repeated the process for the left sleeve, all the while clutching the loose bit of fabric to her breasts. She had completely bared her arms, back, and shoulders; a lot of skin was showing, but not exactly what her fans were hoping for. A moment later she gave them what they wanted, hoisting the shirt over her head and tossing it to the small crowd. Basking for a moment in the cheering, Kerry set off on a topless tour of the railing seats, collecting several tips as she went; treating her top as disposable had apparently got the customers attention, judging by the generosity of the tips!

She took her time, catching her breath after her first serious bit of exposure, thinking, "I guess I haven't become jaded, the shock of exposing myself still hits me just like the first time!" Realizing her third song was about to start, she made her way back to the center of the stage and began unzipping her shorts. It wasn't easy to tease the crowd with such a ridiculously short zipper, but they still seemed to get excited by the zipper reaching the end of its travel. Kerry bent slightly at the waist to make her butt stand out as she slid the shorts down over it, dropping them to the stage floor just as the song ended. Her fans cheered wildly as she wiggled her ass as Beyonce's version of Fever began, getting all eyes in the room to focus on the lacy purple thong now visible.

Knowing she needed to set aside some time for collecting tips after parting ways with her panties and before her third song ended, Kerry stayed near the center of the stage, moving in a small circle while teasing her viewers with some false starts at sliding them off. In a blatant play for more tips, she strode over to the most crowded side of the stage and slid the thong down almost to her knees, then motioned to the biggest guy there to finish the job for her. He was happy to oblige, sneaking in a gentle caress of her calves and sending a pleasant shiver up her spine while he was at it. From there she made her now customary tour around the edge of the stage, getting a fair collection of bills considering the small audience. Thinking about how close the guys standing at the rail now were to her naked pussy sent another shiver up her spine just as her final song ended.

Sitting in the dressing room, still a little dazed by how much of a thrill her set provided her with, Kerry didn't notice Gina approaching until the older woman spoke, saying, "Nice set, you actually seemed to be enjoying yourself. Nothing wrong with that, and it usually brings out the tips. If you can get dressed for your next set quickly I can take you for a quick training session in the private dance room."

Kerry dressed quickly in her next outfit, matching black lace bra and thong under a little black skirt and a sheer button-down blouse, then joined Gina at the entrance to the private dance room; rooms, really as the space had a half dozen compartments the size of a walk-in closet. Kerry was surprised at just how private the cubicles were, with only a small peephole on the door for the room's bouncer to check up on the goings-on inside if he heard signs of trouble. "Do you feel safe in there, alone with a customer? she asked Gina.

"It's a small town, so most of our dances are for regulars we've gotten to know. One look at the bouncer is enough to make most guys follow the rules." Gina replied.

"What exactly are the rules," Kerry asked, "I don't see anything posted."

"We just announce them before we go into the private room, it doesn't take long;

"1 - The dancer can touch the guest, he can't touch her unless she tells him otherwise.

2 - If the dancer tells a guest to stop whatever he's doing, he stops or deals with the bouncer.

3 - Officially, no sex of any kind is allowed. Grinding, rubbing, stroking are okay.

3A - In reality, whatever the dancer is comfortable with and doesn't make too much noise is allowed.

4 - $20 gets you one song, each twenty after that gets you two more."

"Okay, now I'm really curious," Kerry said, "how often does, you know, 3A stuff happen?"

"Sorry, it's sort of a Don't Ask - Don't Tell kind of thing." said Gina, "I can tell you it DOES definitely happen, but don't want to go into detail. I've got a guest who's been waiting at the bar for me to give him a dance or two if you'd like to see how it works."

"You mean watch you...you know..."

"Just a regular dance is my guess, he's not exactly a high roller and isn't much to look at."

Thinking she should know as much as possible about what sort of things Tony could be doing here, Kerry agreed to observe Gina's dance.

Gina explained all the rules to Denny and introduced Kerry (as Elise), saying she was a trainee. He was only too glad to have a second scantily dressed woman in the room. The odd trio entered a cubicle and Gina wasted no time in getting topless, pulling her lacy black camisole over her head and tossing it at Denny. She climbed on his lap and arched her back, raising her breasts to his face level and dragging her nipples slowly across his mouth. She stepped off his lap just long enough to step out of her panties, then sat on him again with her back to him. She took control of his hands, placing them on her breasts and left them there as she gyrated on his lap for the remainder of the song.

Gina asked Denny if he wanted another dance; when he pulled out a $50 bill she told Kerry, "It looks like we're heading into 3A territory, do you want to stay or go? I'll cut you in for $10 if you get topless for Denny."

Kerry nodded yes, then began to unbutton her blouse, telling herself it was all part of her research into what Tony found so fascinating about strippers. Deep down she knew this exposure she was about to do was completely optional and had nothing to do with Tony. It certainly wasn't about the $10. She was gradually coming to accept the simple truth that she enjoyed being seen naked, and found being watched while she was in the process of becoming nude especially arousing. She managed to stop herself this time while still only topless, mainly because she needed to get ready for her next set. On her way back to the dressing room she realized she'd forgotten to put on a mask, imagining what would have happened if she'd bumped into Tony without it!

All through two three day work weeks at the club, Kerry expected Tony to walk through the door at any moment, but her waiting was in vain. She was getting a little frustrated about going to so much effort to catch him breaking his promise only to not have him show up. She laughed at herself more than once, thinking, "Now that I actually AM one he's finally laying off the strippers!"

One night Kerry noticed a group of guys near the stage who looked like high school kids; she asked Nick how they could be allowed entry. He explained, "The state allows 18 year-olds to enter and be entertained as long as they aren't served alcohol; if you see a red letter X on the back of a customer's right hand, you're dealing with someone between their 18th and 21st birthdays. If you ever see someone with a stamped hand drinking alcohol, let me know right away."

Kerry danced her final set of the night with the young guys intently watching her from the edge of the stage. She noticed they seemed to be celebrating the birthday of one member of the group, a particularly young, kind of nerdy looking kid. After her set was over she approached the group, curious about how young they were and whether they came to the club often. They told her it was a tradition in their school for a guy's friends to take him out to celebrate his 18th birthday with a trip to the club, including a lap dance, and asked her if she was available for a private dance with their friend Kevin! Despite feeling awkward about doing a private dance for someone so young looking, Kerry agreed to the request, thinking it somehow appropriate that her first private dance also be this kid's first.

Once they were alone, Kerry gently pushed Kevin back onto the couch and began dancing close, but not yet touching him. She ran her fingers through her hair and down over her breasts, pulling her camisole up nearly to her nipples as she climbed up on his lap. She could already feel him getting hard beneath her; while she had always known she could affect her customers this way, this was the first time she could actually feel it happening. She had a flash of guilt at coming so close to having sex with someone other than her husband, but hesitated only briefly before completely lifting the camisole off over her head, smiling at Kevin as he stared at her naked breasts. She was almost as surprised as Kevin as she heard herself tell him, "You can touch them if you want." The look on his face pretty much confirmed her suspicion that he'd never had an experience like this before. Partly, but not entirely acting aroused for his benefit, she moaned as he squeezed her breasts and ran his fingers over her nipples. She began to rub her crotch vigorously over his erection, shocked to be wishing she'd taken her panties off before climbing on his lap! She slid back on his legs and unzipped his jeans. They were both breathing hard as she undid his belt and slipped her right hand into his briefs. Just as her fingers encircled the base of his cock, she felt him tense up and groan, coming into his underwear!

Realizing only his own excess of excitement had saved her from either going down on or actually fucking a nerdy high school student, Kerry felt a wave of shame come over her for the first time in her new occupation. She stayed with Kevin just long enough to offer him a towel to clean up with as well as possible. When he offered her the money his friends had given him, she blushed and waved him off, saying, "That wasn't about the money, I just wanted you to have a good time. Happy Birthday!"

Despite being happy she'd given Kevin an experience to remember, Kerry was glad to be done with her shift and done with the club for the week.

After a pleasant weekend with Tony at home, Kerry thought it might be time to pull the plug on her secret career. She still got aroused by stripping and loved the way she could have a room full of men all focused on her, wanting her. She was beginning to think she was coming to love it a little too much. The fact that she hadn't caught Tony at the club after that one time made her think it might have been a one-time thing, that maybe he'd only gone because his co-workers wanted him to.

The following Tuesday Kerry told Nick that this would be her last week at the club, saying, "To say it's been interesting is an understatement. Sorry to leave you short a dancer again, but I never thought I'd do this for very long. I'll miss a lot of things about dancing but I think I need to get out before I'm hooked."

Despite being disappointed Nick was understanding, saying, "It happens. This line of work can be exciting but can also be pretty stressful. We'll miss you, but maybe you'll drop by sometime just to keep your skills sharp!"

Knowing that her part-time gig had an end date freed Kerry up to enjoy the things she liked about being a stripper; the outright adulation she felt, the anticipation she shared with her audience as she was about to reveal some normally unseen part of her body and the rush when the reveal finally came, the knowledge that every man in the room wanted her and she could probably have any of them she chose. And, yes, the money; while she wouldn't miss the bank teller's faintly judgmental look as Kerry handed over a huge stack of wrinkled bills to be deposited, the extra money was nice.

She was already feeling slightly nostalgic about her brief career as a stripper as she arrived early Thursday night for her last shift. Her buoyant mood was ruined in a heartbeat as she spotted the large red pickup truck parked near the entrance. Tony's truck! Again!

"Oh, Tony, couldn't you have waited until next week to see some skin?" she muttered to herself as she parked her car behind the club. She hurried in and dropped her tote bag full of stage clothing at her usual spot, pausing just long enough to put on her blonde wig and a black mask kind of like the one the Lone Ranger wore. She rushed to the edge of the curtain by the stage door, peeking through a small gap in the curtain to look for Tony. She spotted him almost immediately, not more than 15 feet from her hiding place; judging by how intently he was watching Wendy wriggling out of some extremely tight shorts he probably wouldn't have noticed her even if she hadn't been careful to stay hidden.

With Alison and Paige in line to dance ahead of her, Kerry had plenty of time to get herself ready for her time on stage. Doing her makeup and getting dressed only took a few minutes, but calming her nerves before going out and stripping with her unsuspecting husband sitting at the edge of the stage took a lot longer. She was determined to go through with her plan, but was still trembling as the DJ introduced her and started her first song, Feeling Good by Michael Buble.

Despite her nervousness, Kerry managed a smile as she strutted the length of the stage, shaking her hips as she went. She stopped just a few feet from where her husband and two buddies were sitting, pausing briefly to check Tony's face for any sign he recognized her. Pleased to see a look on his face which showed desire but not the shock he'd certainly be having if he saw through her disguise, she smiled and went on with her act. Doing a quick spin which raised her lightweight lacy skirt enough to give Tony and his companions a glimpse of the brief, mostly sheer red boy shorts underneath. She repeated the twirl at a few other spots around the stage before stopping in the middle. She grabbed the skirt's zipper and slowly tugged it all the way down; the skirt loosened and slipped off her hips while she held the zipper pull, after a short pause to tease her audience she let the pull go, freeing the skirt to slide down to the floor, earning some cheers and whistling.

After taking a moment to enjoy the applause and let her fans enjoy a good look at her ass now that her panties were fully in view, Kerry switched her attention to her top. A fairly conventional if slightly more sheer than usual button-down blouse, it was tied in a knot just below her breasts and also had several buttons fastened. She set out on a lap around the stage as she began to work on undoing the buttons, taking her time to allow as many customers as possible a close-up view of a button being undone. When the last button was unfastened she squeezed her breasts for a while, as much for her pleasure as for her audience's enjoyment. Back again at the middle of the stage, she undid the knot, letting the blouse unfurl to just above her panties as the first song ended.

As her second song, Roberta Flack's Feel Like Makin Love, began Kerry opened the front of her blouse, giving the crowd their first good look at her bra; it was red to match the panties and sheer except for minimal amounts of lace at the nipples. She slid the blouse back just enough to slip off her shoulders and allow a good look at her chest but then obscured their view of the bra for a while as she squeezed her breasts together and ran her fingers over her nipples. She stole a look at Tony as she massaged her breasts; he was clearly enjoying her act. She thought back to the times she'd stripped for him at home; the feelings stirred up in her by stripping in front of him along with a couple dozen strangers were way, way more vivid. She moved her hands away from her breasts and shook the blouse free, leaving it on the stage along with her skirt.

Kerry didn't bother with a lap around the stage now that she was down to two tiny garments, moving straight to unhooking her bra. The cheering and whistles from the crowd intensified as they saw she would soon be topless; she felt her pulse rising as she slid her arms through the bra's straps. She held the bra over her breasts a moment before pulling it off and dropping it on the stage to the loudest cheers yet. The audience got louder still when she lifted each breast, one at a time, to lick and suck her nipples. She was pretty sure she recognized Tony's voice over the cheering.

She used the remainder of her second song to collect tips; she got quite a few, including some fairly big ones from Tony and his buddies. Her second song faded away; in the short gap between songs, a hush settled over the crowd as they looked forward to seeing her separated from her last bit of clothing.

"Just the panties to go," thought Kerry as she waited for her final song to come on, "and I'll be completely nude in front of a couple dozen men. Again. I've lost track of how many times I've done this, but the thrill never fades, if anything it's even more intense this time with my husband cheering me on!"

As the sound of Bruce Springsteen's I'm on Fire came over the speakers Kerry slipped her left hand deep into the front of her panties while hooking her right thumb under the waistband. As the cheering grew louder she could make out an organized chant forming.

"Off! Off! Off!"

"Oh, they're coming off all right," she thought, smiling, "but not until I've let my left hand have some fun!" Teasing herself about as much as the audience, she tugged the right side of her panties down low enough to show most of her left hand, but not far enough to reveal what its fingers were up to! The spectators closest to the stage could tell her fingers were in constant motion, but had no way to know that Kerry had impulsively moved on from gently running her middle finger over her slick inner lips to plunging two fingers inside her pussy. She was getting lost in her sensations when a new chant snapped her back to what passed for reality at the moment.

"Show us! Show us! Show us!

With the crowd's wishes and her own desires in perfect alignment, Kerry gave in; she closed her eyes, bit her lower lip and ran her right hand around to the back of her panties, tugging them down below the lower slope of her ass. With one last tug they came loose, falling to her ankles and revealing her ongoing masturbation! Now wearing only heels, a blonde wig, a black half mask and a stunned expression, she was no longer trying to hide her actions. Other than hoping Tony was paying attention to her display, she didn't care who watched as she dropped to her knees and continued frigging herself with her left hand, adding some vigorous pinching of her left nipple with her right hand to help push her over the edge. The music and crowd noise covered her moaning, but her open-mouthed panting and a series of convulsions made it clear they'd just watched her have a massive orgasm!

As the last waves of her orgasm subsided, Kerry realized for the first time that the music had stopped and wondered how long she had been there on her knees. She struggled to her feet and wobbled to the stage door. A couple of the other dancers came onstage to retrieve her clothing and pick up the tips still raining down on the stage.

Debbie was next up on the stage, an unenviable task given the wild show Kerry had just put on. After a pause to let her pulse settle down Kerry cleaned herself up and dressed in another outfit, a black faux leather bustier, a black lace trimmed thong and a sheer black skirt over the thong. She waited until Debbie's third song before going out on the floor, thinking she'd attract less attention while Debbie was almost naked. Her plan worked fairly well, as she only had to decline a couple of requests for a private dance before reaching Tony's seat at the stage.

In the best southern drawl she could manage delivered in the deepest voice she could maintain, Kerry approached her unsuspecting husband and asked, "I noticed you were pretty appreciative of my act, can I interest you in a private dance?"

"Yeah, I think I'd enjoy that!" Tony replied with a grin. He told his companions to hold his seat while he was away and let Kerry lead him by the hand to the private dance area. Once they were alone in a private room she began reciting the rules but was cut off before she got very far. She managed, barely, to not react as her husband told her that he'd been there often enough to know the rules by heart!

"Then we should get to the fun stuff!" she said, dancing seductively while slowly rotating to give Tony a good view of her from all sides. She slipped her skirt off, then sat on his lap while facing away from him, rubbing her butt over his crotch and noticing the beginnings of an erection through his pants. She stepped off his lap and turned to face him, leaning on the couch behind him; putting her head next to his she told him, "you can unhook my bustier if you'd like..." He wasted no time working his way up the line of hooks; when the last hook was undone she leaned back, letting the bustier drop to the floor.

Now wearing only a skimpy lace thong, Kerry asked if he'd rather take it off her or watch her remove it. She was pleased to hear he wanted to watch her complete the strip; she wanted to be able to look him in the eye as she - Elise - took off her last bit of cover. She stepped back and slowly worked down one side of the thong, then the other in excruciatingly small increments until her clit came into his view; then she slid the garment completely off in one quick motion, stepping out of them and climbing back on Tony's lap as the song ended.

"Was that enough for you or do you want more?" she asked as the next song came on.

"How much will this get me?" Tony asked, holding out a $100 bill!

"Enough to make for a memorable night out!" Kerry replied with a laugh as she began stroking his thighs through his jeans, "but I think these need to come down to do the job right." She knelt in front of him undid his belt and he raised his butt off the couch, allowing her to pull his jeans and boxers down below his knees. She eyed his now fully erect dick, asking, "What would you like me to do with this fella?"

"I'm thinking it would be happy in your mouth for a couple of songs and then in your pussy after that until you make me come."

"As you wish..." she said, licking his shaft and working her way up to his already throbbing head.

"Hey, aren't you going to use a condom?" Tony asked, excitement mixed with a little fear. "The other girls here always insist on one."

"Do they?" Kerry said; "Which girls have you been with here?"

"Debbie, Paige, Wendy, oh, and Gina too."

"I see," she said, her voice quavering. After a pause, she continued in her normal voice, "The thing is, Tony, I'm not like the other girls!" As he squinted at her in the dim light of the small room she pulled off her mask and her blonde wig!

Seeing the shock coming over him as he realized how it was that this stripper knew his name, she went on, "That's right, Tony, you just paid your wife for a lap dance, blowjob, and a quickie in the middle of a strip club! Since you interrupted me before you got most of what you paid for, you can have your $100 back. If you hadn't objected to the lack of a condom I was prepared to give you the full treatment as some sort of farewell sex; you would have been my first trick, and my last! Now you'll just have to be content with the memory of how I looked as I walked away. Enjoy the view, this will definitely be your last time seeing me naked!"

"What the hell! What are you doing here...How did you...KERRY! Come back!" he shouted as she was almost out the door of the small room, still wearing only her heels. She looked back and smiled but kept on going.