**Next Job Stripping**

by[toydisher10](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4199583&page=submissions)©

Since being laid off I've been working on my house that my dad, a contactor, has been helping me build. I have been hanging out with my friend Jill, who is home after graduating from college.  
  
I haven't been able to get a job. At this time the job market was very soft, unemployment was high. I needed to find a job, I was running low on funds building my house.  
  
Jill and I were out having a drink, or two. We were getting caught up on our lives, with her away to college I only saw her a few times. She rarely came home, as the school was across the country. I said she must have some huge student loans, as her family was not wealthy by any means.  
  
Jill told me she didn't have any debt after college. I asked how that was possible.  
  
She said, "Don't tell anyone, but I was a stripper at a bar. Also I worked doing stag and birthday parties. I made a lot of money."  
  
I remember her parents telling me they thought she was working at a manufacturing plant at night. I guess they were mistaken.  
  
I told Jill I needed a job as I was getting short on money. I said I had been looking, but there weren't any jobs.  
  
Jill said, to my surprise, "why don't you let me get you a job as a stripper?"  
  
I said, "I wouldn't know what to do. I've never even been to a topless bar. I wouldn't want anybody I know seeing me and telling my parents."  
  
Jill replied, "I remember you telling me your old boss had you strip, fuck and suck him. This will be much easier. I'll take you to a bar in the city that no one from out here would go to. A girl I went to school and worked with dances there. She has been trying to get me to work there also, but I just got a teaching job. I don't think the school would approve if they found out."  
  
I told Jill I would think about it. The idea was appealing. I knew I needed to make some money and I enjoyed men looking at me.  
  
Jill and I went out that Wednesday and I told her I was considering the idea of stripping.  
  
Jill suggested we go to the bar where her friend Barb works so I could see what it was like. I thought that was a great idea. I also had worn sexy underwear, just in case.  
  
When we entered, the bar was dimly lit. I quickly noticed we were the only females there, except the girls working. The men were almost all middle aged or older. All eyes were on us as we walked to a table, in the back, next to the wall. It made me feel a little uncomfortable, they seemed to be stripping us with their eyes. We sat down and a man got up and moved to the table next to us, sitting next to Jill. He said, "I hope you don't mind me sitting here." He was nice looking, dressed up like he just left his office, so we said "not at all."  
  
The barmaids and waitresses were all good looking. They were showing a lot of skin, but nothing outrageous. We ordered a drink and as it arrived, Barb spotted Jill and came over.  
  
Jill introduced us and Barb said, " So this is the girl you were telling me about. Jill won't dance anymore, she would rather teach young kids than old farts."  
  
We had a couple drinks as we watched the dancer perform. Barb said she was up next and left to get ready. Jill told me to watch carefully when men approached the stage to tip the dancer.  
  
The stage was in a corner with a railing around it, except for a small opening. When the men approached, the dancer would move to the opening and pull her G-string out so they could slide the tip in. As they left, she would smile and wiggle her tits at them. This happened many times. I was already counting the money I could make, just for showing my tits and ass to some strangers. I would learn it was much more complicated.  
  
Jill asked me if I noticed anything.  
  
I said, "not really."  
  
Just watch where she looks when they get close.  
  
Why?  
  
She looks at their hand with the money in it. If it's folded or rolled up, it's only a dollar. She will turn sideways and pull out the side string for them to insert it. If it's not folded or rolled she will be able to see how much it is. If it's a five, she will face them and pull the front out, letting them put it in, giving them a peek. If it's more, she will pull it down a little and push against their hand as they put it down her G-string. After they tip, she removes the money and tosses it against the back wall so nobody can take it. When her set is over, she gathers her tips and locks them away out back in her locker.  
  
Barb came out for her set and I thought she looked very hot. Her succulent breasts were spilling over the top of her bra and the G-string accented her very firm ass nicely. As she danced, I scoped out the room. All eyes were on her, even the guy sitting next to Jill. The side conversations seemed to come to a halt. She was obviously well liked. I watched as she played to the crowd.  
  
She had great rhythm dancing to the music. She knew when to smile at the men and turn around, bend over and shake her ass at them. Barb hadn't removed her top yet and she already had a stream of men tipping her. Most got the side treatment, but some were given the frontal deposit. Midway through the second song, she removed her top. I watched how she took it off. Facing the room she unhooked the front, then turned and removed it, tossing it into the corner where she put her tips. She turned around with her hands covering her breasts, pushing them up and down as she danced. She said, "Here you go boys", to the crowd, as she threw her arms into the air, fully exposing her gorgeous tits. Eliciting a loud cheer and wolf whistles.  
  
As I watched her dance, I thought to myself, "that could be me."  
  
Seeing the reactions in the room as Barb danced, I became aroused myself. I could feel my pussy tingling as I squirmed in my seat. I could see the man sitting behind Jill, even though it was very dark, rubbing his cock through his pants under the table. I really wanted to go over and help him.  
  
I whispered, "Jill, check it out, the guy behind you is rubbing his cock."  
  
Jill turned her head like she was looking at the bar, just enough to check him out.  
  
Jill turned back around and gave me a devilish smile. To my surprise, she unbuttoned her top to below her tits. She wasn't wearing a bra. She turned her chair so she was sitting shoulder to shoulder with him. He quickly moved his hand away from his cock, looking somewhat embarrassed. He was looking straight ahead, like nothing was amiss. Jill said to him, "I like watching men stroke their cocks, maybe this will help," as she pulled her top out so he could see her naked tits. She told him, "Just pretend you are going to cum on them as you work your cock."  
  
He smiled and went back to rubbing his cock, while he took in the sight of Jill's tits and erect nipples. Then he reached over to touch her tits with his other hand.  
  
Jill said, "You can only touch them if you take your cock out and let us watch you cum first."  
  
He thought a minute and looked around. He then pulled his cock from his pants and started jacking off. When Jill thought he was about to cum, she reached over, grabbed his cock and jacked him till he was about to cum, then bent over and took his cock in her mouth, sucking him till he came, swallowing all his man juices. Jill turned her chair around to face him and unbuttoned her top completely. She let it fall to the sides, showing her naked tits to him. He reached out and started fondling them. Jill was obviously very turned on as she reached under her skirt, massaging her pussy. She let out a sigh as she came, then took his hand off her tit, putting it on her pussy so he could feel the wetness.  
  
They got themselves together, he thanked Jill and left.  
  
"Jill, I can't believe you just did that."  
  
"Cindy, did you think you are the only one who likes to suck and fuck strangers?"  
  
"I just didn't think of you that way. I guess we have more in common than I thought."  
  
I said "Being here and watching, I've decided this would be a great opportunity. I wonder if Barb would mind introducing me to the owner?"  
  
She'll be done after this song and I'll ask her. I'm sure she will.  
  
We sat and drank as Barb danced. I must admit, it was the first time I was enthralled by another woman. The thought of seeing her naked on a bed made my pussy throb with delight. The room was just as excited now as they were when she started.  
  
Barb finished her set and went to change, stopping by to say she would return shortly.  
  
Barb came out and sat with us, her night was finished. We ordered more drinks and chatted.  
  
Jill said to Barb, "Cindy's ready to take the plunge, is Todd here?"  
  
"Oh good, I'll go see, I know he needs another girl."  
  
I was nervous, even though I had been naked with, and given blowjobs to complete strangers. I just never interviewed for a job when I knew I'd have to take my clothes off, even though I had prepared before I came that night. I wore the same outfit as I had for Jeff, Bill and Henry. A dress with a 3/4 bra, that my tits sat on nicely, thigh highs and lace panties.  
  
Barb returned and said, "Todd would love to see you."  
  
I thought to myself, "I hope he likes what he sees."  
  
Barb told Jill she would take me up and be right back.  
  
We went up to Todd's office, Barb introduced us and left.  
  
Todd and I made small talk as he asked the usual questions. His rules were simple, no boyfriends or husbands allowed in the bar when I was working. I had to be at work on time. I had to accept drinks when offered by customers, and there would be little or no booze in them.  
  
I told him that I wasn't married and didn't currently have a boyfriend. I said I was very reliable and never late to work.  
  
He said, "Great, now I need to see what you look like."  
  
I thought, "here comes the casting couch." There was one in the room. I took my dress off and stood facing him, with my almost naked breasts and nipples pointed at his face. I started to remove my panties, but he said that I didn't need to.  
  
I wondered if he didn't like my body. Todd got up and turned on a song. He said, "Show me how you will dance for the customers."  
  
As I danced, I tried to emulate the girls I watched. I removed my bra as sexily as I could, shook my tits and my ass. I tried to dance as best I could. Todd had settled on the couch watching me closely. I caught him once trying to adjust his cock, I thought that was a good sign.  
  
After the second song, Todd had me sit on the couch next to him. He put his hand on my thigh, I spread my legs a little, just as I had long ago for Sam, letting him know it was alright to explore further, if he wanted to.  
  
He said, "You obviously have all the physical attributes needed to be a stripper. You dance well enough. But to be truly successful, you will have to employ moves that are only yours. Be creative, not like everyone else."  
  
By now he had moved his hand up to my pussy, feeling the wetness through my panties. I looked down to see his cock, straining against his pants. I stood up, removing my wet panties. I told him, "If you want a great lap dance, put on some tunes."  
  
Todd got up and put on some music, then sat on a chair near the couch. I started dancing and moved into him, straddling him, with my tits in his face. As he kissed and sucked my nipples, I reached down to loosen his pants. Unsnapping his jeans and lowering his zipper, I reached in and pulled his cock from it's lair, it popped out like a missile, ready to be launched. I lowered my pussy and rubbed it across the head of his cock. When he began pushing up, trying to enter me, I reached down and guided him in as I danced. He pumped like crazy and quickly came. I asked, "Do you fuck all the dancers?"  
  
He said, "Yes, and the good ones more."  
  
"I hope I was good."  
  
"I'll fuck you as often as you want. In that closet are several outfits, pick one out and be here Saturday at 7 PM. By the way, you don't have to fuck me, it's not part of the job. "  
  
I picked out the one I liked, G-string and a bra like top. I dressed and returned to the table with Jill and Barb, outfit in hand.  
  
Barb said, "I see you got the job, did you fuck him?"  
  
I looked at her with a sheepish grin.  
  
She said, "We all do, some more often than others."  
  
We talked about stripping and how much we liked men straining to check out our tits. How much it turned us on knowing a stranger can see our nipples and sometimes our pussies.  
  
I arrived early on Saturday to check things out. There were a lot of older men who looked like they had never seen a girls tits before.  
  
Barb was working and she told me I had a locker and the rotation was posted on the door. The next shift started at 7PM. I was slotted in right after Barb. I didn't know if that was a great place to start after watching her before.  
  
Barb finished and I was up. She warned me to watch out for the old guy in the red shirt and tan pants sitting by the door, he likes to grab at you as you walk by and he doesn't tip.  
  
As I came out I walked close to the old man, I never minded the occasional "accidental" brush of a hand when I walked near a man. It happened many times while I was out.  
  
Just as Barb said, his hand brushed my ass. I just turned and smiled at him telling him "you know your not supposed to touch."  
  
I danced for the first time and did quite well, the tips were good, not great. As I walked back the old man pointed to the chair across from him and said please sit for a moment and talk with me.  
  
I thought for a second, he was polite, so I put my top back on, sliding into the chair.  
  
My name is Ben, I used to own this place and I've sat in this chair for thirty years. I've seen many girls come and go in that time. Most of these girls weren't even born yet when I owned the bar. A smile and a couple words can really make an old man's day as he slid a twenty across the table. I thanked him. We chatted for awhile and he gave me some advice. Always smile and just walk away. I excused myself and went to change for my last set.  
  
I walked close to Ben and he patted my bare ass telling me to knock them dead. That's when I realized it was a rah rah pat, not a sexual come on.  
  
I danced with a new enthusiasm that Ben had instilled in me. I watched Ben as he nodded his approval and smiled when I took my top off and juggled my tits at him. I guess the crowd liked it also as the tips rolled in.  
  
My set was over and walking back Ben was starring at my bouncing tits, he motioned to me to sit again. This time I slid into the chair without putting my top back on. Again he slid a twenty across the table. As he did I took his hand and put it on my tit and smiled at him. He squeezed gently with a broad grin and thanked me.  
  
I left to change into my street clothes. When I came out I sat with Ben and we talked about a lot of things. He told me right after he retired his wife passed before they could enjoy their time together. He didn't have anything else so he just came to the bar or stayed home.  
  
As I drove home, I thought about what Ben and I talked about. Little did I know my life would soon change for the better.  
  
The nights of showing my tits to the strangers wore on. I was glad Ben and I struck up a friendship, our talks helped me with my sanity.  
  
The nights were all the same, the money was good, not great but it was a job. Just no social life at all. I missed going out and socializing, not much to do on Mondays and Tuesdays.