**Poles Apart**

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I guess I can't really deny that I was feeling down when Kate came over to see me that Friday afternoon – but that doesn't mean that what followed was in any way my fault.

"Come on, Wendy, let's go grab a wine or three and see if that cheers you up."

"I appreciate your concerns, Kate, but I don't think a couple of glasses of Chablis are going to make me feel any better."

Kate is not the sort of woman to give up easily. "Nonsense. It's exactly what you need. Although looking at your face I reckon it will probably be more like two bottles."

"And that is another good reason why I shouldn't go – you always get silly after few glasses."

"And your point? Silly will cheer you up."

My only mistake all evening was when I hesitated before trying to resist further, "Well, I'm still not-"

"That settles it." Kate said, "Go get something nice on and slap on some slap."

I did try another couple of protests but to be fair to my friend, I could already feel my resistance wavering. Within five minutes she was sitting on the edge of my bed while I showered, and she had selected her idea of 'something nice' from my wardrobe by the time I switched off the hot water and come through to find her.

"You have got to be joking," I said, eyeing the short, pleated electric blue skirt that she'd laid next to the silky white blouson that was only slightly less transparent than my kitchen window.

"No jokes. This skirt really suits those lovely legs of yours, and that top is perfect for someone with your shape."

"Maybe when I was eighteen, but-"

"But nothing. You're not thirty yet and let's face it, Wends, you can still turn heads in a monastery."

"Kate! You know full damned well that you're the cutie out of us two!" I was protesting but trying hard not feel properly complimented – Kate is gorgeous, but I'm not so far behind her I suppose. One thing I certainly am not close to her in, is choice of clothing – or rather, lack thereof. "If, and that's still an 'if', I go out in those things, you're going to have to let me choose what goes underneath since it will only take one breath of breeze to put it all on show."

"You're going to put something on underneath them?" Kate's grin was not entirely showing off the fact that she was joking.

"Funny girl."

"Well, okay, undies are your call, but at least make sure they're not too grannified."

I finished towelling the ends of my deliberately ratty red hair, "Grannified?"

"As in what your granny would wear.

I gave a soft chuckle, "Just as long as you don't want me to put on the sort of stuff that my kid sister risks slutting about in."

"Oh, you mean the one with the backbone in your family?"

"Looking like she's selling herself doesn't need courage."

"She doesn't sell anything, Wends, but at least she celebrates the fact that she's cute." Kate read the first signs of anger that were beginning to burn in me, and she wisely changed the topic, "But enough of the rest of them, tonight belongs to thee and me, and we'll just dress nice and have some quiet fun."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Really!" Kate protested.

I started to rummage through my knickers drawer, "I believe you. Mainly because I'll make sure that's what we have. But given that you've just hurried over to see me still in your work clothes, what are you going to do for 'dressing nice'?"

Kate grinned and flipped back the duvet to reveal one of my slinkier little black numbers. "I thought under the circumstances...?"

We called a cab to get to the wine bar, Kate in my short black dress, and me in the skirt and blouse combo with matching (for once) white bra and panties that were not – despite Kate's begging – in any way see-through, even if the cuts were quite daring.

It was while we were working our way slowly through our second glasses when Kate gave a snort of laughter.

"What's up?" I smiled.

"I think that we've been eyed up by every single guy in here. What are the odds of being somewhere like this and none of the guys being gay?"

"Maybe they all are and we're looking like trannies?"

Kate gave another snort, "Someone's feeling happier. But seriously, don't you find it nice to draw some attention occasionally?"

I wrinkled my nose, "Not normally, but I guess once in a while is okay."

"Like tonight?

"I guess I might be in need of a little casual complimentary ogles."

Kate nodded, "I thought you were being unusually relaxed for once."

"Before you say it – or imply it, if you haven't already – I'm not uptight."

"Which is why you normally run a mile anytime a guy makes it obvious when he's checking you out?"

"I do not!" I paused in the face of Kate's raised eyebrow, "Well if I do, then it's because I'm just naturally reticent."

"Reticent? That's just a very fancy word for chicken."

"I am not a chicken!" With those five words, I was doomed.

"Wends, you won't even go into some places because the thought of lots of male hormones flowing around scares you even when all that testosterone is not being directed towards you."

"I have no idea what you mean!" Which was, at least, true.

"Like when you wouldn't stop off in that River Catch Club, for instance."

"It's a strip club!"

"It's a pole dancing club, but the point is that you weren't going to be there to go up on one of the stages. It was just for a laugh at the sad business-type guys dribbling over the girls."

I tried half a dozen times to come up with a decent reason for dodging the trip a couple of weeks before, but ended up with a rather lame, "Well I don't agree with those sort of places."

"You've never even set foot in one, so don't give me that. How on earth do you know whether you like things or not if you don't try them?"

Somewhere in the distance someone was probably yelling 'check-mate' as my natural reticence was overcome by a mixture of wine and indignance. "Well, Kate, if I'm so chicken, how come I'm just about to suggest we go there right after this wine?"

Kate did the raised eyebrow thing again, "Seriously?"

"Well, maybe I was being a bit hasty, but-"

"No, no. Not hasty at all. Three weeks late, in fact. Or possibly close on thirty years late. I'll call the cab company again."

Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it's true; I'd never been into one of those places before that night. To be totally honest I really wasn't sure what to expect, but my first impressions were considerably better than I had expected. For a start it was well decorated rather than seedy as I'd expected, and it was light and airy rather than dim and smoky (and yes, I know the smoking ban had been in force for years, but old imaginations are the slowest to change). More to the point, maybe, was the fact that there was no air of sad desperation among the twenty or so guys who were in there drinking. Most appeared to be wearing business suits, true, but they were chatting happily in small groups rather than my mental imaginings which centred on lone, sad, grubby older men who would be casting furtive glances around the place.

Perhaps the most unusual thing – to my imagination, at least – was that, while Kate and I were given rather approving once-over looks from some of the guys, they didn't seem to find our presence odd or an invitation for ribald comments or worse.

There was also, at that particular point in time, no girls currently dancing in less than full bikinis. Lots of flesh on show, to be sure, but nothing even I hadn't shown off at the beach before. They even seemed to be genuinely enjoying their dancing and acrobatics around the poles that rose from the centre of the two small stages which were currently occupied.

I breathed a sigh of relief and turned to Kate, to find her grinning at me. "Not quite the nasty pit you imagined, right?"

I gave a resigned smile, "I guess not."

"Good. I'll get the wines in and we can settle back and watch when the main shows start."

"Main shows?"

"Quit with the worried tones already. I just mean when a couple of the girls get a little more naked. It's fun watching the reactions of some of the guys, is all."

"All? You mean they-"

Kate laughed, "Stop it! It's a pole dancing club and that much of your imaginings is right. It's all pretty innocent really."

"Getting your kit off for a bunch of guys doesn't sound that innocent to me!"

"There's no touching or anything. It's great to see how some of the guys react, though. Can even be a bit stimulating."

I ignored Kate's chuckle, "Yeah right!"

"Well you haven't experienced it yet so don't be so quick to pre-judge. Now here's your wine and let's find a good observatio0n post."

As we settled, I pursued my point, "They really do take off their tops then?"

"For the later shows, they take off everything. Hell, if it was just their tops I might even consider it myself. They make a fortune in tips and stuff."

I almost choked on my wine, "You? No way!"

"Way. What's the big deal really?"

"You think showing off your... boobs is no big deal?"

Kate shrugged, "No biggie for me, but I guess for a prudish little chicken it might seem a serious leap."

"I am not-"

"A chicken, yeah I know, you said."

"I was," I huffed, "going to say that I'm not prudish."

"Oh, Wendy! You haven't even crossed your legs all night because you think the skirt is too short!"

Sometimes a casually observed truth can halt me in my tracks. "I... that is..."

"Am I right or am I right?"

"Well, yes, I guess."

"Still trying to say you're not a prude, then, Wends? I mean, come on, even if there was a couple of seconds of flash of knickers it's hardly stripping for a gang bang!"

"I just think showing off a lot of leg is a bit...well, a bit..."

"Fun? Nice? A great way of seeing how cute guys think you are? Proving you're not a boring prude?"

"You really think that about me?"

Kate sat forward and lost the grin for a moment, "Seriously, Wends, I do adore you, but I worry that your... carefulness can maybe cheat you out of some of the fun and excitement that a gorgeous, smart girl like you deserves."

"It's not that easy for me." I was a bit downcast, I admit.

"If you never try anything, sure you'll stay all safe. But you won't find out about that fun and excitement I mentioned, and for the record, we all start out that way. There's no need to jump in and put yourself in danger, but you really should experiment a tiny bit. You owe it to yourself. Another wine?"

"What? Oh, yeah, why not?"

I sat deep in thought while Kate went to get more wine – although not deep enough in thought to see any link between her words and plans. I looked over to the nearer stage and the slender blonde who was somehow clinging to the pole using nothing more than her impressively well-muscled thighs. One of the younger businessmen in a group to one side of her stage was staring up at the dancer with a rapt look on his face, and he chose that very moment while I was looking his way to swallow hard, his tongue darting across his lower lip as he made himself more comfortable in his seat. Or was that move to make himself less uncomfortable...

That's when it happened. It was totally without warning, totally alien to me, but I couldn't deny it. the young man's obviously mounting excitement sent a shiver through the depths of my belly, and I really couldn't deny it.

So much so, that when Kate returned, set the fresh wine down before me and said "Well, Wends? Gonna cross those legs yet?" I gave a mock sigh and very deliberately pulled my right foot across my left knee. My skirt rode higher. of course, and I was aware from the very periphery of my vision that a couple of heads turned towards our table. That tiny, deep shiver that I'd felt looking at the young guy's reaction to the dancer made a reappearance, and my internal auditor grudgingly allowed that maybe Kate had been right on one level. The newly crowned Miss right gave a soft chuckle at the length of thigh I was showing and nodded her approval. "Not so terrible, is it?"

"Just so long as you don't think I'm going to get any more daring."

To her credit, Kate didn't so much as comment on how stupid that remark was.

Half an hour – and another wine – later, I was starting to actually get rather comfortable sitting there with the occasional admiring glance directed my way. It still felt alien to me – almost as if I were someone else entirely – but the gentle thrill deep in my belly was an extremely welcome sensation that I was happily become used to.

When Kate nudged my arm and pointed to the nearest dancer – the young blonde had been replaced by a young girl with an asymmetrical black bob – I didn't realise what she was referring to at first. The girl was moving around the pole in a series of swooping movements which highlighted the graceful curves of her belly and upper body. She paused and swung a leg around the pole, rising off the dance floor with just the strength of her lower limbs. Her hands moved to the back of her neck and I gave a little gasp as I realised that she was about to untie the top of her silver bikini.

The sudden realisation that she really was going to bare her breasts in this room full of men sent another shiver through my belly, and I gave another little gasp as I became conscious that I was finding the whole concept rather exciting. One look at the even more rapt attention that was now being focused on the girl as her hands teased at the ties of her top, and that sensation of excitement cranked up another notch.

I clutched at Kate's free hand, not even bothering to disguise my reaction as the dancer freed the last of the ties, only her hand over her bust keeping the bikini top in place. After a long drawn-out series of twists around the pole, the girl gave a soft smile and after a final pause spread her arms wide.

The silver material dropped to the dance-floor and her breasts, proud and flawless, hard nipples a soft, light pink, were finally bared to the entire room. When a couple of the younger guys gave appreciative cries and even a small round of applause, I hate to admit it, but I joined in.

I swung to my right a little, my legs uncrossing, and clapped my hands as I took in the reactions of the audience. And then noticed that one of the guys wasn't staring up at the stage but was, instead, looking across at me. More to the point he was giving my legs a very admiring stare, and I realised that I hadn't bothered to straighten my skirt when I'd spun away from Kate.

The blue material was stretched across my thighs – very high across my thighs – and I was suddenly very aware that it was entirely possible that the guy could maybe even see the faintest flash of white further up my skirt. The shiver in my belly just intensified and I finally realised that Kate had been right all along. This was fun!

I turned back and hugged her – not at all oblivious of the fact that my skirt rode up another inch or three. "Okay, I admit it. You were right all along."

Kate returned the hug, "You have no idea how happy I am to hear you say that." She nudged me, indicating a couple of businessmen at a table further down the room who were looking our way, "No need to even accept a drink from them, let alone anything else they might offer, but doesn't it feel great to be the centre of attention?"

"You got that right, but as long as you promise to protect me, I'll carry on here as I am."

It took a moment or two for Kate to work out that I was half-joking, but she finally worked it out and shook he head. "Don't worry. I'll check to make sure you remembered to pull your knickers up when you come back from the loo."

I looked over at the topless dancer and the faces of her fans in the audience. "Better make sure I keep my blouse done up properly as well."

Kate gave me a long look before nodding towards the restrooms, "Come on then. Let's have a quick chat where we can't be overheard."

I shrugged and nodded.

Kate was wine-silly from the second we stepped into the surprisingly neat ladies' washroom and her giggles would have been more appropriate for a teenager. As would her first suggestion.

"I might have plucked up the courage to flash a bit of thigh, but I'm not taking my undies off!"

"No one would be sure so it's not like a full-on flash."

"Kate! If this skirt rides up and I haven't got any knicks on there won't be any room for doubt. I only shaved a few days ago."

Kate giggled again, "Shaved? I'd never have thought it of you. And anyway, never mind our skirt, you should whip that bra off as well."

"Oh very funny. This top is not exactly opaque, is it?"

"It's not too bright out there."

"And you, Kate, are not too bright in here if you think I'm risking that much."

I have a friend who's both silly and sly – a dangerous combination. "Okay then, you should just compromise with me and take the much, much safer option."

"Which is?"

"Knicks only. It'd take a minor miracle to ever get seen."

One of those shivers ran through me, coupling with the wine to confuse my natural reticence. "It'd take a miracle for me to risk anything." I managed, the doubt in my voice all to evident.

Kate giggled yet again, then reached under her – my – dress, and pulled her panties straight down her legs before flipping them up and shoving them into her little handbag. "Fair's fair. I wouldn't want you to say I'd make you do anything I wouldn't. So come on, your turn. And before you protest anymore, just remember that no one knows you here and even if they did win the lottery and get a tiny little peek, they'd never see it again."

"Well..." Shiver, shiver, shiver.

"You'll never know how much of a buzz it can be if you never try, right?"

"It's just not..."

"Wends? Come and prove you have got some nerve after all."

"What if you go around telling-"

Kate snorted, "Wendy, this is me you're talking to. I wouldn't dream of telling anyone else ever. Besides, I just know you'll love this so much you might even give the game away yourself one day."

My brain switched to autopilot (fuelled by shivers) as I slipped a hand under my skirt and drew the flimsy material down to my ankles. I copied Kate's earlier move and stashed the discarded knickers into my own bag. I looked into my friend's eyes and gave a little facial shrug. "Better get me back out there before I lose my nerve."

With a squeal of delight, Kate spun me around and more or less frog-marched me back into the noise and testosterone of the club.

It was warm in the clubroom but the unfamiliar air wafting around under my skirt felt almost icy cool, especially where it caressed an admittedly a tiny bit of dampness. All it did was heighten the equally unfamiliar sensations of daring-induced arousal. With a start I realised that I was thoroughly enjoying it all, and when Kate say back at our table just in front of me – in a way that deliberately made the hem of her dress flip upwards for a second – I just laughed. I'm not sure who was more surprised, and the same applied tenfold a few seconds later when I copied Kate's moves as I sat myself back beside her.

Even though no one else had noticed, those few moments of such intimate exposure seemed to trigger ever deeper waves and shivers of arousal. So much so that when I saw the guy from earlier once more ogling the length of thigh I was showing off, I crossed my legs with no bidding from my horny friend.

I know the guy couldn't actually see anything too intimate, but I also knew he was so very, very close to being able to. So much so, that when Kate leaned forward and whispered 'bet you wish you'd lost the bra as well now', I gave a soft giggle and shrugged.

Kate's eyes widened in stunned delight. "You're no chicken after all, are you?"

"I wouldn't go too far down the non-chicken road."

"Far enough for another trip to the washrooms?"

I didn't give my inner chicken time to so much as start to think. "Sure, if it'll shut you up."

As a taster of the levels of bravery I could take things to, I unfolded my legs slowly before I got up, all too aware of the rapt gaze my legs were receiving – and very nearly even more of me. And I loved it.

I had no idea where these new feelings were coming from but my main area of surprise was the intensity of the sensations. In the washroom I unclipped my bra through my blouse and didn't even have to loosen more than one button to wriggle free of the garment, my breasts luxuriating in the feel of just one layer of smooth silkiness laying over them. One rather transparent layer.

Kate's surprise was far more obvious, but it didn't stop her hugging me tightly before she whipped off her own bra and compared levels of exposure.

"Unbelievable," she giggled, "you're making me look like the chicken!"

I looked down at the front of my blouse, the darker circles of my nipples obvious against the paleness of the rest of my breasts. If it were possible, my nipples hardened even further. "Are you sure this isn't too-"

"It's perfect! You're perfect! Now let's go be dazzling and daring for once!"

I followed Kate in a daze, and even the wash of fear that passed through me at the threshold to the main room didn't do more than slow me for one footstep.

The feeling of the flimsy material against my breasts was mind-spinningly arousing, but when I saw my audience of one first take in my legs but then stare higher, almost choking on his drink when he realised just what he could see now, those arousal levels sky-rocketed. I was almost shocked when I failed to cover up or hide, but even more amazed when I felt a surge of heat spiralling into my groin, dampening me in a way that almost made me whimper.

The next few minutes passed in a blur of heat and unfamiliar sensations. Kate and I exchanged hurried, overtly sexual comments, of which I now have zero detailed memory – other than when I joined with her in an audit of the sort of looks we were both receiving. Oh, and an admission to her from me that she had been so very right all along.

Every time a male eye zeroed in on my exposed thigh or the diaphanous material barely covering my breasts, my arousal levels edged inexorably higher. Kate and I were guzzling free wine now – purchased for us by grateful guys – and at one glorious moment me had a quick count up and realised that there were more guys looking our way than were looking up at the half naked dancers.

It was while we were giggling together over that very topic when Chantella (if you can believe it) sat down next to us. It took me a moment to realise that I had seen the asymmetrically bobbed hair she wore earlier – and a moment or two more to realise what I had seen her doing.

"You're...?" I nodded towards the nearest pole.

"That's me," she nodded, introducing herself by her unlikely name and with an even unlikelier job description.

Kate sat forward. "You really manage this place? You can't be more than twenty-five."

"Thirty-two and with an endless gratitude to mum's genes. But thanks. And talking of thanks, I wondered whether you two fancied earning a little extra?"

Kate didn't let me say a word. "We're not here to earn! We may be made up and dressed down but we're-"

"Hey! I never thought for a second you were." Chantella interrupted, "Not, I hasten to add, because you're not good-looking enough. You've both got that gloriously shy-but-sexy vibe going, though and that's what I'm getting at."

Kate gave me a look that said 'don't you dare say a word', then focused on the dancer/manager, "So what's this extra money thing all about? Providing a pretty ear for some of your lonelier punters?"

Chantella laughed, "Heavens no, I was talking about some serious extra money."

"Well like I said, we're not-"

"And like I said, I know. I was referring to the poles."

"The poles...?"

I raised a hand (old habit), "You mean... us... dance?"

"Sure. You can learn all the lifts and leg-work later, but you'd have no trouble getting the punters salivating with a bit of everyday bump and grind up there."

Kate snorted, "You are joking, right? And anyway, we haven't got time free to rehearse."

I squeaked, "And even if we had you couldn't expect us to get up there and end up topless!"

This got another laugh, "Honey, you'd not be showing much more than you are now. And trust me, you might get gawped at up there, but it feels a lot less personal than getting gawped at down here. As for the practice, it's like I said, we can do that later but you'd be good enough right from the off."

"Costumes!" I put in, still searching for logical reasons why neither me of Kate could ever do such a thing. "We haven't got any-"

Chatella held up a hand and stared at both of us for a few seconds. She pointed at Kate first, "Thirty-four, c cup, thirty-six hips," then at me, "Also thirty-four but a b cup, thirty five hips. Right? We've got plenty of kit in those sizes."

Kate and I looked at each other. Kate took a deep breath. "She's right, and why not. What do you say, Wends?"

My jaw dropped, "You're joking, right?" "Why? You said it yourself you're getting such a buzz, and no one knows us here, right?"

"Anyone could walk in who knows us!"

Chantella chuckled, "Look at Vampyra over at the West pole."

We followed her pointing arm and Kate laughed, "There you go, Wends – bet you'd never recognise her if you saw her in the street."

I stared at the young woman's ornate mask and shuddered deliciously as I realised that I had probably run out of excuses. "Um...."

"That," Kate said triumphantly, "translates as 'let's do it'."

Without any apparent sense of irony, Chantella directed us into two changing cubicles at the back of the club and in just two minutes Kate and I were standing staring at each other in matching blue bikinis, giggling like schoolgirls.

Kate pointed at the doorway leading into the club, "If I go through there with you then you have to promise me on everything you hold dear that you want run off and leave me out there, okay?"

"Totally. Same goes the other way around as well... Does this man we're actually going to do it?"

Kate's eyes were wide and almost frantic behind the cat-mask she wore, "Why not? I'd never be able to pluck up the courage if I had notice of what was going to happen."

I adjusted my fox snout with trembling fingers, "You got that right. But... courage to go how far?"

Kate's giggle was showing signs of unravelling at the edges, "Well obviously we have to go grind our stuff but all the other girls..."

I nodded, "I know what you mean... All of them got topless at least."

"Reckon you could?"

I shrugged, "Never thought I'd ever wear a blouse or a skirt like that with nothing under. And before, I never thought I'd ever come in a place like this."

"And it's a one-off thing, right?"

I patted Kate's arm, "You reckon we can keep it that may. In our heads, I mean."

"I think I do. And it stays as our secret for all eternity, right, Wends?"

"Right... Hug?"

We were still hugging when Chantella came back into the room and said, "Ready?"

There's no way I can accurately describe the vast array of emotions that washed through me when, shoulder to shoulder, Kate and I followed Chantella through the door and into the main clubroom.

Nothing can begin to do justice to the sudden awareness of so many eyes on the expanse of flesh that I was already baring, or the equally sudden awareness of what thoughts were sheltered by those eager eyes. And, boy, when Chantella stepped away from us and we mounted the five steps up to little stages at adjacent poles, I can't even begin to tell you how suddenly exposed I started to feel. Nor how suddenly, drippingly, aroused.

Music started to pulse from speakers all around the little stages, and I realised as I saw Kate begin to sway, that the same tunes were being pumped to both stages. The very first movement I made to that music was like the final lock being opened. That first sway of my hips, the knowledge that the audiences eyes were now locked onto my flesh, cast away every last shred of reluctance. I started to sway harder, seeking out the smooth hardness of the pole behind me.

I began to lose myself in the beats, but never enough that I wasn't aware of how Kate was faring. And what she was thinking. I watched as her hands ran down her thighs, across her bell, across the skin above her bikini top, skimming over the mounds of her breasts and back down to the start. I locked onto her eyes as she gazed at me, the question writ large in the air between us.

I could almost feel the air pressure lower as I raised my hands behind my back, equally aware of Kate's sudden heightened excitement and the intake of breaths all around us as our audience realised they were about to get oh-so lucky.

I plucked at the ties and clasped the flimsy blue material tight to the swells of my breasts as they came free, aware that just a single relaxation of my hands would see me – crippingly shy Wendy – baring my breasts to a roomful of men. I swayed wide, gyrating to the rhythm, my hands teasing, squeezing my own breasts as this crowd of men watched me doing it. I looked across and Kate gave me a trembling smile under her mask before she leaned forward.

It was going to happen and I copied her move, letting the material fall away as my breasts came into contact with my thigh. Half naked and feeling my arousal levels shuddering ever-higher, I rose again until the whole room could see my naked, bared breasts.

As the applause and whoops of delight washed over me, I glanced at Kate and saw that she, too, was almost transfixed with excitement. At the same moment, we started to writhe and sway once more, my hands rubbing across the bare flesh of my breasts with abandon. I let myself sway low, towards my audience, almost within touching distance before straightening. I was intoxicated with the sensations, and when I saw Chantella below me nod towards my hips with a quizzical expression on her face, I almost passed out with the surge of pure sensuality I felt.

For the first time ever my glance towards Kate was not in search of her approval – it was me leading the way as I glanced down at my waistband and indicated what I was going to do. Kate's look was one of shocked delight, and she blew me a kiss before starting to writhe harder for her own audience. I turned back to mine and made a great, teasingly slow show of tugging the ties at my hips open, a prolonged grind and sway routine following as I clutched the last remaining material tight to my belly. To my pussy.

I was about to show this roomful of strangers the very heart of me, the one place that I had – foolishly – kept to myself and one or two very select partners over so many years. The very wet and hot centre of me. I spun towards the pole, pinning the bikini briefs between pole and pussy even as it fell away at the back, exposing my butt.

As the cheers rose I simply spun back to face them, legs together at first before I took a swaying side-step, opening myself to the eager eyes. Cheers and applause rose as I began to sway once more to the music, totally naked and exposed now, my fingers brushing across my skin, touching, even, the very centre of me very briefly.

I was aroused to a level that I had never reached before – almost like the other side of climax, but as a constant sensation – but that didn't stop me getting ever closer to a real-life orgasm. The whole idea scared me – that much loss of control and that much intimacy with such a wide and wild audience – while at the same time making me more and more excited.

My fingers still brushed across my bare skin, but now the pressure was increased when they touched my very centre, my outer lips parting a little further each time. I just knew that the first time I penetrated myself properly I would start to climax and nothing on this planet would stop me.

And perhaps Chantella realised that as well.

The music wound down to silence and we were helped shakily down from the little stages by two of the other girls to a background of loud, sustained cheers.

"Great show for a newbie," the girl helping me said, "And two quick tips: don't forget your kit when you come down, and mind out for groping hands on your way back to the changing room!"

I thanked her, grabbed the discarded bikini, and covered my nakedness as best possible as we dashed out to the back room.

Once safely through the doors, the girls left us and we stared at each other with total delighted shock registering on every feature. I pulled off the fox mask and three the bikini down, opening my arms.

The cat mask and the other bikini ended up together in the corner of the room and Kate ended up entwined in my arms.

We'd never really seen each other naked before, let alone hugged each other that way, but right then it felt just perfect – all part of a wonderful shared experience. Kate kissed my cheek, a companionable peck, and I returned the gesture before leaning back a little to exchange a look of shared experience.

It was one of those moments when you can almost see inside someone else's essence, when you just know that they have felt exactly the same emotions that you have, and that this time you're sharing is something that belongs to just the two of you. Those moments were incredibly powerful. And maybe that is why I leaned forward a fraction.

A faint quizzical look passed across Kate's features, but it was gone before it really registered, replaced instead by a look that spoke of the time we had just shared so fully and deeply. And of a time that we had maybe not shared which was all part of the same experience. Her face tilted little to the left and she mimicked the fractional lean forward that I had done a few moments before.

There was a hush as we both paused for a few seconds, before the forward leans started again, and oh-so very slowly we closed the gap between our lips. The first contact was the gentle sensuality of deep affection – love, even – but as we acknowledged what was really happening, what we had both done out there on those little stages, tongues were forced against lips and our mouths opened as out passions started to run free.

My hands started to roam over Kate's shoulders, then arms, as hers did the same to me. I leaned back a little and let my thumbs brush the outside of Kate's breasts and stifled a moan as she whimpered softly.

She caressed the soft sides of my breasts with fingers and we gradually leaned further back. Sides of breasts became the soft undersides, and my own hands moved inwards to finally cup her fully.

Our passions, already stoked on the fires of the pole stages and in the newfound freedom of my world, started to rise rapidly until when Kate asked whether I had become really aroused out in the club, I answered her my pushing her hand down to my mound.

There was no hesitation now as we fingered each other's most intimate parts, and no surprise when Kate sank to her knees in front of me. I leaned back against a desk and opened myself to my friend.

As the tip of her tongue pressed against my wetness and then slid inside the hot, soft folds of my flesh I started to buck against her. My spiralling arousal had reached bursting point and I lay further and further back, scattering papers and pens as Kate's mouth took me into a heavenly place where only pleasure existed.

No matter that the climax was so marvellously intense, I still needed to share one more thing with my friend and so, shuddering still, I slid from the tabletop and pushed Kate gently backwards until her shoulders were pressed against the threadbare carpet. Her hips rose as my tongue zigzagged quickly down her belly, her legs scissoring open as my chin reached the small dark strip of hair that guided me into the centre of her. Just as quickly as I had climaxed when Kate's tongue reached into me, so did Kate when my own tongue pressed between her labia, my mind marvelling at the softness, heat and sweet, sweet taste of my friend's juices.

Even as the last vestiges of my own climax had my belly spasming, Kate moaned ever-louder as her own orgasm shook her twitching, bucking form.

We were both panting as the waves of ecstasy began to subside, still naked and tangled in each other's limbs. We mumbled words at each other but no meaning was needed in our utterances since actions really had been speaking louder than any words. It was a moment – or rather, an evening – that would never be repeated in such eye-widening revelatory sensations, and we hugged each other in mutual celebration of our mind-scrambling escapade. It was maybe five minutes, or maybe twenty minutes, later when Chantella slipped into the room and found us still cuddled up together.

She laughed, but in no way unkindly, "It gets to some people that way, and I'm glad to see you both enjoyed the whole deal."

I surprised myself by feeling not the slightest embarrassment, "It was certainly an experience."

"A lovely one," Kate agreed.

"So, either of you reckon you'll be back for more? The set you two did was about as hot as it gets for newbies, and the crowd were very impressed – you've made close on a ton each."

"You mean we get paid for that show?" I was genuinely surprised.

"Hell yeah, and worth every penny. So will you be back?"

I grinned at Kate, "Maybe one day, but I don't think I'm ready to do it regularly just yet."

"Me neither," Kate stretched. "You thirsty?"

Any orgasm always left me dry-mouthed, but the intensity of the one I'd just experienced had mine feeling like a desert, "You got that right. But do you think we dare have one here?"

Chantella laughed again, "I'll let you out the back and you can just wander round to the front and back inside. The crowd won't associate those hot dancers with two women out for a night's wine and chat – even if you'll still be just as hot in clothes."

I felt a tiny twang of embarrassment "You know, Chantella, I'm not... well, not like-"

"She means," Kate interrupted, "that she's not a les, or even bi."

"Quite."

"Although an hour ago Wends wouldn't have put 'flashing my tits and pussy at a bunch of strangers' down as one of her favourite activities."

That Friday afternoon and evening was just a month ago. We're going back tonight. For the fourth time.