Stripper - one time only

Sat Sep 24, 2005 18:17

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“It’s just like dancing at a nightclub, only you’re naked”  
  
That’s what Nicola told me when we were having a chat about her previous profession as a stripper and this on the very first occasion we had met. Nicola is a new nude model looking to break into the world of adult modelling. This was her first shoot with a professional photographer – I am his makeup artist, receptionist, secretary, and life partner. My name is Sam.  
  
Nicola had met us at the door of her flat wearing a track suit top and, it turned out moments later, nothing else. She didn’t hesitate when my partner asked to see what he would be working with that evening, she just unzipped the top and took it off as if it were nothing to be completely naked in front of a man she had met only minutes earlier. I won’t bore you with details of the shoot, it was, frankly, a standard shoot for a first time model, except for the complete lack of embarrassment on Nicola’s part. The interesting part for me was her description of the thrill of stripping and her out and out joy in her exhibitionism which is rare, even in experienced models.   
  
Our talk took long enough for my partner to dismantle all of his equipment, to take it down four flights of stairs (three journeys) and to load it into the estate (station wagon). It gave me the idea that this story is really all about so here goes.  
  
  
It is half past six in the evening and rapidly getting dark as I drive along the city streets towards my destination. There is a light drizzle falling and the wipers judder across the screen as I crawl along in the late rush hour traffic. The GPS unit in its suction cup mount on the screen to my left emits a low glow from the map display occasionally punctuated with an instruction to turn left or right, something that is very necessary as I’ve never been to this part of the city before, come to that, its nearly five years since I visited the city at all.  
  
I make the next turn and am told that my destination is five miles away, and my ETA is 18.50.   
  
Good, ten minutes to find a parking space should be plenty, but I don’t want to be too far away from the pub on a night like this. It is now fully dark and the rain is beginning to fall more steadily.   
  
Ten to seven and I can see the pub, welcoming lights by the door, but nothing escaping the curtained windows, the sign swinging in the increasing wind that has started to drive the rain at an angle across my windscreen.   
  
Parking is not a problem as there is a space, in fact a selection of spaces at the kerb opposite the pub. Still, while I want to be close, not too close, I don’t want anyone noticing my car or my number. This is a one off deal, just for me and no one will ever know back in the real world at home.   
  
I park, nice and straight, about four inches from the kerb – I am proud of my driving and proud of my car and just a little nervous about leaving it here in this part of town. I’m a little nervous about other things too, because as you will already have guessed, I am going to be a stripper tonight – it is amateur night here at the Queen Anne – Nicola mentioned the place during our conversation and I found it, phoned it and booked my place in the competition secretly – it is my fantasy, just like I hope one day to be posing in front of the camera, not just making other women look wonderful for that ever probing lens. But that is another fantasy that may or may not come true. When my partner first asked me to pose, I refused vehemently and he has never asked again. Truth be told, I didn’t really know the sort of pictures he took and I wasn’t into pornography, but now I was about to be thoroughly pornographic in person – how times change!  
  
OK, lights off, engine off, keys out of the ignition, check the mirror and click – the door is open. I’m getting out of the car and picking up my Nike overnight bag from the back seat. Blip and bleep and the car is locked, alarmed and immobilised. I turn towards the pub, but I don’t move.   
  
What’s wrong with me, I know what I’m doing, what I want to do, but my legs aren’t responding. ‘Don’t be a fool girl’ I tell myself – ‘it’s just like dancing at a nightclub and you wanted to do it – get a move on, or you’ll be late!’  
  
Late, that is the operative word, I can’t abide being late for anything and I’m walking purposefully across the road towards the lights reflecting off the wet pavement.   
  
I walk up to the door and push- it opens onto a dark lobby with another door immediately in front of me. One more push and I’m in the pub. I am dazzled by the light and almost choke on the atmosphere that is thick with cigarette smoke and beer fumes, while my ears are assailed by the heavy beat of rock music.   
  
Directly in front of me is a pool table with two men playing a game, ahead and to my left if a long bar crowded with men on bar stools or standing ‘propping it up’. At the end of the bar is a wall with doors marked ‘Ladies’ and ‘Gents’ and just to the left of the ‘Gents’ is a small stage in the corner of the room with a glistening chrome pole at the front and record, tape and CD decks to the back in the corner. The remainder of this last wall is covered with fruit machines all flashing their enticing lights and each with a dedicated player pushing coins into the ever open slots.   
  
A large man behind the bar sees me enter and beacons me over. “Hi” he says when I get to him “You must be the out of towner – I’m Sam – we spoke on the phone”  
  
Odd that he has the same name as me I think, but then I remember that tonight I am Phoebe Smithers – my Sam has never been to a place like this and probably never will.   
  
“You’ll need to sign in here” Sam says “and then you can get changed in the ‘Ladies’ if you like. It’s a good night for a newcomer tonight” he continues “only four other girls have booked in so you have a good chance”.   
  
He hands me my copy of the agreement and points to the chipped black painted door that is to be my changing room.   
  
“Sophie is already in there” he says “She’s a great gal, does the amateur spots regular as clockwork, but won’t take it up full time. She says she does it for her old man and also because she enjoys the thrill. Have fun and be ready for your first spot at about half past – OK?”  
  
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The ‘Ladies’ isn’t what I imagined at all. Unlike the rest of the pub it isn’t at all run down, the paint is good and there are hooks for coats (and clothes), places for bags, even a dressing table with a good makeup mirror complete with lights all the way around. There is even carpet on the floor in the changing area and clean tile in the wash basin and toilet part. Even the air smells fresher despite the fact that Sophie is sitting on the bench behind the door smoking a cigarette.   
  
I look at Sophie – she is young, very young, probably not even 20. She has dyed blond hair and quite a pretty face, but her makeup is a mess. She’s wearing a faded mauve ‘baby doll’ nightdress and some very high heeled shoes and apparently nothing else. I had imagined, indeed, I had prepared to be a stripper, that is, to strip meaning I was intending to take off a number of different garments before revealing myself in my nakedness. Sophie was clearly only going to have one thing to remove and from the moment she went out of the ‘Ladies’ she was going to be virtually fully exposed anyway (the nightie didn’t even cover her bits and pieces before she took it off and she clearly wasn’t wearing any knickers so her whole walk around the bar to collect her tips would be effectively bottomless!)  
  
“Hi” I say as I close the door – “I’m Phoebe”  
  
“Hi” she says in reply and takes another drag on her cigarette  
  
Not very communicative I think – best to get on with things and let her be.  
  
I hang my jacket on the hook and slip off my blouse. Sitting down at the dressing table I get out my makeup and begin to put on my face. Not tarty, but a lot heavier than I usually use for day time, I am good at this and soon achieve the effect I want.   
  
Sophie watches me from behind smudged eye liner and off centre false eyelashes.   
  
“What a difference” she says as I finish my work – “You look wonderful – if only I could do something like that I might stand a chance, but as it is, I really just work for the tips and to get my old man going”  
  
I look at her more critically. She is young, but she could look much better.   
  
“Come here” I hear myself saying “I’ll do your makeup for you if you like”  
  
“Would you” she says and if beside me in no time at all “I’m on in 15 minutes, can you do it in that time?”  
  
“Of course I can” I say “Just sit still and do as I tell you.”  
  
Ten minutes later there is a very different Sophie sitting in front of me. She is a pretty girl and now her makeup reflects that prettiness. She is still dressed in the same faded nightdress and as she stands I see that it only barely covers her belly button, let alone anything further down, but she has a happy smile on her face and as the buzzer sounds, she steps out of our room and into the bar with a broad smile on her face and a ton more confidence than just ten minutes earlier.   
  
Quick now girl I say to myself and I begin to get myself ready. I’m going to stick to my game plan this evening. I’m not here to try to win, just to take part so I’ll do it my way.   
  
I had thought long and hard about what to wear and how to take it off. I had even practiced in the privacy of my bedroom when my partner was working away overnight or very late home. I thought a lot about men’s fantasies and what turns them on and also about my own body, its strengths and weaknesses and down right failings and how to keep the lesser elements away from the focus of attention.   
  
So I got ready. To begin with I stripped naked and checked myself over in the mirror. I have a small scar from an appendix operation when I was very small and this was quickly covered with a little makeup. I had shaved all but a tiny triangle of my pubic hair (my public hair I thought, at least very soon) and what remained just got a quick comb through. I then brushed out my own long dark hair before clipping it up in a severe and very business like bun.   
  
My underwear for this evening was black with a black lacy bra that clipped in the front, a black lacy G string that hardly covered anything and a black pair of French knickers that covered everything, but hinted at the future revelations through their wide and high cut. Stockings, suspenders and a half slip completed my underwear. For outer wear, I have decided that almost every man has some interaction with a secretary every now and then, either he has one working for him or he works for someone who has a secretary so the bossy, super efficient ice maiden stripping for his personal pleasure should be a winner for the men who were now beginning to crowd the bar.   
  
I put on my white ruffled blouse, black pencil skirt and severe business jacket and prepare myself for what is to come.   
  
To be continued….