Tijuana Strip Slut

by wildermarie ©

I have been happily married for nearly ten years now. Although I have

always been a free spirit my husband always enthusiastically supported

anything sexual I did including my tendency to be an exhibitionist. I was

always heading to nude beaches or going shopping with no underwear but I

never had the nerve to actually carry out my most erotic fantasy and enter

an amateur strip contest.

Then we went on a holiday to San Diego and took a day trip Tijuana. On the

Avenue of the Revolution there are several seedy strip bars with Mexicans

out front trying to draw in crowds just like in the Cheech and Chong movie

"Born in East L.A.". Some of the strippers are also hookers who dance to

drum up business. We went into a couple of the bars just to see what was

happening and finally came to one that looked a little classier than the

others. We went inside and ordered four beers (Mexican beer bottles are

smaller than ours) and took a table near the stage. The stage was a raised

platform in the centre of the large bar with a slightly lower shelf around

the perimeter which acted as a table for a row of chairs in which

customers could sit and look up at the girls stripping on stage.

The strippers were all Mexican girls who took turns dancing one at a time.

When not dancing they mixed with the customers and tried to get them to

buy more drinks. Some were a little more shy than others. The braver ones

stripped nude and even took tips from customers in the form of folded

dollar bills by holding open their pussy lips and allowing the audience

members to put the bill between their lips (not into their vaginas). Some

even let the men in the from row briefly feel their breasts or pussies

before dancing away. The shyer dancers often only stripped down to a pair

of knickers. Most of the girls were quite attractive but the less

attractive ones tended to try a little harder to get audience approval by

being a little more blatantly sexual in their actions.

I had a few drinks and probably became a little loud and critical of the

dancers, frequently making comments like, "I can dance better than that"

or "I have better legs (or a better butt) than her". A fellow sitting just

ahead of us in the row of chairs along the stage overheard a couple of my

comments and finally turned around to say, "If you can do so much better,

we'd all love to see YOU dance."

I blushed but thought about it for a minute. The thoughts made me warm and

damp so I finally got the nerve to lean over to my husband and whisper,

"We're thousands of miles from home and you always said you don't mind if

I flash a bit of skin for other guys. What do you think?" He was instantly

enthusiastic and asked me if I was sure I'd have the nerve. I said that it

would be really kinky and I had always had a secret desire to turn on a

whole room full of men. We called the manager over to our table and asked

if he allowed amateurs to dance at his bar. He said it was no problem as

long as they were attractive and that I was more than attractive enough to

be allowed to dance. He told me I could dance right after the girl on

stage finished which would be in about five minutes. I fished in my purse

for a couple of items and then he showed me to a back room to get ready. I

was wearing was a mini skirt and knit top on the outside and black stay-up

nylons, a thong and bra that didn't match underneath. I made a quick

decision to take off the mismatched bra and leave it in the change room.

Removing the bra only took about 20 seconds so I used the rest of the time

to freshen my make up and put on some bright red lipstick and dark eye

liner. Even though my nipples were standing out from sheer erotic

anticipation, I pinched them hard so they would be pink and stand out

through my thin dress when I went on stage. A pretty Mexican girl with

large breasts had been dancing when I made my way to the change room. When

she finished a few minutes later, the manager announced that an amateur

was about to dance and I took the announcement as my cue to head for the

stage. When I appeared from the change room at the back of the bar, the

audience showed a lot more enthusiasm than they had for house dancers.

Some of the men moved in to seats closer to the stage and the applause was

a little louder than usual.

I had unbuttoned my top to below the nipple line so my breasts could be

seen bouncing as I danced. The leather mini also had buttons up the front

and I had undone the bottom three buttons so the crotch of my thong showed

whenever I twirled around or kicked high. I did an enthusiastic dance and

the crowd responded with loud applause. A fellow from Canada who had been

sitting in a seat right at the bar around the stage clapped and whistled

the loudest.

After the first song, I undid the knit top to the navel and kicked off my

sandals to make it easier to dance. As I danced the second song, I slowly

undid one button of my skirt at a time until only the two at the belt

level held it on me. The Canadian called me over and held up a five dollar

bill. I danced ahead of him and he reached up and tucked it deep into the

front of my thong keeping his hand in my knickers for what seemed like an

awfully long time just to tuck in a bill. Feeling his hand in my knickers

as I danced ahead of all those strangers suddenly made me feel extremely

sexy and powerful. The effect was noticeable. I felt my nipples harden

despite the heat. I undid the remaining buttons of my top and began to

dance as provocatively as I could, holding the open sides of the front and

exposing one breast then the other to the audience. After I bared my

breasts for the first time, the crowd began to go a little wild and

pressed in even further toward the stage. I had intended to keep my thong

on through the dance but the Canadian man kept yelling for more in a

laughing friendly manner and that's when I decided it would be fun to go

all the way.

I began by pulling the crotch of my thong up into the slit of my pussy so

that my shaved cunt lips were fully exposed on either side. Then I danced

around the edge of the stage so that the men on "gynecology row" could

look up my open mini skirt and see my pussy close up. I danced to the

centre of the stage and with a twirl undid the last two buttons so that my

skirt spun to the floor. I immediately removed my top so that I was naked

except for the thong and black nylons. The crowd applauded loudly and the

Canadian yelled, "I'll give you twenty dollars for your knickers".

I was feeling incredibly exhilarated and naughty at the same time so

selling my knickers seemed like an incredibly erotic idea. I looked toward

my husband and he read my mind and nodded. I danced over to the Canadian

and he tried to tuck the twenty into my knickers. I said "No" and had him

hold it up so I could hold my tits together and take it in my cleavage

instead. I rubbed my tits right up his arm from the elbow, finally getting

the twenty from his grasp. As soon as I had it he said, "Ok, now I want my

knickers."

I thought for a minute then returned to centre stage and began sensuously

sliding the string sides of my thong down over to my hips. When I got the

strings half way to my knees, the crotch popped out of my cunt lips which

had been "eating" the narrow end of the triangle. I danced over to the

Canadian and told him he had to finish removing them but without using his

hands. The crowd went wild. I managed to get onto my back on the stage

directly in front of him with my legs straight up in the air, and spread

them just enough to permit the knickers to slip up to my ankles with a

light pull. He stood up and immediately headed his face for my crotch. I

grabbed his hair with one hand to make sure he couldn't get his mouth on

my pussy and guided his head to the knickers. I pushed the crotch of the

knickers toward his mouth with my free hand. He took the crotch in his

mouth and began to pull them off, climbing up on the bar to get enough

height to clear my feet. The manager came over and asked him to get off

the bar and he immediately did so. While he was getting down however, I

just lay on my back with my legs straight and my feet up in the air slowly

parting my legs farther and farther giving the Canadian a great view of my

cunt opening as he sat back down.

The performance brought the house down and I was now on a roll. The

alcohol and attention were going to my head. I got up and said I was

thirsty and the manager handed me up a bottle of beer "on the house". I

made a performance of drinking it and deep throating the bottle between

sips as I danced now totally naked except the black nylons. The beer

tasted great and drinking it while dancing relatively calmly around the

stage gave me some time to think about what to do next.

I did a lot of high kicks around the edge of the stage which must have

given those directly below a great view of my cunt. I then put the bottle

down right in the middle of the stage. I got on my hands and knees with my

face over the bottle and spread my knees wide apart. I knew that this

would give the part of the audience who couldn't see what I was doing with

the bottle a view of my of my pussy to watch. I must have been getting

really horny by this point in the performance because when I spread my

knees I could feel the air from a fan on the bar blow right up my vagina.

I should explain that when I get horny, my pussy gapes open and a fairly

large black hole appears at the base of my slit when I spread my legs. My

husband who was sitting in the section of the audience behind me told me

later that he had never seen me gape so open except after sex.

To keep the men ahead of me interested, I gave the bottle on the floor of

the stage a blow job. I went up and down deep throating it in time to the

driving beat of the music while inching my body around it in a slow circle

to afford the entire audience a view of either my open cunt or my mouth at

work. Some of the crowd followed my crotch around the bar in a circle

behind the men on gynocology row. The crowd was chanting "Suck it, Suck

it!" and I was getting more and more blatant in my actions. As my crotch

came around to face the Canadian I was so horny I lost track of where I

was and reached one hand back to begin to rub my clit. When the Canadian

started a chant of "Fuck it, Fuck it!" I took it to mean my finger so I

inserted one then two fingers deep into my gaping cunt. I could see them

through my legs come back out shiny and wet. My pussy dripped on the

stage.

The Canadian yelled. "Let's take up a collection to have her fuck the

bottle." I giggled but thought this was getting out of hand so I said "No

way!" but the bills were already being passed to the Canadian. Within two

minutes he had collected or contributed over fifty dollars and he held it

up to me.

The crowd was screaming. I couldn't find my husband in the sea of moving

men. The out of control audience made me feel tremendously powerful and

impulsive at the same time. I had unconsciously been rubbing the bottle

over my tits and cunt in a provocative fashion while I stared at the

audience. I finally caught site of my husband and he was grinning from ear

to ear. I still can't believe what I did next.

I danced around, smiled, pointed the bottle at my shaved pussy and yelled

"YES??" . The audience echoed the "YES" back at me but not as a question.

I danced over to the Canadian and took the bills from him rolling two or

three at a time and inserting them into the bottle while the crowd

screamed in encouragement and anticipation. Then I deep throated the

bottle - more to get it wet than for show - and placed it on the stage

about 18" ahead of the Canadian. I slowly squatted over it with my legs

spread and my open cunt pointing at the bottle neck. I tried to squat on

it using only my legs but couldn't get low enough to touch the small

bottle so I leaned back and supported myself with one hand on the stage

behind me to get lower. I used my free hand to hold open my lips and

lowered myself slowly onto the bottle until it slipped about an inch up my

cunt. The crowd went nuts pushing to get a better view ahead of me. The

Canadian began to chant "Deeper, deeper, deeper".

I tipped backwards letting my hand on the stage go and grabbed the bottle

with both hands as I rolled onto my back while managing to keep the bottle

in my vagina. I shot my legs straight up into the air and held them open

as far as I could with the neck of the bottle still just barely up my

pussy. Then I very slowly inserted the bottle deeper and deeper, to the

top of the neck at first then with a hard shove the wide part slipped

right up my cunt. The din from the crowd was deafening. I fucked myself

with the bottle while they watched for almost two minutes. Then I had

another stroke of creativity. I pulled the bottle out with a loud pop. (I

heard a couple of the men say "Shit her cunt is still wide open" . I

couldn't see my own crotch but I know my vagina gapes really wide after

something large is pulled out. I yelled over the crowd to the Canadian,

"Give me my knickers back". He thought I wanted to go and said "No way, I

want them for a souvenir." But I said "Give them back and you'll be glad

you did." All this conversation took place through my spread legs and

above my gaping cunt hole which was about a foot ahead of his face as he

leaned forward to talk over the crowd. He reluctantly handed me the

knickers and I began stuffing them deep in my vagina. The crowd was out of

control. I stuffed them in with two fingers which went deep inside me with

each push. They went in easily and when only about a half inch of the side

string was still sticking out of my hole, I asked the Canadian his name.

He said it was "Dave" and I said, "Ok Dave get your knickers back...slowly

and with no hands."

With that I started furiously fingering my clit while the crowd looked on.

Dave looked confused for a second then got the idea. He immediately

planted his face in my crotch. This time I didn't even stop him from

licking my cunt as he made a production out of trying to grasp the string

of the knickers with his teeth while actually kissing and tonguing my cunt

lips and vaginal opening. I knew my husband might not like this but I was

too horny to take the time to look for him for approval. I kept

masturbating and when Dave finally did start to pull the knickers out I

felt them jerked from my cunt. "No, I said slowly" I repeated emphatically

as I grabbed them and pushed them back in to make him start over. I took

about two minutes for him to get it right and in the meantime, although

most of the audience thought I was faking, I had one of the best orgasms

of my life. When Dave was done, I said that's it and got my clothes

together to leave the stage. The manager managed to get some semblance of

order back into the crowd. Everyone wanted to talk to me (most of them to

proposition me) so I sat at the bar for the next fifteen minutes while the

next dancer performed. I had no knickers of course and I only did up the

top button of my skirt leaving my cunt exposed. I put the knit top on

without doing it up at all so anyone who came to chat got a closeup view

of my tits and cunt. I spread my legs while I sat on the edge of the bar

stool so the guys who had not been close to the stage could all get a good

look at my parts.

Dave came over and chatted for a while. He offered me $200 to sleep with

him but I turned him down. He asked if he could take some pictures of me

and I let him. The first one shows how I looked when I was chatting after

dancing. For the second one, he actually talked me into fucking a beer

bottle again, this time sitting on the bar because the stage was occupied.

I sat on the edge of the bar spread my legs and slipped his larger

imported beer bottle deep into my gaping wet cunt which got me more

attention than the dancer but that was ok with the manager. Dave got a

couple of great shots of the bottle in my cunt and later emailed me one.

I don't think I'll ever repeat that day but it sure made for some great

sex with hubby for the next few weeks.