

Visiting Strip Clubs

Contributed by Alex

For a long time Lauren knew that she had some interest in girls. She liked looking at the pictures in mens' magazines and lesbian scenes in porn movies always turned her on. At that time, had you asked her, she would have told you that she was "bi-curious", although she was still doing her best to deny the arousal the women caused in her. Since we had never involved anyone in our activities - other than letting them see quick peeks, it was hard for her to admit to anything beyond curiosity. Since she liked looking at girls, we visited a couple of strip clubs. The first few times we really did very little other than sit toward the back and watch the show.

I do remember a dancer giving a pretty nasty lapdance to a guy who was sitting near us one night. She was on her knees, between the guys legs, with her face buried in his crotch as though she were giving him head. Then she spun around and began grinding her ass into his lap, as though she were getting fucked doggie style. I glanced over at Lauren. She was hypnotized by what she saw. She never even saw me turn to look at her. I looked back at the action, and watched until the song ended. When I looked back at Lauren she had a look that I have since come to recognize. There is the slight hint of a smile and a faraway gaze in her eyes, even though she is locked in on whatever she is watching at the moment. I asked if her she liked what she saw. She simply nodded her head and said, "She's nasty!". The way that she smiled when she said it told me that that was a compliment.

Our next memorable trip to a strip club was to the infamous Mons Venus in Tampa. Without getting into a complete review of the place, let me just say that the Mons Venus is far from our favorite club. In fact, we don't even go there any more. At some point I will give a complete rundown of Mons and other strip clubs we know, but let's move ahead with the story.

Like most strip clubs, Mons Venus has seating that runs all the way around the edge of the club. We were seated there on a slightly elevated platform which gave us a good overview of the club but still kept us from being the center of attention. We didn't need to worry about that. Unlike most of the clubs we had visited before, there were several couples there that night. In fact, after we had been there for an hour or so, a guy and two women came and sat near us. They were all mid-30's or so, dressed comfortably, but professionally. It seemed like one of the women was the guy's wife or girlfriend and the other was just a friend. They didn't come across as "swingers" or people involved in an intimate 3-way relationship. Apparently, they had been in the club, and were moving to where we were to have a little more privacy for a lap dance. The dance was for the wife/gf. It was the first time we had even seen a woman get a lap dance. Even though the dancer was fairly conservative with her moves, it was a turn on. She brushed the woman's chest and ran her hands up under her skirt. Not too far, but enough to give everyone involved a little thrill. When the dance ended, the guy bought another dance for the other woman. She was clearly nervous, but excited by the idea. The dancer went just a bit further with her, not just brushing but fondling her breasts through her clothes. When she spread the woman's legs, kneeling in front of her, she spread them wide enough that I could see her panties. I could also see when the dancer rubbed her pussy through those panties.

I was as hard as a rock. Lauren was seated to my left, closer to the action, so I could not see her expression, but I could tell that she was watching intently. When the dance ended, the lady thanked the dancer and then fanned herself, obviously turned on by the experience. I don't know if it was the dancer, the other woman or the guy who asked her if that was her first time, but I remember her answer. "Do mean is that the first time that I have kissed another woman, felt her boobs and let her touch me everywhere? Then, yes, that was my first time." Lauren still hadn't looked away. The guy looked at her, smiled and then asked if she would like a dance. He was willing to pay for it, he said. She quickly shook her head no and thanked him. Within a few minutes we left to go straight t to our hotel and fuck like teenaged rabbits.

I couldn't wait for our next trip to a strip club !