

Strip Club Exhibitionism

Contributed by Alex

We spent a couple of days in Myrtle Beach seeing what kind of trouble we could get into, including bookstores, lingerie modeling and an evening at a "gentlemen's club", the Crazy Horse in NMB. Things may not have gotten as wild as they sometimes do in strip clubs, but the experience turned out to be a very good one, including Lauren's second experience with another woman.

Lauren wore a head turning (yet not sleazy) dress and, as you might imagine, drew a fair amount of attention just by walking into the place. We began by sitting towards the back in a fairly secluded spot. We enjoyed watching the girls - especially those who clearly enjoy dancing for the crowd. Lauren even got a little playful, unzipping my pants and reaching in to fondle my dick as we watched.

By and large we weren't bothering anyone and I figured no one was paying too much attention to us. At one point I stepped into the men's room and since the urinals were all busy I went into a stall. A few seconds later a couple of guys came in, talking about the two of us. I guess people were paying more attention than I thought. One of them asked the other how a guy gets his wife to come with him to a place like that. The other answered, "My wife would break my neck if she knew I was here. His gives him a handjob while he watches strippers!" Yes, I know how lucky I am. No, I can't tell you how to get your wife to go with you to a strip club. Sorry.

Because of our last experience there, I was thinking about a private lap dance nearly from the time we had we had walked in. In the past, we have always had the dances in the area of club designated for that, since it is a little more private. We were planning on doing that same that night. After an hour or so checking out the available prospects, Lauren suggested that we move closer to the stage area for a little better look. I let her lead the way, wanting to be sure that she would be comfortable with our new seats. Apparently she was more comfortable than I thought, since she picked a couple of chairs that were nearly right on the stage itself. She enjoyed being closer to the dancers, engaging in a lot of eye contact and mutual smiles. After about 15 minutes or so, Lauren excused herself and quickly returned with a tall blonde that I had been watching all night. She said, "I bought you a dance". The dance was great, of course, but the best part was at the end when the dancer asked Lauren if SHE wanted a dance. Lauren said yes, and I assumed we would be heading to the back room. I assumed wrong.

The dancer knelt in front of my wife, easing her dress juuusst enough up her thighs. Then it began. Now when this girl danced for me, there was only occasional contact. By that I mean she would brush me with a breast or grind her ass into my lap. Nothing more. No hands - either hers or mine. That was not the case for Lauren. The dancer's hands roamed up and down Lauren's chest, pausing to squeeze and caress her breasts through the fabric of her dress. She would slide her hands up the insides of her thighs, disappearing beneath the hem. She took Lauren's hands and guided them around her, placing them on her ass as she straddled my wife's lap and pulled herself close. From time to time I would see Lauren's eyes close or watch her gasp gently. When the girl pressed her tits into Lauren's, her eyes grew wide and she stole a glance toward me. She loves that sensation. Speaking of glancing, I took a quick survey around the room and as you can imagine, every guy in our area was focused on the "floor show". I turned my attention back to Lauren to see that now she and the dancer were locked in a tight embrace, kissing one another deeply, letting their hands roam freely over the other's body. I know there was music playing, but everything seemed really quiet to me. No noise from the guys around us. No chatter from the other side of the bar. Only the sound of my own heart about to beat through my chest. The girl on the stage didn't bother to come our way, I guess she new that no one would be tipping her for a few minutes.

For me, the turn on was not only watching this exhibition 2 feet away, but knowing that I had the only erection in the room that would be relieved by one of the two girls in front of us. And relieved it was! Although it took more than once for both of us to be totally satisfied that night.

We noticed a few other couples in the place. We are thinking it might be nice to go back with a couple some time... now taking applications!