

Just got back from Myrtle Beach

Contributed by Alex

As I promised, we have been able to get out a little bit lately. We have been looking forward to a loooonng overdue getaway weekend. It has been our first chance for some extended time to get out, rest, relax and PLAY in nearly a year. We went to the beach - Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Yeah, I know it's January, but there is always something going on there and we wanted to check out the strip clubs and bookstores. Here's the overview of what happened. For those who want to skip straight to the juicy stuff, you may want to go straight to my account of what happened at a bookstore Saturday night. The rest of you can read on for our take on what is going on at the Grand Strand.

I figured that we would do most of our playing on Saturday night, but we hit a couple of Adult Bookstores Friday evening. First stop was a place called Insecrections. (1450 Highway 501, Myrtle Beach, SC. Near Robert M Grissom Pkwy). They have a selection of DVD's, Toys, Massage Items, and pipes (not for use with illegal substances, according to the posted sign). They also have a small video booth section. I can't tell you much about it, because I don't think I was in there for more than 10 seconds. I walked back to scope it out before taking Lauren back. I am glad I did. This is the kind of place that keeps most women out of adult bookstores. To say it was dirty is to insult dirt. Aside from the fact that the floor was stained, there were used, wadded tissues and paper towels piled on the floor. I am not exaggerating. There must have been 12-15 on the floor of the one booth that I stuck my head into. I don't think it was a temporary lapse of janitorial skills. There were fluids and stains running down the walls of the booths, half of which were out of order. (Upon reflection, I have determined that whoever is responsible to clean this sewer probably decided that it would be better for his health to simply seal up the most offensive of the booths, rather than risk his life by entering them.) Insecrections defines the word "dive". Guys, if you are looking for a place to take your lady, this is NOT the place. I will go wash my hands now and continue typing in a minute.

Stop number two was a place called A Touch of Romance (915 Seaboard St., Myrtle Beach, SC). This place was just the opposite of Insecrections. It was large, clean, well lit and well maintained. For you locals, I should mention that they even have a privacy fence protecting their parking lot from the eyes of your snoop neighbors. However, since the front of the store is a floor to ceiling show window, I am not sure how "private" your presence really is. This is clearly a place that caters to couples. They have a large lingerie section that features stuff a little hotter than you will find in the mall. They also have some games for couples and open-minded adults, as well as a very large toy selection. The back half of the store is filled with a few thousand videos. Everything from classics, to features, to fetishes seem to be available. What they do not have is a video booth area, so there won't be much playing there. Although Lauren had a good time giving the clerk some nice views of her cleavage. We came back later in the weekend to buy a toy that she saw and to give her another chance to tease. For couples who want to shop together, or take their first steps in an adult shop, I would recommend A Touch of Romance.

Saturday night we hit a couple of strip clubs. Lauren had her first experience with a girl at The Crazy Horse in North Myrtle Beach years ago, but our last trips there were not nearly as good. A little internet research confirmed our conclusions about the Crazy Horse and gave us a couple other prospects to check out. We started at Secrets.

I liked this place. There was a great vibe. People were having fun and the girls looked like they were really enjoying their work. The place was packed (always a good sign) and we even had to work a little bit to find a seat. When we first arrived there was no one on stage. A couple of songs played with no one on stage. Nor were there any lapdances going on around us. So I was beginning to wonder about the trustworthiness of my intel, but soon there was a nice looking black girl showing off her recently purchased hardware and all was right with the world. VIP room traffic seemed brisk and I even noticed a few repeat customers going back for a return performance (also a good sign). We enjoyed watching the dancers and waited for some to circulate to our side of the room. We even compared notes to come up with a short list of girls that we wouldn't mind spending some "quality time" with. Alas, it wasn't to be.

We have played enough to know that there is no point in seeking out a girl for a dance if they aren't into couples. We have also learned that those dancers who like to play with girls normally head toward a couple about as quickly as they see them. Several dancers have told me that dancing for a woman or couple is more fun. They get to play more than they normally can but, unlike guys, couples are pretty much pressure free. They don't try getting way with more than the girl offers and don't pressure to get more than they should. In short, couples are usually a pretty easy - and fun - tip, IF the girl is into it. Apparently none of them were into it. I did notice that we were the only couple in the place. That was pretty unusual and probably a pretty good indication that Secrets, although a great looking club in every respect, is probably not a good couples club.

Next stop was Fantails. A lot of people told us that this place was "a sure thing". For a guy who is looking for some quick and inexpensive attention, it probably is. Generally speaking, the girls who dance here (or at least those who were dancing Saturday night) are in a little different category than the girls at Secrets. On the whole, the girls at Secrets were better looking. On the whole, the girls at Secrets looked like someone you might live near, or work with or see working at

the local discount store. The girls at Fantails - on the whole - had a little harder edge. These were "dirty girls". Don't take that the wrong way. Dirty girls can be fun. The crowd was different here, too. Rather than a bunch of golfers escaping their lives for a weekend, laughing with their buddies and flirting with girls half their age, the crowd at Fantails was pretty well silent. Staring, expressionless, at the girls around them. The trail to the VIP room was not nearly as busy as our first stop. Of course, the place wasn't nearly as full. I think that explains why the girls didn't circulate much. If they were lucky enough to find a table where guys seemed to be enjoying themselves, they stayed there - even when the DJ would instruct them to "switch it up" during the showtime song. There were a few girls that wandered our way, but they were clearly not interested in female clientele. Those that looked like they might have been (including one hot brunette that actually stood up to suck the tits of one of the other dancers who was onstage at the time) never left their tables while we were there.

Bottom line: I would return to Secrets and leave Fantails off my list. Eventually we decided to go look for some fun of a different variety and found it at the Airport Express Videos bookstores. You can read all the details of that stop here.

Between those stops, we made good use of the king-sized bed back at our suite. We broke in some new toys and practiced some old moves. The time at the beach did us some good I think. It was nice to get away and even better spending some time playing with one another.