Girls Night Out

By Linda Dane

Hi everyone,

Sorry I haven't written for so long, but I've been kind of busy doing different things. As usual, my boyfriend Luke has been trying to get me into some pretty weird stuff, so I thought I'd better write, and tell you about it, and see what you think. Lately, last summer especially, I ended up doing some really daring things on my own, so I guess I'd better tell you about that first.

When Luke and I started going out, this stuff was all so new to me, and at first, I felt really embarrassed, but lately, I'm getting more and more used to some of his crazy ideas, almost to the point where they don't seem so strange anymore. I can still remember my reaction when I first heard Luke and his friends had all gone to this strip club, last year I guess it was. I felt shocked, betrayed almost. How could he do such a thing while he was going out with me? Luke, of course said it wasn't his idea, though it sounds a lot more like him than something his friends would cook up.

What really got me worried though was that he wanted me to come with him next time. At first, I thought that he was trying to talk me into stripping at the club! I completely freaked. I thought never in a million years would you catch me doing something like that. He said that wasn't it though. He wanted to show me something, but he wouldn't tell me what it was. He wanted to go on a particular night, which sounded pretty suspicious to me, but he kept saying that lots of guys take their girlfriends, and that I was making a big deal over nothing.

I still wasn't too keen, but eventually, I gave in, and agreed to go. That night, I just wore jeans and a t-shirt 'cause I didn't want anyone mistaking me for one of the dancers. The doormen didn't seem surprised to see me at all, but there weren't that many other girls in the club, other than the dancers, so I felt a bit weird. Inside, the club was a bit like a dance club - all mirrors and flashing lights with a glittery stage at the front. There was one dancer on the stage, and a couple of others doing "table dances" for particular groups of guys.

We just watched for a while, but then this one girl came out and Luke called her over to do a table dance for us. She was blonde with a deep tan. As she took off all her clothes, I realized that she was tanned all over. The music stopped, and she sat down on the table still completely nude, but she didn't seem embarrassed at all. I guess you get used to it after working there a while. Luke started talking to her.

"Hi Celine, this is my girlfriend, Linda."

"It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance," she said in a thick French accent.

"Yeah," I blinked nervously not quite used to talking to another girl standing there nude.

"Could you tell her where you got your tan?" Luke asked Celine.

"Euu, do you know Renford Park?" she asked in this unbelievably calm voice. I guess I was still pretty freaked out about being there.

"Yes, I do," I nodded shyly trying not to stare at her breasts, which seemed a bit bigger than mine.

"About cinq... euu, five minutes walk on za left, zere is a hill, no?"

I found her accent a bit upsetting too because she sounded so sexy. Luke seemed pretty calm considering that her breasts kept jiggling every time she moved.

"I see," I said finally beginning to see what Luke was up to.

"Zere is a path going up. You follow, but before you get to za main field, you turn left."

I kind of knew where she was talking about, but I'd never been up that way. I didn't know there was a path there at all. Probably not too many other people knew about it either. I suddenly realized why Luke had invited me. She was describing a place where he and I could go to be alone together.

"You will come to a little clearing. Zat is where I sunbathe," she told me smiling away happily.

"Have you ever seen anyone else there?"

"Non."

I still wasn't completely convinced that this was such a safe thing to do. I looked over at Luke, but he was just grinning at me. The music started again, so Celine stood up, and danced some more. I just sat there a bit freaked out, but glad to have found out what this was all about.

After that, I went up to the clearing a few times. It is pretty cool, and I've never seen anyone around. I'll tell you more about that next time, but actually, that whole trip to the strip club gave me another idea. At the entrance to the strip club, I'd seen a sign pointing upstairs to what looked like a club for women with male strippers. It wasn't like I wanted to get revenge on Luke exactly, but I did think it would be fun for my friends, Cindy, Kim and I to go check it out.

The three of us have been friends since high school. They are two of my closest friends here, but I haven't really told them yet about all the stuff Luke and I have been doing. Like I mean, Sheri and Elaine and you guys are pretty open-minded, but maybe things are different here. One time, I tried to convince Cindy to go up with me to the nude beach in Vancouver, but she was like 'are you crazy?' Anyway, I thought maybe it would be easier to convince her to go to the strip club. She didn't exactly say yes, but I could tell she was interested, so I went ahead, and asked Kim too. Kim is even shyer than Cindy when it comes to these things, but somehow I managed to talk them both into coming downtown with me.

Cindy and Kim showed up dressed pretty conservatively. They are always like that, but I was in kind of a party mood, so I went in a tube top and a mini-skirt. I wanted to have a bit of fun. When we got there, we went up the stairs, and as usual, we got carded at the door. We all turned 21 this year, so we had to show them our ID, but anyway, they eventually let us in. The inside looked a lot like the club with the women strippers, except that the dancers were all men. These guys were so big. I mean like neither Cindy nor I are that short, but these guys were towering over us, and they had rippling muscles like Arnold Schwarzenegger or someone. And they were all wearing these tiny little bikini briefs. You could see their... well you know what I mean, their bulges sticking way out.

We sat down, ordered drinks and just kind of soaked it all in for a while. The guys were really getting into the dancing. There were a lot of other women there, a bit older than us maybe. They were all cheering, hollering and egging the guys on. I was kind of surprised because they were all a lot more rambunctious than the guy customers downstairs. It was fun though, a great atmosphere.

After a while, the alcohol started to hit the three of us two, and we started yelling at the guys too, "Take it off! Take it off!" I wanted to call one of the guys over to get a table dance, but I didn't have much money. I was pretty drunk though, so I eventually called one of the guys over, and offered to give him my panties if he did a table dance for us.

"How old are you girls?" he said looking a bit uncomfortable. I get this a lot because I guess we do look pretty young. I told him 21, and at first he wouldn't believe me, so I got out my driver's license, and showed him. He looked worried, like stripping for panties instead of money was wrong, but finally I just sat up, took them off, and left them lying on the table. Not quite thinking straight, I sat back leaving my legs wide open, but then I noticed one of the other stripper guys staring at my pussy. I looked back at Cindy and Kim and they were completely freaking. Self-conscious, I sat up, and closed my legs, and anyway finally the guy agreed to give us our dance.

His dancing was a bit stiff, but anyway, it was pretty exciting when he finally took his briefs off, and the three of us all cheered and hooted just like the other women had been doing. When the music stopped, I hoped that he would sit down, and talk with us the way Celine had done, but he made some excuse about having to go, and slipped away. Eventually, I remembered my panties, but they were gone too. The guy must have taken them with him. Can you imagine? I guess it was my own fault for taking them off in the first place but really! I was so embarrassed. I sat up, and pulled the hem of my mini-skirt down to try to cover up, but a lot of people seemed to be staring over this way, so I must have looked pretty indecent.

After we'd been there a while, the novelty started to wear off a bit. I mean the guys' bodies are nice to look at, and it was exciting, but we didn't really know them, and it's not as if any of the three of us were going to date any of them. Cindy suggested we go downstairs, and take a look at the women strippers. I laughed.

"What? So you like girls now?"

She gave me a funny look.

"No, c'mon let's go. I just want to see. You went, didn't you?"

I looked at Kim. Her face was bright red, more from the cocktail she'd drunk than embarrassment I think, but it looked like she was up for anything. We headed downstairs, and I had to hold my skirt down to prevent people on the street from peaking up it. Maybe I should go buy some new panties.

Anyway, we got carded again, but finally got in. I recognized some of the strippers from the time before, and when Celine saw me, she came over, and said hi. She was wearing a lot more clothes than the last time I saw her.

"Where is Monsieur Luke?" she asked looking over at Cindy and Kim.

"Oh, I left him home this time. We're on a girl's night out."

Cindy and Kim smiled at Celine, surprised that people knew me. I briefly wondered how much money Luke had spent on Celine's table dances, but then remembered our conversation about the park.

"Oh, thanks for telling us about that sun tanning spot. It's great, isn't it?"

Celine flashed me this big grin. On the main stage, there was a woman I hadn't seen before very awkwardly going through the motions. I nodded toward the stage, and asked,

"What's going on?"

"Tonight iz amateur night. Anyone can try. Would you or your friends like to try?"

Cindy immediately shook her head no, but Kim didn't seem to be listening. A couple of the guys at the bar were staring hungrily at my skirt, so I tried to push the hem down a bit lower.

"You mean that that woman is not a stripper?"

"I sink she said she is a secretary."

I was a bit surprised that a regular person would want to try stripping.

"You are une belle fille, eu, a good-looking girl. You could make a lot of money I am sure," Celine said staring straight at me.

"How much money?" I asked, curious.

"Would you like me to ask my boss?"

I told her no, but she had already gone off to fetch him. He was youngish for a manager, and dressed in a very expensive suit. The way he looked me up and down, reminded me of a hunter examining some animal he'd just caught.

"What's your name, miss?" he asked politely enough.

"Linda."

"How does a hundred dollars sound?"

I just kind of laughed thinking that maybe they were just teasing me for a joke. I couldn't figure out if a hundred was a lot of money or not. It was certainly a lot more than I was making at the video shop. Celine leaned over, and whispered to me,

"Ask him for two."

"How much do you normally pay?" I asked still playing along.

The manager said one hundred, but Celine repeated two. Neither of them was smiling at all which struck me as strange.

"OK, OK, you're a good-looking girl. Can you dance at all?"

Getting into this a bit, I started dancing a little to show him. There was a dance club near us, and Luke and I had been a few times. They have exotic dancers (not strippers) there who dance in cages on either side of the stage. I used to tease Luke a lot imitating their moves. I must have been pretty drunk that time too.

"Do you want a job here?" he asked.

I looked at Celine, and then back to him, and finally realized that they were serious.

"Oh, no, no, no, wha-" I was about to say 'what do I look like?' but stopped not wanting to offend Celine.

"OK, two hundred bucks, twenty minutes on the main stage. And you can do as many table dances as you want." He got out his wallet, and started counting. If I'd been more sober, I would have just walked away then and there, but somehow in my hazy state, the whole idea of stripping sounded quite reasonable. I'd already lost my panties that night. It was just a small step more to get naked. Cindy looked horrified, and was shaking her head no, but for some reason this made me want to do it all the more, just to show her there was nothing to be afraid of.

I looked around the club. There were quite a lot of guys there, probably a lot more than last time. My heart started pounding, but I was getting more than a bit excited thinking about it. Cindy grabbed my arm to get me to stop, but Celine took the money from the manager, and handed it to me.

"Here, I'll show you our dressing rooms."

We followed her back, Cindy still clutching my arm. I'd invited her to the nude beach so many times I guess she knew how I felt, or else I'm sure she would have tried harder to stop me. Celine fixed my make-up, and helped me straighten up my clothes. Cindy said,

"Maybe you should call Luke, and ask him about this."

Celine brightened up at this suggestion, and Cindy realized he'd probably say go ahead. I wasn't sure what he'd say, but I was too high to be thinking things through sensibly.

My turn came, and I got up on the stage. All the blood in my body rushed to my head, and I was so completely wired. I do remember the audience clapping and cheering a lot. There was one roar when I pulled off my tube top, and another when I pulled down my skirt. It was such a complete buzz to be parading around in front of all those men completely naked. I remember jumping down from the stage, and dancing around right up close to all these guys, playing with their ties or blowing them kisses. I was so sad when the music ended.

I went to the back of the club, and Cindy and Kim came up. I was still completely naked too excited to know or care where my clothes had got to. While I was standing there, two guys I recognized from the video shop came in, so we all hid around the corner. Celine came over to congratulate me, but she noticed how worried I looked.

"What's wrong?"

"Those two men. They live in my neighborhood. I've seen them around a lot."

We were all panicking, but Celine just said,

"Why don't you give them a table dance? You'd get a huge tip I'm sure."

Cindy flew off the handle, but I peaked around the corner at them. They looked pretty handsome in their suits. Something about the idea appealed to me, but Cindy managed to talk me out of it.

"Here can you go find my clothes? I have to go to the washroom."

Cindy handed me my purse, which she'd been holding onto. I walked around the corridor checking doors, but before I found the washroom I found a door leading outside. It was a back laneway with a few cars parked in it, but no sign of people. I stepped out into the cool night air. The club is right downtown, so you could hear the sounds of traffic from the streets around the front. The air was sobering me up, but realizing I was standing naked in the middle of the city started getting me all excited. I slowly tiptoed down to the end of the cars, and peered around the corner toward the side street not too far away. I could see a convenience store across the street, and this gave me an idea.

I stepped out from behind the car, and cautiously walked down the dark laneway towards the brighter street at the end. My whole body was on fire from the feeling of being naked in such a public place. All my inhibitions had broken down, as I walked out onto the sidewalk now in full view of the busy main street off to the right. No one stopped or paid me any mind, so I kept right on going across the street heading for the convenience store. Behind me to the left was a Japanese restaurant with a patio and the people sitting there were perhaps the first to notice me. They didn't move or call out, but I could feel their eyes on me as I went into the store.

The clerk, a young south Asian man, gasped when he saw me.

"What happened?" he asked perhaps thinking I'd been attacked.

"Oh, I was just stripping at the club across the street, and..."

The way he was staring at me I finally realized that what I was doing was completely crazy. No one walks around the city in the nude. I felt really embarrassed but excited too. I covered my pubic hair with my hand, and walked to the back of the store to get a drink. There was a guy there, and he looked pretty shocked too when he saw me. I covered my mouth with my hand, but I felt unbelievably naughty standing right next to this complete stranger in the nude. He didn't say anything, but he just stared and stared. My whole body was getting really hot. I could feel an orgasm coming on, and boy, was it going to be a doozy.

I quickly walked back to the counter, but I was so aroused I was shaking all over. I handed the clerk the money for my drink, and ran out of the store back toward the strip club. The people on the restaurant patio had all spotted me by now and I could see them pointing and shouting. I ran across the street as quick as I could, and breathed a big sigh of relief once I'd made it back inside the door of the club. Cindy and Kim were waiting for me by the dressing room door, half in a panic about where I'd disappeared to.

"Where'd you go?"

"To get a drink."

"Like that?"

"Yeah," I said. I couldn't stop smiling. I was so amazed that I'd actually got up the nerve to do such a thing.

"Here, you'd better put your clothes back on."

I took them from Cindy, and wriggled in to my skirt. It was a relief in a way to get back dressed, but also a bit of a letdown after walking around nude like that. It was such a buzz. I almost wanted to do it again.

Anyway, I guess I'd better stop for now. More next time. Haven't heard from you guys for ages. What's new with you?

Linda Dane