A Genny Story... Going to The Deja Vu

By Gfire

Published on Lush Stories on 31 Aug 2008

I had never been to a strip club, but I wasn't going to let the guys show me up.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/going-to-the-deja-vu.aspx

This is an adventure I had at an all nude strip club in Lansing Michigan.
I am Genny

In that spring that I had first met Melly, I had just over two years on the fire department. I had been all through my training and probation, and was running on the engine at headquarters and really loving the job. There was just one problem. Usually after about six months on the department a firefighter will be sent out to replace vacationing firefighters or guys that have called in sick. It is a hated assignment because you are always packing up and moving to another station. Then, after they get about a year on the job if an position in an outlying station opens up the rookie will be sent out there for permanent assignment. I had a little more than two years on and I was still at H.Q. and still subbing out to other stations. There had been a couple of male firefighters that were slightly junior to me that had already gotten permanent duty stations and I was starting to get a little pissed off.

I went in to my Captain more than once and asked what the problem was. Each time he assured me it was only temporary and that a station would open up for me soon. By mid-summer I was still there and feeling a little put upon. I had to go talk with the union rep and after he chatted with the Captain I was promised the next slot that opened up.

In late August I got my station. I was assigned to Engine 4, Station 4. It was a five person station. The Lieutenant was Pete. The two medics were Randy and Don, and the other firefighter was Jerry. I had subbed at this station a number of times. I liked all the guys and they seemed glad to have me in the house. As usual I worked my ass off to make sure no one ever had a reason to say I wasn't as good as any of the men.

By late fall I felt like I belonged there. The guys cut me no slack and I felt that I had earned their respect. Pete was a good boss and more importantly he ran a good fire so we felt safe following his orders in

tight situations.

It was the second week of December and I had been working out in the little room we call our gym. It is on the other side of the apparatus room (room with the fire trucks) from the living quarters so when I was done exercising I was walking around one of the trucks when I head Don and Pete talking. I heard Don say, "I'ts good for me but what are we going to do about Genny?"

I came around the truck before Pete had a chance to answer and in my typical shy mode said "Who is going to do what about Genny?"

Both of them just stood there like they were caught doing something naughty. I looked at Pete with the same question on my face. He kind of stammered for a minute and then he started explaining that it had been a tradition at the station that they all get together just before the holidays and go out on the town. They had been doing it since Pete was first assigned there and they were just talking about this year's plans. I of course said "Count me in."

They both went silent again and then Pete said "Well we have always gone to some bars that we're not sure you would like."

Right away the hairs on my neck stood up and I took an attitude it would be hard to back down from. "Hey, I'm part of this station. I don't want you to change your plans for me. Anywhere you want to go is fine with me. I'm a big girl."

Don kind of smiled and said, "You sure? Because we could cut back a little and just go to dinner or something."

Again I stepped right in it. "No. Really, Where ever you guys always go is fine with me. I don't want you to change anything for me."

Pete didn't look like he was sure this was a good idea but he said, "Ok. We'll keep our original plan. We are going this Friday night. We will start at the Deja Vu, and go from there."

I tried not to show it on my face but I really didn't know they were talking about strip clubs. I was thinking sports bars, and especially not that one, it advertises as an all nude club. It sits just off the Michigan State campus, and because it serves no liquor students as young as 18 can come in. I remember when I was a coed, the guys I knew were always talking about the wild times they had at the Deja Vu. For allot of

them it was probably the first time they seen a naked woman. I tried to look cool, like nothing they could come up with could shake me, so I looked right at Pete and said, "Fridays good. What time?"

Melly and I had moved in together in November, so I had to tell her what was up. At first she just looked at me like I was nuts and asked why I felt I had to do this. I tried to explain and I guess she did eventually understand. For the next three days she constantly teased me about it. She said "Just don't come home with any bugs on ya from that place. Be careful what they put in your drink or they might try to get you up on the stage." I had to take it with a smile.

On Friday I had set it up to meet Jerry in the parking lot so I didn't have to walk in alone. Jerry is a gentle giant of a guy. He is the closest to my age so we get along the best from the group. There were two doors going into the building. The one on the right lead into an adult video store and the one on the left led to the club. The doors are all covered over so no one can see in. Once you are in it is a small room with a big guy in a tux taking money and letting people in. He looked at me and asked, "You a dancer?" I took a step closer to Jerry and said, "No, I'm with him."

The doorman said "12 bucks for him. Ladies free."

Jerry paid and we made our way threw black curtains into the club. It seemed even darker in there. I stayed within reach of Jerry until I could focus on the room. There were lots of small tables spread out. Less that a third were full and there were girls walking around all over the place. The ones who's tits were not exposed were the waitresses. The rest I guessed were the dancers. Jerry said "There they are." and pointed towards the stage. Don, Randy and Pete were sitting on tall stools right up against the stage. We made our way to them and I took the seat next to Don so that I would have Jerry on the other side of me. Randy looked at me and said, "Thought you might of chickened out."

I just smiled back and said, "If you thought that then you don't know me very well." but in my headI was thinking "God, I wish I had a good excuse not to be here."

The waitress came around and I ordered a four dollar coke. Randy leaned over to me and said, "If you want anything it that we brought our own. Pete has a bottle of rum and I have a bottle of vodka." I looked down and there were the tell tail brown paper bags sitting on the floor under their chairs. I said "Thanks but coke will do for now."

Just about that time the music came up and an announcer said the next dancer was ready to come out. A curtain parted and out came a bouncy blonde. She was about five, ten or so, long legs and a chest that shook just like the silicone that filled it. She had a pretty face and was wearing a red white & blue thong bikini. The over stretched top had stars and stripes sharing the small piece of material. The music was heavy metal with a deep base. Instead of a spot light like I had figured there were strobe lights going off all over the place so it made it harder to really see any good details. Miss America strutted herself around the stage for about half the song. Then she rubbed herself against a pole for a little before taking off her top. She was exposing two cantaloupes that were absolutely defying gravity. Her hands were pulling at her nipples and soon had them standing proud. She then got down on all fours and crawled around for a bit. She was either wiggling her pretty bottom in your direction or she was facing you showing off her tits. She spent allot of time down at Pete's end of the stage. At one point she was sitting right on the edge of the stage and pulled Pete's bald head in between her tits. Then I seen him take out a dollar bill and slip it in the waist band of her thong. She probably picked up 8 - 10 dollars from the guys at the stage area. When the second song began she went to the back of the stage and dropped her money and then her thong on the floor out of reach of the patrons. Now, except for her killer heels, she was completely naked. I looked down the row at the guys I was with and they were all staring intently at a spot about 8 inches below her belly button. I looked to my other side at Jerry and he was looking at me. He had a big dumb grin on his face and said "Well? What da ya think?" I laughed and said "I've seen those before." We both laughed and turned back to the stage. The blonde was in the middle of the stage on her back. Her legs were straight up in the air but crossed at the heels. You could see her tight cheeks and her boobs still pointing up to heaven. Then she did a little break dance kind of a thing and the legs opened into splits as she spun around on her back. Everything that girl owned was right there about four feet away from the edge of the stage. She swung around on her hands and knees and pointed her sweet butt right at us. She put her face real close to the floor so her ass was sticking up and then she parted her legs to give everyone a look at her anus. It was only a quick flash and with the strobes going off it was far from clear. She had a big smile on her face as she swung around to give the same view to the people on the other side of the stage. Her timing was perfect because as soon as she did that little move and was back up on her feet the music stopped. The lights came up just a little and she scampered to pick up all the dollars on stage and grab up her tiny costume before slipping back behind the curtain.

The guys were all laughing and having a grand time. Don brought out his bottle and poured a good size shot in his glass. From the far end Pete called to me "Well Gen how did you like that?"

I just gave back a blank look and said "Like what?"

The guys all laughed, and the announcer introduced the next dancer. This one was far from the body beautiful that had been out before her. She was small and a little skinny. She had short brown hair that could of been cleaner. Her boobs were her own and I thought they looked cute. You could tell that somewhere along the line she had some dance classes. Maybe it was that one failed ballerina wan a-be could spot another. She had a nice rhythm and everything she did was smooth. In mid song about the time she dropped her top, the big blonde came out a side door and crossed the room to stand next to Pete. He turned to her and I could see they were talking and smiling. I seen her turn her head to the back of the room and then say something. Pete nodded and she took his hand and led him to the back. I turned my back to the little mouse on the stage and seen the two of them go behind a drape. I turned to Jerry and asked, "What's with that?"
Jerry just shrugged, "Lap Dance, 20 bucks."
"Really? She is going to give him a lap dance?"
"Yea. A naked lap dance for 20 bucks."
When I turned back around the brunette' s bare ass was about two feet from my face. My first reaction was to move my coke out of danger. I watched the girl finish off her song. Actually I liked her better than the first one. The brunette was having fun. She was laughing and getting real close to all the guys. I noticed that she had way more money piled up then miss plastic had before her. When she moved down close to our corner of the stage I kind of shifted my gaze around the room and was happy she just passed me by. When she finished and was gone, there was like a small break. The guy on the microphone was making announcements about upcoming events. Two different girls came over to me and asked if I wanted to go in the back with them for a dance. Don kept saying "Sure she does." but they were nice when I said no thanks and they just kept moving down the line.
The lights went back down and the announcer in his most practiced voice said that they had a very special dancer with them that night, all the way from Jamaica. A small spot hit the curtain and he said "And now, Jasmine!" When the curtain parted out came a dream. She was at least six foot without her heels. Her skin was as black as night. Her lips were red and her eyes were white but other than that she was like a beautiful piece of coal. Her body was full, with rounded hips and incredible

breasts that looked 100% real. She was wearing a bright yellow bikini that shown like a beacon next to her ebony body. She moved like a dancer should. Two long strides of those strong legs and she was on the other side of the stage. Her whole body was part of the dance. The word exotic must of been coined for women like her.

Early in her number she spotted me. She flashed me a big smile and came over to my area of the stage. I was enjoying watching her so I smiled back. From then on she kind of centered her attention on me. When she undid her top it actually sprung out from the force of those pent up boobs. They were magnificent, and every eye in the house (mine included) were fixed on them. She came to a spot just two feet from the edge of the stage where I was sitting. She squatted down right in front of me and I could see her g-string pull up tight between her legs. She gave me a big smile and held her breasts in each hand. Tugging at the nipples like she was offering them to me. They looked as tempting as chocolate kisses, and I was enjoying the show.

She moved around the stage and every man had a dollar they were wanting to slide into her g-string just to get a little closer to her. When she settled down in front of me I started to reach in to my pocket for a buck when Jerry slid one over in front of me. I picked it up and was intending to slip it between her leg and the side of the g-string. Jasmine sat right on the edge of the stage with her feet resting on the sides of the stool I was sitting on. I was right between her toned black legs and looking at that bright yellow sliver of material covering her sex. I was still holding the dollar and wondering what I was going to do with it.

She smiled and pulled the front of her g-string out from her pussy. She nodded toward the dollar and I tentatively moved my hand towards her crotch. I tried to just slip the tip of the bill into the open space but when my hand got close she grabbed it and pulled my finger tips along with the dollar into her front. It was only for a second because she snapped the g-string back and was moving on with a big smile on her face.

When the second song started she teased the crowd with her g-string. She would start to lower it and then pull it back up. At one point she had most of it pulled down below her ample cheeks but the gusset was still clinging to her lips. I thought that was a very sexy move and knew I wanted to try it out on Melly soon. Then the g-string was laying on the stage with her top and she was gliding around the stage showing her wares to the audience. After one pass she settled again right in front of me.

She stood with her toes right at the edge of the stage, right in front of me. As I looked up at the ebony giantess she bent at the knees and squatted right in front of me. She came down so fast that I actually jumped back a little. She was so close, and with me between her legs I am sure no one else could see but when her legs parted so did the lips of her sex and for a second in all that black there was one quick flash of

bright pink. I think I could feel my eyes bug out just a little. The rest of the song went fast. When the lights came up just a little the audience gave her the only real applause I heard all night. She had her costume and she slipped behind the curtain.
I heard Jerry say "Wow, she was really something."
I agreed but didn't trust myself to speak at the moment. I drank the rest of my coke as much for something to hold on to as to wet my strong thirst. Just as my pulse was coming back to normal I felt a tap on my shoulder and when I looked, it was her. She took my hand and said "Come with me." Her Jamaican accent was like poetry.
I pulled back a little and said "Where?"
She pointed to the back and said, "Your friends have paid for a lap dance."

I looked over and Don and Randy were grinning like fools. I looked back at Jasmine and said "I can't"
She pulled my hand again and said, "It is ok. You come with me. I'll treat you nice"

I wanted to but the thought of getting up and walking with her across the room to the back curtains was just more than I could do. She must of seen that look before because she was very gentle. She leaned in and said, "That's alright, we can have our fun right here."
With that she swung one leg over me and was straddling my lap. She quickly undid her top again and again it sprung forward from the pressure behind. She put the top over on the stage and then wrapped her arms around me and pulled me close. She smelled like baby powder and a little sweat. She kind of nuzzled into my hair and whispered, Do you like Jasmine' s big titties?"
While she was pressed up close to me one of her hands slid between us and undid one button on my blouse. Her hand slipped inside and when her finger tips brushed across my hard nipple, she gave a throaty laugh and said, "MMMmmm You do like Jasmine don't you?"
I am sure my face must of been glowing with embarrassment. She ground her crotch down on mine. She was moving from head to foot against me. She leaned back a little and after putting her hands on either side of my face pulled me into that dark valley between her breasts. She held me there, rubbing her breasts on either side of my face. When she let go of me she made sure that a nipple brushed across my lips as I sat back up.
It went on like this for the three minutes or so until the song ended.
Just as it did she leaned in and gave me a big kiss on the cheek. Her fingers again found my nipple and as she was giving it a pinch on the outside of my top she whispered in my ear, "You are very pretty. I will be getting off in about an hour. Wait for me and I will take you home."
With one last kiss on the cheek she grabbed her top, slid off my lap,

and walked away.
There had been another dancer on the stage and I had to feel sorry for her. I think every eye in the place was on Jasmine and I. My coke was down to just the ice cubes but I picked it up and drained what liquid there was in it. Jerry asked, "You want another?"
I thought about it for a second but then decided I should get out of there. My relationship with Melly was just getting started, and even though she was ok with me being there it would be a whole different thing if I ended up in a strippers bed that night. I said, 'No thanks, but do you think you could walk me out to my car?"
I said my goodbyes to the others and they all said I should stay, but I was headed home. Out in the parking lot Jerry waited until I had gotten my door open when he said, "I gotta tell ya Gen, That was about the hottest thing I have ever seen."
I laughed and said, "Yea, it did get a little intense didn't it?"
On the way home I was tempted more than once to turn around and take Jasmine up on her offer. I could see that bright slice of pink between her legs and moaned at the thought.
When I pulled up to our apartments I could see our light was on. When I came in Melly was sitting in her robe with her feet pulled up under her looking beautiful. She was surprised to see me home so early. When she kissed me hi she took a deep breath and said, You smell like smoke, and baby powder.
Well friends, that is my stripper story. I know it is not full of sheet wetting sex but sometimes that is the way of things. I hope you like it and I hope you will write and tell me if you do or don't. I can't tell you how much I enjoy getting letters about my stories. If you do write be ready to get a reply, because I always do.
Thank you again for all the great support. Kisses Genny