

A Strippers Revenge

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A Stripper gives the Audience a show to remember.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/a-strippers-revenge.aspx>

As a stripper, you get used to certain duties of the job. A: your nipples are always erect due to the cold of the AC. B: men are always, always watching you.

This particular night, my longtime boyfriend of 5 years has decided that he no longer wants to be with a stripper, and has dumped me. So I'm already in a foul ass mood. And as every girl, after a dumping, hates men, I am determined to make them suffer tonight. Thus begins my story.

I walk out on stage in nothing but my 4-inch, black, knee-high, patent leather boots; a matching black leather G-string with pull-away sides; and a very slim black leather bra. I am about 5'5", with beautiful long legs that travel up to a perfectly rounded ass, followed by a smooth, toned stomach, and real (not bought) 42C's. My hair is straight, black and falls to my mid back. I've got exotic looking green eyes.

I wrap my left hand around the pole, swaying my body to the music. My left leg wraps around it tightly and lets me glide around the cold steel. I glance down and see about 50 or so guys watching me tonight. Resting my ass against the pole, I lean down and trace my legs with my fingertips to the sides of my G-string panties, slowly pulling on the one side, while the other hand continues up to my perfectly rounded breasts. I massage my tits with that one hand, slowly tweaking my nipples, throwing my head back in pleasure. Reaching behind me with both hands, I undo my bra, letting one side fall down my arm. I glide that arm above my head and grab onto the pole. My other arm has now become an invisible lover, and starts to tease my skin.

I start to move side to side on the pole, still facing the audience, still with my panties on, but my bra has made its way to the back of the stage. My left hand, the one that's not on the pole, floats down my throat, between my breasts and then over to one nipple, stroking it, teasing it. I can feel myself starting to get excited and wet. I switch positions on the pole, I rest my pussy on the cold steel, and start to ride it up and down, rubbing it against my clit.

Still massaging my tits with one hand, I pull on one nipple hard, letting out a moan. Throwing my head back, I glide around the pole, my pussy trapped against it. My panties are soaked with excitement. I trace one leg up the pole and my hand follows it back down to the strings on my panties. Pulling on one string, one side of my panties comes undone, falling away. The crowd cheers with excitement. I lean my head on the pole, one hand resting above it, and I reach around and pull the other remaining string. My panties fall off, falling down my long legs to hit the stage. My pussy is dripping wet, and my loose hand runs down to my clit and starts to rub it, slow circles, and I moan at the sensations. The crowd is so excited they too are moaning, rubbing themselves through their jeans and pants.

Wanting more, I grab both tits and squeeze hard. My pussy contracts, protesting that my deft fingers left it. I turn back to the pole, wrap one leg around it and rub my pussy on it, the cold steel making me almost orgasm right away. Letting out a loud moan, I wrap my hand around my tit and pinch my nipple, the other hand following the pole on my pussy and rubbing my clit hard. Most of the men, at this point, are out of their seats and rubbing themselves faster on their jeans.

Now all I want is to cum. I want to cum so hard that I am shaking, and the men in this place have something to remember for a long time to come.

I start to move up and down the pole, rubbing the long, hard, cold steel along my very tight, hard nub of a clit. I have two fingers, rubbing my clit as well in circles. I am moaning hard and loud. I can feel my orgasm building. I stop on the pole, rest my ass against it again, facing the audience. My fingers find their way into my pussy... first two, then three fingers, pumping in me like a lover's cock would.

My thumb is twirling my clit. I'm going to cum. I start bucking against my hand. My other hand is above my head, on the pole, holding on for support. Faster and harder I pump those fingers, so close to the edge I start to shake.

Finally, finally, the orgasm I have been looking for starts to overcome me. I scream out in pleasure, my whole body shaking with it. Cum shoots down my legs and I lose strength in them, my knees are weak. Taking my hand out from my pussy, I stick those three fingers in my mouth and suck my juices off them, looking at the crowd.