



Josh Hunter's Dark Fantasies

Josh's Scandalous Past Part 3: Atlanta, "Guys and Dolls"

As I was finishing up my year in Orlando, I set my sights on moving to Atlanta. It was the gay mecca for boys across the Southeast. I'd passed through the city a few times in my travels, and I always wound up meeting interesting people and having great conversations with them.

The only thing that worried me about Atlanta was whether I'd be able to find a job there. I had a good thing going in Orlando: By gogo dancing three or four nights a week, I could pay my bills and have all day free to write. I'd just sold my first book, but the advance was pretty small and I couldn't live off it for long. So I was wondering if I'd be able to find the same kind of go-go work in Atlanta.

As I was trying to figure this out, I ran into Hunky Blond Boy at the gym. He was the first friend that I made when I moved to Orlando, but we'd fallen out of touch. He'd gotten a theme park job, and after that, he mostly hung out with this clique of other gay Disney employees. But he was still dancing on the same circuit of clubs in Orlando that I was. So I asked him if he knew anything about the market for go-go boys in Atlanta.

"That depends," he said. "How do you feel about dancing nude?"

"Uh..."

Honestly, I'd never given it much thought. None of the clubs in North Carolina or central Florida allowed full frontal nudity, so it had never come up.

“Why do you ask?”

Well, it turned out that Hunky Blond Boy had been driving up to Atlanta a couple weekends a month to work at a place called *Guys and Dolls*. It was a strip club with women dancing nude in one room, and men dancing nude in the other. And unlike the clubs in Orlando, the “Guys” half of the establishment got a mixed clientele: about 70% gay men and 30% women.

According to Hunky Blond Boy, he was making damn good money at *Guys & Dolls*. Enough to justify the seven hours of driving from Orlando up to Atlanta. And as an added bonus, he said that he usually hooked up with some hot guy from the audience afterward.

I had some reservations about the idea. So far, all my stripper adventures had been strictly PG-rated. Dancing around on a bar in a G-string was one thing. But getting up in front of a bunch of strangers and going full monty felt like it was crossing some kind of line.

On the other hand, I kept thinking about *La Cage* in DC. It was the first place that I’d ever seen male strippers. It had all these buck-naked guys dancing around on the bar, and they all seemed to be having a blast. Working at a club like *that* seemed kind of naughty, but kind of exciting, too.

So I decided to give it a try.

Hunky Blond Boy gave me the phone number for Johnny, the manager at *Guys and Dolls*. I called him up and asked if he was hiring any dancers. He told me to come do the club’s amateur contest on a Thursday night, and he’d see if the audience liked me. I promised that I’d be up the next week.

However, I didn’t want to bank everything on getting a job at that one club. So I had a friend in Atlanta mail me a copy of *Etc.*, the local gay magazine. I went through the club ads, looking for any that mentioned gogo boys. I only found one. It was for a bar called *The Metro*, which claimed to have go-go boys seven nights a week. So I called up the number on the ad and asked the manager how I could get a job.

Surprise, surprise. He told me to come dance in their amateur contest, which was on Sunday nights.

So now I had a plan. Drive up to Atlanta on Thursday. Do the amateur contest at *Guys & Dolls* that night. Spend the next three days exploring the city. And then do the Metro’s amateur contest on Sunday night. If everything went well, I’d have a couple of jobs lined up before I made the move.

So on Thursday, I made the seven-hour drive up to Atlanta. I dropped off my gear at a friend’s apartment and then headed over to *Guys & Dolls*. I got there around 8 pm. The manager had told me that the amateur contest started at nine, and I wanted to make sure that I had time to change and check out the club before it started.

I got kind of nervous as I walked inside. All the other places where I’d danced had been friendly neighborhood bars. But *Guys & Dolls* was one of those big corporate strip clubs like you see in the movies.

Anyway, the guy manning the door pointed me to the manager’s office, and I found Johnny. He was surprised that I’d turned up so early. I reminded him that he’d told me to be ready to dance by 9 pm. He just shrugged and said that I should wait around until some other contestants turned up.

So I went into the “guys” half of the club, which was mostly empty. There were a couple of big muscle boys dancing on a raised stage, and a couple more working a runway with stripper poles at each end. The guys were all attractive, but they seemed to be pretty bored with what they were doing. And contrary to the ads, none of them was nude.

I wandered around the club on my own for a while. And then I sat down with a table of older guys and struck up a conversation with them. They explained that the place would be hopping in a few hours and that the strippers didn’t take off their g-strings until enough people were tipping them. But they assured me that there would be plenty of dicks flopping around as soon as the money started flowing.

I told them that it was my first time in the bar and that I was trying to work up my nerve to do the amateur contest. That sure got their interest. Suddenly every guy at the table was offering to buy me a drink for “liquid courage”. I politely turned them down. I’m not much of a drinker, and I like to keep my wits about me when I’m dancing. But it was nice to have a few guys who were excited about the prospect of seeing me naked, and I liked the idea that I’d have someone cheering for me when I went on stage.

The other contestants took their time getting there. Apparently, they’d all gotten the message that the contest didn’t really start at 9 pm. But one by one, they slowly filtering into the bar. Johnny finally rounded us all up at around 10:00 and took us back to the dressing room to explain the rules: The DJ would call us up one by one. We’d each dance for three songs, and we had to be naked for the last one. And the winner of the contest would get \$200.

Twelve guys’s turned up to compete. Most of them seemed to be straight jocks who figured that this would be easy money. A couple of them mentioned that they’d been talked into doing the contest by their stripper girlfriends who worked in the other half of the club.

As near as I could tell, I was the only gay guy in the bunch. I was also the only one who’d brought a costume — the Navy uniform that I’d gotten from the surplus store. The other guys were planning on stripping out of their jeans and t-shirts. One of them had sliced up his jeans with a razor, adding some strategic rips to make them more sexy. But that was as far as it went.

We waited around for another half hour, and then the DJ finally called us all up on stage to begin the contest. By this time the club had started to fill up, so it looked like we were actually going to have an audience. The other contestants and I lined up on stage— still fully clothed— while the DJ did his best to get the audience excited about what was coming up.

“Stick around, and you’ll see all these hot guys take off their clothes for you!”

After that, he sent everybody but the first contestant back to the dressing room. I nervously waited for my turn to go on stage. And waited. And waited. Because this turned out to be the slowest fucking strip contest that I had ever seen.

Normally an amateur contest takes about half an hour. Each of the contestants dances for a couple of minutes, and then the audience votes.

But not at *Guys & Dolls*.

Instead of holding the contest all at once, the club was mixing us in with their regular dancers. Each contestant would get up on the main stage with two of the club’s strippers, and then dance for a full set of three songs, which took about twenty minutes. And then the DJ would

wait a while before calling the next contestant up. So all told, they were only getting through about two contestants an hour.

After a while, I realized that the club was deliberately stalling. They had a bunch of contestants and their friends waiting around, and they wanted to keep us all in the bar and buying drinks for as long as possible. So the DJ was going to make damn sure that this contest did not end until closing time.

The other contestants and I waited in the dressing room, interrupted every few minutes by a waiter asking if we wanted to order any drinks. But as the hours wore on, I noticed that the straight boys were getting more and more nervous. The idea of getting up and dancing naked in front of a crowd of strangers had seemed sexy when their girlfriends had talked them into it. But when the moment of truth came, most of them didn't have the guts to do it. About half the guys in the contest chickened out when their names were called.

I finally got my turn on stage a little after midnight. It was kind of terrifying. But I had my table full of new friends cheering me on. And once I started taking off my sailor suit, some guys came up and tipped me, which helped me get over my stage fright.

And then I decided to get cute and play a little game with the audience.

I finished taking off the sailor suit, so I was down to nothing but my dog tags and my g-string. But instead of getting naked for the third song like I was supposed to, I grabbed my sailor hat and used it to cover my junk while I peeled off the g-string. And then I just danced around with my hat like that, teasing the audience with the fact that I was *almost* naked, but they couldn't see the good stuff.

So of course, some guy near the stage started yelling for me to lose the hat. But I just shrugged, like I wasn't sure if I should.

"Do you want to see this?" I mouthed to the audience, pointing at what was under my hat.

And of course, that got a big response. But I held my hand up to my ear like I couldn't hear them. Which encouraged them to yell even louder.

It was all pretty cheesy but it worked. By the time I finally took off the hat and showed them my dick, I had half the audience cheering for me. A whole bunch of them came up and tipped me, including a few women. As I left the stage, I was feeling pretty good about my chances in the contest.

Back in the dressing room, I threw on my clothes. And then I went out to the club and found the table of guys that I'd been hanging out with earlier. A couple of them slapped me on the back, and they all promised that they were gonna vote for me when the time came. And then I sat down, and we waited for the remaining contestants to strut their stuff.

They were all good-looking guys. And I had to admit that some of them were hotter than I was. But they all seemed awkward and uncomfortable on stage. They wouldn't smile or make eye contact with anyone in the audience. And they were kind of rude to the gay guys who came up to tip them, which sent a negative vibe through the whole room. So all in all, I figured that I had a pretty decent shot to win this thing.

The problem was that it was getting late. And the contest just kept dragging on and on and on. By 1:30 in the morning, the last of my new friends was getting up to leave.

"I'm sorry. I want to stay and vote for you. But I've got to be at work in the morning."

By 2 am, the club was getting pretty empty. And I realized that there was probably nobody left who'd actually seen me up on stage.

And then the DJ called up the last contestant, and I realized that something was up.

I'd noticed the last contestant because he was a hot guy in a tank top who'd walked into the club just before 2 when the crowd was dying down. I'd been tempted to go over and talk to him, but I had the impression that he was straight. —At any rate, he sure wasn't paying any attention to all those swinging dicks up on stage. — He was chatting with a couple of the waiters like he knew them, so I figured that he was probably one of the bar's employees coming by to pick up a paycheck or something.

Anyway, the DJ announced that it was time for the last contestant, and called out a name. And suddenly this guy who'd just walked into the club runs up to the stage and starts taking off his clothes.

To be absolutely clear: This guy had not been part of the original group of contestants. He had not been there when the DJ had taken down all our names for the list. And he sure as hell hadn't talked to the DJ since he'd come into the club.

But somehow, the DJ knew this guy's name. And somehow, this guy had arrived just a few minutes before his turn in the contest. Kind of like the whole thing had been planned.

Anyway, I watched the new boy do his thing. He was attractive, and he seemed more comfortable on stage than the other boys had been. But his idea of dancing was to jump up and down and wave his arms around, which wasn't particularly erotic.

The new boy finished his set. And then the DJ told all the contestants to go back to the dressing room and take off our clothes for the final judging.

Last call was at 2:30, and they didn't bring us back to the stage until the final drinks were served. The DJ had all the contestants line up naked so that the audience could vote on us. A lot of the boys had dropped out, and a couple of the others had gotten bored and left. So there were only five of us still there for the final vote. The DJ walked along the line, holding his hand over each contestant's head while the audience applauded for their choice.

By this point, there were only about ten people left in the bar, nursing their last drinks. And they were all drunk and horny, so they cheered for every single one of us. If it had been a fair contest, it probably would have ended in a five-way tie.

But then the DJ got to that last contestant, that new boy who'd walked in at the last minute. And suddenly there was this enormous roar of people shouting. But because the club was so empty, it was really obvious where it was coming from: the bartenders, and the waiters, and a bunch of the club's strippers who were all screaming at the top of their lungs for this last guy.

Yep. This contest was totally legit.

The DJ announced the new boy as the winner. He congratulated him and handed him an envelope which supposedly contained the prize money, and then we all trooped back to the dressing room to put our clothes back on.

I watched the new guy as he was getting dressed. I noticed that he never did bother to open the envelope to see if the prize money was inside. He just stuffed it in his back pocket. By this point, I'd figured out that the whole thing was a scam. Rather than paying out the prize money, the club just had one of their off-duty dancers turn up and "win" the contest at the last minute.

So I was in a foul mood as I pulled on my clothes. I'd wasted six hours in that stupid club, competing in a contest that had been totally rigged. But I reminded myself that the point of the contest wasn't the prize money. It was the *job*. And from what I could see, the earnings at this place could be pretty good. I'd made a little over forty bucks in tips during the twenty minutes that I'd been on stage. And if I'd been dancing the whole night, I could have made a lot more.

So I swallowed my pride and went to see the manager in his office.

"Uh... Johnny? So I did the amateur contest like you suggested. I was wondering if I might be able to get a job here?"

I felt like I was negotiating from a position of weakness since I hadn't won the contest. But to my surprise, Johnny grinned at me.

"Oh yeah. The audience loved you. Can you start tomorrow?"

"Uh... yeah. Sort of."

I explained that I wasn't living in Atlanta yet. So I could dance for the next two days and then start full time after I moved to the city in a month. Johnny said that would be okay.

I finally got back to my friend's place at four in the morning. But at least I'd scored a job.

I spent the next day crawling around Atlanta and getting my bearings. The gayborhood at that time was centered around Piedmont Park, so I started looking at apartment buildings and comparing rents. And then I went back to *Guys & Dolls* in the evening to start work.

Johnny had told me to get there early so that he could explain the rules. For the most part, they were pretty simple.

#1: *Don't let the audience touch your dick.*

#2: *Seriously, don't let the audience touch your dick.*

"Uh... yeah. Got it."

But then Johnny explained the pay. Or rather the lack of it. The clubs in Orlando had always paid me a decent fee. But *Guys & Dolls* was expecting *me to pay them*.

I figured that I must have heard Johnny wrong.

"So... you're not gonna pay me anything to work here. And I'm going to pay you \$60 a night instead?"

Johnny rolled his eyes like he couldn't believe that I was this naive.

"Trust me. You're gonna be making so much in tips that you won't care."

I kind of doubted that. As I saw it, the club was making money off entry fees and liquor sales. So why the hell was it taking money out of my pocket, too?

But Hunky Blond Boy had bragged about how much money he was making at this place. So maybe Johnny was right. Anyway, it wouldn't kill me to try it for a couple of days.

I agreed. Johnny introduced me to the DJ and told him to put me in the rotation.

"So what's your name?" he asked.

It's not like I'd expected him to remember my name from the night before, so I gave it to him again.

He looked at me funny.

"I mean your *stripper* name," he explained.

I'd always danced under my real name. And except for the three pornstars, I think the other boys on the Orlando circuit did too. It just kept things simple. Otherwise, you have to remember which people know you by which name.

"Can't I just go by my real name?"

The DJ shrugged.

"Suit yourself."

He told me that I had half an hour or so before my first set, so I went back to the dressing room to get ready. Slowly the other strippers started filtering in. There was a big bodybuilder who introduced himself as "Brick". And then there were two black dancers, who called themselves "Spice" and "Midnight". When I told them my name, they seemed confused.

"Wait. Is that your *real* name?"

"Yeah."

"Woah! Aren't you worried that one of these freaks is gonna look up your phone number and start calling you?"

"Uh... no. Not without knowing my last name, too."

It was a weird exchange, but it made me realize a key difference between myself and the straight dancers who were working at the club. I was using my real name because I expected to see the bar's patrons in other contexts. I'd be running into them at other gay clubs. And hell, I'd probably become friends with a few of them. So there was no point in giving them a fake name. But to the straight dancers, the customers were "freaks" who needed to be cordoned off from their real lives.

Anyway, the club's "rotation" was pretty simple. They would have three guys on the main stage, and two more working the side runway. The DJ would call you when it was your turn and tell you which stage to go to. You'd dance for three songs, and you had to get fully naked for the third one. But the guys all pretty much ignored that last rule until the club got hopping and people were tipping.

When you weren't on stage, you were expected to walk around the club and try to talk the patrons into buying a "table dance" from you for \$20. For those of you who aren't familiar with the concept, I'd describe a table dance as "the thing you do when the customer wants a lap dance, but you're in an uptight Southern city and you're not allowed to give him one." Basically, you take off your clothes and dance naked about a foot from the patron, but there is absolutely no touching. Seriously. They can't run a hand over your chest, they can't feel the muscle of your arms. *Nothing*.

So at first, I couldn't figure out why anyone would ever buy a table dance. After all, they were paying twenty bucks to see you do the exact same thing that you'd already done on the stage. They were just getting to see it close up.

Anyway, the night started off slow, with only a few customers in the club. As before, the guys didn't bother getting naked for the early crowd. And now that I was on the runway, I could see why. It's one thing to peel off your underwear for an excited crowd who are screaming to see your dick. It's another to be dancing around naked in an empty room with five people nursing their beers.

Between sets, I chatted with some of the other dancers in the dressing room. After all, they were hot naked boys, and I was new in town. I was hoping to make a couple of friends, and

maybe even a friend with benefits. But of the ten guys who were working that night, only of them besides me was openly gay.

And then I remembered how Hunky Blond Boy had said that he usually hooked up with a hot guy *from the audience* after the show. No wonder he hadn't mentioned hooking up with any of the other strippers.

Anyway, the other gay dancer was this slender twink who was performing under the name "Gauge". We talked while we were changing. I noticed that he was putting on some cologne, and I asked him about it.

"One of my clients gave it to me. He likes me to wear it when I dance for him."

Gauge made it sound like it was some sort of primal control thing. The customer marking his territory by putting his scent on Gauge.

"Okay. But do you even know if that guy will be in the club tonight?" I asked.

Gauge just laughed.

"Oh, he's in *every* night," Gauge explained. "He's my regular."

Around 10 PM the club started to get crowded. I noticed that the other dancers all seemed to be pretty standoffish while they were on stage. They didn't smile at the customers, and they danced like they were off in their own little world. And when someone did come up to tip them, they'd collect the money quickly and then go back to dancing.

Me, I was still doing the same friendly schtick that I'd done back in Orlando. Making eye contact with guys in the audience and smiling at them. Chatting with everybody who came up to tip me. Learning their names. So I was getting more tips than the other dancers, at least while I was up on stage.

But around midnight, I realized that I was making a lot less money than they were. The problem was those stupid table dances. I'd only scored three all night. Most of the other dancers had sold seven or eight, and a couple of them were well into the double digits. And at \$20 a pop, those table dance earnings added up quickly.

So I started watching the other dancers to see what I was doing wrong. And I noticed that they all seemed to have a particular style.

There was one Italian guy who was particularly good at selling table dances to the ladies in the club. The women always arrived in groups, and they would sit at these large tables in the center of the club. And unlike the gay patrons, they would buy their table dances as a group. So you had to spread your attention around the entire table, and try to perform for all of them.

The Italian guy had a fixed routine that he never changed. As soon as they handed him the money, he'd peel off his shorts. Then he'd position himself about a foot away from the first woman, smile at her, and do this weird dance move that I've never seen anywhere else. Basically, he would spread his legs and grind his hips, presenting his junk to the woman. But at the same time, he'd waggle his knees in and out. The whole thing was kind of sexy, but goofy enough that it wasn't particularly threatening. He'd do that for a few seconds and then move on to the next woman at the table. Smiling at her and staring into her eyes like she was the only person in the world, while he did that same goofy dance move.

(On a side note, this Italian guy is the one that I used as the model for Jesse the stripper in *Jocks for Sale*.)

Brick, the big muscle dancer, seemed to be doing well with the gay patrons. Unlike the women, the men usually ordered their table dances solo. Brick would lead his customer over to an isolated table next to the wall, away from the other patrons. And then Brick would do this kind of faux lap dance, grinding his naked body just an inch or so away from the guy. Getting as close as he could get without actually touching him.

And then there was the gay twink, Gauge. For his table dances, he kind of bopped around like a club kid, jumping up and down and shaking his head. But Gauge had this one regular — the guy who'd bought him the cologne— who just kept buying table dance after table dance from him. I think he bought ten or eleven over the course of the night.

In retrospect, I wish that I'd had more time to ask Gauge about his regular. I mean, the guy was obviously loaded, so he could have afforded a kept boy or a string of rent boys. But instead, he was coming into that club night after night. Ordering table dance after table dance from a boy that he could look at but not touch. I would love to have gotten some insight into that situation.

Anyway, I slowly figured out what I was doing wrong. I was being friendly *all the time*. I smiled at the customers while I was on stage, and afterward I would sit down and chat with them. The other dancers were a lot more transactional. They'd walk up to the patrons and give them the hard sell for a table dance. But if the customer didn't bite, then the stripper would just move on to the next table and try his luck there.

Critically, the other strippers only smiled and made eye contact with the patrons *while they were doing a table dance*. And that was the real incentive for the customers to pony up. After all, they could see the stripper's dick for free while he was up on stage during his set. So the whole point of the table dance was to have a personal moment with the stripper, to have this hot naked guy grinding just a few inches away from you while he looked into your eyes and pretended to like you.

So my friendly nature was getting me in trouble. The clients had figured out that I'd sit there and keep talking to them for free. But they knew that the other boys wouldn't hang around unless they shelled out the cash for a table dance.

Towards the end of the evening, I tried to cut down on the chit-chat and behave more like the other dancers. But I found it hard to be as pushy and aggressive as they were. To me, the patrons in the club were a bunch of fun gay guys that I enjoyed hanging out with. But the other dancers saw the customers — and particularly the gay customers— as nothing but a bunch of marks to be milked for cash as quickly and ruthlessly as possible. The other strippers were not there to make friends, they were there to make money.

By 1:30 AM, most of the patrons had left. But the other boys and I had to keep dancing until after the last call at 2:30. Back in the dressing room, I counted up my tips. Even with all the money that I'd made on stage, it had not been a good night.

The problem was one of time. While I was naked up on the stage, I was making great tips. But I was only naked for the third song of every set. And I was only doing about one set every hour. So that left me about seven minutes per hour when I was actually earning tips.

And then there was all the dead time in the club. I'd made good money between 10 pm and 1 am. But I'd had to dance for two hours before that and two hours after that when there was

basically nobody in the club. So it worked out that I'd worked seven hours for about 21 minutes worth of tips.

Anyway, I totaled it all up. I'd made \$60 from my three table dances, and a little over a hundred dollars in tips while I was on stage. But I was going to have to pay \$60 of that back to the club on my way out the door. So basically, I was making about \$14 an hour for dancing completely naked.

I would have been better off waiting tables.

Suddenly, this *Guys & Dolls* gig wasn't looking so hot.

On the other hand, Hunky Blond Boy had said that he was making great money at this place. And it seemed like the table dances could be lucrative if I could figure out some way to land those without being a complete jerk. So I decided to give it one more night.

I came back on Saturday, determined to make this thing work. And things did get off to a better start. During one of my early sets, two of the guys who were tipping me asked me to come give them table dances as soon as I was off stage. So that was a good way to start the night.

And then as I finished those two table dances, a group of women waved me over. One of them looked at me sheepishly. She motioned for me to lean in close, and then she whispered in my ear.

"Are you... you know... *gay*?"

Apparently, they'd caught me looking at the other strippers.

"Yep," I admitted.

At which point the women all broke out laughing, and started peppering me with questions. Apparently, most of them had never met an openly gay man before. And none of them had ever met a gay stripper. And boy, did they have a lot of questions.

Now, I was trying to avoid being Chatty Cathy that night, because I wanted to focus on making money. But that situation was just too interesting to pass up. So I sat down with the women, and we talked about which of the strippers were cute (answer: most of them), which ones could actually dance (answer: Brick and the two black guys), and which ones were jerks (answer: all of them.) And then we got into a weird discussion about which stripper we would sleep with if we absolutely had to, and which one we would date if we could put a different brain into his body.

Anyway, we had a great time, but after ten minutes I got up to leave.

"Sorry, I have to get back to work."

"No, don't go!" one of them shouted. "We want to get a table dance from you!"

So I took off my shorts and danced around naked for them, while they laughed and flirted with me shamelessly.

After that, I went to talk to some of the guys in the audience to see if any of them wanted a table dance. But a few minutes later, that same group of women waved me over, wanting another table dance. So we did it again. And then after my next set on the stage, they brought me back for a third one.

For some reason, those women just loved the idea that they could have a hot gay guy dancing for them. It seemed to give them permission to be a lot wilder than they would have been with any of the straight dancers. I mean, if a woman tells a straight stripper that she likes

his dick, then he's probably going to expect a blow job after the show. But with a gay stripper, those women could say anything they wanted to. And boy did they.

After my third table dance for them, I was pulling up my shorts when a middle-aged guy came over.

"Hey! Are you the gay stripper?"

Apparently, word had been making the rounds.

"Yeah, that's me."

"Great! I want to get a table dance."

So we went back to his table and I started dancing for him. And I was beginning to think that I might be able to make this work. Maybe I could be the "friendly gay dancer" at this club, and that could be my niche. *Maybe*.

Unfortunately, I didn't get the chance to find out. About halfway through my table dance, the Italian stripper pulled down his shorts and started grinding for a guy a couple chairs over. Which meant that I suddenly had a hot Italian butt wiggling in my line of sight. With predictable results.

I did not actually get hard, but I did get aroused. To be clinically specific, my limp dick got a bit thicker and about an inch longer. The guy that I was dancing for saw that and his eyes lit up. And unfortunately, some other people noticed as well.

About sixty seconds later the manager grabbed me by the arm.

"This table dance is over. Put on your shorts and come to my office."

At the time, I didn't even know why I was in trouble. It never occurred to me that getting ever so slightly aroused would bother anyone. But when we got back to his office, Johnny started yelling at me.

"What the hell were you doing getting a hard-on out there?"

"Uh... I didn't."

"I saw your dick. You were getting hard."

I was tempted to ask if he'd ever actually seen a hard dick before since he didn't seem to know what one looked like. But I realized that would probably not be the smart play.

"Uh... maybe I was a *little* aroused."

"Well, you need to learn to fucking control that."

"Uh... I'll try."

"Good. 'Cause, there's a hundred dollar fine for getting a hard-on."

"What!?"

"It's state law. Pay up."

And then he held out his hand, expecting me to pay him.

Now, I was still young and naive. But I was pretty sure that the Georgia Legislature had never debated a bill defining what constituted an erect penis, or what the penalty should be for a male dancer who gets aroused. And I was *damn sure* that the state had not deputized some sleazy club manager to collect fines on its behalf.

This was just Johnny trying to shake me down for more money.

"Uh... I haven't got it on me," I lied.

"Okay. Well, pay me before you leave tonight."

Johnny leaned back in his chair.

“So you’re gay, huh? Man, you must be really slutty if you’re getting a hard-on for that guy you were dancing for. Are you into old fat men or something?”

I was so stunned that I wasn’t sure what to say. There didn’t seem to be much point in explaining that I’d been looking at one of the other dancers when I got aroused.

“Uh... not really.”

Johnny looked me over.

“Okay. You want to go out on a date with me after work?”

By this point, I was getting whiplash. In under a minute, Johnny had gone from yelling at me and calling me a slut, to asking me to sleep with him.

“No. I don’t,” I told him.

Johnny shook his head.

“Guess you don’t want this job very much, then.”

Well, there it was. Now I knew why there were almost no gay guys working at that club. For one thing, you had to stay completely soft around all these other hot naked guys. And then if Johnny found out that you were gay, he’d expect you to put out for him.

I stood there awkwardly for a while.

“Are we done here?” I finally asked.

“Yeah, go make your money,” Johnny said. “We’ll talk about whether you’ve still got a job here at the end of the night.”

I left his office and sat down on a stool by the bar to collect my thoughts. A couple of the patrons came by and asked if I was okay. I guess I must have looked pretty shocked and humiliated. But I told them that I was fine.

It didn’t me long to decide what I was going to do. I’d gotten into gogo dancing because it was good money for a short amount of time. But also because it was fun. I enjoyed dancing around and chatting with the customers and making sure that everybody was having a good time. And I liked hanging out with the other gogo boys and getting to know them.

But *Guys & Dolls* was a completely different experience. It was the first time in my life that I’d really felt exploited. The money wasn’t good enough to cover the long hours. And it definitely wasn’t going to be fun. I’d have to treat all the customers like cash cows. And I’d have to spend every minute thinking un-sexy thoughts, trying to keep my dick from getting hard while all those hot naked guys were dancing around me.

And also, there was *no fucking way in hell* that I was gonna sleep with Johnny to keep working at that place.

I went back to the dressing room and changed into my street clothes. And then I grabbed my bag and left. The doorman tried to stop me on my way out.

“You done with your shift already?” he asked.

“Ask Johnny,” I told him, and then stormed out.

If Johnny wanted his hundred dollar “fine”, then he’d have to come looking for me.

Coming up next in Josh's Scandalous Stripper Past: Part 4: The Metro

After my bad experience at *Guys & Dolls*, I get a job at *The Metro* and move to Atlanta. Where I learn some hard lessons on getting along with difficult coworkers, and why straight boys should never be allowed to run anything.

Hope you're enjoying these stories of my misspent youth!

Josh

P.S. If you haven't signed up for my email list yet, you can do it at www.JoshHunterxxx.com