



Josh Hunter's Dark Fantasies

A bunch of you have asked if any of the characters in my fiction are based on people that I've known. The answer is... "yes". Several of the characters in *Settling the Score* and *Jocks for Sale* are based on guys that I knew back when I was a gogo boy.

The tale of my years as a male stripper is kind of fun, so I decided to share it with the whole list. I hope you enjoy!

Part 1: North Carolina

The whole thing started while I was in grad school at Duke. I finally worked up the nerve to come out as gay, and suddenly my whole life changed.

Up till then, I'd been a shy geeky guy who never thought of himself as attractive. —In a lot of ways, the character of Kevin is based on me.— Girls had never shown much interest in me. But after I came out I was suddenly getting a lot of attention from gay guys on campus. It's not that I had model-good looks or anything. But I was a college-age guy who went to the gym on a regular basis, and that seemed to be enough.

I met my first boyfriend and we moved in together. And then one afternoon I rented a Chippendales video. (This was back in the days of Blockbuster and VHS tapes.) I'd always been

fascinated by male strippers, and I thought my boyfriend would get a kick out of watching the tape with me.

Instead, my boyfriend burst out laughing.

“Okay. I need to take you to a *real* strip show.”

So the next weekend we drove up to DC, and he took me out to a gay bar called *La Cage*. And that place totally rocked my world. I’d never seen a live male stripper before. And this place had ten naked guys dancing on the bar, wearing nothing but their socks. Customers would stick dollar bills in their socks, and then the boys would crouch down and let the customers stroke their cocks.

I was surprised that it was such a fun atmosphere. I’d been expecting the guys to be furtive and embarrassed about what they were doing. But the customers were all laughing and chatting, and the boys who were dancing seemed to be having a ball, too.

I was also surprised by the variety of guys. There was one big guy who looked like a bodybuilder. But a lot of the guys looked just like me and my friends from college.

(Sadly, *La Cage* went out of business a few years ago. I don’t think there’s any place like it left in the US. But if any of you know of one, please drop me a line with the details.)

There was one dancer in particular who caught my eye. This tall dark-haired jock who kept looking at me and grinning. (I based the physical description of Wade on this guy.) We got to chatting, and he told me that he worked as a bricklayer during the week, and danced on the weekends to make some extra money. He kept coming back to talk to me and my boyfriend all night. —And at the time I was too naive to realize that the dollar bills I was stuffing into his socks probably had a lot to do with that.

At one point he told me that he was staring at me so that he could get his dick hard for the other guests. And of course, I ate *that* up. At the end of the night, I asked him if he wanted to come home with me and my boyfriend. And that’s when he had to let me down.

“Uh... dude? This is all just a fantasy.”

And then he turned around and left with an older guy. My boyfriend (who was a bit more worldly) had been chatting with the older guy, and gently explained that the gentleman had rented the stripper’s services for the rest of the evening.

It was a disappointing end to the night, but the whole thing had still been a lot of fun. And it gave me all kinds of ideas. There were some gay bars near my college, but none of them had strippers. It seemed like a fun way to make some extra money.

So when I got back to North Carolina, I went to one of the smaller gay bars and asked if they would like to have me and some of my college buddies come put on a strip show on Friday nights. Due to the local liquor laws, we couldn't dance nude, but we could strip down to g-strings. The owner of the bar was looking for a way to bring in more customers, so he jumped at the chance. We worked out a rate of pay, and I went out to recruit dancers.

I pretty quickly found a few friends who were willing to give it a go, and the four of us put on a show. We didn't have any choreography, but we put in some work on the costumes. One guy came out as a cop, and another as a priest, and so on. And honestly, I don't think the audience really cared about any of that. They were just thrilled to have some hot college boys stripping for them.

My experience that first night was *AWESOME!* I was a shy guy who'd never felt particularly attractive, and suddenly I had all these guys cheering for me to take my shirt off and throwing money at me. I'd never felt a thrill quite like it. It made me feel sexy, and it gave me a lot more confidence in other aspects of my life. It turns out that stripping is great therapy for shyness — as long as you don't let it go to your head.

My friends and I did pretty well for a few weeks, but then I hit a problem: I was bringing the same four guys every week, and the audience was getting tired of us. So I went on a hunt for new talent. Which turned out to be another great way for me to get out of my shy boy shell. Suddenly I had a reason to go up and talk to hot boys. And I managed to find a bunch of interesting recruits, including a guy on the diving team at Chapel Hill, and an Army boy who wanted to dance whenever he was on twenty-four-hour leave.

The Army boy wound up becoming the model for the three army boys in *Settling the Score*. At least in the fact that when he was on leave, he was determined to get laid. And *fast*.

Unfortunately, the new boys wound up being a royal pain in the ass. For example, the diver turned up for one of his gigs three hours late and drunk. He also kept flashing his dick at shows, which was a strict no-no in North Carolina. And the Army boy never even made it to his first gig. (Apparently, he hooked up with some guy while he was on his way to the show.)

Eventually, I realized that the very thing that made these guys good recruits — they were hot as hell— also made them completely irresponsible. These guys were used to getting whatever they wanted just because they were so attractive. Everybody cut them slack when they screwed up, and nobody complained when they turned up hours late for something. So they just couldn't understand why I got so upset with them for blowing off gigs that they'd promised to work. Time after time I'd get these calls that went something like this:

“Hey, sorry I completely blew off last week's show. I just wasn't feeling it. Can you put me on the schedule for this week?”

So if you're wondering where I got the idea for Dane the spoiled pretty boy in *Jocks for Sale*—let's just say that there are a few guys in North Carolina that I would have gladly shipped off to a secret island in the Gulf of Mexico, if that had been an option.

Eventually, managing a bunch of irresponsible pretty boys became more of a headache than it was worth. I told the club that I was done. The bar owner hired some of my dancers directly and tried to keep putting on the show, but he found out the hard way what kind of trouble I'd been dealing with. Among other things, the diver from Chapel Hill kept flashing his dick, and word got around to the authorities. Just a few weeks after I quit, the police put an undercover cop in the audience. And when the dancer flashed his cock, they arrested him for indecent exposure and shut down the bar.

Somehow the bar owner managed to avoid losing his liquor license and reopened the club a few days later. The diver wound up leaving college and disappearing. I heard through the grapevine that he'd fled to Florida to avoid his legal troubles. But I did spot him a few years later in a porn film that I rented. In the film, he played an obnoxious muscle boy that all of the other guys at the pool party hated, so they all fucked his brains out. I guess art mirrors life.

Anyway, that was my first experience stripping. It only lasted for about six months. I made some extra pocket money, it gave me some self-confidence, and it introduced me to a lot of interesting people that I would never have met otherwise.

I went on to have some very different experiences stripping in other cities: In Orlando, I was on a touring circuit with some porn stars. In Atlanta, I danced at an all-nude club with a bunch of hyper-competitive straight boys. In West Hollywood, I stripped with a bunch of wannabe actors trying to break into the movies. And finally in New Orleans... well, New Orleans was totally insane.

But we'll get to all that in the next few newsletters!

Josh