

Josh Hunter's Dark Fantasies



Josh's Scandalous Past Part 2: Orlando

After a couple of years, I dropped out of my Ph.D. program at Duke. I'd realized that I didn't want to become a college professor. I wanted to become a *writer*. I managed to sell some articles to a local newspaper and started work on my first book.

Meanwhile, my boyfriend finished his Ph.D. and got a job in Orlando. So we packed up everything, moved down together, and took out a year's lease on a house.

And then, in one of the greatest dick moves of all time, he broke up with me *two days* after we got there.

So I was now stuck in Orlando sharing a house in the suburbs with my ex-boyfriend. But on the bright side, Orlando was a major city and as good a place to write as any. And honestly, I was still hoping that my ex-boyfriend would come to his senses and get back together with me.

What can I say? I was young and stupid.

I was still in the process of selling my first book, so I needed to find a job. And ideally, one that wouldn't take too much time away from writing. So I decided to check out the market for male strippers in Orlando.

It turned out that the club scene in Orlando was really different from North Carolina. Aside from my little group, you rarely saw strippers in the gay bars in Raleigh-Durham. A touring group

might come through once every couple of months, and one of the clubs would host them for a night. But that was it.

In Orlando, though, most of the clubs had go-go boys three or four nights a week. So there was a lot more work. *If* you could get it.

The problem was that most of the guys dancing on those boxes were *A LOT* bigger than me. There were a few cute college guys at some of the bars, but overall the look was for really big muscle boys who seemed like they'd stepped off the cover of *Men's Fitness*.

And honestly, by this time I was getting frustrated with my own body. I'd been working out hard for about three years. And while I'd gotten lean and toned, I just wasn't getting the sort of muscles that I was seeing in fitness magazines or gay porn videos. This was back when Ryan Idol was the biggest porn star around, so I was thinking that with some hard work I could look like this...



But no matter how long I spent in the gym, I was just not putting on that sort of muscle mass.

However, I did try to get a job at the two biggest clubs in Orlando.

The manager at the Firestone had me take off my shirt and dance for him and then hired me on the spot. But then when I turned up for work a few days later, the other manager decided that I wasn't big enough and sent me right home.

The second club I auditioned at was Southern Nights. The manager there told me to come dance in their weekly amateur contest, and he'd see how I did.

When I got there, nine other contestants were signing up. And as I talked to them, I realized that they were all there gunning for the same job that I was. Most of them were pretty damn hot, and one guy, in particular, seemed to have the inside track on the job. He was friends with a couple of the strippers who already worked for the club, and they were hanging around him and talking him up to the manager.

They had us each come out and do a short striptease, and then they had the audience vote by cheering for their favorite dancer. The winner was this buff porn star named Jesse Tyler, who I got to know a few weeks later. And I had to admit that he deserved the win. He'd put on a *really* good show. He had an amazing body, he knew how to move, and the audience loved him.

The guy with the inside track came in second. As soon as the voting started, all of the bar's employees started whooping it up for him as loud as they could. I wound up placing third, which I was pretty happy with under the circumstances.

But third place wasn't good enough to get the job. So strike two.

Then a week later I was working out at the gay gym, and I started chatting/flirting with this hunky blond boy. And it turned out that he was a stripper. So we got to talking about the business. And finally, I worked up the nerve to ask why his body was so much better than mine. Was I doing something wrong with my workouts? Did I have bad genetics?

Hunky Blond Boy just laughed at me.

"No, dude. I just do steroids. Like every other stripper in this town."

At the time, I figured that he was exaggerating. But as I got to know the other dancers in Orlando, I realized it was true. Every single one of those guys with the big superhero bodies was doing steroids. There's a certain level of muscle mass that you just don't get without chemical assistance.

After that, I stopped being so impressed by big muscle boys. I used to think that they were more masculine or in better shape than I was. But the truth is that they were just sticking a needle in their butts.

(Note: Please don't take this as encouragement for anyone to go out and start doing steroids. The long-term health effects are terrible, including baldness and liver damage.)

Anyway, Hunky Blond Boy was getting pumped up for a gig, and he asked if I wanted to tag along. So I drove him to a gay club in a small town outside of Orlando and watched him dance on the bar in a g-string for a couple of hours.

And yes, we totally hooked up afterward. Unfortunately, my ex-boyfriend was out of town that weekend. Because I really would have loved introducing him to Hunky Blond Boy the next morning.

At any rate, Hunky Blond Boy and I got to be friends, and he helped me to break into the go-go boy business in Florida.

The first gig he set me up on was kind of a disaster. We drove out to Tampa together so that I could meet the head of the agency that was booking him. Only it turned out that this was a combination "talent agency" and "escort agency". Hunky Blond Boy explained that he was turning tricks for them as well as dancing.

Anyway, we got to the agent's condo, where four or five boys were waiting around to get their escorting assignments. I chatted with them while we waited for the head honcho, and learned that they typically went out on two or three tricks a night, and would just hang out at his apartment in between.

Eventually, the agent came in. He had me take my shirt off and asked if I'd brought my costumes with me. So I opened my duffle bag and showed him what I had. It was all stuff that I'd gotten at an Army/Navy surplus store: An Army flight suit, and a set of Navy whites that made me look like the guy on a box of Cracker Jacks. Both outfits had both gone over pretty well in North Carolina.

The agent decided that I fit the bill, and he gave me a booking for one of the Tampa clubs that very night. The agent's boyfriend, a dark-haired twink, was supposed to be managing the strippers, so I caught a ride with him over to the club. When we got there, he introduced me to the other three dancers who were working that night.

Which is when things started to go wrong. The other three strippers were all big muscle boys, and they were total dicks. They were cliquey, they all knew each other, and they were totally dismissive of the new boy.

One of the strippers was acting as the show's MC, but he didn't seem to know what he was doing. There's a way that you go out and get a crowd riled up and excited to see a show. But this guy just walked out and announced in a monotone, "Our first stripper tonight is Pedro. Everybody give it up for Pedro."

I was on next to last, so I watched the first two guys dance. They were both really hot, but nobody was tipping them. The audience was just not digging the show, and it looked like it was going to be a tough night.

And then the MC got up and announced that I was going on. Only, he'd never even bothered to ask my name, so he introduced me as "Todd".

By this point, I was dreading going up in front of that audience. I'd just seen the two big muscle boys crash and burn, so I figured that I was dead meat. But I sucked it up and started my routine.

And to my surprise, the audience seemed to dig it. I think it helped that I actually had a costume — my sailor suit — while the other dancers had just come out in ripped-up jeans and t-shirts. But the real change came as I began to relax and have fun with the patrons. I started smiling at them and making eye contact. And not only were the guys in the audience smiling back at me, but they were opening up their wallets and holding out money to tip me.

Which is when I learned the #1 rule of being a stripper: *Don't be a dick*. If you're friendly with people and you smile at them, they'll tip you. But if you act like a stuck-up asshole, then the audience will give you the cold shoulder. No matter how pretty you are.

Anyway, my number went well, and I wound up dancing around in the audience for quite a while collecting tips. But at a certain point, I ran out of people who wanted to tip me. I kept waiting for the MC to come back and introduce the last stripper, but he never did. So eventually I just took a bow and walked off the stage, even though the music was still playing.

When I got back to the dressing room, I found the three other strippers having a smoke.

"What the fuck are you doing back here?" the MC barked at me. "You're supposed to be on stage."

"I've been on stage for the last half hour," I pointed out. "You need to announce the next guy already."

"Get the fuck back out there!" he growled at me.

Now, if I'd been a little older or a little more sure of my position, I would have held my ground. But since this was my first night, I turned around and walked back out on stage. Which totally confused the audience.

“We just saw this guy. Why the hell is he coming back out?”

So I bopped around in my g-string for another five minutes until the MC finally came out and announced himself as the final dancer.

I went back to the dressing room and changed into my street clothes. Which is when I discovered that someone had taken all the money out of my pockets. And since there'd always been at least one stripper in that room all night, it's not like someone else could have walked in and rifled through my clothes. So those three big muscle boys had ripped me off.

Which brings us to Lesson #2 of being a stripper. *Always lock your shit up.* And if they don't give you a locker, stuff your money and your credit cards into your boot.

Anyway, I probably would have made more of a stink about it if I'd been older or more experienced. But it was only twenty bucks, and I had over a hundred dollars in tips hanging out of my g-string, so I decided not to argue about it. But I did make a point of counting up my tips in front of the other two dancers in the dressing room. From what I'd seen, neither of them had made even \$5 all night. And since they'd been such dicks to me, I kind of wanted to rub it in.

And at least I was done for the evening. I packed up my costume and went to find the agent's boyfriend so that I could get a ride back to my car.

I found him just outside the bar's front door, having a fistfight with the bouncer and the club's manager. Well, sort of a fight. It seemed to involve a lot of shouting and only an occasional punch being thrown. And then the MC stripper came out and started shouting too.

I wasn't sure what was going on, but I knew that I didn't want any part of it. I managed to squeeze out the door and walk right past them all without getting caught up in the whole mess. I crossed the parking lot and sat down on the hood of the agent's boyfriend's car, waiting for my ride home.

The shouting went on for a couple more minutes. But eventually, the stripper and the agent's twinkie boyfriend backed off, and the club employees went back inside. The agent's twinkie boyfriend looked like he'd taken a glancing blow to the face, but nothing serious. He explained that the club owner had stiffed all the strippers for their night's wages.

Obviously, I wasn't too happy about that. But I suspected that the other strippers had done something to piss the owner off. After all, they'd just stolen money out of my pocket. So it wouldn't have surprised me if they'd tried to swipe something from the bar or one of the patrons.

Twinkie manager drove me back to the agent's apartment, where the two of them had a heated discussion about how they were going to sue the club owner for assault. But the agent did pay me the wages that I'd been promised out of his own pocket, so that was something.

Hunky Blond Boy came back from his escort gig a while later, and we drove back to Orlando.

I never did hear from that agent again. According to Hunky Blond Boy, he stopped booking strippers after that and stuck to his escort business. And six months later the local gay paper carried a story about how the police had shut down his agency and arrested him.

All in all, it was not an experience that I'd want to have again. But it did begin to open my eyes to parts of the world that I'd never seen in my sheltered academic life.

Now with all that in mind, you can imagine why I was a bit skeptical when Hunky Blond Boy called me a week later to say that he'd found a new booker for us. But I still needed a job. And if nothing else, HBB was introducing me to some interesting people. So I went along for the interview.

And this time, he'd struck gold.

The new booker was a drag queen who really had her shit together. She'd been booking gogo boys in Florida for years. She kept about fifteen guys on her roster at any given time and farmed them out to a string of gay clubs in Orlando and the surrounding beach towns. Depending on the size of the club, she'd send two to four boys a night. And for special occasions, she'd come along and MC the show herself.

The nice thing about this arrangement is that it kept the boys from going "stale". She'd book you three or four nights a week, but you'd be rotating through different clubs. So you'd only appear in each bar once or twice a month, and the patrons wouldn't get bored of seeing you.

It also meant that I would only have to deal with one boss, rather than a bunch of different club owners. Sure, the drag queen had a couple of eccentricities, but she also set clear expectations. As long as I was responsible and turned up for my gigs on time, the two of us wouldn't have any problems.

After my experiences at the Firestone and Southern Nights, I wasn't sure if I was going to fit the bill for her. But she looked me over she said that I was perfect. "I've got seven bodybuilders, and a bunch of twinkies. So you can be my college jock."

This was the first time in my life that anyone had ever referred to me as a 'jock'. So she pretty much had me wrapped around her little finger after that.

Anyway, I went to work for her and I LOVED it. The work was steady, the money was good, and the whole thing was a lot of fun. I could pay my rent by working a few nights a week, and I had all day free to write.

The work was different than it had been in North Carolina, but mostly in ways that I enjoyed. For one thing, Florida was driven by a tourist economy. And tourists tend to be pretty free with their tips. They're out to have fun, and they don't mind throwing money around if they're having a good time.

The other thing that I liked about Florida was that most of the gigs were for go-go dancing rather than stripping. That may seem like a fine distinction, but the two jobs are very different.

When you're a part of a strip show, all the other action in the bar comes to a halt. The dancers come out one at a time to do their numbers. And when you're on stage, it's up to you to keep everyone in the bar entertained. So there's a fair amount of pressure.

For gogo dancing though, you just get up on the bar and dance around in your g-string for a couple of hours with several other guys. So it's not like any one of you is demanding the attention of everyone in the club. The patrons can get their drinks and talk to each other. And if they happen to like one of the dancing boys, they can gravitate over towards you.

It's also a slower pace, which means that you can interact with the patrons as individuals. You can smile and make eye contact with the guys who are checking you out. And when they tip, you have time to ask their name and chat for a bit. It feels less like you're putting on a show, and more like you're the host of a party. You're being friendly and trying to create a fun atmosphere where everybody is having a good time.

After a while, I got to know some of the guys who were tipping me on a regular basis and became friends with a few of them.

The dancers that I worked with were also an interesting bunch. The "twinks" were a lot like the guys from the group that I'd started back in North Carolina. They were all gay boys who were stripping for fun and to support themselves while they built a career doing something else. I remember that one of them was studying to be a dental hygienist.

The muscle boys were a bit different. Aside from the Hunky Blond Boy that I'd met in the gym, they all claimed to be straight. And they made a big point to constantly remind you of that. You'd ask how they were doing, and they'd tell you about the girl that they'd fucked the night before, and how amazing her tits were.

There was one guy who kept asking me for advice on his love life. He couldn't decide between his two girlfriends.

“My one girlfriend, she bought me a car. But my other girlfriend, her pussy is so wet. I think I’m in love with her because her pussy is so wet.”

I never did figure out what to tell him on that score.

But there were three of the “straight” muscle boys in particular who fascinated me. They were this weird mass of contradictions that I’d never encountered before. But they were also smart in a way that I wasn’t.

They were three guys who all lived together. Cory and Jesse claimed to be half-brothers, and Alan was their friend from Puerto Rico. Cory and Jesse had each done several porn films, and they were helping Alan break into the business. They were all working as escorts, and during our gogo shifts together they were usually lining up a trick for after the show. But they were also completely open about what they were doing and were not ashamed of it. I had some very frank conversations with them about it, which eventually became source material for the Danny storyline in *Settling the Score*.

But here’s the best part: Since they were porn stars, I’ve been able to dig up some fun photos of them.

photo courtesy: Advocate Men Magazine



CORY EVANS

This is Cory Evans. Or at least, that's the name he stripped and did porn under. He's the one that I got to know the best. At one point we started talking about steroids, and he explained that he and his friends would be stupid *not* to take them. They were making a living off their looks, so they needed to be as hot and muscular as possible.



This is his half-brother Jesse Tyler. He's the one who beat me in that amateur strip contest, and I think you can see why. Jesse was insanely hot, but he always had this kind of angry and dangerous vibe. A couple of the other dancers admitted they were a little scared of him.



And this is their friend, Alan, from Puerto Rico. He's the one I got to know the least.

The three of them were all surprisingly smart. A lot of the muscle boys on the go-go boy circuit were dumb as posts, but these guys seemed to have their act together. They'd decided that their big advantage in life was that they were young and hot, so they needed to make as much money as possible off that while they could. And they seemed to be pretty shrewd about how they were going about it. For them, gogo dancing and porn were just ways to line up clients for their escort services, which is where they made their real money.

But the really interesting thing was the whole puzzle of their sexuality. They were three "straight" guys who were doing gay porn and having a lot of gay sex for money. And I mean *a lot*. In addition to the tricks that they were picking up during their go-go shifts, they also had an arrangement with one of the local bathhouses. They would hang out at the bar, while the manager

kept an eye out for clients who might be willing to pay for a little something extra. And whenever he found one, he'd broker the deal and rent them a cubicle for an hour.

So I started to wonder if the whole "we're straight" thing was denial or just part of their branding. Maybe they figured that clients would pay more to sleep with a straight boy than a gay one.

But in particular, I wanted to figure out *Cory*. I always had the feeling that Cory was flirting with me.

Now, in all honesty, this could have been a total hallucination on my part. Because I had a HUGE crush on Cory. His pictures don't quite do him justice. He had a great body, but the sexiest thing about him was his voice. He had this way of staring into my eyes whenever we talked, which made me melt.

So the whole thing could be my imagination. But there were several times when Cory and I were changing after our gogo shifts, and we had a conversation that went something like this:

Cory: "Hey, I'm not working Friday night, so I'm gonna go dancing at the Firestone. Want to meet up?"

Me: "Really? Why would you go dancing at a gay club on your night off?"

Cory: "Oh, you know. Straight clubs have sucky music."

Now the sucky music thing was probably true. But this was back in the days when gay clubs were really GAY, and you might not find a woman in the entire place. So I kept thinking that a truly straight boy would be looking for a club with hot girls rather than hot music. And he probably wouldn't be inviting a gay boy like me along to be his wingman.

Unfortunately, being young and stupid I could never quite figure out a way to close the deal with Cory. I wanted to invite him back to my place after one of our go-go shifts together. But he always lined up a paying trick for after the show, so I never had the chance to ask. And the idea of trying to actually meet up with him at the Firestone on a Friday night seemed like a fool's errand. I wasn't sure that he'd actually turn up, or what time he'd get there, or if I would even be able to find him in the crowd. And even if we did wind up hanging out, the odds were still pretty good that he'd find a sugar daddy for the evening and go home with him instead.

So I never did figure out if Cory was into me or not. And I'm still curious about his real sexuality. If anyone has run across him recently, please drop me a line. After his porn and gogo years, did Cory settle down with a woman? Or a man? Or a bisexual polyamorous collective? Seriously, I would love to hear what happened to him.

And in case you haven't guessed yet, Cory was part of my model for the Wade character in *Settling the Score*. This totally buff straight boy who might not be so straight.

So that was my year in Orlando. I met a lot of interesting people, made a few good friends, and got a lot of writing done on my second book. But my lease on the house was up, and my ex-boyfriend hadn't come to his senses.

So it was time to move on.

I hope you enjoyed this story about my scandalous past.

In the next installment, I'll cover my time in Atlanta. That's where I worked in a fully nude club for the first time, had my first experience with sexual harassment, and learned why straight boys should never be allowed to run anything.

Josh

P.S. If you want to check out Cory, Jesse, and Alan's porn films, I'd recommend these:

Cory and Alan each have a good scene in *Ripe for Harvest*.
Jesse has a great scene at the end of *Abduction 3: Redemption*

However, these are old films now, so they may not be easy to find.

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