**PoleRider**

**by [Lola49](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1095605&page=submissions)©**

There standing before me was a pole I was eager to press between my thighs. I had practice this technique for three months with the assistance of a girl I met at a health and fitness club a few blocks from my condo.  
  
A petite five foot two inched blonde, Veronica has a habit of wearing her pants so tight that she has earned the nickname of "Camel" short for camel toe.   
  
Veronica is a clinical psychologist with a PhD. I was surprised to see someone who monitors the behavior of others so adventurous. Three days a week she lets her hair down and dances at a gentleman's club for a walk on the wild side. And the pay she earns is nice too.  
  
She invited me to dance one night when the club held its open stage night. Once a week they dared Amateurs and wannabes to get up on stage and shake their money makers. On this particular night Nicole and I decided to join Veronica for a night of fun and gentlemen attention. What Nicole didn't know was that I would be joining Veronica for the evening of striping and pole dancing. It wasn't until I joined Veronica in the dressing room to prepare for the show that Nicole found out. I couldn't tell Nicole because I know she would feel the need to join us on stage.  
  
Veronica asked for a moment alone with Nicole to discuss something with her.   
  
I said. "Sure." and left the two women to talk.  
  
I waited nervously by the bar while they talked about the night's events. The bartender offered me a drink to try and calm my nerves.  
  
"Do you want to talk about it?" She asked. "You look like you're shaking in your boots!"  
  
"I'm going to be riding the pole at the club tonight, and my girlfriend is with Veronica who's telling her about my debut."  
  
"Boom chicka wah wah," Was the unexpected response the bartender gave me. Followed by a "Really?"  
  
"What does that mean?" I asked.  
  
"Well, you just don't look like the dancer type," She said.  
  
"And what kind of girl do you think I am?" I asked.  
  
"No need to get testy, I just never see your kind in here," The bartender said.  
  
"What, do you mean by your kind?" I asked.  
  
"You know, you look more like a home body type, a goodie two shoes girl." "You never know, I could be a bad and fickle woman, besides when you see me straddle that pole tonight you might even want to take me home," I said.  
  
We both laughed at the comment as the bartender poured me another drink as to increase the courage I would need to pull this off.  
  
By that time Veronica and Nicole joined me at the bar for a few drinks before the entertainment began. I wasn't sure what to say to Nicole other than I was sorry for not telling her.   
  
She put her arms around me and said. "Make enough money for both of us tonight darling."  
  
We all laughed at her comment as Veronica and I walked back to the dressing room to change for the evening.   
  
The moment had come, all the insecurities I had before I trained with Veronica had come back. The nudity and the fear of men eyeing my body like a piece of meat took over and my confidence betrayed me. Negative thoughts began to play with my mind.   
  
The drinks I had earlier had no affect on me. To make matters worse the owner of the bar was so impressed by my moves that he placed me first on the rooster.   
  
I began the pep talk with myself that I was certain many women before me who shared the stage must have done. The other girls dancing that night were very supportive about what I was about to do. There was no cattiness or back stabbing but more of a sisterhood between us.   
  
I had to think back to a time when the girls and I had vacationed at a Hedonist island resort. I remembered lying across my bed mustering the courage to walk naked on the island. Now my dancing was a fear I would have to overcome too.   
  
Veronica words of support made me more at ease. "Listen to me Lola, You can do this. I know you can, I see you working out at that gym and the way you move your body in aerobic class. That's the way I want you to move your ass on that stage. By the way I love the outfit so much I will wear it the next time I dance on stage."  
  
I knew Veronica was trying to do her best to lift my spirits. My outfit didn't leave much to the imagination. I wore a black mini dress, naughty black panty with the crotch cut out, and round pink sequin pasties.  
  
I keep my body in great shape, so I had no worries about that, however when it came to my stage performance there was fear. Plus, I wasn't prepared if one of the gentlemen asked me to come over and talk or requested a lap dance something Veronica and I never discussed. Soon the owner walked back stage to wish us luck and reminded the girls to make tonight better than last night.  
  
It was a happening club on the outskirts of town. The club is upscale and the stiff cover charge ensured the cliental were mostly to rich business men. My time to grace the stage with my routine had now come. As the music for my one song set started to play I turned to look back once more for moral support from the girls, and they wished me luck.  
  
As Donna Summer started singing "Love to Love You Baby"; began. I had danced to the song many times before and knew it had a good beat to it. Once I got the rhythm down my body began to move with the music in ways that come naturally.   
  
Then it was time to straddle the one object sharing the stage, but I wasn't sure I could climb. My heart raced as I slowly moved toward it.  
  
I slowly turned around and my eyes searched for Nicole, she was at the bar cheering me on with a big wink and a smile as she mouthed to me..."You can do it."  
  
I smiled back at her, gaining my courage as I danced for the men before me. The money the men slipped into the waist band of my crotch less panties boosted me as well. After seeing the money dropped by my feet on the stage. I was more than ready to slide my sweet pearl up and down that pole. I was halfway through the song and had ditched my dress.   
  
Then I knew exactly when I was going to press my thighs against the long cold metal pipe. I waited for the moaning interlude to begin. I placed my hands on opposite sides of the pole and raised my body higher onto the pole. I wrapped my legs around the long hardness, and squeezed it tight between my thighs. Then I undulated against the pole with my hips, as I slowly slid down the prop. I envisioned riding an ex lover doing Keigel exercises with my pussy muscles.   
  
I received a round of wolf whistles and applause when I slithered back to the top of the pole and slowly wiggled my way down to the bottom again, in my 6" fuck me heels I must have been a sight.  
  
I was pleased that I had given a great performance; I looked over at the owner for approval. He gave me two thumbs up and a wink as I gathered the money off the floor and slowly danced back to the waiting room where I received more applause and praise from the other dancers waiting to show their moves.   
  
Nicole came back with the owner of the club to personally congratulate me. The owner informed me that a gentleman was requesting a private dance in one of the VIP suites.   
  
He explained the do's and don't of Private dances. If at anytime I felt uncomfortable with the situation just press the panic button in the private room and security would handle the problem.   
  
There turned out to be no need for security. The client I entertained was nice and very generous; one of the Club's regular girls was upset because the client was her best tipper.   
  
I made a nice piece of change after the club took their cut, of my tips from dancing on stage and VIP room lap dances. As I left the club that night with Nicole and Veronica we were approached in the parking lot by the gentlemen I had entertained in a private room. He inquired if I would be available to do a private show for him in the future. I told him I was flattered, but I decline his offer.   
  
However, I took his card just in case I got the urge to do some erotic entertaining with Nicole or some of my other bold friends in the near future.