**How I Became a Stripper**

by Olive\_DD

*One girls journey from nerdy accountant to stripper.*

There was no overall plan. Obviously. Of all the women I know who have worked in strip clubs, and I have known a lot by now, very few planned to be strippers. When it finally happened I loved it, like a duck to water, but I didn't see it coming, didn't even know it was a thing.

Looking back now I can say that the first steps happened when I was in my mid twenties. A few years after graduation I had gained weight and was feeling unfit and unhappy. I tried running, yoga, crossift, boxercise, zumba... everything, but the thing that I liked most was pole dancing classes. I didn't know anything about it except that I liked it. As time went by I sort-of became aware that the teacher, Helen, had another job as a 'dancer', but I still did not really know exactly what that meant. I just liked the exercise and the skill and technical challenge. The classes were completely focused on exercise and technique, almost nothing sexual or sensual or even aesthetic. There were a few days where other girls in the class were invited to see the club where the teacher danced. But the trips were on week days when the club was not open to the public so I always missed these days due to my 9-5 job as an accountant. It kind of put up a barrier between me and the other girls in the class too. So I started off pretty clueless and on top of that missing these trips delayed getting the full picture by quite a few years. I was not that curious anyway, I think I probably closed my ears to all the connections between pole dancing and sexualization back then, just didn't hear it.

The pole dancing worked wonders for weight loss and I stuck with crossfit as well. After a year I was feeling fit and lean and athletic, I became a fitness enthusiast, and still am. It is now one of the things that defines me. But, all this fitness had the unfortunate side effect of a shrinking cup size. Over time I was feeling more and more self-conscious and sad about this. One day my boyfriend caught me feeling sorry for myself and I opened up and discussed it with him. He immediately offered to pay for breast implants. I didn't even have to think, within 5 mins I was booking consultations. I never thought for a minute about if it would make me look like a stripper, I was not really aware what a stripper even looked like or to be honest even that there was such a job as a stripper. I just knew I wanted the surgery, and I was bowled over that my BF wanted to pay for me. Looking back on it I could actually have afforded it on my own, but the fact that he wanted to pay for me was HOT.

For approaching this decision there were no brakes on, full speed ahead, yes, yes, yes. No one in my life said otherwise. A few days later I was in, out and back at home all bandaged up and drugged up. A few days after that I was rocking around town, shopping for new clothes and enjoying blowing my BF's mind just by walking into the room. It actually never gets old, 10+ years later that blank look - 'male mind wiped by sight of boobs' - is a little ego boost every time. (Turns out other reactions are more grating, cool guys will 'zip-it' but sometimes a jerk will blurt whatever boob related crap tumbles into this empty head!). But all in all I loved my decision, still do. I went for 300cc through the under arm, no scars. Everybody says they are a good size for my small frame.

So at that point, after the surgery, I maybe kind of looked the part and I had some of the skills but still had no idea, absolutely no clue. Honestly, I was also not the type. Even though I was starting to like clothes shopping 'for my boobs' and getting a reaction from my BF it wasn't until later that I discovered I really liked that type of male gaze. The summer after the new boobs we went to Miami for 2 weeks and that was a major change for me. Sitting by the pool, walking the beach. I was with my BF pretty much 100% of the time so I felt completely safe. As the days passed I was noticing more heads turning, I was wearing less, then while having sex with my BF at night I was thinking of heads turning and what I could do to turn more heads. The cycle went on and on. After 2 weeks it was thong and micro bikini on parade all day. After vacation all my spare thoughts were taken up with fantasizing about turning heads at the beach. Our sex life really moved up a gear. I still had to keep it conservative at work but when we went out to clubs and bars, NGL, I dressed to turn heads.

The following year we went to Europe where pretty much every woman on the beach is topless. I spent 2 weeks basically in a thong only, reluctantly putting on a sheer or mesh t-shirt when not at the beach or pool. I was addicted to keeping those heads turning. On the last night in Europe we went to a random bar in Paris, it was not a lap dancing bar or anything close (I think it was actually an Irish bar!). But, there were two English girls in the bar lap dancing for any guy that wanted, it was not official, no money was changing hands (99% sure about that, and knowing what I know now I still think that was actually the case), they were just having a blast, getting drunk and dancing. I had never really seen lap dancing before, but now I watched and took everything in, I thought to myself I want to learn those moves so I can do that for my BF.

If at 21 years old someone had confronted me with all the information - this is what a stripper does, this is what a stripper is - I would have run a mile, I was on the way to becoming a chartered accountant after all. But, instead at 29 years old I was gradually putting the pieces in place without even knowing it. My BF loved his birthday lap dance, loved, loved, absolutely, came in his pants, loved it. (I did actually succeed in making him cum in his pants). So, now I am a lapdancing poledancer getting high on my topless-fakeboob-head-turning-exhibitionism. But I still don't really even know that there is such a job as a stripper. I was just me, in my world, and I had never been to that world.

Then one Saturday I was walking down town and I ran into Helen, the teacher from my pole dancing classes. She was on her way to her other job and asked me if I would like to tag along. I know I said I knew nothing, but in that moment I did know that I absolutely wanted to know more. So we go, past the security, inside I take in the surroundings while she went to change. The first thing that hit me was the energy in the room, like 10x any other party I had ever been to. A room full of excited guys, a handful of dancers, DJ, bar man, security. The DJ announced Helen and she appeared from behind the bar in a long flowing dress and walked to the stage - different from the gym gear I was used to seeing her wear at the classes.

The stage was in the center of the room, chest height, round with the pole in the middle. On the stage she walked round the pole in her dress, then after a pause she let the dress slide off her shoulders and fall to the ground. She stepped out of it and stood there in her lingerie while the whole room erupted for her. My mouth dropped open in shock, I was beyond impressed. She started on the pole. I had never actually thought of pole dancing as sexual, in my mind it was just strenuous if graceful exercise, but now I really saw the sexual side. The guys loved her. As the first song came to an end she dropped her bra to the floor and the energy went up even more. My senses were on high alert, zing, taking it all in. Mega impressed. How far does this actually go? will she get naked? I was excited. I was hoping. I couldn't actually believe it when she did. She danced through 3 songs and for the last one she was completely naked with 20 or 30 guys cheering her on. I had never seen anything so wild, so focused, they were wild for HER, focused on HER.

For a long time, In my own clueless innocent way, without knowing any of the specifics, I had fantasied about a place like this, a place specially for exhibitionism, the next level after a topless beach. And here it was.

She came to me at the bar afterwards, her dress back on. She new I was blown away. She didn't have to say anything. I tried to say how much I loved the show, how much I loved everything, I think I just blurted out that I love her! Then we just laughed and chatted. I got the rhythm of the place, there was a stage show every 10 or 15 mins, a lot of the techniques on the pole I already new from the classes, some were new, I felt myself watching and learning.

"I think you are ready," Helen said.

"Ready for what?" In that moment I honestly did not know what she meant.

Then she winked at the bar man, he came over and Helen said, "this is Olive".

"Hi," I said, even though Olive is not my name.

Next thing I know the DJ is announcing, "Next on the stage we have Olive... Gentlemen lets give a warm welcome to Olive."

Suddenly I was more scared than I knew was possible. Like all the excitement I had ever felt about turning heads suddenly compressed into pure pain. I don't know how long I was frozen for, Helen touched me on the arm and I came to my senses, looked around to get my bearings. I notice now that the crowd had grown while Helen and me had been chatting, the place was packed, the energy was higher than before, apparently the guys were really ready for Olive, they wanted me.

Then the DJ spoke again, "Important announcement, guys, this is Olives first time". The crowd shouted encouragement.

"Be nice to her. be gentle," the DJ added. As if. There were a few excited yells above the crowd noise, I don't know what they said, but I knew they were not going to be nice, they wanted what they wanted, no less, it was a clear challenge.

I exhaled and tried to gather myself. Could I possibly do what Helen had done? I could try. I wanted to try. I wanted to be the focus of such energy. I knew that I wanted. The guys in the crowd were looking around, from girl to girl. I realized they were not sure which girl the DJ was calling Olive.

"I'm not dressed for this," I said.

"Give me your jeans, go in your t-shirt and underwear," Helen said with a smile, "They don't care what you wear - as long as you take it off."

I knew she was right, I knew what they wanted. I really wanted to be the focus. I tried to remember what underwear I had put on that morning, how long since i had waxed, it could be worse I thought, it will have to do. I did what Helen suggested, I stepped out of my tennis shoes, left them at the bar and handed my jeans to her.

I put both my hands up above my head as I walked to the stage. Look at me! I'm Olive! The crowd was like an animal. I felt my adrenaline flood. One of the other girls helped me onto the steps. I was on the stage. An image of the Roman Colosseum flashed through my mind, the baying crowd, the mob, the animal energy, what fucking Hollywood bullshit did that come from, thanks for nothing Maximus Decimus! Just keep moving I told myself. This is real, don't fuck up. I circled the pole once and then again. I lifted my t-shirt over my head (I never saw it again, don't know if I threw it or what). I was the focus. Holy shit, this is happening. I want this. I started on the pole, don't mess up, just ignore them and keep it simple, I did the warm-up routine that I always do at the classes.

Initially I couldn't really take in the crowd reaction, too nervous, as the first song came to an end the adrenaline had cleared enough for me to notice that there was cheering. I must be doing OK. I was in my underwear, I was fit, I was doing the pole moves I knew, they were liking it, I was liking it. Keep moving. How the fuck to I get rid of this bra. I had done loads of pole dancing classes but never undressed at the same time. I gripped the pole with my legs locked my ankles together and arched my back to release my hands. I lunged for the clasp, I felt the fabric slip away and heard the crowd roar. (Years later I watched that Demi Moore striptease scene, I have to say they didn't capture the intensity of it. My mosh-pit to Demi's cabaret club).

Keep moving, don't stop. Next routine... remember the classes. The adrenaline was leveling off enough for me to pick out people in the crowd and see how into it they really were, I was doing OK. Keep moving... remember the classes. I swung down onto my feet, paused for a reaction, I caught a flash of pride in Helen's eyes, that was gold, that filled me with a lifetime of never-ending courage, I could do anything, I could do this, I pushed my panties down slowly over my bum, let them fall to the floor, the guys roared approval and encouragement, the third song started, I was on the pole again, remember the classes, the noise was deafening, couldn't remember my name, was running on instinct now, naked, really, (my BF was the only person who had seen me fully naked as an adult, now I was naked on a stage with 50+ cheering baying animal men focused on me), keep going, remember the classes, bring it home, finish the routine. I had done it. The DJ was talking over the music, fade out, cheering, applause, wow, phew. At the steps Helen give me something to cover my shoulders and hugged me. I just cried and hugged her back.

I was so happy that Helen was happy with my performance. I was so blown away that I had such an animal crowd cheering at me. I was happy. We got drunk. The rest of the night was a blur. Woke up at home on the sofa still in my clothes, (my shoes and jeans, no underwear, someone else's t-shirt), mega headache, but so happy. BF not really understanding, asking who I was drinking with last night. He didn't notice the strange t-shirt or the no underwear. Did that really happen? Did so many guys really cheer for me naked on a pole? I hope it was real. For months and years afterwards I woke up dreaming of that energy focused on me.

Next week I went early to the class to catch up with Helen. She was gushing, all encouragement, she said the club was full, 120 guys roaring at me, she was talking about my career, tours we should go on, wow. So I started to do a few more shifts at the bar with Helen, lap-dancing as well as pole-dancing. I loved it. We did go on a few tours, they were wild. Eventually I settled into a one shift per month routine. It was a good fit with my 9-5 and with my BF. I absolutely was not doing it for the money, I was doing it for me, for the buzz, for Maximus Decimus! I am a professional accountant, I get well paid, I don't need the money, but all the same, NGL, the money did add up, it was actually lucrative, I had an account full of honey money, I was a professional chartered accountant and also a professional stripper.

I always did have a niggling worry about my boss or my colleagues showing up while I am doing a shift but it seemed like it wasn't going to happen and after a while I stopped worrying. On the other hand eventually I couldn't hide it from my BF any more, he knew something was up and figured it out, he wasn't happy, I told him I loved it and wasn't going to stop. He tried to get his head around it but eventually he left. By then the heat had gone out of out relationship anyway so I was OK with it. After that I threw myself into my 9-5 work and also my weekend work. Accountant Monday-Friday and stripper Friday-Sunday. I did more shifts at the bar after my BF left and also went on more tours with Helen. Also went on beach holidays with Helen, wow, two exhibitionists is better than one!

That is the story of how I got started in the life of a stripper. I'm not like a teenager who dipped her toe in the water at 19 years old and then grew out of it or turned her back on it. I'm the opposite I grew into it slowly and only started at 30 years old. I really love it, it is me. Have been doing stripping and more ever since. 39 years old now and see no reason to stop. I took over the classes from Helen. I have actually built my lifestyle around it now. My crossfit coach says my physique is still improving. The Colosseum is as intense as ever, when it drops off I'll retire but so far it has not happened. Boyfriends either love it or hate it, that's a story for another episode...