

# Daisy's Night at the Hungry Duck

## Disclaimer:

*This story takes place in the 2000s. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. The names, characteristics, and details of the individuals involved have been changed to protect their privacy and ensure this narrative remains purely imaginative. Reader discretion is advised—this erotic tale contains explicit adult content intended for mature audiences only.*

## Daisy's Night at the Hungry Duck - Chapter 1

Daisy, a 28-year-old naturalized American born in Malaysia, had always chased the thrill of the unknown. Her heart raced with anticipation as she stepped off the plane in Moscow, her backpack heavy but her spirit light.



This solo trip was her chance to break free from her routine life in Miami, to taste adventure in a city that felt worlds away. Her Russian was barely functional—a handful of phrases memorized from a travel app—but it only fueled her excitement. She felt alive, untethered, ready to dive into the chaos of the Russian capital.

On her second night, at a cozy hostel café, Daisy's warm smile drew the attention of Katya and Connie, two vibrant Muscovites with a knack for trouble.



“You want to see the *real* Moscow?” Katya asked, her eyes glinting with mischief as she leaned across the table. Daisy’s stomach fluttered with a mix of nerves and eagerness. “Yes, absolutely!” she replied, her voice tinged with the thrill of possibility. Connie smirked, exchanging a glance with Katya. “Then come with us tonight,” she said, and Daisy felt a spark of connection, a sense that these strangers would unlock the city’s secrets for her.



They led her to the **Hungry Duck**, a club Daisy assumed was just a trendy nightlife spot, pulsing with neon and vodka-soaked energy. She had no clue it was a hedonistic playground, notorious for its wild shows where male strippers plucked women from the crowd, stripped them bare on stage, and let them redress in the dark before rejoining the audience. It was a risky game every patron understood—except Daisy, whose broken Russian left her blissfully unaware. Behind her back, Katya and Connie had schemed with their

friend Dmitri, a chiseled stripper, to pick the “American girl” for the night’s spectacle and, for extra chaos, to toss her clothes into the crowd instead of returning them.

Daisy dressed for Moscow’s biting autumn: high-waisted Grlfrnd light-wash jeans, a soft sweater, a thick winter coat, tights, and ankle boots—practical yet chic, a shield against the cold and a nod to her love of fashion.



Inside the Hungry Duck, the air was thick with heat, music, and the scent of perfume and liquor. Daisy’s heart pounded with exhilaration as she downed shots of vodka with Katya and Connie, the burn in her throat mirroring the fire in her chest. “To adventure!” they toasted, and Daisy laughed, feeling bold, invincible, swept up in the moment. The club’s energy was intoxicating, and she barely noticed the sly grins Katya and Connie shared.



The show began—five performances, with male strippers on the first floor and women upstairs. They stayed downstairs, where the crowd buzzed with anticipation. Daisy’s pulse quickened as the lights dimmed, her

excitement tinged with a nervous flutter she couldn't place. When Dmitri, a towering figure with a devilish smirk, locked eyes with Katya and Connie from the stage, Daisy felt a jolt of curiosity. He descended with Sergey and three other strippers, all shirtless and glistening, weaving through the crowd straight for her. Before she could react, they hoisted her up, the audience roaring. Daisy's stomach lurched with a mix of fear and giddy thrill—she thought it was just a playful dance, a quirky Moscow welcome. Drunk on vodka and the club's chaos, she giggled as they carried her to the stage, her heart racing with a strange, electric joy.



The five men circled her, their moves sultry and synchronized, and Daisy swayed along, caught in a haze of vodka and adrenaline. She felt like the star of the show, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her body buzzing with the crowd's energy. But then, the mood shifted. Dmitri's grin turned predatory as he slid her heavy coat off her shoulders. Daisy's laughter faltered, a flicker of confusion crossing her face, but the crowd's cheers drowned out her unease. Sergey caught the coat, twirling it like a cowboy's lasso before hurling it into the mob. A security guard near the front snatched it, tucking it under his arm.



Daisy's heart skipped—why wasn't he giving it back? Katya and Connie, watching from below, cackled. "Hope our new friend doesn't mind the cold," Connie whispered. "Or her birthday suit!" Katya added, their laughter sharp in Daisy's ears.

Dmitri grabbed her wrists, lifting her arms high, and Daisy's breath caught, a mix of embarrassment and an unfamiliar thrill surging through her. Sergey and Antonov tugged at her sweater, peeling it off slowly, the fabric brushing her skin like a caress. The crowd whooped, and Daisy's face burned, her mind spinning—*this isn't just a dance*. Antonov held the sweater aloft, sniffing it theatrically and winking at the audience, who roared with approval. He tossed it to the back, where a girl in the shadows snatched it and hid it in her bag, unnoticed in the dim light.



Daisy's stomach twisted with panic, but the vodka dulled her resistance, leaving her caught in a strange, exhilarating limbo.



Four strippers lifted her off the ground, her legs dangling, and Daisy's heart pounded, a wild mix of shame and excitement. Antonov knelt, easing off her boots and tights with deliberate slowness, his fingers grazing her skin. She shivered, torn between wanting to laugh and wanting to scream. He placed the boots at the stage's edge but flung one stocking into the crowd, who cheered like it was a prize. Daisy's cheeks flushed hotter, her mind racing: *What's happening? Why am I letting this happen?* Dmitri hoisted her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and Sergey, with a swift move, unhooked her bra, dangling it around his neck like a trophy. Daisy gasped, covering her chest with her hands, her heart hammering with embarrassment, yet a strange, pulsing thrill coursed through her—she'd never felt so alive, so exposed, so *seen*.



“Nyet, nyet, not my pants!” she shouted, her broken Russian trembling with a mix of fear and nervous laughter. “Please, don’t!” The strippers ignored her, their grins unrelenting. Sergey and Dmitri held her arms, pinning her gently as Antonov unbuckled her belt, raising it like a conqueror’s flag. Daisy’s breath hitched, her body trembling with a cocktail of shame, excitement, and disbelief.



He set the belt with the boots, then returned, unbuttoning her jeans with agonizing slowness, the zipper's rasp cutting through the crowd's screams. The jeans slid down her hips, past her thighs, and off her ankles. Daisy's face burned, her mind a whirlwind: *This can't be real*. Sergey lifted the jeans high, shouting in Russian, "Who wants a new pair of jeans? Who's leaving with a prize?" The crowd erupted. He spun and tossed them like a bride's bouquet. Janet, a tall 25-year-old basketball player, leaped and caught them. So she puts on the jeans, takes off her skirt and tossing her own skirt onto the stage. Antonov grabbed it, sniffed it dramatically, and added it to the pile.



Daisy stood in just her tights and panties, her heart pounding so loud she could barely hear the music.

The strippers tugged her tights down, revealing her legs inch by inch, and threw them to the audience, who screamed wildly. A redheaded girl named Svetlana, who was in the audience, grabbed the stockings and, when she saw they were Wolfords, quickly put them in her purse.



. Her body trembled, a mix of mortification and a forbidden thrill she couldn't name. The crowd's cheers felt like a spotlight on her vulnerability, yet part of her craved the intensity of it all. Finally, the strippers turned her to face away from the audience, showcasing her figure. Dmitri slid her panties off in one smooth motion, tossing them into the sea of hands below. Her face flaming with humiliation, but her body buzzed with an electric rush she'd never known. Daisy doesn't put her hands to cover her nakedness, she seemed to be enjoying that exposure and attention she was receiving because of her naked body.



The lights cut to black, and Sergey handed her a bouquet of flowers, signaling the end of the act.

In the darkness, Daisy's breath came in shaky gasps, her mind reeling—*What just happened? How did I let this happen?* The security guard climbed onto the stage, handing her the coat—the only piece not lost to the crowd.

Her hands shook as she slipped it on, clutching it tightly to cover herself, her heart still racing with a strange mix of shame and exhilaration. Katya and Connie rushed to the stage, hugging Dmitri and the others, their laughter echoing. They helped Daisy down, expecting tears or anger.

She stood there, pulling on Janet's discarded skirt, her legs wobbly, her mind a blur of embarrassment and adrenaline. Her sweater, jeans, tights, bra, and panties were gone, scattered among strangers.



To their shock, Daisy's lips curved into a shy, trembling smile. "When can we do this again?" she asked, her voice soft but electric with wonder. "I've never felt... *this* before." Her heart still pounded, a mix of vulnerability and empowerment swirling inside her. She'd been stripped bare, humiliated in front of a crowd, yet the raw intensity of the moment had awakened something new—a fearless, reckless side she hadn't known existed. Katya and Connie stared, then burst into laughter, amazed by her reaction. The trio stumbled into the icy Moscow night, Daisy in her mismatched coat and stranger's skirt, her skin tingling with the memory of the stage. They left with a story no one would believe—and a promise to return to the Hungry Duck.

