

Forcibly Stripped by Women in a Bar

by [Tom Lott](#)

Jack leered at the strippers undulating on stage as he downed the last of his beer. This was his first visit to this new nude dancers bar. He was intrigued by the fact that all of the employees of this club were beautiful women. All the bartenders, servers, and of course the strippers.

He had run up a sizeable tab, ordering how many, 10 or 12 beers? He had long ago lost count. He was getting tired, an alcohol-induced drowsiness was beginning to take hold and he decided it was time to call it quits. After all he had to be on the job bright and early at 8:00 am which was only 7 hours away. Snapping his fingers he gained the attention of one of the waitresses. The last show had just ended and the dancers were mingling with some of the patrons.

A tall and shapely blonde, the waitress found his tab and told Jack how much he owed. Jack's was suddenly shocked from his drowsiness when he realized that he had absolutely no money. He had intended to stop off at the ATM machine early but that had slipped his mind.

Well, there was nothing to be done but to explain the matter.

"Hey, look. I screwed up. I'm sorry. I'll just have to bring you your money tomorrow."

The waitress was not amused. She made a signal and an older woman, apparently the owner of the club came over.

"What's the problem here, Suzie?"

"This bastard has a fifty-dollar tab," Barbara, "and now says he has no money."

"Oh, another one of those," mused the older woman, a brunette about 5' 8". "Well, you know how we take care of this problem, Suzie."

Barbara began making vigorous hand signals.

In seconds Jake's lone table was surrounded by six women: dancers, waitresses, bartenders & Barbara the owner.

"Let me explain something to you, little man. In most clubs when a jerk like you cannot pay his tab the bouncers will kick his ass and throw him out. I do something a little different here. When someone cannot pay in cash I take payment in another form. I have the culprit provide entertainment."

"What do you mean by provide entertainment?"

"This is a strip club. Therefore, to pay what you owe you are going to give a strip show."

Now the other patrons of the club were curiously watching the scene.

"OK, ladies. You know what to do."

The women now grinning evilly in the dimmed light of the club began slowly closing in on the lone man.

Jack jumped to his feet certain that he could fight off and get away from six women. How wrong he was.

He tried to fight them. They easily blocked his punches and grabbed him. The table and a couple of chairs were knocked over as he struggled like a wild man to break free but to no avail. Their combined strength, weight and leverage quickly smothered his aggression and rendered him a helpless and embarrassed captive. He angrily jerked, twisted and pushed as hard as he could but could not free himself from the amused women. Their painful and steely grips on his wrists and arms along with and the bulk of their bodies pressing against his own made his determined efforts futile. In his drunken state he failed to realize that six average-sized adult women acting together had the strength of at least four average-sized men and Jack himself at 5' 6" and 155 lbs was less than average-sized. As he fought uselessly to get away he was further embarrassed by their grins and obvious disdain.

Suddenly he was swept off his feet and being carried bodily toward the stage. Other patrons were cheering and clapping as Jack continued to struggle. Embarrassed and angry as hell, he bucked, twisted, and jerked his arms and legs as hard as he could in a heroic effort to free himself. But it was hopeless. One smiling woman leaned down to kiss him on the forehead. "Oh, poor little baby," she cooed as she pinched his cheek.

They brought him up on the stage where they lowered him to his feet. He again fought to get away but they held him as helpless as a kitten as he continued to pull, jerk, and twist his arms. He was positioned to face the audience with hands, arms and bodies holding him captive. He tried to kick out at them but instantly several knees pressed against his thighs to stop that little revolt. Held helpless, on stage and in the spotlight he had never been so angry and embarrassed.

"We have a special treat for you tonight," announced Barbara gripping one of Jack's arms with both hands.

"This little guy ran up a tab and did not have any money. We frown on that kind of thing here. So this fella is going to pay for his drinks by giving you a show."

At that point the DJ began playing the "Can Can" theme.

Then Jack felt hands taking off his clothes and began a renewed and desperate struggle to get away. He actually roared as he struggled with the six women who were laughingly stripping him as the crowd cheered.

His shirt came off first, the women deftly changing hands to get it off while keeping him imprisoned in their painful grips. A woman tossed it into the crowd which cheered wildly. His undershirt quickly followed.

Then they removed his shoes, socks and pants, as least six hands easily defeated his wildly scissoring legs. They were also thrown to the crowd.

Now as they held his squirming form between them he was clad only in his white boxer briefs.

"Shall we?" yelled Barbara.

"Hell, Yes" came the unanimous reply.

Again Jack tried desperately to prevent this ultimate indignity but he might as well try to stop a thunderstorm. In seconds his briefs were flying into the crowd. His struggles only made his genitals bounce comically up and down.

The six laughing females continued to hold him there in the spotlight as he still tried to fight them. Finally, totally exhausted, he collapsed and would have fallen to the floor except for the women holding him.

Like a great trophy, they bodily lifted him again. They held him aloft in a sitting position with his legs spread wide to display his privates for all to see. He did not try to resist but merely remained still, wheezing like bus from exhaustion. He had surrendered to the strength of their numbers.

In this way he was held by the women and carried from the stage to progress from table to table so that all the patrons could get a good view of his nakedness. Several female patrons abused him by fondling his genitals and inserting fingers into his anus. Helpless as a newborn infant, there was little Jack could do but endure and pray for this nightmare to end.

Finally, the tour ended they carried him back on stage. Instead of putting him down the women turned his naked form over to hold him aloft between them face down. He tried to struggle but could hardly move.

Suddenly. "SMACK"

Someone had slapped his behind very hard and it hurt like hell.

Then several hands began spanking him at the same time. The pain was unbearable.

Again he began to fight wildly to get free. But it was hopeless. His behind was quickly on fire and he involuntarily began screaming and begging them to stop. But they ignored pleas and continued spanking him, his screams quickly drowned out by the cheering crowd.

When the avenging hands finally ceased their frightful work Jack was sobbing and babbling incoherently.

At that point the women carried his still wailing form out the back door. He felt himself flying and then he landed on his head. There bottles and boxes underneath him. He was obviously in a dumpster.

"If you ever come in my club again you will get worse," hollered Barbara.