

# Tales From The Strip!

## We Need Two More Bottles of Verdi

This lovely story takes place at one of the earlier clubs I just happened to be waitressing at. To explain this particular club, it was probably the raunchiest place I had ever happened to work at. Considering that (as I had mentioned last month) I was still pretty fresh out of Catholic school at the time and still very naive, this particular incident was nice and traumatic for me. After witnessing this, I actually lost all desire to even have sex with my then boyfriend for almost a month... It must've sucked to be him.

I actually stayed as a waitress at this club for quite a while, even becoming one of their high selling waitresses. This club is actually what broke me into becoming a good waitress, and also helped break me out of my little sheltered world. Having said that, I have to mention that despite that club being extremely gross, I am actually glad I worked there because it opened my eyes to a lot of things. It also made me a slight germaphobe.

About five or six years ago at this fine establishment, I was running a VIP for a group of girls

that we fondly called the "Brazilian mafia". There were probably about five girls in this room with two guys... and they had been in there for a few hours. At this particular club, when a person

buys a VIP, they are either offered a few free drinks (the quantity of drinks/champagne depended on what size/price VIP they got), a few free bottles of cheap champagne, or a bottle of a more expensive one. The Brazilian mafia actually preferred the cheap "champagne"...er I mean malt imitation champagne.

Time came for me to renew their VIP, which of course it was time for round four. As I walked into the room backwards with a bucket and bottle of Verdi on each shoulder, I turned to see something very odd: one of the guys was on his knees on the floor, butt ass naked, with a Brazilian girl on the couch holding her feet in

her hands spread eagle, fucking the shit out of her. The other guy was on the other couch with three girls' heads in his lap... and I didn't even want to know what happened to the fifth girl.

*"I proceeded to walk into the bathroom, plop into a chair, and looked at the house mom and said, "I think I'm gonna need a frontal lobotomy to continue working here." "*

I kicked the door back shut so that the rest of the club couldn't see any of what was going on. After hearing the door slam, the girl on the couch getting fucked leaned past the guy and says, "We need two more bottles of Verdi, we gonna stay another hour after this.". Without even blinking, I simply nodded, put the other buckets of champagne down, and walked out of the room. I proceeded to walk into the bathroom, plop into a chair, and looked at the house mom and said, "I think I'm gonna need a frontal lobotomy to continue working here."

*Fire*

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