

100 Bars in 100 Days

Hops MacBarley's 2012
Key West Bar Boondoggle
"The Peace, Love, and I.P.A. Tour"

BAR 69:

Teasers
218 Duval Street
Wednesday 9/26, 10:30 pm

Sam Adams (bottle) \$5.50

Day 69, Bar 69, right on schedule.
After almost ten full weeks on tour,
something sexy was *long* overdue.

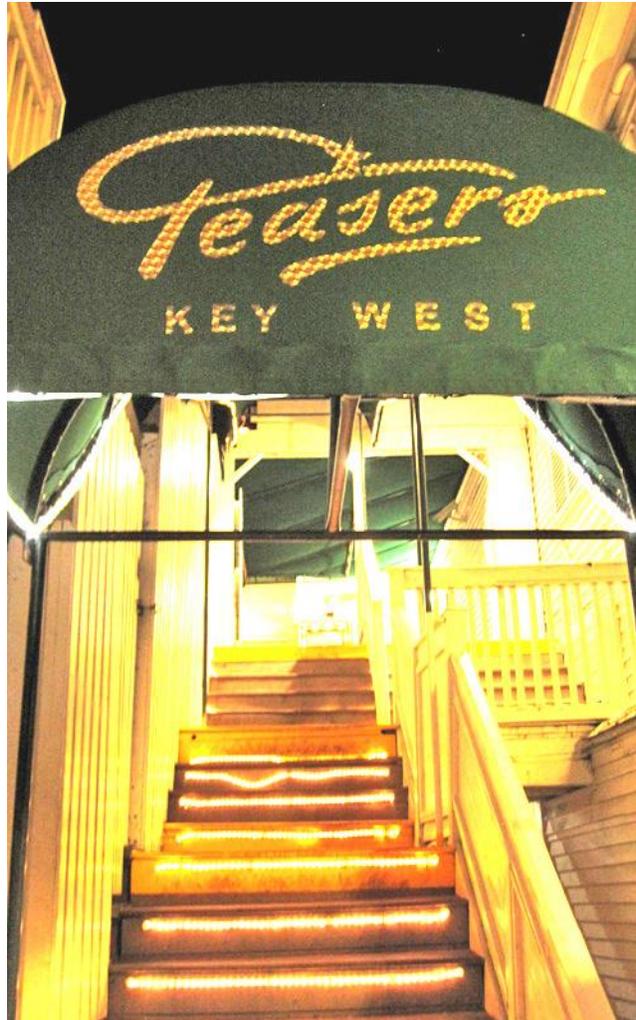
This confluence of date and count
and venue had been loosely
formulated for a while. The need to
get to one of KW's renowned adult
entertainment bars was obvious.
The question was, which one?

Bare Assets may have had the lead
due to its off-Duval location.
Getting away from the primary
party street has been considered a
good thing on the *Peace, Love, and IPA Tour*. Anyone can get loopy on
Duval, but it takes a plan to get to these other places.

Ehh, I know, not a real big plan. We're talking about a less than a mile to a
place like Assets, but when most of your KW saucing is a matter of strolling
from block to block – if that – the a mile equals A Plan.

Anyway, the frontrunner got bumped in the eleventh hour. After my Chart
Room sojourn last night, I was doing my usual walkaround, digging the
downtown vibe and sultry September night, when this slim and hot mid-20's
woman went out of her way to cross my path and hand me a card. She
gave me a smiley wink as our hands touched, pursed her lips, and went on
her way.

The card was the size of a standard business card, and at first glance, it
looked like your typical ad. But I discerned a key element: this card



entitled me to **free admission** to Teaser's. This card was worth *money*, and, even more significantly, it was worth *titty money*.

I turned and looked back up the street, smugly relishing this turn of events. Many, many men take to Duval on a given night, but this woman, this Ambassador of Ass, this Emissary of Estrogen, chose me -- **me!** – for Free Freefreaking Admission, baybee. HA!

Save your jealousy, and your "Dude, they give out *thousands* of cards..." bullshit. I don't need to hear it. It was destiny. Desti-freaking-ny.

So, on night 69, I took the walk up that tall, awninged staircase, and into the cozy confines of Teaser's Key West. I was sure to find love within.

I handed the card to the doorman and walked on in. I never really looked at his face after an initial glance, but I'll bet he was suitably impressed by that coveted ducat. I'm pretty sure he called me "sir."

But, hey, I wanted to just blend in, be the common man, without fawning service, so I quickly and quietly slipped into the crowd and found myself a seat –where else? – at the bar.

I suppose I could (maybe should) have sat at the *other* bar, the one that encircles the central stage, but I was – for the moment – focused on beer. Entertainment – even naked entertainment – could wait.

But it didn't have to wait long. Settled on my barstool at the far corner of the bar, with a cold bottle of Sammalamma in my grasp, *nowwww* it was time to re-focus.

Sooo, what kind of details are you thinkin' you're gonna get? You never been to a strip club?

Over the next hour or more (more), quite a few lovelies took to the stage and performed. All seemed quite well qualified, and the entertainment was uplifting.

Naked is not always sexy, and sexy is not always naked. Anyone who has ever been to a nude beach – or walked Duval during Fantasy Fest -- can vouch for that. But when you start with sexy and then factor in naked, well, that usually strikes a chord.

But, interest can lag even with that, so the entertainers get creative, athletic, and seductive. They were all good, but two stood out.

First, there was the tight-bodied, small-breasted, dark-haired, firm and sexxy pole dancer. *Gymnast* is a more accurate word than *dancer*, though. She was up and down that lucky pole, upside-down, snaked around, and doing things that, well, very few people can do. Having just recently watched London's Olympics, I wondered how many young aspiring gymnasts would eventually leave behind the unforgiving balance beam of youth and move on to the warm golden gleam of the gotta-pay-the-rent-somehow stripper pole.

The second standout was the white-furred blonde. She had no apparent interest in the pole; she was more of a stage-strutter, as if she were on a fashion show runway. A real cutie, but you tended not to focus solely on her face. She wore knee-high boots of long and extra fluffy white fur. She also had a white, torn-off t-shirt that hung off her slinky shoulders and almossssssst as far down as her nipples. And nothing else. It was an interesting look. I wouldn't necessarily recommend it for many people that I know personally (especially males).

Now, if you're wondering why there are no photos in this chapter – except for the lame one of the front stairs – well, mmm, figure it out..