

**Club Allure**

**Emily Sinclair**

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## **Club Allure**

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Sabrina entered the busy club and her eyes went wide at the sight before her. Seated at tables strategically placed throughout the massive open room were well-dressed men and women of all ages, races and body types sipping drinks, conversing amongst themselves and watching the various shows taking place on the seven stages. But that is not what immediately caught the young brunette's attention. No, that honor went to the nearly naked women performing a myriad of sexual acts for the patrons – from blowjobs and pussy licking, to full-on anal and vaginal penetration.

To her far left, Sabrina saw a woman she recognized from the local grocery store bent over a table while two black men took her from both ends at the same time. And to her right, she could barely believe her eyes. Kneeling, uniform top open and a huge black cock plowing between her large breasts was Officer Jenna Williams – the cop who gave her a speeding ticket not two months ago. *I wonder if her boss knows she frequents this place*, she thought as she took out her cell phone, zoomed in and snapped several quick shots – making certain to get the officer's face.

“What in the hell kind of place is this?” Sabrina gasped as her eyes finally settled on one of the stages nearest to her location. Strapped to spanking benches were three women and two men, butt naked and bright red as they were caned without mercy – the women being swatted by men, and the men by women.

“First time at Club Allure?” A petite, freckle-faced redhead asked.

“Yes, and I don't think I want to work here.”

“Work here? Oh, you'll want to see Master Lucas. Follow me,” the woman said taking Sabrina by the arm and leading her halfway through the club before she realized it. “What's your name sweetheart?”

“Sabrina. W-Where are you taking me?”

“Nice to meet you Sabrina. I'm Natalie. And I'm taking you to see Master Lucas. He oversees all new hires. And man, can we use about twenty. What position you here to fill?”

“Waitress, but...what kind of club is this? I thought it was a night club?”

“It is. Of sorts. Club Allure is a fetish club, but Master Lucas can fill in the details.” Turning down a short hallway, Natalie lead Sabrina up a flight of stairs, down another hallway, around a corner and to a door marked MASTER LUCAS in big, bold black letters. She gave the door three swift knocks and waited.

“Enter,” A deep, commanding voice said from within.

Natalie opened the door and ushered the hopeful new hire within. “Sorry to disturb you, Master Lucas, but I happen to run into Sabrina gawking at the club entrance. She tells me she's here for the waitress position.”

“Thank you Natalie. That will be all.”

“Yes Master.”

“Please, come in and take a seat, Master Lucas said to the frightened Sabrina. “Don't worry, no one is going to cane your behind,” he said with a sinister grin.

“I really don't think this is the right place for me.”

“Nonsense, take a seat and we'll discuss the job in detail. If, after that you feel this isn't the job for you then you are free to leave. But please at least hear what we are about and what the job entails before running away.”

Sabrina thought about it a brief moment, thought ‘*what harm is there in listening*’ and took a seat on the high-backed chair opposite her would-be boss.

“Thank you. So, you’re here for the waitress position, is that correct?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Perfect. We are in need of about a dozen or so, so if you know anyone looking for a job please let them know. First, Club Allure is a fetish club. That means we cater to the kinkier side of life – bdsm sort of stuff. Are you familiar with that at all?”

“You mean like bondage and submission?”

“Exactly. If you are unfamiliar I can see how walking in on it full swing would be an eye-opener. That being said, we adhere to very strict rules here and those that disobey are either punished or banned for life. There are no do-overs, no second chances.”

“What do you mean by punished? You mean the workers are punished as well?”

“Yes. I’ll get to that in a few minutes. We have three tiers of employment in regards to the wait staff. First, is tier one. Those are the normal men and women who are not into the whole bdsm lifestyle and do not wish to partake in any sexual activities. The uniform consists of a latex mini-skirt, latex panties, and latex top with strappy latex boots to round it all out. Actually, it’s the exact outfit you saw Natalie wearing, and the pay is twenty-five thousand per year plus tips if that’s the route you wish to take here. You are not required to perform any sexual acts with the members unless you want to, but understand that if you agree and then back out you will be punished accordingly.”

“I’m not entirely sure I even want to work here at all,” Sabrina stated matter of fact. “I’ve never been to a place like this before and I don’t want to get involved with a bunch of weird shit.”

“Trust me, if you take the job as normal waitress then no one will lay a finger on you sexually. Which brings me to tier two. Tier two are submissives in training. If that is what you opt for then we will go over a complete listing of every fetish this club offers and you will be trained in them one by one until your training is complete, or you decide to quite. The uniform is the same as normal, with the exception of submissive in training written on the back of the top. The pay is fifty thousand a year plus tips and you will be required to perform sexual acts with the members upon request or be punished accordingly.”

“What does that even mean?”

“Punishment depends on what tier you take. Tier one is ten swats of the cane for the first infraction, twenty-five for the second, fifty for the third and one hundred for the fourth and beyond. Your infraction count does not reset until your one year anniversary, so the more you disobey, the harder you will be punished. Tier two’s start one level up and tier three begin their punishments two levels up. Or twenty-five and fifty respectively. No matter your tier, if you accrue more than five infractions in a one year period you be given a choice. Termination and a lifetime ban from the club, a humiliating tattoo of my choice, or the immediate and irrevocable movement up one tier.”

“And what is tier three?” Sabrina asked nervously.

“Tier three are sex slaves in training,” Master Lucas replied. “Unlike submissives, slaves have no control over how they are trained, and in fact are trained to perform every fetish on the list without hesitation or complaint. You may have seen a few walking around when you came in, but in case you didn’t, their uniform consists of a bondage harness, nipple rings, tailed butt plug and thigh-high latex boots. You can tell those in training from those fully trained by the tattoo on their right hip of the bdsm triskelion with: TRAINED SLAVE written around it. The

pay for tier three is one-hundred-fifty thousand a year plus tips and you are not permitted to deny any sexual request.”

“HOLY SHIT!”

“There’s one more thing before you decide which tier you wish to start at. Unless you quite, whichever tier you choose upon hire will be your tier for a period of six months. At the end of six months you may opt to remain at the same tier, or to go up one or more tiers. However, you may not go down a tier. So, if you start at tier one you may move to tier two or three in six months, but if you start at tier three that is where you will remain for however long you work with us. So, what tier would you like to start at today?”

“Today?”

“That’s correct. We’re swamped and you’ll start your first shift as soon as you decide what tier you want to start at and we get you into uniform.”

“What if I don’t want the job at all?”

“Then I will call Natalie back up to show you to the door. Unless, of course, you wish to become a member.”

“I didn’t have to be a member to get into the club in the first place, why would I now?”

“Because your name was on the entry list as a potential employee. That is why Heather at the front took your name and let you in. So, what’ll it be? One, two, or three?”

“As much as I’d like to make a hundred and twenty five grand a year, I don’t think I want to be trained as a sex slave,” Sabrina answered. “And I’m not too keen on the idea of being trained as a submissive either for that matter.”

“So tier one then?”

“Honestly, I don’t think this is up my alley.”

“I thought on the phone you said you were desperate for a job? Has that changed since Tuesday?”

“No, but...”

“I’m offering you a job paying far more than any other waitressing job you’ll find and since you mentioned needing money to go to college, I’ll sweeten the deal for you. Take the tier one position and I’ll personally pay twenty-five percent of your college expenses. Take tier two and I’ll make it fifty percent. And that’s on top of your normal salary.”

“Why? Why would you do that?”

“Because we need more wait staff and College is an important steppingstone to a bigger, brighter future. But there will be a trade-off. As long as you maintain at least an A average I will pay the appropriate percentage. Drop below that, and you will receive one hundred swats per week for every letter grade you are lower than an ‘A’. That’s one hundred for a ‘b’, two hundred for a ‘C’ and so forth. And if you do not bring your grades up by the end of the next semester the deal is off. So, I ask again. Tier one, or tier two?”

“I’d be stupid to pass up tier two, but I still don’t like the idea of being trained as a submissive. What will I have to do besides let everyone fuck me?”

“We will go over a very detailed list of fetishes and you will choose the ones you wish to be trained in on top of the required obedience, discipline, bondage and positions. There are about a hundred or so on the list and you are required to choose a minimum of twenty.”

“Holy shit! Twenty?”

“That is correct. If you think that’s a lot, remember, slaves have to do them all. Shall I get the lists and an application?”

“Yes,” Sabrina answered after nearly a minute of silent thought.

“You are choosing to start at tier two today? Remember, there is no going back to tier one if you don’t like it. You may only go up to tier three, or quit. And if you quit I also stop paying the college bonus. What are you majoring in?”

“Criminal justice and forensics.”

“Very nice. We have at least four or five officers here at any time serving as bouncers.”

“Yeah, I saw one of them bouncing alright. Bouncing her fat tits up and down a big black cock.”

“No harm in having a little fun,” Master Lance shrugged. And you must be talking about Jenna. Yeah, she’s got a hell of a pair of tits on her. And don’t even get me started on her anal abilities. She’s a pro in more ways than one. Anyways, back to the matter at hand,” he added, opening a desk drawer and withdrawing a file folder. “Here is the standard contract and a list of all fetishes. Those in red are mandatory and you are required to choose another twenty to be trained in. Please fill out the application first and then we’ll go over the fetish list.”