

Titillating Traps

Emily Sinclair

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VIP TRAP

Submitting to Sinful Pleasures

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Distracted by a woman approaching from the right, I turned my attention from the fake-breasted, way too much makeup wearing blonde on stage to one of the most stunningly beautiful brunettes I had ever laid eyes on. Dressed in a pair of tiny denim shorts with the top of her g-string exposed and a tee shirt that clearly showed her perky natural breasts and rock hard nipples, I felt my cock twitch to life as I imagined her grinding on my lap.

Gazing up her toned legs, I stopped at her rounded hips and narrow waist – momentarily wondering if she was shaved, trimmed or had a bush, before moving up her flat belly back to her perfect little titties which I preferred over even the best of boob jobs. Drawing ever closer as if on a crash course with me, I reached out and pulled her onto my lap as the folded fifty I had in my hand made its way into the front of her g-string. Holding her by the waist, I started rocking my hips when all of a sudden she leapt up, spun around and slapped me hard across the face.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

“Paying for a lap dance,” I said, rubbing my left cheek. “What the hell are you doing? If you’re not going to dance then give me my damn fifty back.

“I don’t work here, asshole and I’m keeping the money.”

“Wait, what? You seriously don’t work here? God, I am so sorry. I assumed by the way you were dressed you were waiting your turn to go on stage. Now I feel like a freaking pervert. But seriously, you’d make a killing up there. Dancer or not, I’ll give you another fifty if you give me that lap dance.”

“You’re out of your mind.”

“No, I just think you’re gorgeous and want to feel you grinding on my hard cock,” I freely admitted. “Come on, just until the next song finishes and if you keep me hard throughout I’ll give you another fifty at the end.” She looked down at me and I could tell she was mulling it over. “Look, if you’re embarrassed we can go to one of the VIP rooms.”

“I know what goes on in those rooms and I’m not some cheap whore.”

“I never said you were. Like I said before, I think you’re absolutely stunning and all I want is a lap dance. Name your price.”

“Five hundred.”

“Done.” Taking her by the hand, I led us through the maze of tables, customers and dancers towards the back of the club.

“Where are you taking me?”

“I could tell by the look in your eyes that you’d rather not do it out here where everyone can see you, so we’re going to one of the VIP rooms.”

“Oh hell no. I only agreed to a lap dance.”

“And that’s all I’m asking for.”

“Is this your first time here or what?”

“As a matter of fact it is. Why?”

“Look, this isn’t your ordinary strip club. There are rules to the VIP rooms here that all whom enter must follow.”

“Such as?”

“The VIP rooms are used for one thing and one thing only. Sex. If we go in we’re having sex whether we want to or not.”

“Not that I’d be against it, but it’s not as if they can force us to fuck each other.”

“Actually, they can. The door locks and will only open once all parties involved reach climax.”

“Do you want to give me a lap dance out here then?”

“No.”

“Then what do you propose we do? You either do it out here where everyone sees it or we go to a VIP room. I don’t see any other alternative.”

“You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into. Weren’t you listening? If we go in there we will have to have sex.”

“I’m not seeing the problem. If it’s an issue of money just name your price and I’ll gladly pay it.”

“It isn’t about the money. You know what, fine, take me to a VIP room. But remember, you were warned.”

Giving her a quick peck on the lips that sent a shiver of excitement up and down my spine, I practically dragged her down the dimly lit corridor and into the first open room we came to. As I looked around at the large room with a bed against the back wall pole in the center and a large cabinet to the right, the door closed on its own and an audible click indicated it was locked. Never the less, I checked it for myself.

There was a crackling noise and then a woman spoke over an intercom. “The room will remain locked until you have both reached climax. A copy of the video will be available upon request.”

“Video? What video?” I asked. “No one said anything about being filmed.”

“Did I forget to mention that,” my companion asked. “Yeah, they record everything so they have proof if anyone claims they were forced into it against their will. My name is Sophia by the way. I figured you should know that seeing as how we’re about to have sex.”

“Pleasure to meet you. I’m Trey. And I never agreed to being filmed so open the damn door and let us out right now.”

“You agreed to it upon entering the room,” the woman said. “Failure to read the rules clearly posted at each VIP room does not constitute sufficient reason to leave before you’ve reached climax. Take all the time you need and enjoy yourselves. Oh, and any toys that you use are yours to keep compliments of Sinful Pleasures.”

“So, do you want that lap dance or should we get right to the fucking?”

“You seem awful calm for someone who didn’t want to come in here in the first place. We’re locked in and are going to be filmed having sex! Who’s to say they won’t sell it on the fucking internet?”

“Oh, they’re definitely going to sell it on the internet as clearly posted on the sign hanging by the door you failed to stop and read while dragging me in here. And I am only calm on the outside because I know it’s futile to stand here and argue about it all night. Our fates were sealed the second we entered the room so let’s just get it over with and move on.”

“I’m sorry. All I wanted was a damn lap dance.”

“And now you’re going to get a whole hell of a lot more. I want to see the five hundred you agreed to pay.”

Reaching into my front left pocket I pulled out a wad of cash and counted out five hundred in twenties. Holding it out to her she took it and put it in the back pocket of her tiny shorts. She then reached out and grabbed the rest of the cash from my hand. “And I’ll take this for the rest of it. Can we get some music in here?” she asked. A moment later a rhythmic beat began playing and she walked over, placed her hands on my knees and pushed my legs open.

Giving me a half-hearted smile that told me she was far outside of her comfort zone, she let her lithe body sway hypnotically. Going down, she firmly held my thighs and on her way back up lightly brushed against my hard cock.

“Mmmm...you’re hard as a rock. Do you really find me that attractive?” she purred, turning and shaking her ass in my face.

“God yes.” Reaching out, I placed my hands on her waist but she took a step away. “Hands off until I say so. Stand up, take your clothes off and lay on the bed.”

Not one to argue when a beautiful woman commands me to strip, I jumped to my feet while removing my shirt. Tossing it to the floor, I unbuttoned my pants and kicked off my shoes. “Um, it’s going to be hard fucking you through your clothes?”

“We’ll get there.”

Lowering my pants and boxers, I saw her eyes go down to my crotch and her lips form into a wide smile as she took in my full nine inches. “Like what you see?”

“I do,” she replied, placing a hand on my chest and pushing me back onto the bed. Move up and rest your head on the pillows.

Doing as she asked without question, my legs were spread open and she crawled up between them like a lioness – her hips swaying left and right every inch of the way. Licking along my shaft, she took the head into her mouth, gently bit just under the head and pulled back. The sensation was unlike anything I’ve ever experienced in the most pleasant of ways. She did it again – this time a little harder causing me to buck my hips up as every muscle in my body tensed. “God damn!”

Leaning down, she kissed me with far more passion than I expected from a woman I had just met in a trip club. Hands going to her perky breasts, they were immediately slapped away as she moved up and saw on my chest. Placing my right hand against the metal bars of the headboard, I watched as she buckled a leather strap around my wrist.

“What are you doing? This is getting a little...”

“No talking,” she said with a stern look. “You dragged me in here and now you’ll do as you are told or so help me I’ll make you regret it.”

My left wrist was tightly secured and then she kissed her way down my chest and engulfed my entire cock – holding it down her throat a good five seconds while playing with my balls. Moving off the bed, she cuffed my ankles to the foot of the bed and gave me a wicked smile. “I don’t normally tie people up on the first date, but you insisted on coming in here with me and I don’t know how you’re going to react once I’m naked.” Peeling her shirt off, my eyes went straight to her breasts.

“You’re right. You are way sexier than anyone I have ever seen.”

“Let’s see if you’re still saying that by the time we’re done. Do you like anal?”

“I’m not going to turn it down if you’re offering,” I answered.

“Glad to hear it.”