Bad Girls Club - Kyle and Scarlet

By hardnhot18

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Kyle is seduced by a hot young dancer at a club, but little does he know...

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Kyle wasn't really a "strip club guy." But after a stressful week of client meetings in Portland, none of which went particularly well, he found himself staring up at the flickering neon sign of the seedy all-nude joint, Bad Girls Club.

"Well, here goes," he thought as he padded the few hundred in cash he pulled out from an ATM a little earlier after he had nearly been fired for showing up late to a client presentation. Yeah, after today, some friendly attention would be just the thing, even if it meant shelling out some bills to get it.

Kyle knew his girlfriend Becca wouldn't approve. He hadn't been to a club since she had made it clear she wanted nothing to do with them. Though Becca was far from timid sexually, she had a weird hang-up about strip clubs. And even stranger, she refused to say why. She maintained liberal positions on sex and sex work—even granted him the occasional fling and had landed a memorable threesome with her best friend—but just personally had an issue on this one thing and wouldn't budge. Oh well, across the country seems like a good, safe distance to indulge, he thought. It's harmless, a she doesn't need to know, right?

Kyle smoothed out the lapels of his grey suit. At 33, he was handsome, with close-cropped brown hair. He was just aging into his classic features, with crow's feet, a square jaw, and grey hair just at the temples. He still put enough time in at the gym to stay fit and muscular. Kyle stepped through the front door, dutifully paying his cover and nodding at the Bouncer's admonition to "treat the girls right."

The theater was mostly empty. Kyle took a seat up front, and, stack of bills in hand, enjoyed the shows, always tipping generously. He had to admit, the girls here were smoking hot, in that rocker-chick way he found so sexy.

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Scarlet was bored, frustrated, and horny as hell. She sighed to herself as she reapplied her makeup in the mirror. Three hours into her shift and not a single good tipper, let alone a cute guy. Just a string

of sleazy truckers and one douchy bro. Gross.

In general she liked her job, and was good at it. Even though her sister had tried on several occasions to talk her out of it and “settle down and get a real job,” which of course annoyed her to no end. She knew her sis was just jealous. She was having fun, and making good money while figuring out what she wanted to do. “Christ, I’m only 21,” she had just said to her in a recent conversation. “I’m not doing this forever.”

What shewouldn'tadmit to her sister was just how much she loved it. Loved the power she had over the guys, holding them in her sway, teasing them mercilessly but always holding them at bay. And when she found a cute one, it turned her on. A lot. Which was always something she had to be careful about—she had nearly had gotten herself in trouble over it more than a few times. Tonight it seemed she had nothing to worry about.

Scarlet stood up, and studied herself in the mirror. Her figure was textbook perfect for the job—DD breasts with perfectly taut, upturned nipples (perpetually hard), a tiny waist, and long legs. Her wavy brunette hair hung over her shoulders, streaks of pink and green adding a bit of an edge. Her skin was a flawless porcelain, and she had several tattoos up and down her arms, which the guys loved.

Jazmin, a tall, slender middle eastern girl came in the dressing room from off stage. Jazmin placed her hands over Scarlet’s shoulders, brushing her breasts over Scarlet’s back as she passed by. “You’re on honey,” Jazmin smiled with her pouty lips. God Scarlet loved those lips.

Scarlet leaned back into Jazmin, her pussy tingling at this bit of contact. “Of course,” Scarlet smiled back up, kissing Jazmin on the neck.

“Save it for the boys, sweetie,” Jazmin shot back playfully.

“Oh don’t worry, been way too long since I’ve been laid, I’m not running out of anything any time soon.”

“Is that right?” asked Jazmin. “Let’s see.”

Jazmin spun Scarlet around, making chest to chest contact. Jazmin casually brushed her hand over Scarlet’s panties, idly stroking her fingers over the now-wet fabric and tracing the outline of her pussy lips. Scarlet shuddered at her touch, letting a moan escape.

“Wow you’re not kidding,” teased Jazmin.

With her song starting, Scarlet pulled away. “You keep that up neither of us will make a dime,” Scarlet chided. Unable to resist, she gave Jazmin one long, hot kiss, then turned to walk out to the stage, ready to dance.

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Kyle was fixated on the tall, pale, beautiful brunette dancing before him. Reminded him of Becca, in fact—same tits, he thought to himself. He was missing Becca a great deal at the moment, but she would no doubt be asleep on the east coast at this late hour and not available for phone sex. For now, the unbelievably hot dancer in front of him would have to stand in.

The dancer held his gaze as she moved, and Kyle could have sworn she was giving him a seductive fuck-me smile almost the entire time. Kyle’s cheeks flushed, and a sexual high came over him, quick and hard. Kyle was especially generous with his tipping, and he was rewarded in kind as the she pulled Kyle’s face sweetly into her hands, smiled, and pulled him into her deliciously soft breasts. Kyle moaned, and as she let him go, she smiled again, saying softly in his ear, “I’m Scarlet.”

Before he could stammer his name, she was done, crawling seductively around the stage to gather her bills. Holy god, that ass, round and pert…hecouldn'tstop staring. And the puffy, swollen lips of her pussy parting has she moved on hands and knees, all he wanted was to crawl over and run his tongue over them. He could swear they were slightly glistening with wetness, too.

Well aware of the cliché of the patron falling for the dancer who’s just working for tips, he couldn’t help it. He was crushing hard, and disappointed when she left the stage, but hopeful as she gave one more wink in his direction.

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Scarlet pressed against the wall inside of the dressing room panting heavily, her chest flushed. Candi, a blonde bombshell, sat touching up her makeup, and looked over.

“What’s got into you?”

Unable to respond, Scarlet tripped back into her underwear and hurried out and into the ladies room to collect herself. Shecouldn'tbelieve it. Hedidn'tknow about her, in fact. But she sure as hell knew about him, from the photos Becca had shared, from the long chats they had had on the phone about her “perfect man.” But Becca, not wanting to share too much too early with Kyle, told Scarlet shehadn'teven mentioned to Kyle about her sister in Portland, let alone one that was taking her clothes off for money. Scarlet really knew the reason was that she was ashamed—the bitch.

God, he was hot, though, even hotter than in the pictures she had seen. And the way he looked at her gave her chills up and down. She felt oddly violated that this boy who could one day be her brother in law had seen her gyrating naked on stage—had his mouth on her tits! And at the same time she was turned on beyond belief by the very same fact. Scarlet slipped her hand down inside her panties, which were soaked through, fingering her clit, relishing the pleasure washing over her body. Damn, she was so wet, she could hear it as she worked her finger inside of her. She brought her other hand to her breasts, squeezing and stroking her hard nipples.

With quick and practiced motions she brought herself to a hot climax, doubling over at the waves of orgasm as she imagined doing all sorts of filthy things with Kyle. Kneeling down and sucking his cock (which was reportedly amazing—stupid braggy sisters), leaning over getting fucked by him from behind while he called her his dirty little sister slut, her mind was flooded with so many images.

She heard a pounding on the door. “C’mon I need to pee, you’ve been in there forever!” It was Raven, the self-proclaimed den mother of the Bad Girls Club. Dammit.

“Relax I’ll be right out!”

Scarlet caught her reflection in the mirror and made a pass at looking like she hadn’t just fingered herself like a dirty slut in the bathroom, fantasizing about a patron she could someday call her brother. “Fuck, get yourself together Scarlet,” she said to herself. “Deep breath.”

Now gathered and in a better state of mind, she left the bathroom, squeezing by Raven’s muscular frame as the “queen” rolled her eyes. “What were you doing in there, jerking off?” Raven said with a smirk.

“Yeah Raven, I’m just such a horny little bitch I can’t keep my hands off myself,” Scarlet said, hoping she had employed enough sarcasm to hide the fact that that was exactly a true statement.

Scarlet’s tension was relieved—temporarily. But this whole situation was just too deliciously hot to leave alone. She *was* going to have a good night tonight after all, she thought. Where’s Kyle?

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Kyle felt a mixture of shame (C'mon! you've got a hot girlfriend just waiting for you to come home! This girl’s a stripper for Christ’s sake!) and crazy sexual energy he tried to rationalize in his favor (Surely she’d understand, being so far away and all…right?)

In any case, with a serious hardon to deal with, Kylewasn'tgetting up anytime soon. The next dancer came on, a woman with straight jet-black hair, broader shoulders than he had, and an “I dare you to fuck with me” look that, whilewasn'this thing, was still pretty hot. Still unsettled from his last encounter, Kyle tried to concentrate, but kept glancing around to see where Scarlet may have gone off to. He shifted restlessly through the next couple dances (a gorgeous long-haired, tight-bodied Asian girl, followed by an aggressively punk rock tease with pink hair—the place was nothing if not diverse), when he became aware of a presence next to him.

“See anything you like?”

Kyle’s heart jumped as he saw the beautiful Scarlet standing next to him, in her black bikini and wrapped up in an army jacket.

“I'veseen a few, but one that’s really got my attention,” he said as he held Scarlet’s gaze, his flirtatious confidence returning. “Two, maybe,” Kyle smiled.

“Sounds like someone might need something…special?” Scarlet replied. Was she looking flush? A bit…flustered?

“What did you have in mind?”

“Follow me.” Scarlet began walking away, swaying seductively to the private booths. Kylecouldn'thelp but follow, his erection leading the way. Just a harmless dance, right?

Scarlet looked over her shoulder, then down, and smiled back up at him knowingly. Theydidn'tdiscuss cost, but he figured they’d sort it out later. And he was willing to pay handsomely.

They stepped into the booth, and Kyle took his place on a bench. Scarlet shut the curtain, smiled sweetly, and as the music overtook, she began her seduction once again, shedding her jacket and holding eye contact all the while. She turned and lowered herself, with her panties still on, over his hard cock, which was now pulsing with desire. Holy fuck, hecouldn'tcontain himself, he was sure he was going to cum any second, but she expertly teased, backing off just before he reached a point of no return.

Kyle noticed that as she lifted her ass, there was a nice sized wet spot on his crotch—hewasn'tsure whether it was his wetness or hers—but it brought him into overdrive, he rolled his eyes back with lust.

Scarlet grabbed Kyle’s hands and placed them over her perfect breasts. Kyle pinched, and now it

was Scarlet’s turn to moan. Shewasn'tstopping him. He pinched harder. She moaned again, this time louder. Kyle was lusting so hard hewasn'treally thinking about any possible rules in place. His hands traveled slowly down her perfect flat stomach, feeling her overheated body and loving it. Just as his hands reached the waist of her panties, she gently moved them away. Dammit, he thought. Almost…

But then she turned around and began grinding on his knee. Harder this time. Definitely wet, he thought to himself. His hardon threatened to burst, but he held on somehow.

“Looks like you’re about to cream those pants, and I’d hate for that to happen,” she said, then placed her hand over his swollen dick.

Oh god. Things were certainly taking a turn.

“Mmm she was right…I want to see that nice thick cock of yours. Take it out,” she rasped. Kyle as now sure the grinding on his legwasn'tjust an act. But what did she mean by “she was right”? Whatever, hewasn'tusing the more developed parts of his brain at this point.

Had he heard that right? He looked up to make sure, and was met with a seductive smile and nod.

He began unzipping his fly, and unbuttoning his pants. She was transfixed, and began licking her fingers.

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Stupid, Scarlet, stupid! What was she thinking with that “she was right” comment! She did her best to make nothing of it—he seemed momentarily confused but thankfully had seemed let it go, apparently blinded by lust. She was right there with him.

She stood over Kyle, seconds away from orgasm, licking her fingers and staring at him. As he pulled out his nice cock she moaned. She was definitely breaking a lot of rules right now…family rules, club rules, it was all feeding into a massive sexual buildup like nothing she had ever experienced. And that cock, with a perfectly shaped mushroom head, thick and glistening with precum, just begging for attention. Becca always got the hottest guys (and made a point of saying so), but tonight, this one’s mine, she thought.

She knelt down in front of Kyle and, moving his hands aside, took his cock into her mouth, licking and teasing with confidence. Kyle just growled and leaned back as she jerked and sucked on his beautiful dick. If it was even possible, her pussy was flooding even more, wetness dripping down her legs. She moaned as she took his length into her mouth and down her throat, and his cock seemed to

grow even larger in her mouth.

With her other hand she cupped his swollen balls, stroking and caressing them. Kyle was lost in pleasure, digging into her back. If only he knew…

Finally, she popped his head out of her mouth, pulling with her a trail of precum, and looked up at him with a faraway, lustful stare. Scarlet could stop now if she had wanted. She could have gotten up and let Kyle finish himself off, no one being the wiser, and chalked it up to a small indiscretion. But then she thought of her holier-than-thou sister. Who was Becca to tell her what kind of job she should have, what kind of person she should be? And then she looked at Kyle, so hot, waiting expectantly for her next move like a good boy. The way he looked at her body with naked lust made her so, so horny.

Fuck the club, fuck her sister, fuck it all, at this moment, she just needed get fucked.

She stood up, and writhed out of her panties with a slow tease, leaving her high heels on. Kyle began slowly pumping his wet cock. She was mesmerized by the head disappearing into his fist and then back out with a satisfying wet pop, red and swollen.

Then she turned, and placed her hands on the wall above her head, offering her ass to Kyle, spreading her soaking wet pussy.

She turned her head over her shoulder, and looking directly at her sister's boyfriend, said, "What are you waiting for. Come fuck me, Kyle. Now."

She turned her head back and down, waiting. It seemed like forever. C'mon, she thought. What the hell is he waiting for?

Then it came. She screamed as she felt his cock driving into her deeply. Slipping her hands further down the wall, she leaned her ass back into his thrusts. She was in heaven as he pumped in and out of her pussy. She could feel his bare chest and chiseled abs over her back—he must have stripped down to take her. His rhythm was perfect, he knew exactly how to handle her, with a series of quick thrusts followed by deep, long strokes.

"You like that, you filthy little stripper slut?" Kyle had apparently lost all sense of control, and Scarlet was loving it. He reached around and grabbed her tits, pulling her into his cock even harder and deeper.

"Oh yes, fuck me Kyle, I just want to be your dirty little whore," she answered playing along. God he

felt so good, a perfect fit for her her pussy, and his words only heightened her pleasure to a near-frantic state.

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He knew, oh god he knew, and he wasn't able to stop. As soon as she said his name—which Kyle had never told her, or anyone at the Bad Girls Club—he had put the pieces together. The sister in Portland, the black sheep of the family Becca refused to talk about. Becca's stripper hangup, the uncannyresemblance, and,strangely, when Scarlet made the offhand "she was right" comment. It all made sense. And he couldn't stop himself. After a moment's hesitation, he had to know, had to take Becca's hot little sister. He found himself stripping all of his clothes off at her offering of her sweet little ass and moving to take control.

Kyle was overwhelmed at how wrong it all was, which had triggered a flood of desire that he couldn't hold back, and was now unleashing on his girlfriend's little sis. He spouted out dirty things he'd never said before and she answered right back. It was all too perfectly dirty, too deliciously hot. The more he thought about how naughty he was being, the more frenzied he became. And each time he escalated, slipping a finger around to her clit, then over her asshole, or burying his cock further still inside of her tight pussy, she responded with a moan or a scream and begged for more.

After pounding Scarlet, making her take more, more, more of his thick cock for what seemed like an eternity, Kyle leaned in and whispered, "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard inside of you. I can't believe you'd seduce your sister's boyfriend you little slut. I wan to make you my dirty little whore sister. You wan that don't you?"

"Oh fuck yes," she squealed. "Make me your little slut, big brother. Just don't tell on me, please."

He hadn't exactly planned on those words coming out, and Scarlet's response was a complete surprise. Guess it's all out, now, he thought. But it only all served to ratchet up the intensity of the moment even more.

They both went quiet as he held back for one more thrust. Scarlet let out a surprised moan, almost a question. Time seemed to stand still.

Then Kyle pushed inside with full force, cumming with the most intense orgasm of his life. A deep, guttural sound was building inside Scarlet, her pussy squeezing tight around Kyle's cock, then they were both in a frenzy of fucking and cumming like wild animals. "Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck yes," Scarlet whimpered. Kyle answered with a series of unintelligible grunts and groans as he met each of her "fucks" with a thrust. He involuntarily clawed Scarlet's back, leaving red marks as his fingernails raked

across her smooth, pale skin. She continued quivering and pulsing for god knows how long as the last spasms from Kyle sent shivers up her spine.

The two shared a small moment, leaning into each other, breathing shallow, not saying a word.

Scarlet, recovering from the insanely hot pounding she had just received, was beginning to come to a rational place. What the fuck just happened? “I’d better get dressed,” she said.

“Yeah, ah, same here,” Kyle responded nearly at the same time. “Look, I’m really not—”

“I know, I know. Me neither,” Scarlet interrupted. “Look, I think the less said, the better.”

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Scarlet finished gathering her things hurriedly, and as she was about to turn around, Kyle stopped her. “I won’t, you know, tell,” he said. “If you won’t.”

He smiled. He really was sweet, even for having just banged the shit out of his girlfriend’s sister, thought Scarlet.

“Um. No. I don’t plan on saying a word on this one.” She leaned in for one last lingering kiss. Kyle pulled her face into his hands.

“Okay okay, we all know how this goes,” he said with a smile. “Better quit while I’m ahead.” His erection had bounced back, ready for more. Wow, quick. “Guess I’ll…see you? Family dinner?” Scarlet laughed genuinely.

“Yeah. We’ll see.” She lingered for a moment before walking out.

Later on, Scarlet sat back in front of her dressing room mirror. She caught Raven’s reflection from the back, with her usual self-satisfied smirk.

Raven approached, and leaned in close to her ear from behind.

“I saw everything you know. I can’t believe you did that to your sister. And *here*, of all places? Becca's BF is right. You are a dirty little slut. I could get you fired you know, and worse, I could ruin a lot more for you. That’d be a shame…” Raven sighed.

Scarlet was floored. Her heart sunk. Of course. What did she expect? “You wouldn’t dare say a

word," she said, realizing she had no ground to stand on. "You can't—please don't. What could possibly be in it for you?"

"Well, we'll see," Raven replied. "I might have something you can help me out with. Do everything I say? Your secret's safe with me. Who knows…after seeing what you're capable of, you might even like it." She ran her hands over Scarlet's shoulders, reaching the top of her chest and smiling back in the mirror.

Scarlet stirred with a twinge of desire in spite of herself. She'd come this far. Fuck it. "Okay. Let's hear it."