

Using Lace pt.3

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Jun 2010

Woman being willingly taken advantage of.

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Lights flashed, whistles and rumbling music echoed off the tiled ceiling. The atmosphere of Richards Treasures rocked with sultry chaos. The establishment was packed with so many patrons it was hard to see an empty seat anywhere. This was the first time Lacey had ever been in a strip club. It was nowhere near what she would have expected. Tobacco smoke, alcohol, all assortments of perfume and colognes choked the room confusing her fragile senses. In different points of the room women danced in closed cages. Swinging and swaying with the rhythm of the loud music. Girls danced on the lit stage, wrapping themselves around the poles like sensual lovers. Some of them still had their tops on but most of them only had the lower half covered. Women walked around with trays full of drinks with nothing on but thongs and G-strings. Laughing and chatting with the swarming men. She watched as one patron pulled a girls strap out just enough to slip a twenty dollar bill under it. The girl kissed him on the forehead and wiggled her hips as she walked away giggling. Two of the strippers sat in a booth kissing and making out in plain view of everyone. She stared in disbelief, shocked at their brazenness, their utter lack of modesty. She could never be like this...even for the amount of pay they probably receive. She could only imagine the amount of tips they brought in. For the life of her she couldn't understand why Antonio brought her here. As if the evening hadn't been torture enough already he had to bring her here. She knew better than question him. She decided she would just have to take her chances. "Why are we here? Why are you doing this to me?" He didn't answer her. He gave her a devilish grin and walked in the direction of the two girls making out. What now? When the girls finally broke away for air they noticed him approaching. The girls started waiving and ran to him hugging him eagerly. Wow!! Either he is a regular or they are just way too friendly. Shrugging to herself she walked over to the bar and ordered herself a strawberry daiquiri. Sipping on the sweet concoction she watched the dancing girls. The ebb and flow of the room had her swaying her hips, matching with the throbbing between her legs. She was walking a tight rope. Every inch of her quaked in sexual desire. Between the limo ride and the experience in the sitting room she was playing with fire. The relentless gel wouldn't stop tingling and the corset wouldn't stop caressing her body. The coarse lace against her nipples, the opening against her sensitive clit, it was arousal at its worst. Every time she moved she had to bite her lip to prevent the moans and gasps from escaping. She needed completion. But he wouldn't allow it. Not yet. At least the bullet had quit vibrating...for

now. She knew he would turn it on again, when or where was the question. Antonio left the girls after a few minutes and made his way through the crowd towards her. "Come with me. I got a treat for you." The look in his eyes set her heart racing. Pure unadulterated sin. What now? "Please Sir. Take me home and finish this. Haven't I had enough torture tonight?" She couldn't handle anymore of his "treats". He laughed. A deep rich laugh that made her a bit uneasy. "Not by far." He turned and started to walk away. She stood there watching his retreating backside. She was reluctant to follow, yet excited to find out what was still in store for her. He stopped and turned to glare at her. She was deliberately disobeying him and that didn't bode well with him. "Lace I told you to come with me." There was no lenience in his tone, only pure demand. Placing her empty glass on the bar she followed him. They went towards the stage only to go to the right of them through some double doors. Down a long red hallway with candle burning sconces. Closed doors lined the hallway. Do not disturb signs hung from most of there knobs. Whistles and howls could be heard through the thin walls. Private rooms? It was her only guess. That or dressing rooms. They came to an open door. Letting Lacey in first Antonio followed and closed the door behind him. Lacey looked around the small room. Most of the lighting was from candles burning in sconces on the walls. A metal pole stood in the center of the room with a dim spot light aimed on it. Two leather couches lined the back wall. Smooth thick couches you could sink into after a long day at work. Incense burned on small round table between them. Vanilla...and some kind of a berry. It smelled really good. The walls were a rich candy apple color with a Picasso painting above the couches. Antonio walked to the corner and grabbed the wooden chair, bringing it to sit in front of the dance pole. Her eyes flew open when she got a better view of it. From the corner in the dark room it looked like your average wooden students chair. But now, closer to her and in better lighting she saw the furr lined handcuffs. Two on the back of the chair and one on each of the front legs. Her heart leaped in her chest, she held her breath. She looked at him, she knew he saw the fear in her eyes. All over her face. His face was calm, unmoving. Stepping around the menacing chair he stood in front of her. Wrapping his hands around her face he kissed her. On the forehead, the cheeks, her mouth. He deepened the kiss, wrapping his arms around her waist. Kneeding the small of her back with his rough palms. Lower still he kissed. Over her shoulders, gently along her collar bone. Grabbing a fist full of her hair he pulled her head back exposing her pale neck. Gently biting it he licked the marks sending shivers through her body. She clung to him, gasping for air. He raked his nails down her spine. Lacey's vision blurred, the room twirled around her. She dug into his shoulders trying to stabilize her treacherous body. Her knees were weak from his kissing and his tongue only fueled the building fire. A slow hum deep in her core awakened again. She cried as her clit reacted. Jumping at the tiny vibration. His lustful hell was starting again and she was going to undoubtedly relish it. So many times she had been on the verge of cumming tonight and every time he denied her. Every muscle, every nerve, every thought, every heartbeat screamed for release. She was wrapped so tight now she knew it wouldn't take much and she would snap. She leaned into him, rubbing her trembling body along his. Grinding her hips so they pressed into his crotch, feeling it thicken as she did so. She had never felt this alive, this wanton. She felt like a tramp, willing to do anything he wanted. Just so she could have more of his touch. She wanted him inside

her. Fucking her hard, deep, rough, with a passion even the gods couldn't fathom. Slating this desire that he had relentlessly fed all night. Moving with her he shifted there positions so she was standing in front of the chair. Wedging her feet apart with his he spread her legs. Weak in the knees and breathless from his touch she eased down in the chair. He continued ravishing her body. Licking her collarbone he began to kiss lower. The swell of her breast rose with every breath. Running his hands over her pale flesh he pinched her hard nipple through the dress. She moaned and leaned into him. He kissed and licked the sweat glistening down them. Dipping his tongue deep in her cleavage. She pressed forward, eager for his touch. Pulling the material of the dress down he licked the tight bud peaking out at him through the lace. He nipped the pink pearl, massaging her flesh till she was crying out and fisting his hair in her hands. He ran his hands down her body. Over her slender hips, down her shaking legs. Taking her foot in his hands he removed the shoes and rubbed her achy feet. Rolling his knuckles along the sole. The tight muscles easing under his demanding touch. She savored the touch, the feel of his hot breath on her foot, the tickling of his hair on her legs. She closed her eyes and let the moment implant itself in her mind. Torture or not she was enjoying herself. Come Monday morning when she returned to work this night would help her get through all those boring hours in front of her computer. Clicks followed by a soft sensation around her ankle snapped her out of her euphoria. Before she could even say anything he was already behind her snapping her hands in the soft confines of the cuffs. She struggled. Twisting and turning trying to pull them free, crying and pleading with him to let her go. She had never been tied down and it scared her something fierce. He knelt in front of her and kissed her again. Whispering reassuringly, trying to calm her fears. "Lacey, have I ever done anything to hurt you? You know I haven't, nor would I. I know this is new to you and a little frightening. But please trust me, trust that I won't let anything happen to you. I'm here, I'm not going anywhere. Relax and let me please you in away you have never been pleased before." He wiped the tears streaming down her face, kissing her trembling lips. Fear choked her, strangled the air right out of her. But with him so close, touching and kissing she relaxed a just a little. Leaning her head to rest against his forehead she gave in. "Yes Sir". She didn't say anymore, there was no need to. She would trust him and give him free reign of her body, her passion. Hearing a soft knock on the door Antonio stood up and went to open it. Two women sauntered in. She recognized them as the couple making out in the corner earlier. Both of them were dressed now. "Hello ladies. Ladies this is Lacey. Lacey this beauty is Candy." He pointed to the shorter of the two with streaked hair. She smiled sweetly and said hello. Then he rested his hands on the other woman's shoulders and spoke. "And this lovely lady is Domino" She to smiled and said hello. Candy was a beautiful woman. She had a flawless complexion with a pert little nose and pouty red lips. Long straight hair that sensually covered her perfectly round ass. Her hair was golden blonde with streaks of color. Red, blue, green and purple striped down the mane. No doubt how she got her name. Candy's melon colored bikini top barely contained her huge straining tits. Her nipples pressing through the thin material, begging to be touched...licked. The matching thong hugged her womanly crease intimately. The top and bottom had long fringe hanging from them that draped across her torso and ass. She had a few tasteful tats here and there and a shiny dangly belly ring with stars and diamonds. To be as short as she was she

had some sexy legs. Smooth, sun-kissed skin that shimmered in the candle light. Sliding her gaze over to Domino she studied her. Dark ebony skin like molten chocolate. Matching eyes that reminded her of Antonio's. Confident, passionate, demanding, this woman didn't take any shit off anybody. She wasn't all that bad looking. She had a very athletic figure, taller than Candy by at least eight inches. The 4 inch platforms probably had a lot to do with that. Her hair was long as well but in tiny braids. The ends of the braids decorated with colored beads. Her bright make up highlighted her feminine features. High cheek bones and small pudgy nose. She wore a deep burgundy lipstick, brightening her perfectly straight teeth when she smiled. Her outfit was a little more tasteful at least. Fashioned as a sports bra and boy shorts her outfit left more for the imagination. Shiny white leather with colored spots and a single multi-colored tassel hung off the points of the breast cups. She only had one visible tat on her upper arm. An eagle embracing earth's globe with USMC written in gold underneath. She also had a belly ring with tiny little dangling handcuffs. Hmmph. Go figure, she thought to herself. "Don't listen to him. He only sweet talks us cause we work for him. Ain't that right Mr. Richards." Candy laughingly joked. Mr. Richards? So that was his last name. Was he the owner of this club. It fit the name. It certainly explained his substantial wallet. Strange she had known him quite a few months now and he had never told her his last name. He had told her his name was Antonio. But shortly after meeting they had developed into something more meaningful. What she didn't know, but he had told her not to call him Antonio any more but Sir. In and out of the bedroom. It had been a strange transition but one she had obediently done. Domino piped in. "What can we do for you tonight Boss? Are you in need of one of our signature performances?" She giggled and wiggled her ass against his. Antonio laughed, a deep melodious rumble. He wrapped his arm around Domino's waist and kissed her nose. "Not tonight my lovelies. I'm afraid I will have to pass, tempting as the offer may be. I do however have someone here who would rather enjoy it. Isn't that right Lacey." He shot her a look that she knew better than to disagree with. Whatever his plan was she knew she had to follow his lead. She politely nodded her head and strained a smile at the girls almost eager to find out what this signature performance was. Slapping Domino on the ass one good time making her giggle even more. Antonio turned and walked to the couch. Plopping down, feet out in front of him he grabbed the remote control and pushed a button. She jumped thinking he was turning up the bullet but it wasn't for that. Loud chaotic Techno music filled the small confines of the room. The spot light on the pole started flashing and moving. Lacey's heart started to speed up as the girls approached. Like stalking tigress's they edged their way towards her. Rocking and swaying their hips with the rhythm of the music. They circled her, touching her hair, her arms, her back. They ran their hands over her shoulder, her face, her chest. Feather light touches with their fingertips. Lacey closed her eyes and let the sensations tease her senses. This close to her she could smell their perfumes. Floral and fruits blending together so you couldn't tell who wore which. They smelled good, intoxicating. She glanced over at Antonio still laying back on the couch. He watched, eyes fixed on hers. Lust burned in their depths. Engulfing her in a fiery hot passion. He was enjoying this. She wanted to please him, make him happy. It was written all over his body she was doing just that. His left arm rested behind his head, supporting it against the couch's back. He rubbed his stiffening cock through the material of his

pants with his other. Back and forth along the thick outline, tweaking the head when he reached it. She could barely see the tiny spot at the tip where his juices mingled with his pants. Candy had positioned herself so she was in front of Lacey now. Up and down the length of Lacey's body she ran hers. Pressing against her body at times. The fringe tickled her breast sending shivers down her skin. Domino pressed in behind her. Rubbing her tits along her back, coming up to rest the back of Lacey's head between them. Candy brought her tits up to be right in front of Lacey's face, leaning in till her face was buried in the large mounds. The two women had her head sandwiched between their huge tits. Wiggling with her till she was gasping for air. They rubbed, they pressed, they traced her skin with their manicured fingernails. Lacey was really getting turned on. The vibration in her core picked up a little and she smiled over at Antonio. He had pulled his cock out now. Stroking himself slowly, juices oozing out of the tip. She returned her gaze to the women. Domino licked along Lacey's collarbone, eliciting a moan from her. She fisted her hands and tried to free them. She wanted to touch back. It wasn't fair. Candy was on top of her now. Sitting in her lap she wrapped her arms around Lacey's neck and started gyrating her hips. Crotch to crotch they bumped and ground. Lacey could only moan and gasp as the girls assaulted her. Gripping tightly around her waist and the chair Candy leaned back, rubbing and caressing her glittering body as she rocked and moved to the music. Domino came around stood behind over her. With her ass facing Lacey she stood over Candy and sensually slid along her body. Spreading her legs she rubbed her pussy over Candy's tits. Candy wrapped her arms around Domino's legs and pressed up into her, rubbing back. This had both the girls moaning and rocking with each other. Pressing their bodies tightly together, nipple against clit. They rocked and ground together. Lacey's clit throbbed, the vibrations increased, sending ripples through her body. Her pussy clenched the bullet, squeezing it, milking it like it was Antonio's cock. She never thought watching two girls sharing a lap dance would turn her on this much. Domino had eased her way farther down Candy's swaying body. Candy replaced her nipples with her mouth. Kissing along the edges of Domino's shorts. Probing with her tongue occasionally making Domino moan and jump. Fisting Candy's hair she pulled her closer. It wasn't enough, she pulled the crotch of the shorts to the side and shoved Candy's face into her hungry pussy. Candy lapped and slurped while she still gyrated and rocked in Lacey's lap. Lacey licked her lips as she watched Domino get her clit licked and sucked on by the dancing Candy. Moaning and groaning Domino fluctuated her hips. Back and forth, side to side. Belly dancers would be envious at the way she swished and swayed back and forth. All while Candy savored her juicy pussy. Arching back Domino came down till she was level with Lacey. Reaching below her she eased the string of Candy's thong to the side. She spread her moistening lips with two of her fingers and slid the other one in. Candy's movements doubled. Domino was relentless on her clit. Pinching and rubbing fast and steady. You could hear Candy's muffled screams as she continued her lashing. Standing up Domino stepped over Candy. She danced a little, wrapping her self around the pole. Gliding up and down, balancing and moving against it. Flowing to the floor, raising and spreading her legs. Saliva and her juices covered her barely covered pussy, her dark legs. Moving like a worm she wrapped her body around the pole time and again like it was a lover. Candy stood, Lacey whined at the loss but said nothing. Candy danced

and moved her way to the pole to join Domino. Candy and Domino embraced. Kissing and grinding their hips together they moved. Like snakes in a mating dance they hung and clung to the pole, each other. The world stopped moving, they were the only ones in the room. There was no Antonio, no Lacey. Only Candy and Domino and their rising passion for one another. Holding on tightly Domino used the pole to twist her body upside down. Lacey guessed with her being in the Marines it had allowed her upper body to be in phenomenal condition and she could handle this maneuver well. Candy circled her, touching her, rubbing against her. She grabbed the pole and wrapped her body around Domino's. Standing over Domino's hanging face she reached down and pulled her thong to the side. Domino dove in. Licking and sucking Candy's clit till she was shaking and moaning with the effort to stand. Dominos braids ticked and clattered on the floor below. Sweeping the polished surface like a jeweled broom. Lacey could see Candy's liquids trickling down her legs, covering Domino's face and braids. Still she licked and Candy moved. Stepping back Candy gave Domino room to get back on her feet. Hugging and embracing the pole as she did so. They circled Lacey some more, again touching and rubbing sensually along her body. She felt the zipper of her dress going down. She looked at them questioning them. They said nothing, just continued lowering the zipper. They slowly slid her dress down till it rested at her elbows, exposing the black lace and her hard nipples. The room was cold, she shivered making her rosey circles tighten painfully. She wanted to cover herself. Other than what she had done back at the restaurant earlier she had never been this intimate with another woman...let alone two of them. The girls made there way down her body. Licking, biting, kissing her cool sensitive skin. Her clit tingled, the bullet vibrated inside her. The building need for completion clawed at her with every breath she took. She wanted to touch, to taste, to be a part of it all. She looked at him pleading with him silently, even though she knew he would never give in. He was so handsome, so sexy. Cock in his hand, furiously pumping. His breathing coming in short gasps. Sweat trickling down his neck, his opened shirt. She jolted as Candy and Domino each took one of her nipples in their mouth. Sucking and nibbling with their teeth. She cried and arched her hips off the chair. Throwing her head back and moaning as the shocks spread through her. They reached down and eased the hem of her dress up. Raking there sharp nails along her glowing skin, leaving red streaks in their wake. Roughly they pawed at the opening of her corset. Her clit jumped and quivered when their fingers brushed against it. The opening popped open, making her jump and moan. Domino was down there first. Forcing her open, demanding with her selfish tongue. Spreading her lips wide she lashed and bit possessively. Lacey's moans escalated, her palms ached from her fingernails biting her tender flesh. Now! She had to cum now. "Stop!" He ordered. "No..please don't" Lacey countered. Domino looked at Antonio, there was no hiding the anger in her eyes. She was pissed. " Excuse me! I know you didn't just order me." She stood over Lacey then, all six feet of intimidating black woman. She glared at him ready for a possible challenge. He wouldn't provoke her. Strutting across the room calm and confident he put his hand on Domino's cheek. Looking at Candy he smiled "You ladies have done a marvelous job this evening as always. I hate to cut our time short but I think its time I take Lacey home. She seems to be quite tired and needs some TLC" Bastard! Lacey thought to herself. The fucker did it again. It wasn't even him this time either. If she ever got to

cum tonight an ambulance will probably follow the aftermath. Either that or the biggest flood since Noah. He gave them their tip and walked to the door. She let her head rest on her chest and patiently waited for him to fix her dress and release her from the chair. "So my toy, are you ready for me? Ready for me to punish you like the slut you are." He whispered, teasing her ears and neck with his hot breath. She shivered at his words, eager to finish this, to be with him. "Yes Sir. Please take me home and punish me. Please Sir."