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Sexual slavery club

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Аннотация

The protagonist gets acquainted with a young woman on the Internet. In an intimate meeting, she invites him to the hotel. In the hotel room the hero unexpectedly meets not only his sympathy, but also her husband with some woman. And the hotel is not just a hotel, but a mysterious closed club where sexual slavery reigns. The main character of the story is offered to become a slave...

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I met Irina on the Internet, on a dating site. An interesting woman, short, not full, but nice rounded forms. Black short hair, lively dark eyes. All this attracted my attention. She was the first one to write a comment on my photo (flattering) and we began to correspond. After a while we agreed to meet at a cafe, over a cup of coffee. I always preferred to get acquainted on the first date in the cafe. Democratically, inexpensively, you can always disperse quickly. She came without delay. In full size, Irina turned out to be even very much nothing. She was quick and moving, her eyes were burning. Such a friend, I, uvolnyu, probably needed. We chatted about this and that. Will there be a second date? I invited her in. There was some kind of disreputable film, but we with interest sat through the whole session holding hands. Next – the bed. To you, to me? But

Ira said: “Vitalik, we are adults with you. I approach health issues very seriously. Let’s go through the medical examination together. “I marveled at the unusual proposal of a future partner for sex, but agreed. In a private clinic on the “tie” of Irina, we passed (for free!?) a medical examination and on the output received certificates that are healthy. On the porch of the clinic Irina said: “Come on Saturday at 7 o’clock in the evening.” And she called the address. I asked: “What is this?”. She answered: “Hotel.” – “Have you already booked a room there?” – “Yes, do not worry, everything is paid, it’s at the company’s expense.” “What firm?” “Then I’ll tell you.”

The hotel was called “KSR”, as the small copper plate said. At the entrance the girl behind the counter asked my name and surname and said: “They are waiting for you in room 308, the third floor on the elevator, to the right.” She also handed me a badge, where only one word “Guest” was written. Security personnel met me further. I gave up my mobile, keys, money, documents to the cell. I was searched. My God, where did I get to? The receptionist on the third floor took me to the doors of the 308th room. Judging by the hotel situation, it was something of at least 5 stars. The solid façade, the luxury of the hall and corridors, the well-trained staff, all this left a strong impression. The furnishings of the 308 rooms corresponded to the five-star rating of the hotel. It must have been some special suite. Large hall (or living room), luxurious furniture, expensive furnishings. In the room I found... three people. Irina and a man and a woman

I do not know. I backed up: "Irina, what does all this mean?" – "Come on, Vitaly, I'll explain everything to you. The fact is that I really invited you here on a date. And we will have intimacy with you, because we did not make inquiries in vain (she grinned). But there are several nuances. This is my friend Anna, and this is my husband George. George will not participate in our (she hesitated) love. He will only look. " "So you're asking me to participate in the group sex? Why did not you tell me right away? "-" If I had told you before, you would not have come. " "Yes, I'll leave right away," I said to the door. "Wait," Irina caught up with me. "Wait, sit down, we'll talk." I sat down, I do not know why I did not leave right away. "Listen, Vitalik," Irina sat next to me, took my hands in mine, "I really want you and I see that you want me too." But my husband likes to watch me having sex with other men. Well, go to meet him. I swear, he will not participate in anything. You can do with me what you want and I will do everything for you. Please, please, stay. "She looked pleadingly into my eyes. – "Well, and Anna?" – "Anna is my friend, she will be here too." – "Will she participate?" – "As you want." "Some kind of debauchery turns out instead of a date." – "Vitalik, we are adults, I already told you this, we are doing what we want. You can leave at any time from here, no one holds you by force. Just think, it's interesting. You like me, and Anna is a beautiful woman. "I looked at Anna. She was sitting on the couch next to George. Yes, she was really beautiful. What is this woman doing in this company? Maybe she's a prostitute?

Anne did not look more than twenty years old. Blonde with blue eyes, long hair and big breasts. But her hips were not wide, and along with the narrow waist they emphasized the chic breasts. “Do you want us to muffle a little light?” – Irina asked. I agreed and understood that I was caught. The first word is “yes” for the whole time of the dialogue. The client is ripe, so to speak. Irina cleverly clicked the remote control, the light became more subdued. George and Anna all sat on the couch and looked at us. Irina’s husband was dressed in a suit with a white shirt and tie. Anna in a short skirt and tight-fitting blouse. – “Let’s go, Vitalik, to the bathroom, I’ll help you wash and wash myself.” I still in very great doubt trailed after Ira.

I liked it. It was so sexy. We undressed, we went into the shower together. Her strong, tanned body immediately made me want to. “Your Apollo is in good shape,” complimented the woman, touching my cock with her hand. She gently and carefully washed my intimate places, washed myself. I drew Irina to me, began to kiss and tried to master her right in the shower. But she gently pushed me away: “Not now, darling, wait.” Wiped dry, naked, we returned to the living room. George sat in the same position in which we left him. And Anna sat at his feet on the carpet completely naked. Irina and I stood in the middle of the room. No bed, just a soft fluffy carpet. I had a feeling that I (and Ira) were on stage. “Vitaly needs warming up,” Georgi suddenly said. He made a sign to Anna and she came up to me. She gently dropped to her knees and also gently took my cock

in her mouth. Very gently, barely touching his tongue and sky, she caressed my penis. "How is your Apollo, okay?" Irina asked. And without waiting for an answer, she began to talk further. – "We call Apollo (who are we?) We call the male member, the female one – Aphrodite. I see that it's good, you can not answer. Relax, have fun, you can close your eyes. "I closed the gal. Irina's voice sounded from somewhere far away, like in a dream: "Let's decide what we'll do with you. And you already, probably forgot who invited you on a date, "Irina laughed. – "I propose to play something, some role games, for example, domination." Who do you want to be, the ruler or the slave? "" I do not know, "I said." Well, then, take turns, first you are mine Lord, then I am your mistress. "Anna let go of my Apollo, I opened my eyes." We stood with Irina opposite, looking at each other. "She smiled:" Command, my lord. "What was the order?" I stood in indecision. Us and sat down again at George's feet. "" Well, get on your knees, kiss Apollo. "Irina obeyed, her movements with her tongue and lip Were more energetic than Anna's. "What else is my master?" – Ira faithfully looked at me from below upward with her brown eyes. What to think, I did not know. "Kiss my feet." Irina began to kiss her feet. But it was not so sexy. – "Put Apollo between your breasts and press him." My fantasies have dried up on this. Maybe just finish her in her Aphrodite, and that's it. What is there to think about? I looked at George and Anna. Anya was kneeling before him, George's hands lay on her head. She held Apollo in her mouth. "You can humiliate me,

hit me,” Irina said, “here are the instruments.” And she pointed to the table with her hand, but with some sort of leather “fucking” lying there. “Here’s the whip, take it, hit me,” – she handed me a whip. – “And where to strike?” – “Wherever you like, just not in the face.” I hit her with a whip on the pope. “Stronger,” Irina asked. I hit harder. The whip left a thin red line on her tender ass. I began to whip the naked woman in different places, trying to get closer to the groin. She stood in silence, closing her eyes and not dodging blows. But she must have been hurt. I felt ashamed and I threw away the whip. “Ira, well, I do not know what else to do, let’s change.” “I’m not Ira, I’m a slave. Well, let’s change, slave.”

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