

House of LaRox

Faye Valentine

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Rick sat at his computer jerking off to some bondage porn when he suddenly lost interest. It had been seven months since Linda left him over his fetish obsession and he had been unable to find another girlfriend that shared his kinky interests. And so, he was relegated to watching porn and self-pleasure. Unable to get back in the mood, he shut the video off, rolled his chair back and stood up.

Desperate times, he thought, going to the coffee table and picking up his cell phone. Going through his contacts, he found the House of LaRox and stared at the number. He added it his list more than two years ago, but had never used it before. Tapping the call button, he listened to it ring three times before a woman answered.

“House of LaRox,” Amy answered the phone.

“Um, hi, I’d like an escort for the evening,” Rick replied.

“Have you ever used our services before, sir?”

“No.”

“That’s alright. I’ll just need to get some information from you and then we can see about setting you up with a girl that meets your needs. What is your name? Your real first and last name if you please.”

“Rick Bennett.”

“Age?”

“Thirty-six.”

“Sexual orientation?”

“I’m straight. What does that have to do with anything? This is a brothel, right?”

“It is. But we cater to many different fetishes and your sexual orientation will allow us to narrow down your options. Do you have an ethnic or body preference?”

“Ethnicity doesn’t matter to me, but I’d prefer someone at least reasonably fit if that’s okay.”

“Of course. Preference for hair and eye color, height, weight, or breast size?”

“Not really.”

“Will you require the escort to perform sexually?”

“That would be why I am calling.”

“Not a problem. And will you require your escort to perform and sort of bdsm play?”

“Yes.”

“Will you be acting as the dominant or submissive?”

“Definitely dominant.”

“We require all new clients engaging in bdsm play to have their first session in-house for the safety of the women. Will that be an issue?”

“No problem here.”

“Perfect. When would you like to set up an appointment?”

“The sooner the better.”

“How about an hour?”

“Sounds perfect. I’ll be there.”

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Rick arrived at the House of LaRox forty minutes later and parked in back just in case someone he knew drove by and recognized his car. The inside of the brothel was exactly as he expected it to be – lavish decorations, expensive furniture and half-naked men and women walking around on display. He saw a large-breasted brunette he’s love to titty fuck talking to a well hung, black man and sitting at a desk near the far end of the room was a corset-wearing,

raven-haired woman with the most beautiful blue eyes he had ever seen. Correctly assuming she was the Madam in charge, he walked over to her.

“Can I help you?” Amy asked.

“I’m Rick Bennett, we talked on the phone about forty-five minutes ago?”

“Ah yes, Mr. Bennett. I took the liberties of lining up a woman that you may find pleasing. There’s just the matter of payment.”

“Can I see the woman first?”

“Certainly. Sylvia,” Amy hollered “would you please join us?”

Rick watched as a tall, athletic brunette approached and he instantly wanted to get under her dress. Every step she took brought a dozen perverted pleasures to his mind - each click of her high heels on the tiled floor causing his cock to twitch in the most delightful way.

“Sylvia, this is Rick; Rick, Sylvia. Does she please you?”

“Yes she does,” Rick smiled as he slowly walked around Sylvia, his eyes drifting from her perky breasts to her perfectly sculpted ass. “She’ll do nicely.”

“How long will you require Sylvia’s company this evening?”

“Hmm, I think three or four hours should do.”

“Will that be cash or card?”

“Card,” Rick said retrieving his wallet from his back pocket, fetching his credit card and handing it to Amy. “I’ll pick it up when we’re finished.”

“As you wish.”

“Right this way, Sir,” Sylvia smiled as she took Rick’s hand in her own. She led him through the lobby and up a flight of stairs to a large bedroom. “It’s a pleasure to meet you Rick. So, would you like to get to know each other a little better, or get down to the nitty gritty?”

“I’m here to fulfill my kinks,” Rick replied. “No offence, but I’m in no mood to talk.”

“Alright. Go ahead and strip,” Sylvia said as she untucked her blouse and began unbuttoning it. “Just so you know, I require all first-time clients to be restrained while I suck them off. If they behave then we can move on from there.”

“I don’t play the submissive. How about I restrain you while I fuck your brains out?”

“My room, my rules. Honestly, you’ll find it the same no matter what woman you are with. If you won’t allow me to restrain you then please leave so I can pick up another client.”

“Restrained how?” Risk asked, unable to take his eyes off of Sylvia’s beautiful face and body.

“I’ll cuff you with your arms over your head and a spreader bar at your ankles. The cuffs will be attached to hooks in the ceiling,” she said pointing up above Rick’s head “and the spreader bar will be secured to hooks in the floor. Once you’ve shot your load I’ll remove the restraints and you can take over control. Okay?”

“Fine,” Risk agreed. As much as he did not like the idea of being in such a vulnerable and submissive position, he really wanted to screw the hell out of the woman standing in front of him. And now that she was down to the shortest of skirts he wanted her even more.

“Nice cock,” Sylvia said giving Rick’s dick a gentle squeeze. After grabbing a pair of wide leather cuffs from the top dresser drawer, she placed them around Rick’s wrists and then secured them in place over his head before kneeling down to place the spreader bar. Once he was unable to scape, she leaned in and took his cock into her mouth and began sucking.

“Mmmm,” Rick moaned. “Not bad, slut. Don’t forget to play with my balls too.”

“Oh, I’m going to do a lot more than play with your balls,” Sylvia grinned as she climbed to her feet. Running a finger slowly down his chest, she kissed him hard on the lips, pushing her