



GIRL FOR HIRE

The Secret Encounters
of Amateur Escorts

Various Various Girl for Hire

Аннотация

Meet the everyday women who lead double lives as high class call girls. 'Girl For Hire' features brand new stories by Charlotte Stein, Monica Belle, Rachel Kramer Bussel, Primula Bond, and Aishling Morgan. In these women's secret rendezvous with anonymous clients, the stakes are as high as their heels and pleasure becomes the greatest thrill of all. When Juliet receives a salacious text message in error, requesting the services of an escort, her curiosity wins. Clara's first assignment at an upscale address leaves her clueless as to who the client actually is. When Jane is caught misbehaving, her husband decides he likes it and begins arranging unusual encounters.

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GIRL FOR HIRE
*The Secret Encounters
of Amateur Escorts*
A Mischief Collection of Erotica



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Best Offer

Rachel Kramer Bussel

‘A hundred dollars? Really?’ I almost choked on my drink as I raked my eyes over the early-thirties bearded guy who’d just offered me that measly sum to go home with him – and, presumably, fuck him. Not that I was actually considering it or anything, but still, \$100? Even a make-out session with me was worth more. I wouldn’t say I’m materialistic, but I like to know a man will invest in me, that he considers me worthy before I go home with him. Yes, I’ll admit, I have a taste for fine dining and champagne, but I’m not a gold-digger. To me, it’s a matter of respect more than anything else.

‘That’s all I’ve got,’ the man stuttered, whipping out a crisp hundred and, from what I could tell of his wallet, the truth. A few stray dollars were all that were visible. He didn’t sound like he actually thought I’d leave the bar with him for a hundred, but why not try? To me it was the equivalent of leaving a waitress a twenty-cent tip; you might as well not bother, and if you did, you were holding out the cash more as an insult than an offer.

‘A thousand,’ a smooth, steady voice spoke from behind me. I turned to see a man who looked a good twenty, possibly thirty, years older than my twenty-seven, but he wore the years well. His salt-and-pepper hair was sleekly shorn, he wasn’t balding and

the slight wrinkles only made him look more powerful. It was his dark-brown eyes that made me go still. His eyes told me he wanted more than just to buy me for the evening.

‘Look, guys, I don’t do that. I’m not ... you know.’ For some reason, I couldn’t bring myself to say it. Hooker, prostitute, call girl. I don’t know why exactly, but even thinking those words made my face burn hot, and I reached for the water I was sipping in between drinks.

‘Not a whore?’ the hundred-dollar man asked coolly, an edge of impatience and something darker in his voice, as if he expected me to be one. Why? Because I was in a bar, flirting? Because I wore bright-red lipstick, the brightest I could find, to offset my pale face, and my low-cut lilac blouse did more than hint at my large breasts? Or maybe it was my snug buttery black leather skirt and knee-high black boots that laced up the back? Or maybe he just wanted me to be a whore, so that’s what he saw. I nodded in answer to his question. I was mildly offended that he was only offering what I would make in an entire morning’s work at my office job. But even more intrigued that another could so calmly offer up such a huge sum, what I’d earn in two weeks.

The bartender walked over and gave me an appraising look. I was, after all, sandwiched between two men who were close enough to me that it appeared I was intimately engaged with them, and one was holding out a hundred dollar bill right in front of me.

‘We’re all whores, darling,’ said the older man, ‘you just have

to figure out your price.’ I turned to make a smart remark when he pulled out a chequebook and handed it to me. Unlike mine, which simply featured the single stack of cheques stuffed somewhere into my voluminous purse, this man had an elegant leather holder and he held a monogrammed pen in his hand. He looked like the kind of man who didn’t even handle paper money, as if that were a foreign concept, but dealt only in money via credit card. The chequebook looked unused, though his hand paused over it.

I blurted something out before I could even think. ‘Fifty thousand dollars. For two hours.’ Imagine earning my annual salary in just two hours! It was the first number that leaped to mind, but no sooner had I spoken the number aloud than the stranger was scrawling it across the rectangle on the light-blue paper, making it out to ‘Cash’. ‘Here, since I don’t know your name yet,’ he said, ripping it off and pressing it into my palm. ‘I’m not even going to ask your name because I’m sure you’ll just make one up. Oh, and I’m good for it,’ he said, holding my hand as if to caress the dollars into my skin. When I glanced down at the cheque, I gasped, suddenly sure he was more than good for it. He wasn’t exactly famous, but he appeared in the business pages often enough, and since that was the section I copyedited at the paper, I recognised Clay Barker, this titan of the high fashion industry.

‘This is crazy,’ I said, but didn’t let go of the cheque. ‘Maya,’ I added, more softly. The man sitting next to us was agog, but

scooted slightly away, knowing that whatever game we were now playing, he couldn't compete.

'Perhaps,' he conceded, 'but I've done far crazier things in my day.' News headlines started to flash in my mind, stories about sex, drugs, strippers, trashed hotel rooms; he came from a wealthy family and before he'd decided to take over their business, he'd spent time sowing plenty of very expensive wild oats. 'Well? I have a room down the block, at the hotel.' Of course, he knew I'd know he meant the \$600-a-night brand-new luxury hotel that had just opened, and of course he had a room there. He said it like everyone did.

He had to realise that a girl like me, a news junkie, would know who he was, but so would any other woman here. He didn't have to buy me, or anyone, unless he wanted to, and that thought made me wet. He wasn't just trying to win me away from the loser at the bar, but to prove something. He didn't ask a thing about me before forking over that cash, like whether I did anal or liked facials or got high (for the record: once in a while, yes, and only with high-quality pot). He didn't need to know anything about me besides what was right in front of him, and wasn't offering up any other information about himself, either. It was take it or leave it, and as quickly as he'd whipped out his chequebook, I smiled back at him. 'Let's go.' I didn't bother knocking back the rest of my drink, like I normally would have, since surely they had finer ones at his hotel. I just picked up my bag, tucked the cheque into the zippered compartment inside, and held out my

arm before I could regret it.

‘Beautiful night, isn’t it?’ he asked as we walked, while I was bursting with questions. Should I go cash the cheque immediately and make sure it doesn’t bounce? Does he proposition women like this all the time? What’s the most he’s spent on a call girl? Did this make me a hooker? What did he want to do first? All of them seemed uncouth to even think about. Would a real hooker think these things? Did that even matter because I wasn’t one?

I mentally paused even as I kept walking arm in arm with him, using my yoga training to centre my mind, and asked myself the most important question of all: did I want to go back to his hotel room? Did I want to offer myself up to him on a figurative silver platter, my body his for being the highest bidder? What was the true difference between a hundred dollars and what he’d offered me? The tingling rush of arousal in my pussy told me everything I needed to know. The money was like the icing on the cake, but it was the bold gesture, the way he’d swooped in and charmed me, without the arrogance of assuming that simply because he wielded a big chequebook I’d bow down before him. He’d seemed 90 per cent sure I’d say yes, but it was that other 10 per cent that made me want him.

‘Penny for your thoughts?’ he asked as we stopped at a red light.

‘Just a penny? No longer a big spender?’

‘Well, what would you like instead?’ he asked, his gaze piercing me as suddenly the lights and commotion around us

slipped away. I stared into his eyes and I was the one who leaned forward for a kiss. It was a soft kiss – at first. We pressed our lips together in greeting, in acknowledgment, in anticipation. This wasn't about the money, or even the power; yes, Clay had bought me, but clearly he didn't want me simply because he 'owned' me or because I 'owed' him. He wanted me because I was a woman, because, right now, he sensed something brewing between us that wasn't going to go away even if I ripped up the cheque.

That made me hot; I'd always fantasised about sex with a stranger, but stopped myself before it went that far. Flirting, yes, making out, sure, even a little groping, but some nagging part of my mind had stepped in before I ever went back to a stranger's apartment – or hotel room. First-date sex I'd had plenty of, but there's a lot more you can tell about a person after a two-hour dinner than a twenty-minute drink. So this was new for me on several levels, including the intense heat coursing through my body, from where his tongue met mine on down. Clay Barker knew how to kiss, and when he felt me melt against him, felt me surrender to him just enough for him to take control, he did, winding his hands through my hair and gripping it tightly enough to make me gasp. One hand moved to cup my ass and draw me closer, right there on the street, where anyone could see.

I loved the way his body felt so close to mine, and I also loved that everyone could see us. I wondered what they'd think if they knew I was getting paid \$50,000 for this. Would they wonder if I was worth it? Would they want to try me for themselves? Then

Clay's lips pulled me back completely into his embrace. 'Maya, Maya, Maya. I don't deserve you.' How could he know whether or not that was true when we'd barely said five sentences to each other? I didn't interrupt.

'What made you say yes?' he continued, tracing my cheek.

'I don't know,' I said honestly. 'I'm really not someone who's usually swayed by money. I mean, I do OK, I get by, and I'm happy with that. I can go out with my friends and indulge in drinks and dinners and the occasional fancy dress but mostly what I want are art supplies. My day job is the opposite of artistic, but it pays for my other love. Sure, fifty grand can buy a lot of art supplies but the truth is, I was intrigued. I wanted to know why a man would offer up so much money without even asking me what I'm into, what I'm like, what I'll do.'

'OK. I'm asking now. What are you into? What are you like? What will you do?'

I blushed as I let the questions wash over me. I'm into, well, slightly deviant things. I like to be tied up. Spanked and slapped – on my pussy, my ass, my tits, anywhere, really. Choked. Ordered around. Verbally degraded. Tickled, even though I have more of a love/hate relationship with that. Painful sensations and being put in my place. But I'd never told a stranger that. I'd only told two lovers, one of whom got it, one of whom didn't. I keep my kinks fairly close to the vest, or low-cut blouse, as it were.

Somehow, though, this whole episode, in all its heightened surreal nature, made me want to tell him everything. Not half the

story, not a verbal gambit to see if he'd pounce on it, not what I thought he might want to hear. I had tried all those things in the past and while sometimes I'd wound up with some beautiful bruises, with my breath catching in my throat, with my body alive with the thrill of submission, it had never gone as far as I'd wanted. It had never gone all the way. I'd always held something, some vital part of myself, back, waiting for the moment to be right, and it never was, not exactly. This moment, maybe because of the money, maybe because I had nothing to prove – who cared if he liked me when this was done? – felt safe.

'I'm into spanking. Slapping. Choking. Kinky stuff. I'm the kind of girl who likes to please; I get off on it. I get very, very wet when I get down on my knees and if you put a cock in my mouth, well, I could stay there all night. I like to cry. I like to go somewhere else entirely, but be grounded right here while I'm being used. I like to be a little scared, a little nervous. I like for the guy to be in charge and to own that. To guide me. To use me completely for his own pleasure.' I was trembling by that point, the tears already waiting to be unleashed, my cunt suddenly painfully tight as the light turned from red to green and back again several times while I told Clay everything I could think of.

The words poured out of me, yet rather than feeling nervous, I felt calm, because I could see in Clay's eyes that he wasn't just listening passively, wasn't just filing away my words for in-the-near-future reference, but he fully got it – and liked it. 'Well, well, well,' he said, raising an eyebrow. 'If I were a betting man I'd say

that we should head to Atlantic City, because those are all things I like to do to pretty girls like you. But a man in my position can't be too careful; I'm sure you know how easily a thing like this —' he gestured at me, running his fingers along my side from my ribs to my waist '— could get in the papers. And I don't think you want anyone to know that about you, do you, Maya? Anyone but me?"

We'd veered into dangerous territory, the leap from awkward to intimate jumped in mere moments. Suddenly it was as if he could've demanded *I* pay *him* \$50,000 and I'd have done so in a heartbeat. It sounds crazy, in a way, but it didn't to me. I've always been a leap-before-I-look kind of girl, the one who follows her heart, or her pussy, occasionally both working in concert, far more than her head. What was even crazier was that as he said it, he made it true. Just as some guys can walk into a strip club and be instantly mesmerised by a certain girl, maybe because of the way she smiles at him, the way her lips glisten, the size of her breasts, the promise contained within her sweat-slick, shiny body, making him forget that they're in an alternate reality, I too chose to sustain disbelief. Well, 'chose' makes it sound like I had, well, a choice. I didn't, not really.

I was standing in the street, dripping wet, wishing he'd grab me and shove me down onto the dirty sidewalk. This wasn't about the money, though we both knew he couldn't rescind the offer. The money was simply the gateway to our real purpose, a calling card a man like Clay used the way other men used pick-up lines or killer smiles. Clay took my arm and pinched the inside of it,

about halfway between my wrist and my elbow. He held my flesh until I looked up from where our skin touched into his eyes. If he'd grabbed my ass, tried to spank me in the street, copped a feel, anything clichéd or ridiculous like that, I might've walked away. But what he did told me that he knew he could have me any way he liked. He could pinch any part of me and I'd respond with need.

But he only pinched that part, then settled his hand on my arm as we walked. He hummed to himself, almost as if I wasn't there, yet I was sure he was just as aware of our being together as I was, of this unexpected journey we were about to take. The more we walked, the more focused I became on the heat of his fingers warming my arm. My questions about his usual MO for picking up girls melted into fantasies of what I wanted him to do to me.

And then suddenly we arrived, and my sense that this was just a date dissipated as I walked in on his arm and he was greeted by name by three staff members. They knew him, and therefore clearly knew I hadn't been with him on his previous entrances. Maybe he'd brought other women, but not me. It was two in the morning; I could only be either easy or a whore – or, most accurately, both.

We didn't linger, but I felt their eyes staring, trying to figure out if I was a one-night stand or something more. I wasn't sure what I wanted them to think of me, exactly, but I couldn't deny that the scrutiny made me wet. Clay's hand on my back led me towards the elevators, and soon we were paired with a couple

who I was sure were, in fact, escort and client. She was young, with full, ripe lips and flawless skin, her curvy body crammed into a skintight black dress that barely kept her boobs inside. He was at least thirty years her senior, balding, while she was blonde, delicate and beautiful. She giggled and clung to him tighter, and I squeezed Clay's hand. Was I any different, or was that just wishful thinking?

We got off first, and he took my hand and held it up to his lips. 'Listen, if you want to back out now, I understand. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to. I'll even let you keep the cheque. But if you do come back with me, I'm going to make you earn it, Maya, every last dollar.' His voice got more ragged towards the end, and he backed me up against the wall so I could feel how hard he was. I looked into his eyes and swore I saw more than just lust.

'I'll come,' I said, and no sooner were the words out of my mouth than his hand was clutching my hair tightly, pulling my head back as he sank his teeth into my neck. I could tell he was making a hickey, but I didn't care. I was so wet, so hungry for him.

We made our way to his room and as he sank the key card into the hole, he said, 'On your knees. You're going to crawl into that room like the whore you are.' I did it instantly, trembling with excitement. What did I care if anyone saw me? I no longer felt like myself, but a girl following his commands, ones I'd been waiting to hear for a long, long time. I crawled into the room,

well aware of my ass being on full display. 'Keep going,' he said, nudging me gently with his foot as the door slammed shut behind us. He turned the lock.

'Lift up that skirt for me, and pull down your panties,' Clay instructed me. I was so wet my pussy almost hurt, and I hoped desperately that he was going to fuck me, or at least put his fingers, or really, at that point, anything, inside me. I pulled my skirt up over my hips and slid my panties down to mid-thigh, spreading my legs as far as possible. He leaned down and ran two fingers along my slit, pressing them against my sex but not entering me. 'So wet, that's what I like to feel. Get up and bend over the bed,' he said, and I did, stumbling a little in my heels. He peeled my panties off and pressed my thighs apart, rewarding me with another stroking of my pussy. 'I think you're going to like what I'm about to do, Maya, very, very much, so much that I have a feeling you might be tempted to scream, and while you probably have a beautiful scream, I don't want to be interrupted. So I'm going to shove these nice, wet panties in your mouth. If something is too much, I want you to kick off your left shoe. Do you understand?'

He turned me over onto my back and placed his hand around my neck, staring deep into my eyes. He looked almost kind even as he told me he wanted to gag me. 'If I had a real gag, I'd love to shove it between these pretty lips,' he said, before pinching them together. 'But this will have to do, until I take it out so I can put my cock there.' All that did was make me want his cock in my

mouth even more than I wanted it in my pussy. ‘Are you ready for your spanking, Maya? Because once I start, I’m not going to stop until I’m ready to fuck you or you kick off your shoe.’

‘Yes, Clay, I’m ready.’ He shoved the panties in my mouth, and I shut my eyes to focus on breathing through my nose. He turned me over onto my stomach once again. My arms were out towards my sides, though suddenly I wished I were totally naked, with my arms bound above my head. I didn’t want to be tempted to try to cover myself, yet I knew that was part of my job – to be still, to force my hands to stay in place, to take his blows without trying to control them.

He didn’t start with the spanking, though. Instead he played with my pussy a little more, inserting a finger just enough to tease, but not enough to even come close to getting me off. Then his wet finger pulled out and stroked my asshole, easily easing inside. ‘What a sweet hole you have here, Maya. I might have to fuck you here instead of that very wet pussy of yours.’ I was glad the panties were in my mouth, because I wasn’t sure if I wanted to protest or agree. The truth was I wanted him in all my holes. He toyed with my ass for another minute or so before pulling out, pressing one hand on the small of my back and striking my right ass cheek hard, followed by an equally strong blow to the left one.

The heat of the smacks worked its way through me, and was quickly followed by more. He hit me right where I like it, striking the padded curves in a way that sent shock waves through my pussy. He was grunting, so I knew he was giving it his all,

and he sustained a steady pace. The heat and pain and arousal mixed together until all I could feel was one big sensation blazing through me. Then he turned me over onto my back, and lifted my legs into the air, bringing my arms up to the backs of my thighs. 'Hold yourself open for me, my little whore,' he said, then let his hand land directly on my pussy. If my mouth hadn't been full, I'd have told him, 'Yes, yes,' because it felt so fucking good, but all I did was clutch my thighs tightly, feeling the strain there as I held myself open for him. 'You like that, don't you? I can tell you're getting wet for me,' he said, his voice just loud enough to let me know he wasn't only talking to himself.

'I guess it's a good thing I bought some toys today, in case I met a beautiful slut like you who wanted me to hurt her. Keep those legs open for me, Maya,' he said, and I did, even spreading my legs a little bit more, even though the strain of the position was harder to maintain. I shuddered when he walked back with a small strip of leather, the kind I'd seen but never felt against my skin. He ripped my blouse so the buttons went flying, then rubbed the edge of the toy against each hardened nipple, before raining the leather right against my nipples while I watched. The sound of the leather hitting my skin seemed loud in the otherwise quiet room, and he kept going. My nipples blazed with pain, the kind that went directly to my pussy. I wondered if it were possible for me to ejaculate just from him hitting me like that.

When my nipples were duly chastened, he moved on to my pussy, slapping gently against it, which only made my lips more

engorged. Then he was truly slapping me there, the blows making me tremble. For a second, I wondered if I should toss my shoe on the floor, kick my leg out and put a stop to this, because the pain was so intense, but then that initial sting would abate and the sweet buzz would settle deep into my core. I hated it, but I loved it, and ultimately I wanted him to keep going more than I wanted him to stop. Clay slapped the leather against my inner thighs, then back to my pussy a few more times before tossing the toy on the bed and climbing up next to me.

He pulled the panties out of my mouth and leaned down to kiss me. His tongue claimed my mouth and made me even wetter. I thought about that line in *Pretty Woman*, where Julia Roberts says she doesn't kiss on the mouth, and decided that she'd been missing out. This was one of the best kisses of my life, and not because I was getting paid. Clay pulled away, leaving me panting, aching for his tongue, and his cock. 'Look at me, Maya. I have something for you.' I hadn't realised I'd shut my eyes until I opened them to see his face, intense, serious, stern. He brought his hand up and tapped my cheek, making me shudder. He slapped it lightly and I squirmed, and then he did it again, hard. 'Struggle for me, Maya. I want to have to subdue you. I want to have to hold you down while I spread those pretty legs and force my cock between them. Are you going to do that for me, Maya?' He paused and lifted himself off me, genuinely waiting for an answer. He wanted to make sure that was my fantasy, too. 'Yes, Clay, yes,' I said. I'd never spoken about my rape

fantasies, because how do you bring something like that up, how do you ask for the one thing you're never supposed to? Yet he'd seen it in me, or maybe just in himself, and here he was, offering it to me. 'Yes,' I said again, suddenly eager for what was about to happen.

He got up again and stripped, then took out a roll of silver duct tape. I scrambled to get up and he pounced on me.

'No screaming,' he said, his voice going darker, deeper. 'You know you can't get away, sweet girl, so don't even think about trying. I have a friend down at the bar I can call to hold you down for me, if I need to. He won't be as nice as I am.' He straddled my chest, his hard cock pressing into me, and when I tried to press him off, I couldn't budge him. 'Now where should I start with this tape? I want those pretty lips ready for my cock, so I think I'll do your arms.' When he lifted his hand from my mouth, I moaned, trying to twist away from him, but he was big and heavy and I couldn't, even though each attempt to escape made me wetter. The sticky side of the tape pressed against my wrists until he had them coiled together.

'Where next, my sweet? I could put this anywhere I want,' he said, caressing my cheek with the tape, then rolling it between my breasts and along my stomach before easing it between my legs. I squirmed as I realised he could place the tape right there, along my wetness. I was utterly at his mercy, and that made me shiver. He'd bought far more than I'd bargained for back at the bar.

'Oh, does that make you excited?' he asked, resting the tape on

my stomach as he pressed his fingers into my cunt. ‘You want me to put the tape here? But what about me doing this?’ He slapped my slit and I spread my legs wider, and he did it again. ‘Yeah, that would be a shame to cover up these slick, beautiful lips,’ he said as he tugged on one of them. Just as I was getting into his actions, he stopped and proceeded to place tape over my nipples. I moaned, already imagining what it would feel like coming off.

‘Oh God, Maya, you are so fucking hot.’ He was breaking his dominant mode, which made me smile a little, until he leaned down and bit my stomach, a random location but one that made me moan, his mouth so close to my pussy. He did, actually, ease his head down to lap at me for a few seconds, again so brief they were more torture than anything else. ‘I’m wasting my precious time here when I should be making sure I get my money’s worth of this tight pussy.’

I’d almost forgotten for a few seconds exactly why we were there, or, more accurately, how we’d come to be there, because the money was no longer why I was there. He could’ve ripped up the cheque and I’d have stayed exactly where I was, legs spread, panting, eager for him to slide his now condom-covered cock inside me, which is exactly what he did. No sooner was he fully inside me than he ripped the tape off my nipples. The pain was intense and immediate, and he didn’t try to soothe me, but instead captured a nipple between his lips and sucked and bit while pinching the other. I squirmed, and he moved on to tickle me, before gently placing his hand over my mouth.

‘So beautiful, Maya ... how did I find you?’ he asked, the words soft compared to the way he was pounding me. I came like that, my muffled cries against his hand, my cunt unleashing an orgasm it seemed I’d spent a lifetime building.

He speared me over and over, until I was limp, still feeling every sensation but also looking down at myself, my true self, a girl who’d whored herself out to the highest bidder and been rewarded with a man whose lifetime of knowledge of women was being put to use on me. An image of him beating another girl, a beautiful young thing with a gag in her mouth and tears in her eyes, ones I simply knew were tears of joy, made me come again, and Clay held my bound hands down against the bed with one hand while he pulled his dick out with the other, removed the condom in the same motion, and sprayed me all over with his come.

Right before I fell asleep, I glanced at the clock. Technically, Clay had two minutes to spare.

* * *

Later, as we lay in his bed, well past my allotted two hours, his lips curved up into a grin. ‘I’d have gone much higher, you know. I just had a feeling you’d be worth it.’

‘And you could’ve had me at a bargain price.’ It was true, though I wasn’t about to rip up the cheque.

‘Maybe I can put you on retainer. Forever.’ His eyes again speared me with a look of such intensity I was almost scared, but I breathed deeply and then leaned back, sticking out my hand.

‘You’ve got a deal.’

I thought he’d meant a monthly retainer, another string of numbers with long strings of zeros behind them, and he did – but as his wife, complete with blinged-out diamond ring. Sometimes the best offer pays off in ways you can never predict. I stroked his hair as I reached for the phone to call room service, then hung up. ‘Let’s go out instead,’ I said, looking forward to letting him show me off, and vice versa. Still, I hoped I’d someday get another chance to walk into a hotel with him and play the role of woman of the night, second only to being her.

The Three Rules for Selling Sex

Lisette Ashton

1. Always get the money up front.
2. Always have sex under an assumed name.
3. Be a whore – not a slut.

* * *

1. Always get the money up front.

You're going to think I'm an absolute whore for saying this but money is the thing that always turns me on. I think money is the thing that separates whores like me from those sluts who will do anything to please the guy they're with.

It's been this way ever since I started seeing Peter.

As soon as I feel money in my fingers, I enjoy a minor thrill of arousal. It's as though there's a money sensor in my fingertips, and that sensor triggers a reaction in my pussy. Push a five or a ten into my hand and the inner muscles of my sex clench as though they're ready to feel something slide inside my wetness. Push a twenty into my hand and I will hold my breath whilst my pulse quickens.

I have genuinely climaxed whilst holding two fifty-pound notes.

This is because I'm a whore – not a slut. There's a difference. In some ways my instantaneous arousal is an embarrassing

response that extends beyond my work as a whore. Recently, for a single week, I stopped working in the sex industry and took a conventional job, working as a cleaner in a hotel. When the duty manager paid me on the first Friday evening, I came close to fucking him simply out of habit.

We were in a hotel. It was a hotel where I'd occasionally worked in the past as a call girl. (Coincidentally, it was the first hotel where I screwed Peter.) The duty manager was thrusting a wad of notes into my hand. And the feel of the money in my fingers was enough to give me the same thrill I got from being paid up front by a client.

Three fifties, two twenties and a ten.

I could have climaxed on the spot. He was paying me enough for anal.

I disappeared to one of the hotel's rooms and satisfied the appetite awoken by the Pavlovian response of holding notes in my sweaty hand. I rubbed myself to a furious, frenzied climax whilst sniffing the dirty money. An hour later I quit the cleaning job and returned to my more lucrative calling of being a call girl. I can honestly say I haven't looked back.

Talking about money gives me a thrill.

It's foreplay for me because conversations about money always precede a session of slow, sultry sex. It's more exciting than cunnilingus. It's more arousing than a pornographic movie.

My panties get wet whenever the client says to me, 'How much?'

I don't mean my panties get *sopping* wet. I'm not going to pretend that I'm constantly horny and desperate for cock. But the subject of money turns me on in conversation. The subject gives me a chance to tease and flirt and take control of the exchange.

'How much for what?' I ask.

I always lower my voice to a husky whisper. It adds to the illusion that our transaction is something discreet, unusual and extraordinary, rather than something that's likely happening in a hundred or more different hotel rooms within a single square mile of where we stand.

'What services do you offer?' he asks.

This is the point where my nipples harden. The skin tightens as the buds of flesh fill with blood. The sensitivity radiates through the shrinking confines of my bra. The client usually discusses sex in terms of euphemisms. He will ask about the *services* I provide, as though I'm going to defrost his freezer or offer to rewire his house. It's very rare that the client will be forthright enough to say: 'How much for a blow job? How much for straight sex? How much for anal?'

To some extent, I'm pleased about that.

Conversations without euphemism tend to strip away the mystery of the sex act and make the whole encounter seem more like a tawdry and vulgar transaction. When we talk in euphemisms it's as though I'm sharing some sort of telepathy with the client. We're talking about *costs* and *services* and *extras*, and we're meaning my mouth around his cock, or half an hour with

our sweaty naked bodies writhing together, or his length sliding into the depths of my ass.

‘The cost depends on what you want. Half an hour of my time will cost you a straight hundred. It’s another hundred for each part of a half-hour after that. If you want anything kinky then I might have to charge extra.’

I always meet the client’s eye when I say the word ‘kinky’.

If I can give a suggestive smile too it helps build rapport. And, if the client happens to have a kink that I haven’t tried before, it’s convenient for me to get paid for my experimentation.

It was through the suggestiveness of a client that I discovered the pleasures of wielding a whip. It was through one customer’s need to administer a ‘kinky’ spanking that I found out how pleasurable it is to have my buttocks turned warm crimson by the slap of a large manly hand.

And so, after I’ve mentioned the word ‘kinky’ I give the client a moment to recall if he has any vices he’d like to explore. It’s another of those moments that makes me hold my breath. I’m aware I could be on the verge of encountering another life-changing experience. And, if the client’s suggestion sounds too depraved for my simple tastes, I can always ask for extra money to compensate me for the experience.

If he thinks it’s my first time, the client is always happy to pay extra.

I always talk about *time* when I’m making negotiations with a client. I never talk about specific acts if I can avoid such details.

But, whilst I'm talking about the cost of my time, I think about the image of my bare body pressed against the naked body of the client. I try to send him a mental picture of my mouth against his and our bare flesh sliding smoothly and rhythmically together.

I'm not sure whether or not that particular trick works. But I've rarely been turned down once I've started discussing terms.

Most of the time I'm paid in twenties.

Once I've rubbed the money between my fingertips – resisting the urge to smell the musk of those notes that have been passed from hand to hand and used to secure countless transactions before – I'm just about ready to begin. And I say it to myself like a mantra: always get the money up front.

I have to get the money up front because I'm not a slut. I'm a whore.

* * *

2. Always have sex under an assumed name.

‘What do I call you?’

It's a common enough question. And it's one to which I always try to avoid giving an honest answer.

‘Call me Magenta.’

‘That's not your real name.’

‘It's real enough for the moment, isn't it?’

My working name is Magenta. If the client presses me to know what my real name is, I tell him it's Maggie. Usually the client is happy to call me Magenta and he calls me that for the remainder of his time with me. When the client calls me Maggie it seems

to let him believe he's having sex with someone other than the persona I usually play in a stranger's hotel room.

I don't mind.

Whatever gives him the satisfaction he craves. If it makes the client consider giving me a tip afterwards then he can call me anything he likes. Whatever it takes to help fulfil his fantasy.

And that's really what the job is all about.

From the moment the cash is safely stuffed into my purse, I allow myself to be the subject of the client's fantasy. My smile grows broader. I give in to the thrill of electric excitement that tightens the air. And I start to tease myself out of the clothes I'm wearing.

Sometimes the client expects a striptease.

There are other times when the client is happy for me to screw him whilst I'm fully clothed, with just my skirt hitched up to expose the tops of my stockings and the crotch of my thong wrenched to one side so he can slide his sheathed erection into the wetness of my hole. But most times the client is curiously satisfied to watch me undress whilst he comes to accept that we're about to fuck.

It's not an automatic understanding. The client seldom assumes that sex is going to go ahead until I start to unbutton my blouse. And then you can see the lascivious smile of desire flicker in his eyes. He stares appreciatively at Magenta's body knowing he's paid for her for the pleasure of her company over the next thirty minutes.

And that thought really does make me wet.

The first time I had sex for money was back in college. There was a guy called Peter and I'd fancied him for an age. From the first day I'd been studying alongside him I'd wanted him. And, even though it would have been the reprehensible behaviour of a slut, I would have happily fucked him for free. More than that, I would have paid him if I'd thought he would have fucked me for the money.

But Peter was a rich college boy with no need for the little money I could have scraped together. He was tall and dark and boyishly good-looking. A wealthy relative had left him an endowment that made him seem like a lottery winner on the campus. And, to my frustration, Peter and I had fallen into the trap of being platonic best friends rather than passionate lovers.

I'd spend study nights round at his apartment and he'd provide pizza and bottles of cheap lager. I kept promising myself that I'd make a move but it never seemed like the right time. It wasn't until there came a night when we were both amicably drunk that I plucked up the courage to say something bold.

We'd been watching an old movie on TV: *Pretty Woman*. It's the film where Julia Roberts plays a whore to Richard Gere's client. As sex was a main topic throughout the film, I took the opportunity to ask Peter if he'd ever paid for sex.

He laughed. It was a strong sound that made me yearn for him. Swigging from his bottle he said, 'I've never paid for sex. What about you?'

I shook my head. I had expected to catch myself blushing but I seemed beyond embarrassment. 'Women don't pay for sex,' I reminded him. 'Women are the ones who get paid.'

He considered this and then nodded as though my point made sense. 'Then I'll rephrase the question. Have you ever been paid to have sex?'

I studied him levelly. 'Are you offering?'

He laughed again. This time I saw it was bashful laughter. He clearly sensed we were overstepping the boundaries of our platonic relationship. And, whilst that was something he had been trying to avoid, it was a barrier I was desperate to breach.

'Are you offering?' I repeated. 'I won't be offended if you try to put a price on the contents of my pants. You never know. It might be more affordable than you think.'

His cheeks were touched by twin spots of colour. It was quite endearing. 'I couldn't afford someone as classy as you.'

'Are you sure? Why don't you put some notes in my hand and see what happens?'

His mouth worked soundlessly for a moment. His eyes shone with a smile that made me desperate for him. And I could see that he was seriously considering my suggestion.

'Put some notes in my hand,' I urged, 'and I'll tell you what I'm prepared to do for that amount of money. There's only you and I in the flat this evening so I'm sure this conversation won't go any further.'

We were sitting in the kitchen of his apartment. It was

surprisingly tidy, but that was only because Peter could afford for a cleaner to visit twice a week. A glass-topped table was between us and I watched him reach into the pockets of his jeans as he struggled to find cash.

His hands were shaking.

I wasn't entirely sure, but I thought it looked like he was already sporting a modest erection that thrust at the zipper of his jeans.

In that moment the dynamics of our relationship changed.

We'd been platonic friends before. Now, Peter saw me as someone sexual. More than that, if he produced enough notes, he would see me as someone sexual that he could possess. The thought melted my loins. All that was needed was for me to maintain my integrity and be a whore – not a slut.

Peter deserved more than a mere slut.

'Here,' he said quickly. He pulled out a five-pound note and put it in my upturned palm.

I sneered. 'I wouldn't even look at your cock for that much. I certainly wouldn't do anything sexual for a fiver.'

But, even as I said the words, there was a tremor in my voice. And I was sure that Peter had heard as much. To cover my embarrassment, I lifted the note to my nostrils and pretended to study it closely.

That was when the smell first hit me.

There is a distinctive scent to a five-pound note. It smells of sex. It reminds me of the musky scent I can catch on the gusset

of my panties at the end of the day. It's a lingering aroma of arousal that taints each well-thumbed banknote. As I drank in the fragrance of the five-pound note that Peter had placed in my hand I found the intoxicating aroma had already started to make my pussy muscles clench.

Peter passed me a twenty.

He said nothing. There was only the brittle stiffness of a crisp note touching my palm. As the silence dragged on he eventually asked, 'What would you do for that?'

I yawned, feigning a boredom I had never felt in Peter's company. A boredom I could never feel. 'Double it,' I said idly, 'and I'll suck your cock.'

The words were strong enough to wrench the air from the room.

Peter swallowed. There was a moment when I thought I'd gone too far.

And then he was fumbling in his pockets trying to find more money.

I lowered my voice to a sultry whisper. 'Do you want to feel my lips around your cock?' I asked. 'I could suck you so hard for fifty pounds that you'd swear it was the best investment you ever made.'

Through the glass-topped table I could see the bulge at the front of his pants had grown considerably. Peter made no attempt to hide his arousal as he rummaged through his pockets in the search for more cash.

‘That suh-sounds pretty guh-good,’ he stammered.

‘For one hundred you can slide your cock inside me,’ I murmured. ‘My pussy is so wet for you now I think I’d drown you with it.’

I shifted in my seat so that he noticed I was wearing a short tartan skirt. It was a short tartan skirt that was visible through the glass-topped table.

He went still.

I placed my hand on the hem of the skirt and began to draw it slowly upwards. Peter’s eyes grew wider as the skirt moved higher. His mouth hung open and then he was drawing a tongue across his lips and swallowing with obvious, urgent need.

I couldn’t stop myself from grinning.

His gaze was fixed on my thighs. The hem of the skirt had crept so high that, I knew, it would be possible for him to see the white cotton crotch of my panties. I wondered if the panties looked as moist as they felt. Talking about money, and threatening to suck Peter’s cock, had made my inner muscles flow with fluid need for him. I could imagine the white centre panel of the panties was silvered with the dew from my eager sex.

I slipped the fingers of my right hand away from the hem of the skirt and brushed a fingernail against the gusset of my panties. The tickle of my own touch was almost enough to make me climax.

I snatched a staggered breath. And I held myself rigid for fear of suffering an orgasm before we’d properly done anything

together.

Peter raised his gaze to study my eyes.

‘A hundred pounds and you can slide your cock in here,’ I told him. Without allowing myself to think about the action, I tugged the crotch of my panties to one side.

I was touched by the delightful chill of the kitchen’s cold air against my exposed pussy lips. The thrill of that cool chill brought me close to exploding. I clenched the muscles of my thighs, trembling with the vibrant need I harboured for Peter. And I steeled my voice to sound cool, calm and unperturbed. ‘Do you want this?’ I asked.

‘Oh! Yes.’

I stroked a finger against my sex. The lips parted immediately, as though they were urging him to hurry up and find the necessary money. I wasn’t sure if it was the intensity of my imagination or a symptom of my arousal but I believed I could smell the piquant aroma of my need for him.

Peter began rummaging again through his pockets. He pulled out another twenty and a ten. A third twenty fell onto the table. I thought it had fallen directly in the line of his view of my pussy and I was pleased that he pushed it to one side. He stood up to delve deeper and I noticed that the thrust of his excitement was shamelessly pressing at the front of his jeans. I barely noticed as he pulled out another pair of tens. And then a twenty. I was captivated by the sight of his denim-sheathed erection.

‘That’s more than a hundred,’ I observed.

I was stroking my fingertip back and forth against the line of my labia. The flesh was maddeningly sensitive. The slippery wetness allowed my finger to glide easily against the bare flesh. Instead of touching myself I wanted to reach up and stroke the thick girth of his bulge.

‘If you’ve got more than a hundred available perhaps we could do more?’ I suggested.

‘Such as?’ Peter croaked.

I slid my finger into the wetness of my hole. The sensation was not devastating but it did send a long warm tingle throbbing deep through my sex. When I slipped the finger out, I stood up and touched it against Peter’s lip.

He closed his eyes as though in an ecstasy of bliss.

‘For two hundred pounds I’ll let you take me up the ass.’

Peter groaned.

‘For this much,’ I began. I scooped up the money and squeezed it in one fist. The sensation of the crumpled notes against my palm was a glorious spur to my excitement. I felt light-headed as I realised I was holding more than a hundred pounds of his money. I tossed the five-pound note back onto the table and held up the hundred pounds. ‘For this much, I’ll let you screw me for the next thirty minutes.’

‘Are you serious, Ma—?’

I silenced his words with a kiss. ‘When we’re playing this game you can call me Magenta. If you don’t want to call me Magenta you can call me Maggie. But you must never call me by my real

name when we're having sex for money. Do you understand?"

He shrugged instantaneous acceptance of this request. I doubt he understood the condition. I'm still not sure I understand why I made the distinction. But the important thing was that Peter didn't question my demand.

'Whatever you want, *Magenta*.'

The name sounded strangely forced, and that added to my excitement. Peter was paying to have sex. He was going to screw someone called Magenta. And I was going to get to watch the experience and take the money afterwards.

My heart raced.

And then I was taking the initiative and pushing myself against him.

His hand went clumsily to my breast. I allowed him to fumble against me for a moment and then I pushed him away. Unfastening the buttons for him, I opened my blouse and pulled my right breast free from the cup of the bra.

The nipple was stiff and sensitive to his touch.

And when Peter began to tease it between his fingertips, I came close to climaxing from the thrill of his caresses.

Our mouths met. He kissed with a slobbering need that would have been unappealing if he hadn't given me one hundred pounds. Because I could still smell traces of the money in my nostrils, his over-enthusiastic kisses were just another spur to my burgeoning excitement.

And, when he lowered his mouth to my nipple and began to

suckle against me, I told him he was doing it very well. I patted the back of his head. And I stared at the money on the table with avid appreciation.

The sex was brutally swift.

I had a pack of condoms in my purse and I rolled one over his erection. He was thick and hard – almost pulsing to my touch as I slid the rubber down his shaft. I worried that I might squeeze the come from him if I rolled it too hard.

But Peter found a moment's inner strength and resisted the urge to climax long enough for me to drag him into his bedroom and straddle him on the bed.

‘I can’t believe you and I are doing this, Ma– Magenta.’

He’d almost called me by my name. His last-moment correction made me smile. And that was when I finally managed to slide his thick shaft between my sopping pussy lips. I don’t think he’d fully filled me before my inner muscles were clenching and convulsing around him.

And, as soon as my orgasm had taken hold, I felt him thrash and pulse and climax as though he was retaliating.

I left him alone on the bed whilst I disposed of the condom and then went to retrieve my money. I counted it whilst I lay on the bed next to him. Four twenties and two tens. I’d also picked up the spare five pounds because I figured I’d earned the small bonus.

‘Have you done this before?’ he asked.

I shook my head. ‘No.’ I sniffed the money and, without

thinking, added, 'But I'll be happy to do it again and again as long as you can find the funds.'

He nodded. 'But next time,' he said, 'I want to do this at a hotel so it's more convincing.'

I nodded agreement, inhaling the fragrance on the notes he'd given me. 'I can live with that,' I agreed. 'Although I might increase my prices for hotel work.'

He thought about this for a moment and then smiled. 'If I'm paying more money, I'll expect you to behave like a real slut.'

'No,' I said calmly. 'I'll never behave like a slut. Just a whore.'

He seemed puzzled by the distinction.

Rather than explaining, I kissed him. 'Let's negotiate money,' I purred. 'Then I'll tell you what you can expect when we're next in a hotel together.'

* * *

3. Be a whore – not a slut.

I still see Peter on a regular basis. He doesn't know it but I'm exclusively his. I keep increasing my prices for him because I need the money and he can afford it. Also, paying for it makes him appreciate what he's getting. And, whilst his demands are becoming more exciting and outrageous every time we get together, I'm determined to make him pay more for each new kink he introduces to our sex life. I'm keen to let him know that I'm his whore: not his slut. And one day I think he'll appreciate the difference.

A Red Carnation

Monica Belle

‘Remember, I’ll be wearing a red carnation.’

Gemma smiled. It was a wonderfully old-fashioned touch, and most things old-fashioned appealed to her, at least when it came to men. Too many were either pushy, or needy, or just plain crazy, but John had behaved like a gentleman from the start and as she got up from the computer she had crossed her fingers in hope that he might at last prove to be the right one. If so, she reflected, it was about time. John would be her twenty-first internet date. Of the previous twenty, twelve had been unsuitable for one reason or another, five had failed to turn up at all, and three had looked so awful that she’d sneaked away from the rendezvous instead of introducing herself.

Those last three had taught her an important lesson, to always make sure that she could pick him out from a crowd but not vice versa. John seemed nice, gentlemanly but masculine too, with a touch of the paternal that gave her a pleasant sensation of weakness, but then she’d felt the same way about Ian. Online Ian had been suave, voluble and firm without ever going over the boundary, while his pictures had shown a tall, slim man in early middle age, with an intelligent face and a touch of grey at his temples. When she had arrived at the pub where they’d agreed to

meet she'd found the same man, but in the sixty-year-old edition, with a bulbous red nose and no hair at all, while his hand had been on her knee and sneaking slowly up her skirt within five minutes of meeting.

She went to make coffee, her tummy still tight after her conversation with John and her mind racing for the possibilities he offered. It had been a long time, far too long, and for all her need for a gentle but firm seduction by a man under complete self-control she found her thoughts turning to more earthy matters: the feel of strong, masculine hands on her body, the sense of utter vulnerability once her legs were wide and his weight was on top of her and, most of all, the feel of a thick excited cock easing into her vagina. Back at the computer she logged on to her favourite social networking site in an effort to concentrate on something other than the sense of need in her head and between her thighs, but nobody she really wanted to talk to was online and she quickly gave up. She closed her eyes as she unfastened her jeans, speaking to herself as she slipped a hand down the front of her panties.

'You are a disgrace, Gemma, but never mind. One last time and then I'll have a man, with any luck. Please, God, let this be the one.'

* * *

The knot in Gemma's stomach had been growing tighter with every clack of the train's wheels. It had always been the same, with every date, her tension rising throughout the journey to

reach a peak when the moment came to meet her man. Instead of fading, the sensation had been growing worse, and this time was no exception. What had begun as a fairly casual exercise after the break-up of her marriage had grown ever more desperate, her need ever greater, the disappointment of failure ever sharper. Still she was determined not to compromise, and to present herself as well as she possibly could. For John, and an evening out in the city centre, she had perfected her hair and make-up before slipping into a pair of lacy, figure-hugging panties, which left no trace of their presence beneath the indigo silk of her evening gown, along with sheer stockings and heels to match her dress. Even with a coat on over the top she was drawing glances, some merely curious but many admiring, which gave a much-needed boost to her confidence as she stepped from the train.

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