

STREETWALKER



STORIES

erotic tales of
girls on the walk



STREETWALKER STORIES

Erotic Tales of Girls on the Walk

Edited by Miranda Hendrix

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Streetwalker Stories is an explicit erotic collection intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior including sex work, prostitution, public sex, forced feminization, erotic humiliation, role play, female domination, male domination, and other kinds of sexual behavior. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for *Streetwalker Stories: Erotic Tales of Girls on the Walk*

Miranda Hendrix delivers a dozen kinky streetwalker fantasies! Hot submissive females role-play prostitution scenes with their Masters or pimped out to show their submission; forcibly feminized sissies are ordered to walk the walk for their Mistresses and real working girls shake it for a buck -- and encountering their own intensely erotic scenes along the way!

With twelve stories and 40,000 words of erotica, "Streetwalker Stories" is a walk on the wild side for anyone who loves street-side eroticism and sex work fantasies.

"Streetwalker Stories" is an explicit erotic collection intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior including sex work fantasies, public and semi-public sex, female and male domination, erotic humiliation, forced feminization, and other kinds of sexual behavior. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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"Getting Dirty" first appeared in *Sweet Life 2: Erotic Fantasies for Couples*, edited by Violet Blue. Cleis Press, 2003. Copyright © 2003 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Getting Dirty by Erica Dumas

I can smell the bay, a foggy breeze coming up 16th Street at my heels. I'm dressed to kill: tight blue PVC shorts and a red top, just like every stereotype of a whore in any Hollywood movie. And I'm a real whore tonight, a whore with a heart of gold.

I turn off onto Capp Street, bathed in yellow sodium light to match the stink of human urine. If this was the 1st or the 15th, it would be hopping, but tonight it's relatively quiet. I hear the car coming up

behind me, and a shiver runs up my spine. I turn, step off the curb into the alley and look at the driver, waving, my best whore-smile pasted on my face. It's a businessman, his tie undone, his suit rumpled. Maybe coming from the strip clubs in North Beach, finding himself too horny to go home without some satisfaction. I feel a shudder of relief and disappointment as he goes past, his eyes studiously avoiding me. I take a deep breath, smelling ammonia and dead pigeons. I step back onto the sidewalk and hear a shout from the empty lot. "Hey, hooker! You want some action, whore?" I squint my eyes: Five or six young men, black and Latino, drinking from paper bags. One of them gets up to

walk toward me, making kissing noises. I feel the cold grip of fear. That's when I hear the shout from behind me -- rude and insistent.

"Damn, now that's what I like to see for sale!"

I turn, bending down to peer in the window of the Jaguar. I see you, your dark eyes invisible in the shadows. I pray my voice doesn't shake as I smile and ask you: "Want a date?"

"How much?" The youths are all up, now, shuffling slowly as if waiting for you to go before they surround me. I want to name a figure as low as possible

so you'll accept, give me a chance to get out of here.

"Eighty bucks," I say. "Full service." This time my voice *is* shaking, for real.

You laugh. "Too much."

"It's only fifty for a blowjob," I tell you, glancing over my shoulder, trying not to look like I'm glancing over my shoulder.

"Too much," you repeat. You hit the button and the window starts rolling up with a dull hum.

They're all shouting, crowding up

behind me, now. One of them reaches out and grabs my waist, saying "Don't go with the gringo, baby, come home with me!" I can feel his crotch grinding against my ass, his cock hard in his pants. Another one starts rubbing his crotch and leans in toward me, one hand against the car. His cock's hard as well. My heart is pounding, my throat constricting with terror. I tell myself there's no way you're going to leave me; I know you care too much to just ditch me like this. Pulling away from the other men, I bend over toward your window. In one smooth motion, I pull down my shirt, smile and wink at you.

"Make me an offer," I say, watching

your eyes caress my tits. The boys are hooting and hollering, groping me, saying "Come on, man, just keep driving, we'll take care of her!" and "Don't you know better than to mess with whores?" and "Yeah, baby, show him your tits, that'll convince him!" I feel the hard one's cock against my ass as I bend down further to let you see my tits better. "Make me an offer," I beg, pinching my nipples.

"I'll give you twenty-five for full service," I hear you say, your voice aggressive, demanding, and I know there's no negotiating, which is what makes me say "Thirty." You shake your head. "For thirty bucks I want it all," you

say, and I see the window go up, feel the hot bodies against mine as fear stabs through me. I push myself up against the car door as I hear the elated shouts around me, feel a pair of hands on my bare breasts, and now I'm pulling away from them and push my breasts up against the cold glass of the window, feeling the nipples harden against the smooth surface even as one of the hands around me starts to unzip my hot pants.

I'm so scared when I feel them undressing me, for an instant I think I'm going to wet my pants, as if they weren't wet already. You just keep driving. My voice cracks as I shriek out: "All right, thirty, thirty for around-the-world," but you don't stop, and I shout "Twenty-five!

Twenty-five," and you flip me off. I'm desperate, terrified, feeling hands down my pants and rubbing hard between my legs, fingers pressing the thin PVC deep between my lips, and once they get that zipper down there won't be any PVC between their fingers and my crotch. I feel lips kissing my legs, hot breath and tongue on the back of my neck, fingers pinching my exposed nipples, hands tangling in my long hair. I'm desperate, tears of terror forming in my eyes, but you don't even look up at me until I scream "All right, twenty! Twenty bucks! Twenty bucks for everything, around the world for twenty dollars, mister, and I got a real nice back door!" You brake, look at me as I pull my top

back up, glance around to see all the faces and hands swirling around me. You cock your head toward the Jag's passenger door. "Fuck off!" I shout to the guys all around me, pushing them back, shoving their hands off of me, kicking and spitting, grabbing wrists and twisting to get them out of my hair. I get away, scurry around the back of the car. I hear the disappointed shouts, curses in Spanish and English. I realize I should have gone around the front of your car; what if you change your mind and decide to drive off all of a sudden? I know there's no chance of that, but it all seems so real I can almost believe you would.

The door lock goes popping up; I

open the door and get in as the guys crowd around. They don't try to stop the car; you floor it and I see their upthrust fingers in the side mirror as I pull my top back down, my hands shaking. I look over at you and smile nervously, feeling my stomach melt as you give me that cruel, heartless look I so rarely get. I can really believe that you don't care that you almost got me raped -- and do I really know any better? "What's your name?" I ask.

"Jake," you tell me, and I love that. It's the name you use when we're playing together, when you have to be the sort of bastard I so want you to be. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," I say, cleanly shaving ten years. Not because I need to be young, but because any street whore would probably bullshit you.

You snort in disgust. "Yeah, right. How old are you really?"

"All right," I say, smiling. "Nineteen." Not the answer you were expecting, but you just smile grimly.

"I'm Cassie," I tell you. "It was twenty-five, right? For full service?"

"Twenty. For around the world," you growl, and I feel a quiver inside me that

tells me you're not taking any shit. "And I hear you got a real nice back door."

I smile. "Oh, yeah, that's right. Twenty."

"Reach in my front pocket," you tell me.

I smile and reach into the pocket of your scratchy wool pants. There's a small roll of bills in there and the feel of it in my hand gives me a surge of pleasure. I take it out and my heart sinks. I count out two crumpled twenties.

"Put one back," you say.

I hold it out for you; you snatch it and stuff it in your shirt pocket. I scowl at you but tuck the single bill into my boot.

Then I brighten, knowing it's time to start really working. "Where do you want to go? I know a parking lot that's good, over on Harrison. Or we could always park and get a room, if you want to pay for a whole hour -- that'd be another \$20."

"I don't need an hour," you tell me, and then "Twin Peaks" as you turn right on 18th Street.

"There's a lot of cops up there," I say.

"They won't mess around with us," you answer. "I've always wanted to take a whore up there."

"I'd like that," I say, and that's what I am: your whore, being taken up to Twin Peaks so you can use me, around-the-world, use every part of me for twenty dollars. In my real life, I bill at two-forty an hour, and I spend all those hours with my clothes on except when I'm reading briefs in the bathtub.

You growl at me: "You don't kiss, do you?"

"Kiss?"

"On the lips."

"If you want to," I say coquettishly.

"I don't want you to kiss me. I know where that mouth's been."

"All right," I say. "I don't have to kiss you. It's easier that way, anyway."

"Good. And don't talk too much."

I lean against you and let my hand drop into your lap, gently massaging your crotch as I take a deep breath and smell your sweat. I don't have my seat belt on, another turn-on – I haven't ridden without my seat-belt since I was

16. I feel you getting hard against my palm. I lean harder and press my cheek against the bulge in your pants. I start to kiss your hard cock through your pants.

"Don't take it out while I'm driving," you say as I feel the car tipping and turning. We're mounting the hill, the Jag's suspension taking the curves effortlessly as you drive much too fast.

"Don't worry," I say. "I just want to kiss it a little. Through your pants."

But I don't just want to kiss it through your pants; I want to take it out and gulp it down, and I can feel myself getting wet under my tight PVC pants, my juices

slicking up the smooth inside of them since I'm not wearing any panties. I rub my hand over your cock and inhale deeply, smelling you and loving it with all my being.

We reach the summit. You put the Jag in park and pull the emergency brake. I sit up and look out at the city, at the million bright lights diffused by the ether of the fog like fairy dust lit by a blowtorch.

"It's so beautiful up here," I say. "It's gorgeous."

Which is when I feel your hand snaking through my hair, pushing me

down roughly. Just like in my fantasy, the fantasy I've related to you more times than there are lights in San Francisco. You push my face into your crotch and I don't need to be told twice. I fumble with your belt and unzip your pants. Your cock is hard and sweaty, unwashed after a long day at the office. I smell the sharpness of your pre-cum, the muskiness of your crotch, and I know exactly how it will taste.

I part my lips, take a deep breath and gulp you all the way down in one smooth movement, deep-throating your cock as if I've been practicing on it for years, which I have. I feel my lips tickled by your pubic hair, hold my breath as long

as I can, then come up for air and lick your head all over. You grunt softly, your hand still tangled in my hair, guiding me up and down as I suck you. I lick up and down the shaft, tease your balls out of your jockey shorts to lick them. You pull me back up to the top of your cock, your other hand guiding it into position. You push me down, almost choking me as I swallow you. I stay down even longer this time, seeing stars before you let me up to lick your head and pump your shaft with my spit-slick hand.

I look up at you, my eyes wide. I talk like a whore, or at least like all the whores do in my world. "You like that,

baby? I love sucking your cock. You've got such a nice big cock." Then you grip my hair and I take you down again, feeling your smooth shaft glide down my wide-open throat. When I come up I rub you all over my face and feel the spittle cooling my cheeks.

"That pussy any better than that mouth?"

"It's real nice," I smile up at you.
"Want to try it?"

"You're not going to give me any shit about how I have to use a condom, are you?"

My stomach churns as I think about the feeling of your naked cock in my pussy, seeming so new as I contemplate it. "Not if you don't want to," I say cheerfully.

"Then yeah, I'll try it. Get those shorts off," you say.

I squirm on the plush seat of the Jag, unzipping the zippers in the front and the back of the kinky little garment, then snug them down over my hips and wriggle out of them. I'm not wearing anything underneath, anything at all, and my pussy's as slick with sweat under the sticky PVC as it is with the juice of my arousal. I lean back in the seat and

spread my legs, fingering my pussy, feeling a lightning bolt of pleasure shoot up my spine as I slide one finger in.

"How you want me? Front seat or back? You want me doggy style? I love to be fucked doggy style."

You reach over me and pop my seat while pushing back on my chest; I go flat on my back in an instant, and you scramble over me and position yourself between my legs. You don't even give me the slightest warm-up – whores aren't supposed to need foreplay. I spread wide and moan softly as I feel the head of your cock against my pussy. It slides in effortlessly, bringing a gasp from me

as the head of your cock hits my cervix, jarring me but making me grind my hips up against you. I reach my hands down into your pants and cup your buttocks as I feel them flex with exertion as you begin to fuck me. Your cock feels so familiar yet so unfamiliar sliding into my whore's pussy, and I'm so close to my orgasm I'm afraid I'll come too soon and spoil the illusion. Whores aren't supposed to enjoy it *this* much, are they?

I'm cooing into your ear as I lick your salty neck, as your hot breath caresses my bare shoulders with each grunt. "Oh, yeah, baby, I love that. I love that so much. This is my favorite position, baby."

"I thought you said you liked doggy style," you say.

"I like that one, too."

"Then get on your knees."

"It's easier in the back seat."

You pull yourself off of me and lean back. "Go ahead. What was your name again."

"It's Cassie, Jake."

You don't seem impressed that I remembered your name. You nod toward

the back seat and I climb over and get on my hands and knees. "What if the cops come by?" I ask.

"Don't worry about it," you say, and get into the back seat behind me, your hips pressing up against my naked ass. It's incredibly cramped in here and you have to lean forward to keep from hitting your head on the roof of the car, which makes you press your body against mine, and the heat excites me.

You enter me in one smooth thrust again, my pussy feeling tighter in this position, your cock feeling bigger. I moan as I rock back and forth in time with your thrusts; I'm incredibly close,

now. Your hips pump against me, driving your cock harder and harder into me with each thrust. I feel your body slapping against my thighs, your fingernails digging in to the flesh of my ass. I want to say something dirty, filthy, but I can't speak; I'm tottering on the brink of orgasm.

"You're really wet," you growl.
"You're getting off on this aren't you? You loved being fucked like this, don't you?"

"Yeah," I manage to gasp. "I love your cock. You're going to make me come, baby. I'm going to come for you, Jake. You like it when your whores

come for you?"

"Can you come with a cock in your ass?"

I stop moving, only half-feigning the shock and strain in my voice. "N—no. I mean, I never have." And yet, I remember what I promised you, and the knowledge that you're taking me there sends another surge into my pussy, making my muscles clench around your cock. "Wh-what do you mean?"

"You said around the world."

"Yeah, but—"

You pull out of me, move up slightly, lean heavily on my body to get your cock into position as you pry open my cheeks with your thumbs. I feel the head of your cock pressing against my puckered anus as you begin to work it in. Your cock is so wet with my juices – but that's not why it pops in so easily, making me gasp and almost sob in terrified pleasure. I'm so unused to being entered there; the sensation of your cock sliding in makes my stomach go all liquid, makes my body shudder as I mount toward orgasm. But none of that is why it slides in so easily; the lubricating suppository I inserted earlier makes my ass slick and open, ready and willing to take your cock. That's why, as I feel your balls

snuggling up against my ass cheeks, I feel the first spasms of my climax beginning, even as I push back against you hard, forcing your cock into me as deeply as it will go. Then you're pumping, too, and I'm coming harder, riding the wave of orgasm, feeling you fuck me there, in my darkest spot, grunting "Come on, take it, Cassie" as you thrust into me, as you suddenly go rigid and I feel your cock pulsing in my tight hole, just as, totally unexpectedly, I reach my second orgasm and come on your pumping cock. As you fill me full of your essence.

"Oh, yeah," I moan hoarsely. "Your cock is so good, Jake."

You just lay on top of me for a minute, breathing hard into my ear, your breath hot on me. I reach back and caress your face.

"That was so good," I whisper. "Did you like that, Jake?"

"I'll take you back down," you say, and reach down to zip up. I lay there on my belly still feeling you inside me, feeling my ass slick with lube and your come. This is part of it, for me – being used and then discarded, no strings, no attachments. No matter how many years we've been together, you know just how to abandon me.

You buckle your belt, climb into the driver's seat, and start the car. As we twist down the Twin Peaks curves, I struggle into the front seat.

"Don't get come on the upholstery," you tell me. "My wife rides in this car."

I almost can't resist laughing, but I manage to suppress the urge. I turn onto my side so as not to rub my lube-and-come-slick crack against the seat, and I wriggle back in to the skintight PVC shorts. Now it feels *really* wet in there, my pussy mingled with your come mingled with lube. I zip up and buckle the little belt just as you turn onto 18th

Street.

"Same place OK?"

"Take me up to 16th," I tell you.

"There's more action up there this time of night."

"All right. Capp?"

"Make it Mission. Right here's just fine."

You pull up to the curb. "Thanks," I say.

And you don't thank me; you just say "See you" like it was nothing.

I get out of the car. By now it's 2:00 in the morning, and the last thing I want to do is be alone on these streets. Lucky thing the parking garage is right here.

I look around one last time, remembering all the times when, coming back from an expensive dinner in the Castro or Noe Valley, you and I took a little detour and drove past this low-rent red-light district, me craning my head to get a better look and you chuckling, knowing the surge of fantasy that was going through my body and mind at the moment I saw the tawdry hookers parading their wares to the passing cars. I remember how you would reach over

and slip your hand between my thighs, stroke my pussy through my jeans or under my skirt. How you would tell me how wet I was, how some day you were going to turn me out onto Capp Street. And that night was tonight -- finally, like the sudden realization of every fantasy I've ever had, every sex dream I've ever confessed to you.

The Latino parking attendant eyes me suspiciously, his eyes devouring me with everything he's got.

"Busy night?" he asks as I give him the ticket. The side of his mouth twists in a smile.

"I'll say," I tell him.

"That'll be twenty dollars."

I can't help but smirk as I bend down and take the crumpled bill out of my black knee-high boot. I hand him the money; he hands me my exit ticket.

"Take it easy," he tells me, and I blow him a kiss.

As I mount the onramp to the bridge, the Honda ticking and purring, I try not to speed; I want you to get home before I do, so you're showered and clean, scrubbed rosy and lying in bed, maybe even thinking about me, your cock hard

when I walk in still dirty from my walk
on the wild side, my mouth watering to
taste how clean your cock is.

Because then I'll get to make you dirty
all over again. Just the way I like you.
Though I doubt you'll ever be as dirty as
me.

"Police Harassment" first appeared in *Hard Blue*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Police Harassment by Amory Hubbard

The secret is to pull up your skirt just enough so he can see the lace at the top of your fishnets, and the place where your garters hitch to the stockings. Do that, and he won't notice anything else, except his hardening cock aching for your mouth. That's the secret. That's how you get the guy who would never, ever want a girl like you. That's how you get the guy with a family, the guy with kids, the guy who would never, ever pay for it in a million years. That's how you get the guy who hates himself for wanting you,

hates himself for getting hard, hates himself for liking it, hates himself most of all for coming down your throat. But still he can't stop his cock from leading him back to you until he fishes out a twenty, hands it to you, and gets dragged by his cock right down your throat, like Jonah into the belly of the whale. That's how you break him.

My last trick was an older man, old enough to be my grandfather, maybe my great-grandfather, white-haired and flabby. Despite the little blue pill he popped when he passed me the first time, it took him twenty minutes to come in my mouth, twenty minutes of fucking my face so roughly that my throat is raw

and swollen and my neck aches almost as much as my crotch. He vanished into the streetlight glare as I opened my rhinestone handbag and take out my lipstick, painting my lips back on, even thicker this time, bright red, cocksucker red, as if having such full, kissable lips will erase the memory of a stranger's cock hammering down my throat, and the way it made me feel deep under my skirt even as the boredom and shame pumped into me with his come.

I have to pretend I'm all mouth. I can't have a pussy; I can't be a full person. I don't need to be. I just have to be a mouth that'll suck all comers, gulp all come, and the way it makes my crotch

ache and throb is something I can't possibly think about, because there's only one thing even dirtier than giving blowjobs to grandfathers for twenty bucks in a back alley. And that's liking it.

I take out a paper-wrapped chunk of bubblegum, pop it into my mouth to wash away the taste of his come, sharp and rank. I tuck his four five-dollar bills into my handbag, letting them join the other crumpled ones and fives, tens and twenties. I light a cigarette and inhale smoke around the big wad of sickly-sweet bubblegum I got the last time I went to the barber. I lean against the rough concrete wall and let the lights of

passing cars bathe my fishnet-clad legs, hoping one of them will like what he sees. I tug the hem of my short electric-blue skirt down and arch my back to expose more of my smooth belly under the tight baby-T that cups my breasts so tightly.

You drive down the alley toward me, the headlights of your patrol car turned off. I don't even see you; I hear your brakes squeak as you pull up close to me. I turn to flee and run smack into your partner, a beefy black officer almost a foot taller than me. He's young, in his early twenties, and so buffed out he could probably break me in two.

"Hold on there, Romeo," he growls, grabbing me by the wrists and pushing me back into the alley. "We just want to talk. Yeah, that's it. Talk."

I see the big shadow of you, getting out of the patrol car and slipping your baton into its holster. You're obviously the top in this relationship; you make a casual gesture to your partner and he shoves me against the hood of the patrol car.

Even though it's late, the streetlights on sixth make it so bright that it almost makes sense that you're wearing your mirrored aviator sunglasses. But you take them off so you can see me better.

Your eyes flicker over my muscular legs sheathed in fishnets. They move up to caress the slight bulge at the front of my too-tight skirt -- it always pops out when I'm giving blowjobs. You look at my tits and your eyes linger over them. You take in my torted-up face, almost as if you're appreciating the hard curve of my jaw, the too-thin lips plumped up by cocksucker's paint. My own eyes are painted so bright and thick with mascara and eye shadow that they sting and burn every time my eyes water from a cock down my throat. I blush and feel ashamed as you look into them; I try to look down. But you reach out, grab my stubbled chin, pinch it between your thumb and forefinger and compel me to

turn my face up toward you, meeting your gaze. You stare into my whore's eyes. Your face is cruel, your mouth twisted in a half-smile of total control. But I don't see in it the contempt I saw on your partner's face.

My painted eyes feel achy, painted so thick I can barely see anything through the haze of knowing how slutty I look. But they look at you -- first in your eyes, cold as ice, and then flickering down over your body, tight and lithe and muscled in your close-fitting black uniform. I see your slim hips, your strapped-down tits, your broad shoulders, the little moustache and goatee you haven't quite managed to

shave. And that makes my crotch ache even more than the old man's cock did when it plumbed my tight throat.

"Working late tonight, honey?" you ask me. I look down, my face flushing red.

"He's working, all right," says your partner viciously, his face twisted in disgust. "I wonder if he takes it in the ass or just down the throat."

You shoot him an even more vicious look, plainly fed up with your rookie partner.

"You're gonna find out," you tell him.

"Haul out that thing you like to brag about."

Your partner sputters. "What the fuck? You ain't--"

"Haul it out," you snap, your voice so hard I can't imagine anyone arguing with it. But he does.

"I don't swing that way," he says.
"Listen, I know the other guys--"

"It's your first night on patrol, Baker," you tell him, your eyes never leaving mine -- holding them with a passion that tells me there's no way I'm going to escape having your partner's hard cock

rammed down my throat. "You're a Sixth-Street debutante, bitch. Now you like to brag about that thing between your legs, motherfucker -- let's see it!"

Baker utters a strangled squeal, like he's going to choke to death. That's when you turn your eyes away from me, and Baker turns to jelly. I can't see him because I'm still staring at you, even though you're turned away from me. The lines of your face are beautiful, sculpted like a marble statue. Your hair is almost shaved on the sides. Underneath I see a women's symbol tattoo cut into your skull in bright red, dripping blood. It says "Menstrual Pride, Bitch!" under the symbol in tiny horror-movie letters.

I can't see him because I've fallen into your tattoo, into your head, into your body. I can feel my crotch throbbing so bad it hurts as my cock presses against the black lace panties I picked up for 99 cents at the back-alley liquor store that also sells crack pipes. I feel my cock swelling till it pops out of the lace and pushes against the front of my skirt, dampening it. My skirt creeps up as my cock stretches it up my thighs, until the lace tops of my fishnets are visible, along with my garters.

I can't see him, but I hear the rattle of his belt buckle, even the zip of his pants. The alley's almost silent, the sounds of

traffic and screaming psychos down on the corner having faded away until we're in a bubble where the only things that exist are Baker's cock and my mouth, and your hand clutched on my chin, forcing my face up.

"Not bad," you say. "But ten inches might be pushing it a little, Baker. You got a ruler at home?"

"It...it ain't hard," he says, his voice shaking.

"Trust me, it'll be hard once this whore starts to suck you," you tell him. "But ten inches....I doubt it, Baker. Man, am I glad I didn't sleep with you -- I

would have been so disappointed. Probably would have kicked you out of bed."

I want to see the shame on his face, the embarrassment at presenting his manhood for your evaluation. But I can't, because you've still got your hand on my face and won't let me turn. And all I can do is stare at the side of your head and drink in the bloody slash of your tattoo until it makes my mouth water.

You turn me, push me toward your partner, force me down onto my knees in front of him, my face inches from his half-hard cock. Except that you couldn't force me to do anything, because I'll do

whatever you say. I can smell Baker's crotch, rich and musky and unwashed, the scent of his maleness making my cock grow still more until it throbs so painfully against my ultra-tight skirt that I long to take it out.

I hear you unclipping something from your belt, feel you pushing it into my hand.

It's a tape measure.

"What's your name, honey?"

"Naomi," I tell you.

Baker gives a little snort of derision,

but it sounds nervous, uncomfortable, helpless. He knows he's going to fuck my throat, and it kills him.

"All right, Naomi. Get Baker here hard all the way and tell me how long his prick is. I want to be able to put it on his fitness evaluation."

I look up and see the terror on Baker's face; he doesn't know if you're serious.

But I know. I take out my bubblegum and hold it in my left hand while I grab him around his balls with my right. In an instant, I've got Baker's soft cock in my lipsticked mouth and I'm bobbing up and

down on it like there's no tomorrow. My cock pulses with every stroke of my mouth over Baker's shaft. I reach deeper into his uniform pants to grip his balls and guide his cock; his nuts are big and heavy and shaved smooth. I listen to Baker alternating between strangled yelps of protest and long moans of pleasure. It can't be fifteen seconds later that I feel my face being lifted high over his crotch. Pushed up by his shaft as it hardens. I try to get him into my throat but he's too thick. That's never happened before. Baker's cock is so big I can't swallow it, but I struggle to take it into me as I feel the thick head pressing against my entrance.

"Nice job, Naomi. Now measure it."
you tell me.

I slide my mouth off his cock,
breathing hard from trying to deep-throat
him. I open the tape measure and draw a
path from the top of Baker's nuts to the
tip of his head, glistening with spit and
pre-come. His chocolate-brown shaft
has turned russet with the thick smear of
my lipstick.

"What do you know?" you say,
bending over to read the tape measure.
"Nine and a half. Pretty close."

Baker swallows hard and mutters
something I can't understand, his voice a

squeak that makes him sound like a schoolboy trying to explain why he didn't know the capital of Texas. Then he clears his throat and manages to say it, his voice quavering.

"You....you measure from the base of the balls."

"Not in my department, bitch." You laugh.

I don't see what the big deal is; Baker's cock is so fucking big that another half-inch would render it entirely unsuckable. Especially since the head is so thick it practically chokes me whenever it pushes against the entrance

to my throat. It's a good-sized cock, no doubt about it. Maybe that's why I descend on it again, without being told, opening my mouth wide and working Baker's cock up and down, my pierced tongue sliding along the underside and sucking his pre-come off the head. My cock is pushing through my skirt. My hips rock back and forth and I can feel the tight stroke of the elastic skirt against the head of my cock. I know it's damp by now, the front of my skirt. I know it's soaking with my pre-come.

I feel your heat behind me, one arm pushing under me as you bend over. You yank up my skirt and free my cock.

"Stroke it. Come on Baker's boots."

I obediently let go of Baker's nuts and wrap my hand around my shaft. I start pumping my cock, and with that, Baker's head finally pops into my throat; I swallow, holding my breath, amazed that even my well-trained throat can take such a mammoth cock. Baker is leaning back against the car, now, his hands on the top of my head. He's moaning. He's gasping. I'm going to make this son of a bitch come.

Now you're pushed against Baker, your hand tangled in his hair.

"You wanted to fuck me, Baker?"

You're fucking me now. This is how I fuck guys on the force. Fuck this, faggot."

That makes me suck him harder, pounding his cock down my throat. And it doesn't slow Baker down at all; on the contrary, his hips begin to pump and surge, his helpless little piggy squeal rising in volume as you kiss him hard, ramming your tongue down his throat even as you wrap your fingers around it. I glance up to see Baker struggling against the squeeze of your fingers as you hold his carotid tight; maybe that's what sends him over the edge, makes his whole body shudder, makes his cock explode, pumping hot, salty semen down my throat. The taste of it makes my head

spin and my body seethe warm and hungry for more, and I suck him eagerly as my own cock erupts, shooting jizz all over Baker's tactical boots. I hear his strangled moan turning almost into a sob, muffled chokes bursting into your wide open mouth as you savage his, and I think that you've broken him. I don't know; it's so hard to break a cop. But he's definitely been taught a lesson. When I pull my mouth off his softening cock and you release his throat, I look up to see his face wet, tears streaming down it. From struggling for air or realizing he loves having his cock down a faggot whore's throat? Who knows? Who cares?

Fuck 'im.

Baker leans there against the patrol car, breathing hard, gasping for air. I stay kneeling before him, smelling his crotch stronger than ever. I lick the last remnants of come off his soft cockhead, and he squeals as my pierced tongue teases the too-sensitive pisshole. I rub the ball of my piercing against it and he gasps.

You smile into his face, your lips close to his.

"Every guy on the force tells me all I have to do is just give him a chance to fuck me right, and he'll change me," you

say, your rich voice almost tender in its satisfaction -- almost turned girly with how happy you are. "Funny how they're always the ones who get changed."

You sound like a high school slut who just got a new Jonas Brothers notebook and a packet of candy-scented highlighters.

Your hand slides into your belt pouch and then down to my face. I reach up and take the bills you offer -- \$300, fresh from the ATM, just like last time. Just like when you and I used to turn tricks in the penthouse of the Beaumont -- \$700 for you, \$300 for me, because all I did was suck and you put out, pussy and ass

and everything. That was back when police harassment meant something very different to me than it does now, back when you had to hand out blowjobs and even full service, and I had to take a beating every now and then to keep from ending up in jail. Before you joined the force. Not one of the pigs who fucked your face has ever recognized you, and they've all come down my throat, humiliated. You used to pluck and shave and preen to make yourself right for the job. Now it comes naturally. Your uniform used to be very, very different than it is tonight. Mine's still the same.

"What say you and I go back to my place after our shift, Baker?" you croon

into his ear. "I've got a real nice strap-on with your name on it."

Baker's eyes are wide with terror.

I'm still holding my half-chewed wad of bubblegum, and I pop it back into my mouth. I look up at Baker's face, smile at him, blow him a kiss.

Then I get to my feet and back away, leaving you two lovebirds to your fate. I tuck the \$300 into my garter belt, then saunter to the far side of the alley, adjusting my skirt and panties as I go, and lean against the wall in full view of approaching cars. Looking in my little compact, I replace my lipstick, now

drying on Baker's freshly initiated cock. I pop my bubblegum and light a cigarette, easing my fishnet-clad leg into the path of the flickering headlights.

I pull up my skirt, just enough so he can see the lace at the top of my fishnets, and the place where my garters hitch to the stockings. When I do that, I don't notice anything else, except my hardening cock and my mouth aching for his. That's how I get the guy who thinks he would never, ever want a girl like me. That's how I get the guy who hates himself for wanting me, but can't stop his cock from leading him right up to me to get dragged by his cock down my throat, like Jonah into the belly of the whale.

That's how you and I break them.

"A Date at South Station" first appeared in *Afternoon Delight*, edited by Alison Tyler. Cleis Press, 2009. Copyright © 2009 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

A Date at South Station by Xavier Acton

South Station was not in the best part of town, which is why it was so freakin' weird that Shannon wanted to be picked up there. "I've got a meeting there," Shannon had told him. "My car's in the shop."

"What the hell kind of meeting do you have at South Station?" he'd asked.

She'd gotten a weird look on her face -- pleased, but enigmatic. She said:

"Actually, it's more of a date." When he looked confused, she said "Don't ask questions you don't want to know the answer to, Hon."

"Hon?"

She'd rolled her eyes.

"And you're taking the underground there? I don't think that's very safe."

"I'll cab it from the office. Oh, and I'm going to leave my raincoat in your trunk."

"Your raincoat? What the fuck?"

"In case it's cold when you pick me up."

"It's been over 100."

"Don't ask questions, darling. It doesn't become you."

So here Keith was at eight on a Friday, cruising down West Blake between the South Station entrance and a parking garage with barred gates and armed guards. He was more than a little nervous even just driving here in the new Porsche; he kind of felt like he was advertising for a carjacking. As a matter of fact, he thought that was what was happening when suddenly a whore in a

tight skirt and tube-top stepped out in front of him. Traffic was slow and he was only going about fifteen miles an hour, so he slammed on the brakes as she came toward the car. He panicked: he'd read about this; she distracts him while some guy comes up -- wait, was that Shannon?

She came up to the driver's side window and bent down low, her perfect round apple-tits hanging out of the tiny tube top.

"Shannon?" he asked.

"Want a date, Hon?" she asked him. Her hair was bobbed and freshly bleached -- or she was wearing a wig.

The red tube top was practically see-through, and the skirt was far from decent. She had a black dog collar around her pale throat. He couldn't be sure, but she looked nothing like Shannon -- except that she did. "Oooh, this is a nice car, is this yours? Take me for a ride!" She said "ride" with a salacious dragging-out of all its syllables -- all eight of them, the way she said it.

"Shannon, is that you?"

"Sure," she said. "You can call me 'Shannon' if you like." She shimmied her body and flashed her perfect tits at him. "I'll be anyone you like."

Keith desperately looked around for cops or drug dealers. "Get in the car!" he snapped.

"Don't have to ask me twice," said Shannon, opening the door of the Porsche and slipping in to the deep bucket seats. Her legs splayed and her skirt climbed up; even through the shock and dismay, Keith had to admit her legs looked damn good in that short skirt and those impossibly high heels.

A low-rider behind him honked. He hit the gas before Shannon even closed the door, and she tittered. "Can't wait, can you, baby? Don't worry, I won't

make you."

"Have you gone fucking insane?" he asked as he steered through the heavy traffic and looked for a place to turn off and cut back to the freeway. "Are you totally crazy?"

She got an innocent look on her face.

"Crazy for you, baby," she said. "Your car turns me on. You can't expect a girl to let a car like this just drive by, can you?" She curled up in the seat without putting on her seat belt, leaning close to him and caressing the side of his face with the long fake fingernails of her left hand -- those, too, were new. "Can you

blame a girl for wanting to meet a nice guy like you and have some fun?" He hadn't noticed her other hand creeping toward him, and as she said "Fun" she stuck her hand in his crotch. He yelped softly and swerved a bit.

"Could you put on your seat belt?" he asked hoarsely.

"Uh-uh," said Shannon, caressing his crotch through his dress pants. His cock began to stiffen. She made a pleased, soft sighing noise. "Not until you tell me how bad you want me, baby." She leaned close and drew her tongue in a circle around his ear. "It's \$50 to get my sweet sweet mouth on your big fucking

cock, Hon, and \$100 if you want to go all the way."

Keith breathed hard. His cock was getting very hard, and in between strokes, Shannon would play with his belt buckle.

"A hundred bucks?"

The beam of a streetlight crossed her face, and Keith realized suddenly why she'd looked so strangely different -- her normally brown eyes were bright blue; she was wearing new contacts. With the blonde hair, she looked like a completely different person; the fact that he'd recognized her at all was a

testament to that perfectly unmistakable button nose of hers and how many hours he spent looking at her body, which was so completely exposed in the slutty little outfit.

"Uh-huh," she said. "A hundred bucks to fuck me. If that's too rich for your blood, Hon," she smiled, "I think you'll love what my mouth will do on a hard cock."

He couldn't decide if he was titillated or freaked out, and he wasn't sure he wanted to play along -- but fuck, she looked good in that outfit...

"Eighty," he growled.

She breathed warmly on his ear and tickled his earlobe with her tongue.

"Nope. A hundred, Hon. But you want to hear the good news?"

"What?" he snapped.

"I'm feeling good and horny, baby. If you want, for an extra hundred you can put it in my *ass*."

Keith swallowed.

"Your ass?"

Shannon cooed in his ear. "That's right, baby. My tight... little... back..."

door, Hon. Let's you and me go somewhere, baby. You want to go somewhere with me?"

She was using a weird little whore voice -- an old Drama major's approximation of Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like it Hot* crossed with Lesley Ann Warren in *Victor Victoria*, both of which they'd watched on their recently negotiated Chick Flick night after he had vetoed *Terms of Endearment*. He decided that even if he played along, he would refrain from countering with Arnold from Terminator 2, which they'd watched on Dude Flick night.

"Oh, you like that?" she sighed. "I saw

how your eyes lit up. You like the anal, huh? That's what you want, huh? You want to fuck my pretty ass? It's real tight. Come on, Hon, take me somewhere and I'll make you feel real good."

There was a break in the traffic, and Keith took a hard right down a decrepit residential street, wincing as the Porsche hit potholes. He hit West Ellery on the far side and turned left to head up over the hill and back home. Shannon caressed his crotch the whole time, getting his cock good and hard; he had to fight to concentrate.

"Would you please put your seat belt on?"

"That depends," purred Shannon. "Are we going far?"

Her grip tightened on his cock. Keith took a quick breath. Then he spotted it: Ellery Street Motel, a run-down rattrap festering on a street corner in the middle of a big open lot.

"Right here," he said, and pulled in to the parking lot, the Porsche bouncing smoothly over speed bumps.

Shannon looked impressed -- more impressed than a whore would have been. She said, "I need the money first," and Keith panicked.

"I can put the room on my card," he said, lamely.

She shook her head. "I'm cash only, baby."

"I only have \$20," he said.

She looked disgusted. "I've heard that before!"

She inclined her head toward the opposite corner of the intersection where there was a sleazy liquor store with a big sign that said ATM.

Shannon leaned close and almost

kissed him -- but not quite.

"I promise, baby," she said. "You'll *never* get better pussy." She winked. "And as for my ass, well..."

Shannon *wiggled*. That closed the deal.

Keith got out of the Porsche. It chirped as he locked it.

#

The clerk at the motel knew what was going on -- or, at least, he thought he did. But he didn't make an issue of it; this

was the kind of motel where hookers took john, no questions asked. He left Shannon with the key and walked across the street to the liquor store. The ATM had a \$100 limit, and after panicking and feeling his cock hard throbbing in his pants, he asked the store clerk for directions to the next closest store with an ATM. It was two blocks away, and there were two stores across the street from each other, so he hit them both. Aren't you supposed to tip whores? Keith wasn't sure, but he figured better safe than sorry. Since he got enough cash, he also picked up three little packets of lube from the display outside the bulletproof glass at the third store's register.

The whole expedition took him 30 minutes, and the sun was all the way down by the time he returned. He felt his heart pounding and he half expected to be mugged.

He found Shannon stripped naked on the bed. Well, naked except for her high heels and the dog collar. She had her legs spread and he could see that she'd trimmed her pubic hair to a tiny little landing strip; the rest of her was shaved. As she stretched out spread on the bed she worked her tits with one hand and caressed her sex with the other. From the ease with which her fingers were moving, it was obvious she was good

and wet. Her lips were pursed slightly and as he came in the door, they hung slightly open, letting her tongue ease out as if to beckon him.

Even the stale scent of the room and the garish polyester Shannon was spread on couldn't compete with that. He'd lost his hard-on during the walk, but he got it right back, before he even had his pants open.

"Money first," she said in a smoky voice. "Put it on the table, Hon. She never stopped rubbing her puss or rhythmically pinching her nipple.

He took out two sheafs of money and

laid them out on the nightstand, clawing at his shirt and pants as he did. He put down the lube, too. Shannon paused in her self-caresses and crawled across the big bed and picked up the money and counted it. She also fondled the lube.

She got a wicked look in her eye. "Well," she said. "I guess you want it around the world."

"What's that?"

"You get to know all three of me," she giggled, displaying the \$300 he'd gotten out of the

She put the money back down and got

on her knees, finishing the job of undoing Keith's pants. She took out his cock and caressed it with just the tip of her tongue, running it from base to head and swirling it around. She made an audible gulping sound as she took it in her mouth and pushed his cockhead to the back of her throat. He let out a moan as she took him down without pausing.

She began working her way up and down on his cock. She bobbed up and down, caressing her pussy as she did; he undressed while she sucked him, slipping off his shirt and undershirt and letting his pants fall to his ankles. She worked on his jockey shorts and by the time he managed to kick his shoes off,

his hands were running through her hair -
- fuck a duck, it wasn't a wig, she'd
really bleached it, and gotten a new cut
and everything.

He was close enough to start breathing
hard, afraid she was going to make him
cum but not wanting her to stop. He
couldn't bring himself to push her away;
mostly he just wanted to stand there and
let himself go in her hungrily sucking
mouth.

Shannon knew he was going to cum,
too; she looked up at him with her big
blue eyes and worked his shaft with her
hand as she came up and down on him.
Of course she knew, he realized. She

was a prostitute; she had practical considerations. He realized she was trying to get him off with the minimum investment of her time -- she had the money, now it was time to get him finished and out the fucking door before he wasted any more of her precious time. Damn, Shannon was good at this game.

Well, damned if he wasn't going to get what he paid for. If he didn't, he was pretty sure his little whore would never forgive him.

He took hold of her hair and pulled her off of him gently.

"Let's fuck," he said, adding in an unconvinced voice: "I paid for you, now I'm going to... let's fuck." He'd lost momentum halfway through, but she got the picture.

Shannon had left his cock colored pink with lipstick. She crawled back across the bed and spread for him.

"Come on, Hon," she sighed. "Fuck me. Fuck your little whore."

Keith was on her in an instant. He went to kiss her and found her turning her head; whores didn't kiss, he remembered, and that only made his cock harder. She caressed him with her

slender fingers as he positioned himself above her; then she guided him into her and lifted her ass to thrust up onto him as he entered.

"Fuck," she sighed. "Fuck, Hon, that feels good."

She was wet and slick and ready, her pussy holding his cock firm and resisting it just the right amount as he entered her all the way. Keith had been very, very close to climaxing when Shannon had been going to town on his cock. Now, though, he was past the point of sensitivity; utterly focused on fucking Shannon, he didn't think he could come now if he tried. What felt good wasn't

the physical sensation of his dick in her, but the experience of her naked body undulating against his as he drove into her. He liked it that way: He was going to hold back until the gorgeous little whore had as much as she could stand, and if he never came that was fine by him.

Keith began to fuck Shannon slowly, long slow thrusts deep into her while she writhed and wriggled under him. He felt her surging with each thrust, felt the firmness of her pussy as she mounted quickly closer.

"Oh, God, Hon," she moaned wildly. "Fuck, Hon, I'm going to cum. You want

to make your little whore cum? God I'm going to cum so hard, your big cock is going to make me fucking cum, your big fucking cock is going to fucking make your little whore cum Hon, Oh -- Ohhhhhhhh!

OhHHhaahahHHHhhhhhhh!!!" She screamed wildly as she fucked up against him, pounding herself against the bed violently. Keith had figured out by the second "big cock" that Shannon was faking, and faking inexpertly, because that was fucking hot -- she was a whore working a trick, and strangely enough it made Keith hot that she was faking so loudly -- especially because he could feel from the way her body reacted that she was not that far from coming.

He pulled out at her while she was still faking. She looked up at him and panted, "What's wrong, Hon?"

"Roll over," he growled.

"Ooooh," she said. "Are you coming in my back door already?" She wriggled her legs up in front of him and then flipped, spreading her legs around him and lifting her ass up high in the air, displaying her pussy and asshole.

"Not yet," he said, but got the lube just in case. He set it next to them on the bed and grabbed her hips firmly, lifting her ass up in the air to take her. He fitted his

cockhead to her slit and worked it up and down; when she reached back to put it in, he gently pushed her hand away and then took firm hold of her hips as she tried to push onto him.

"Do you know what I do with whores who fake orgasms?" he growled.

Shannon looked back at him, her bright blue eyes rich with excitement. Her voice was like chocolate.

"What, Hon? What do you do with whores who fake it?" She tried to ease herself onto his cock and he held her hips there firmly, not letting her mount him but keeping his cock right at her

entrance. He began to enter her.

"Ohhhh-- apparently you fuck the shit out of them, Hon, oh, Hon, you're making me cum again! Ohhhh ohhhhh -- aaaaahaHAAHAHAHHA!" She was really enjoying herself, now, playing the part of the shameless whore, getting off on faking loudly as much as she would have gotten off on a real orgasm -- almost. Keith raised his hand.

She didn't even see it coming. His hand came down so fast that the cracking sound of his open palm hitting her ass hit her before the sensation of being spanked. As the sharp sting flooded her body, Shannon looked shocked, then

pleased, then overwhelmed.

"Oooh, Hon," she laughed. "Hon likes to play!"

He cut off her moans with a much harder blow to her apple-cheeked ass; She regarded him over her shoulder with a look of surprise.

"Ow, Hon," she said. "That hurts!"

He reached out and put his hand in her hair, pulling her head back firmly. The new cut offered less to hang on to, but was easier to get a hold on.

He pulled Shannon's hair. He spanked

her hard. She yelped, then moaned. He spanked her again. She pouted over her shoulder at him, trying to turn her head, but he held her hair firmly and smacked her ass harder than ever. Her flirtatious pout went away in an instant and became a surprised "O" of sensation.

Holding her head so he could look in her blue eyes, he wedged his knee against her thigh and forced her legs open wider. Her lips went tight together and she made an MMMMMmmm sound as he did that, because it made her sink down onto the bed and onto his cock. But that's not why he did it. He wanted to get a better shot at that perfect curve right where her ass became the backs of

her upper thighs. He put his fingertips there and caressed, then pressed. Shannon moaned softly as she realized what he was about to do. Her sweet spot was already hot from the spanks he'd delivered so far, but it was about to get a hell of a lot hotter. He held her hair tight so she could look at him as he raised his hand and got ready to deliver.

He thrust his cock deep inside her, so that her fake-blue eyes went wide and then her mouth popped open. He held her hair tight to keep eye contact as he worked on the sweet spot on one side of her ass.

He started spanking her rhythmically.

She writhed against him, her nude body shuddering all over as she reacted to his thrusts and his blows. He kept fucking her as he smacked the curve of her ass slowly at first, driving his cock into her with each stroke, making sure that the thrusts of his cock perfectly matched the blows to her sweet spot which, Keith knew from experience, sent hot vibrations right into Shannon's clit. She got an excited look on her face as she started to realize what her trick was up to. Keith had been planning to fuck her from behind and reach around to work her clit, but with Shannon's cheeky little act he'd decided there were better ways to make her stop faking. Shannon knew it, and the sight of that knowledge flaring

in her eyes made Keith's cock harder and made him spank her harder as he fucked her, driving deep as he punished her perfect pale ass.

Shannon's lips trembled and she let out a soft groaning sound as she realized that it was really going to happen: Keith was going to spank and fuck her until she came.

She tried to play along with her previous game, wailing "Yeah, Hon, you're going to make me cum, Hon--" but couldn't keep it going because her eyes kept rolling back in her head and she kept losing control over her lips as they opened in wild uncontrolled sounds. The

best she could do was to gasp things about his big cock as she mounted toward orgasm -- then there wasn't anything she could do but fuck back onto him and moan.

He picked up the pace as Shannon's hips worked with greater urgency; he could tell that she was losing it, right on the verge of a huge climax. He had to let go of her hair so he could work on both sides. He hit her twin sweet spots, usually just one but now spread gorgeously around his cock, with decreasing sting and increasing thud. Shannon's head sank onto the starched white pillow and she turned just enough to keep eye contact with Keith as her

eyes went wet and open with impending orgasm. Her lips trembled and she uttered a sudden uncontrolled cry as her sex began to spasm on his cock. Then her whole body went taut and she pushed herself up onto her hands and knees, fucking herself hungrily back onto him.

As her orgasm raged through her, he finished spanking her and grabbed her hair again, surging down onto her, pinning her to the bed. He bit the back of her neck pounded into her, and Shannon uttered rapturous noises as he fucked her. Then, just as she was sinking into afterglow mode, he pulled out of her.

He got back up on his knees and

leaned back reaching for the lube. Her eyes went wide as she remembered what was coming next.

"Oh, God, Hon, you're really going to take my ass, aren't you? Ohhhhhh... God, be gentle, Hon, it's my first time..." It wasn't, but that was hardly the point.

He slid off the bed and bent over the edge of it, parting Shannon's cheeks and planting his mouth hungrily between them. She let out a shocked noise and shivered all over; this seemed to be the last thing she expected. He'd certainly never done it before; but then again, she'd never let him fuck her in the ass. He figured tit for tat, and a soft slow rim

job to open her up was the very least he could do before fucking her ass.

His tongue found the tight pucker of her hole and began to swirl around; she clutched the bed as he worked her asshole and slid two fingers into her sex. She was still spasming from her orgasm; he could feel the muscle contractions growing stronger as he licked his way up and down her crack, focusing on the tight hole he was about to violate. As her pleasured sounds got louder, he used his thumb to tease her clit, and he felt her pussy tightening against his fingers as he got his tongue as deep as it would go into Shannon's back door. He went from lick to thrust, fingering her pussy as she

got more excited, as the tightness of her hole began to relax. She started uttering whore pleas again, begging Hon to fuck her ass. He lifted his face from her ass, got on his knees behind her. He broke open the lube packet and drizzled it over his cock, then into her crack. Shannon moaned as he worked one, then two fingers into her asshole. She felt tight but ready. He guided his slick cockhead up to her rear entrance and began to work it in.

"Oh, fuck," he gasped as the head popped in to Shannon's ass. "Oh my God that's tight."

"First time, Hon," she moaned

breathlessly as he slid into her ass. Her words trembled with the saying and she wasn't faking the whore voice any more: "I'm going to get off again."

"I can't fuck you very hard," he said, grinding his cock in and out of her in tiny little one-inch thrusts. "Or I'm finished." He'd been close already, but now he was right on the edge. A few long strokes into Shannon's asshole, and Keith really was going to climax.

"Then don't fuck me," she said quickly. Her hand went to her clit and she started rubbing rapidly in circles. "Just hold still. Hold still... Oh God, oh fucking God..."

Her ass was so tight, and his cock so deep inside it, that he could feel every stroke of her hand pulling against her flesh; he could also feel the spasms begin, seemingly even before Shannon knew they were coming. She certainly sounded shocked when the orgasm began to explode through her, making her asshole tighten rhythmically as she stopped rubbing her clit and clawed at the cheap bedspread.

The spasms of Shannon's ass were more than Keith could take. He uttered a groan and let himself go, thrusting deep into her ass. She moaned and reached back, holding her cheeks as he came

inside her. The pleasure was intense; he'd been so hot for so long that it started deep in his body and pulsed outward deliciously. He gave a long, low sigh as he finished, and then slid on top of Shannon, his cock popping out as he relaxed.

He kissed the back of her neck. "So this was your meeting at South Station, eh?"

"Actually, it was more of a date," she sighed. "And I've got another one next Friday, too."

"Oh, you're going to make a habit of this?"

She wriggled out from under him, rolled onto her side and put her arms around him.

"Not exactly," she said. "Next week's date's at the Plaza Hotel." She ran her hand down his chest, narrowing her eyes and sizing him up.

"How do you think you'd look in a tux?" she asked.

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Creatures of the Night by Thomas S. Roche

She wore a tight pink skirt, garter belt, black fishnet stockings, knee-high boots and a tight electric blue vinyl bustier. Her hair was ratted out and bleached blonde, and her makeup was caked on thick and heavy. She had a neon green purse slung at her side.

The cop stopped dead in his tracks when he saw her, and they would have locked eyes if his hadn't been behind the

mirrored sunglasses. The whore's eyes flickered from the guy's chiseled, clean-shaven face down his muscled physique in the tight tan uniform, to the knee-high black leather boots polished to a flawless sheen.

A wry look passed the whore's face and her full, pouty lips, painted cocksucker red, twisted in a smile. She took a drag of her cigarette and put her wrists out, holding them together.

"I think you'd better put the cuffs on me, officer," she said. "I think you'd better take me in."

The cop blushed. His friend, wrapped

head to toe in white bandages except for a pair of swim goggles, laughed hysterically. The whore's two friends, who were both wearing plaid skirts and had their hair in pigtails and their hairy, muscled legs swathed in ill-fitting white stockings, shared a high-five while the cop swallowed nervously.

"Sorry, ma'am," he said, pointing to the CHP nameplate on his chest. "I only prosecute traffic violations."

"Oh, let me jaywalk, then," she said, running out into the crosswalk before the light could change. The two schoolgirls shrieked and grasped each other. A yellow cab slammed to a halt and

honked. The whore giggled and danced out of the way. The cab driver flipped her off, but by that time the light had turned green and the crowd was gushing across Castro. The cop looked longingly after the prostitute as she and her schoolgirl friends hurried into the night. All three were swaying unsteadily and tittering every few steps.

The mummy tsked as he and his friend crossed and headed up 18th Street.

"Nice going, Erik Estrada. You find the only straight girl in the Castro begging you to handcuff you, and you let her get away. What kind of a cop are you?"

"Mike, she has to be a dude."

"Oh, don't give me that shit. She's like four foot eight."

They walked up 18th Street with the crowd, heading toward the apartment where Mike's old roommate was having what Mike had promised would be the wildest Halloween party of all time.

"She is not four foot eight. She's like five two. And what kind of a girl is that aggressive?"

"Oh, gee, I don't know, a drunk one in the Castro on Halloween, maybe? She's a girl, Terry. Trust me on this one."

"How would you know?"

"Hello! Eight years living in the Castro, I think I can tell the difference. Besides, even if she isn't, a proper blowjob would do you good. Not that I'm suggesting anything, but didn't you say you were like a Kinsey 1.3 or something?" Terry opened his mouth to respond, but Mike blurted out "Hey, look, there's Steve! I'll catch up with you on the next block!"

"Hey, Mike, wait a minute," Terry called after him feebly. Mike vanished into the crowd and Terry sighed and followed the tide of people up 18th

Street.

The streets throbbed with the rhythm of dance music blasting out of the bars. The crowd swirled around them: vampires, witches, cheerleaders, prom queens, ballerinas, army men, big-time wrestlers. And lots and lots of cops. Terry's wasn't even the only full-on CHP outfit. In fact, he'd spotted two or three of them, but he was the only one actually wearing the shades, which seemed to make a big difference.

He felt a hand on his wrist, grabbing and pulling at him. He turned and stared, then began following. It took him a few seconds to realize what had happened,

and another few to believe it.

By that time the whore had dragged him over to the edge of a little Victorian and pushed him into the little alcove that held the garbage cans. She pushed him up against the wall; with his sunglasses on he couldn't see at all.

Her purse hit the ground next to them. She kissed him once, hard, her tongue tasting of vodka and cigarettes, the scent of cheap perfume, hair bleach and drunk sweat filling his nostrils and mingling with the garbage-smell of the access corridor. He felt her hand on his crotch.

"My name's Terry," he said stupidly

when her lips left his.

She whispered harshly, "Shhhhh. I have a name, too, and I'm not usually a whore," she told him. "But tonight I get to pretend."

She had slipped his handcuffs out of his belt pouch and pressed them into his palm.

"You do have the key, don't you?"

He nodded and told himself he shouldn't be doing this, even as he slipped the cuffs on her and ratcheted them closed. She kissed him again and he put his arms around her, let his

fingers find her ass in that tight skirt. She wasn't wearing anything underneath. He wanted to touch her, kiss her, take those tight clothes off, but this wasn't about that. She was a nameless whore for the moment, his nameless whore, and whatever kind of crazy game she was playing, Terry shut his eyes and let her pull him along.

She dropped to her knees.

Even with her hands cuffed, it was easy enough to get the big CHP belt open, even easier to get his zipper down. Terry leaned against the wall as she took out his cock, full and hard.

"Shouldn't you use a--" he stopped as she took him in her mouth, and his own mouth went wide, and he let his hands wriggle into her brittle-bleached hair as she went to work. Her head bobbed up and down, her lips clamped tight around his shaft as she clutched her cuffed hands together at her throat. Terry closed his eyes and let himself melt into the feeling of the whore's warm mouth on his cock, her lips sliding halfway down his shaft, then three-quarters, then all the way as he felt his head pressing into her throat. He wondered again if she was a guy dressed up, or if Mike had been right and she was just a very drunk and very horny girl on Halloween. He heard her whimpering, felt her tongue swirling

around his head as she came up for air, and he realized all in a rush that he didn't really care as much as he thought he did.

Then she let his cock hover between her parted lips, looked up at him, smiling all mischievous and open-mouthed, as if she'd guessed his thoughts. Then she took his cock in her mouth again and started sucking him off in earnest.

He had never been done so quickly, so businesslike, but with so much enthusiasm. He had never vanished into pleasure with such rapidity, without wondering what he should do to reciprocate. He just leaned there against

the wall, smelling garbage and perfume, running his fingers through the blonde whore's hair and feeling himself mount toward orgasm.

When he was about to come she pulled his cock out and took his balls in her mouth, then stroked him, her hands one atop the other around his shaft so that she could feel the hot spurt of his come on her palms. It ran down her arms and dribbled onto the floor between her stockinged legs. Terry realized that he'd shouted when he came, maybe for the first time ever.

"Of course she was a girl," Mike would later tell him when he recounted

the story. "A guy would have swallowed." Terry thought that was probably bullshit, but at the moment he didn't care. The whore just looked up at him, smiling, her lipstick smeared everywhere and her lips glistening with spittle. She slipped her hands off his cock.

"Let me go, officer," she said with a smile.

Without thinking, he got out his keychain and unlocked the handcuffs. They were covered in his come. She got a pack of tissues out of her purse and wiped off her hands, offering him a couple to dab his cock off and wipe the

handcuffs. Then she stood up.

"Can I--" he began, but she cut him off.

"Nope," she said, and kissed him once. "Thanks, officer." She turned and hurried around the garbage cans, out of the cramped little access corridor, back onto 18th Street.

Terry zipped up and without even buckling, he ran after her. He caught one last glimpse of the girl high-fiving her two schoolgirl friends -- and then the three of them disappeared into the crowd.

"Terry! I've been looking all over for you! Where'd you go?"

"I'm not sure yet," said Terry, buckling his belt. "Let's get a drink."

"Moneymaker" first appeared in Sweet Danger: Erotic Stories of Forbidden Desire for Couples, edited by Violet Blue. Cleis Press, 2011. Copyright © 2011 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Moneymaker by Isabelle Ross

You slam the motel room door and shove me up hard against it. My breath quickens. I watch in trembling fear as you reach around me and lift the chain lock. You put it in the notch and slide it home.

"I'll need the money first," I say, my voice trembling.

You push up hard against me, your cock stiff in leather pants. You brush my

bottle-blonde hair out of my face and say:

"You'll need the money *never*. You work for *me* now."

I open my mouth as if to scream, but you get your hand across my face. You tell me, "Shhhhh," and you put your hand up my skirt and squeeze my ass cheeks and kick my legs open.

You shove your hand into my panties and feel my cunt. I'm shaved and wet. You start fingering my pussy.

"How long you been turning tricks?" you ask me.

"A while," I say.

You shove two fingers into me. I gasp and moan.

"Bullshit," you say. "I know what a well-used cunt feels like, and this ain't it. You're fresh, darling. Not for long, but you're fresh. I get to sample you. Now tell Daddy the truth. How long you been turning tricks?"

My voice shakes.

"You're my first," I say.

"I doubt that." You spank me, pull my

hair. "Nice sweet college girl. Thought she'd dabble a little? Make some extra cash between internships?"

"Something like that," I say.

You pull my hair and make me squeal. You smack my ass.

"You lose that smart mouth or I'll bury it," you tell me. "You got a boyfriend?"

"Fiancé."

"He know what you are?"

"Yeah," I nod.

"He know you're a whore?"

"Uh-huh," I nod.

"He know you suck strange cocks for money?"

"Yes." I'm breathing hard now, increasingly aroused.

"He know you take strange cocks in your holes?"

I nod and moan.

"He know you take dick in your ass?"

I shake my head fervently. "I don't. I don't do Greek!"

You spank me, making me grunt in rising pain. "You do now. He get off on it?"

I gasp: "Who?"

"See? You're forgetting about him already. Good girl. I mean your fiancé. He get off on fucking a whore?"

I whimper. You spank me again. You shove your hand around my body and up my skirt and into my panties and finger me hard, grinding your stiffening cock against my ass.

"Kinda," I say.

"Sounds like more than kinda," you say, rubbing my clit. I moan and rub back against you.

You drag me away from the door and shove me over the bed, pinning me under you. You kick my legs open wide again and hold me there, spread and exposed, half on the bed with my high-heeled shoes dangling. You spank me five or six more times, making me wriggle and fight. You pull my hair and spank me harder in response. You start to finger me.

I'm wetter than when you started,
much wetter.

"Your boyfriend the one who sends
you out on the street to whore?"

"Fiancé," I correct, and you pull your
fingers out of me and spank my ass
again, harder than ever this time, maybe
ten times, sharp smacks echoing through
the small motel room as you do. I cry out
as the stinging pain gets too much to
take.

You shove your fingers back in my
panties and finger me.

"I asked you a question," you say.

"Yes," I say. "He's the one who whores me out."

"You like making money for your man?"

I nod, squirming on your fingers.

"You like making money for your Daddy?" you say.

I nod more eagerly, pushing my ass up into the air to fuck myself onto your fingers.

"You like taking strange cock for your Daddy? What was your name again?"

"Katrina," I murmur, my words muffled by the pillow I've shoved my face into.

"Oh, don't worry about screaming, Katrina. They hear all sorts of funny things here. They don't ever call the cops. I asked you if you like taking strange cocks bareback and begging for it up your ass and sucking filthy men's cocks for your big bad loving Daddy, Katrina. You like all that?"

I throw back my head and gasp and squeal, on the very brink of orgasm. I shake back and forth. I hump on your fingers.

"I asked you a question, Katrina. You like all that? You like being a whore for your Daddy?"

"Yes," I manage to choke out, as I fuck myself up against your hand. I'm incredibly close. But you don't let me come.

You pull me off the bed and shove me onto my knees. I kneel there, heaving and panting, as you sit on the bed and unzip your pants.

"Not anymore you don't," you say.
"You like doing all those things for *me*. I'm your Daddy now, Katrina. That old

boyfriend of yours? Mr. Nice Guy? The one who wanted to put a ring on your finger?"

Your zipper comes down and your cock comes out. Holding my hair, you guide my face to your cock and shove it in my mouth.

I know I should fight, but I haven't got it in me. I start sucking obediently, my mouth leaving tracks of cheap red lipstick up and down your pole. As I suck, you hold my hair out of the way so I can't hide from your cold, probing eyes.

You tell me:

"Mr. Nice Guy's gone, Katrina. That dick in your mouth right now? That's your new Daddy's dick. You whore for *Daddy* now. You walk the streets for *Daddy* now, Katrina." I keep sucking obediently, hungrily working your cock as I taste the steady drizzle of pre-come leaking onto my tongue. I can hear your voice going weak with the building pleasure. "You're Daddy's little moneymaker now, Katrina. You shake that pretty ass and bring it home for your new Daddy. Five dollars for a blow, ten dollars for a fuck, fifteen for Greek. No kissing, no handjobs, no freebies for the cops, no rough stuff from anyone but me. You got that, Katrina? You're gonna do

everything Daddy says, aren't you?"

You pull me off your cock. Drool runs down onto my chin and soaks my tube top. I pant and whimper and heave as you pull my hair and force my head back.

You lean down and spit in my face.

"I asked you a question, Katrina."

I've got the fight back in me. I feel it rising in my belly. I'm going to fight you. I've got everything it takes.

I cock my head and spit back.

I can tell you're surprised by that. you don't expect a reluctant whore. I'm such a horny little cunt day in, day out, you have to practically keep me on a leash. I'm so compliant you can leave a note like "Tuna Casserole" on the fridge and I'll have it served up steaming with a side of I'm-not-wearing-any-underwear by the time you get home from your Post-Colonial Governmental Intercessions seminar.

And I'm *far* from a smart-assed little masochist.

But I'm a whore tonight. I'm your whore. You're trying to make me your whore. You've got to break me.

So you don't lose your temper. You just grab me, hair and wrist, and haul me over your lap.

Spank.

I squeal.

"You wanna play dirty?"

Spank.

You yank my very short, very tight skirt up over my ass, exposing the whisper of cheap lace that pass as my panties. You yank those down my thighs, to the point where they reach the tops of

my stockings.

Spank. Spank. Spank.

You yank my panties away, popping my garters. One clasp rattles against the nightstand. You shove my panties to my knees and spank me harder.

Your cock rubs against me. I writhe. My tube top is gone, on my shoulders or my belly or wherever. You spank me again and I squirm. Harder. I fight.

I'm squirming too much for your taste, I guess. You get both your big, leather-jacketed arms around me and hold me tightly in position over your lap,

hammering down with your open palm while I cry out. When I try to close my legs you pin those open, too. You're like an octopus, pinning me everywhere I can move.

And then you're on my sweet spot, spanking rhythmically, forcing me to orgasm.

Maybe you've finally realized why I spat on you.

That was a mean trick, bastard, to get me all close and then make me give you head. I could already taste your pre-come. You would have popped in my mouth in another ten seconds. And then

where would we be?

You give it to me slowly, like a maestro building toward the crescendo.

You're in total control.

Tipped over your lap, my ass in the air, my legs spread, my sweet spot resonating right into my clit with every hard blow of your palm, I'm in total surrender.

I strain desperately against your weight, squirming and fighting and arching my back, trying to stop it from happening. That's why it happens so *good*.

I come.

You ride me through it, spanking me, holding me down against your lap, tight.

Then you shove me onto the bed and haul my hips up, forcing my ass into the air. You grab my panties and pull one side of them off over one fishnet stocking and one high-heeled shoe, leaving the stiff, sex-soaked slip of cheap lace dangling from my other ankle. You spread my legs.

You shove your cock into me.

My cunt still spasms spasming as you

enter me, your big cockhead stretching me open. You slide in deep. I gasp and shove myself onto you, grinding my hips back and forth.

"Understand, Katrina?"

"Yes, Daddy," I moan.

You start to fuck me as rough as you can manage, which isn't actually very rough, because you're struggling to hold back. You're going to come. You want to pound me, but another three or four thrusts and you'll be gone.

I take this as the highest form of compliment. Most nights you'll last for

hours if I give you the chance. Tonight you can't even fuck me properly for fear of blowing your load.

So I think fast:

"Daddy," I moan. "Please don't make me do Greek."

You pull your cock out of me. I gasp and moan like I've just been deflated.

"Go get the lube," you say.

I'm not sure how to play this. It's not a typical experiment. Anal sex is something I do only with an enormous amount of pre-planning and the promise

of bubble baths and preferably Porches. It's good when it's good, but it takes so much out of me. I don't know why I said it. I just did. Because it was hot. Because you were in control, and I was afraid it was going to end with you coming already. So I escalated things.

Do I break up the scene and say, "Just kidding," or do I do it? Do I go through with it? Do I let you fuck me in the ass?

When you get tired of waiting, your voice is heavy and heated, hinting at anger.

"Daddy gave you an *order*, Katrina."

There's something deeply humiliating about being forced to get up and go get the lube so you can fuck me in the ass. I do so under the loud protest of my more sensible self. I go to the little hot pink plastic purse I stuffed full of condoms and lube and sweaty \$5 bills.

I dump it all on the cracked counter and pick out the little tube of KY.

My face feels hot as I bring it back to the bed and give it to you.

There's something so deeply degrading about handing over the lube you're going to use to plow my ass to show my submission to you. The fact that

I could end it all with a word or even a look doesn't make it any less degrading. it just makes the degradation something I can handle. Something positive. I don't understand it any more than you do, or than *anyone* would.

You pluck the lube from my hand, push me away and gesture at me.

"Take those off," you say.

You mean my clothes. What is there left to take off? I have to grope to find the tube top. It's at an angle around my ribcage. The dog collar stays. The clasps of the garters have been popped on both sides. My fishnets hang limp and

bunched at my calves. The skirt is just a strip of fabric perched atop my hips.

But I wouldn't dream of disobeying you, now that I've accepted you're about to own me utterly.

I kick off my high-heeled shoes and fishnets, pull down the skirt and pull the tube top over my head.

Then I put my shoes back on.

I perch next to you and say meekly, "How do you want me, Daddy?"

Your only answer is a hand in my hair and an arm around my waist. You

spill me doggy style across the bed again and open my legs with your knees. Your mouth descends, unexpectedly, between my cheeks. I feel your tongue wriggling into my ass and I cry out in shock. This was the last thing I expected. you've never done this before.

It tightens me at first, but after a few minutes of the soft warm sensation or your tongue caressing my asshole, I start to relax. You take your time, your tongue swirling and surging and opening me up: Daddy's Little Moneymaker. With the weight of your body and the hard thrusts of your tongue, you work me from a face-down, ass-up position into a fully prone one. Then I feel your tongue

replaced by your finger, slick with lube. Then another finger. Then both at once.

Then your cock. I let out a gasp. I whimper. You give me time for my ass to get used to your cock, an inch at a time, until you're all or mostly in me.

Then you fuck me.

I've never enjoyed anal sex the way I do tonight, taking it spread and helpless on a cheap motel bedspread from my new pimp, my new Master, my Daddy. You hold me down and fuck me slowly, until you're sure I can take it. Until I beg for more.

Then you pound me hard, till I beg
you to come.

The smooth slick feeling of your
come in my ass is humiliating and
liberating. I lay underneath you long
after you've finished.

You kiss the back of my neck and tell
me you love me.

And that's it. It's over. You've put a
leash on me. I'm your whore.

Forever after, I'll be Daddy's little
moneymaker.

"Sissy Trick" first appeared in *Hotter Pink*. Deception Press, 2013. Copyright © 2013 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Sissy Trick by Yvette Moody

Mistress Fiona pulls her car up to the corner of Blanchard and Bradshaw at midnight. I'm sitting in the passenger seat, trembling.

She turns to me and smiles. "Well, Yvette? What are you about to do?"

I gulp. In a whimper, I plead, "This one begs Mistress...please let it serve its Mistress in other ways?"

Fiona is not in the mood for my reluctance or my insecurity. She gives me a sneer. She tosses her long blonde hair. She lets out a cruel, savage laugh of contempt. It's the same laugh I got months ago when I told her that I wasn't bisexual.

"Tell me what you're going to do for me, Yvette. Unless you want get out of the car and bend over for punishment right here on the street corner." She laughs. "It would be fun for me to whip you where everyone can see, Yvette. Would you like that? Would it make your little sissy stick hard?"

"No, Mistress," I whine.

"Then tell me what you're about to do."

I take a deep breath. I regain my composure--what's left of it. I try to seem both confident and obedient as I tell my Mistress:

"This one is going to walk the street for its Mistress."

Fiona's cruel mouth twists in an ever-widening smile.

"And?"

"And it will offer men sex with its

pretty blue eyes."

"Good girl," says Fiona. "And what else will you do? You can call yourself 'she' for now, Yvette." She laughs cruelly. "I'll let you be human tonight. That way you can be the best kind of whore."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress." I continue, "When a man asks this slut how much it is for sex, she'll tell him \$20 for a blowjob, or \$40 to..."

My voice catches in my throat. I'm nervous.

I finish, "And this one will tell the

men it's \$40 to fuck her in her tight sissy ass."

"Good girl," says Mistress Fiona.
"Will you ask them to use lube?"

"No, of course not, Mistress," I say, squirming as I feel the lubricant leaking out of my ass and onto my panties. "This one is already wet. This one's sissy cunt is *always* wet and ready. This one's boycunt is a tight little dripping and fuckable hole."

Mistress Fiona is pleased by my recitation of my fuckability. She reaches out and strokes my hair. "You're going to be a very good girl for me tonight, aren't

you, Yvette?"

"Yes, Mistress," I promise, glowing with pride to feel her touching me.

"And a very good girl for whatever man pays you," smiles Fiona. "Isn't that right?"

"Yes, Mistress," I tell her.

"Then get out of the car," she orders. "Go do what you're good at."

"Yes, Mistress," I say. "Thank you, Mistress."

I exit the car.

#

I start walking down Blanchard Street, feeling a kind of vertigo. It isn't the six-inch high heels I'm wearing that make me feel dizzy. I've gotten used to the heels, like I've gotten used to the panties and the tight skirt and tube top and the rings through my nipples and the small, hormone-shrunk sissy clit that used to be a penis, and the big, denial-swollen sac of my balls.

I feel dizzy because I can't believe my Mistress has really done what she's threatened a hundred times. She's turned me out on the street. I'm really here,

walking down Blanchard Street, walking after midnight and dressed like a hooker.

Correction: I'm not dressed like a hooker. I am a hooker.

My hips swing like a real girl's when I walk. I know I look hot, and I'm proud of it. I'm wearing a skimpy white tube top over my growing tits with their hard, pierced nipples. The rings even show through the tube top a little. I've got on a tight plaid skirt, like a schoolgirl's skirt. Underneath, Fiona let me wear girly white panties, but that's only for tonight. She doesn't always let me wear underwear; sometimes she sends me out into the world freeballing it. She likes to

make me walk around with my soft little cock hanging free beneath a very short skirt. It's a humiliating experience, even with all the hormones she's used to shrink my cock and grow my tits. It's so humiliating, in fact, that my little sissy clit doesn't usually stay soft for long when she makes me walk around with it hanging free.

It's not soft now, though it isn't quite hard. My sissy stick is at about half-mast, tenting the front of my dress a little. I know if there's a client who wants to do something with it, it'll be ready for action almost immediately. After months of being locked away in a chastity tube, even hormones can't

diminish my heightened need for sex. I'll be rock-hard the instant any man touches me, even though I've never liked men before--not until Fiona started feminizing me.

But it's much more likely that whatever man buys me will want to use my tight sissy ass. That's why Fiona made me lube up before my "walk." She bent me over and shoved four or five lubricating suppositories up my sissy hole. That way, my boycunt is juicy, just like a real pussy. My first few clients won't have to add any lube before they bend me over. "Your job is to give them a quick and easy fuck," Fiona told me. "Your sissy puss is nothing but a wet

hole they can stick their dicks in. Make it nice and easy for them. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said when she told me that.

Several cars slow down and check me out. I think I'm getting more attention than other girls on the strip. I guess I'm fresh meat. I can't tell if these girls are real girls or T-girls like me. If they're T-girls, their Mistresses must love them very much; they've been turned in to hot, slutty and fuckable girls. They're beautiful. I admire them. I wonder if they've all got Mistress Fionas just like I do--Dominant wives or girlfriends or Mistresses who taught them how to dress

just like a girl and bend over for strap-on cocks and eventually real dick. I wonder if they've got bitchy Mistresses like I do who are waiting for them to come home with the night's take in sweaty, small bills. Or maybe they've got scary Dominant pimps who will slap them around and spank them if they don't earn enough. It makes my little sissy thing swell a bit to think about what Mistress Fiona will do to me if I don't earn some cash like she ordered me to. It's not like she needs the money; she makes plenty abusing rich businessmen in her dungeon downtown. What she needs is proof that I am her plaything. Those sweaty little bills I'm supposed to earn will tell her she owns me. They'll

tell her she's done right by me. They'll tell her she's made me a horny little slut who bends over for strangers and likes it. They'll tell Fiona I'd rather earn with my ass than be punished by her whip and her fist and her strap-on.

The sweaty bills I'll bring home to Fiona will be proof that I'm her bitch.

Nearby, a white Escalade slows down near me. It's driven by an older man, white-haired, big and powerful. He peers at me as he passes. I shake my tits for him a little. He speeds up and pulls around the corner. I pout, feeling a little disappointed.

I feel a thrill as the stranger parks his car around the corner. He gets out and walks back. He's wearing a long black coat and a baseball cap. My breathing quickens.

As he approaches me, I arch my back and wiggle my tits. The tube top almost falls off, and I don't try to stop it. My nipples stand out through the fabric, fully erect. The piercings are obvious now through the fabric. He seems to like them, or maybe he just likes my little sissy tits in general. He seems to like all of me.

I put on my flirtiest face and use my sexiest voice. I say, "Hi-i-i-i-i," in a

girly singsong as he comes up to me.

"Hello, beautiful," he says. "I'm Nate."

"I'm Yvette. How are you doing tonight?" My voice is flirtatious. I twist one pigtail around my finger. I look Nate over. I feel my little sissy stick growing hard in my panties, under my skirt. I like how tall he is. I can't see his face very well; it's shrouded by the shadows from the overhead street lights. The long coat obscures his body. But I *really* like how tall he is. I wonder if that means he has a long dick.

"I'm doing great...*now*," says Nate, leering at me lasciviously. "Would you

like to get some coffee?"

"I'd rather drink something else," I tell him. "It's a little more expensive than coffee, but..."

Nate smiles. He glances over his shoulder to make sure nobody is close enough to overhear.

He says, "How much more expensive?"

I say, "Twenty dollars." I purse my lips and blow him a kiss, "For this pretty pucker." Then I pirouette and bend over, wiggling my ass for him. I lift my plaid skirt and show him my panties. I spank

my shaved ass. "Or we could get real intimate for \$40."

"How about both?" he asks. "A half and half?"

I smile. "That'll be \$50," I tell him.

He comes in to put his arm around me. He's palmed a \$50 bill, and he reaches down to slip it into my tube top. Between my tits, it feels electric. The bill seems to pump adrenaline into me as the stranger and I walk down the street with his big arm around my shoulders and my slender one around his lower back.

"Let's go somewhere nice and private," Nate says. "Somewhere real romantic."

He guides me toward a nearby alley.

I giggle. "This looks like just my style. I love this kind of romance."

As Nate guides me into the alley, I feel the heat of my deep arousal coursing through my body. I'm a little scared, but mostly I'm just fucking turned on. I'm excited at having gotten my first client so quickly. And he wants to do *both*. He wants a "half and half."

The alley is shadowed from the street,

so no one will be able to see what we're doing. I drop down, crouching instead of kneeling because I know kneeling would ruin my pretty white stockings. A year of training under Mistress Fiona has made me real good at crouching, even in really high heels like these ones.

Nate opens up his coat. He holds it around me so even if someone were to walk into the alley they won't see what I'm doing.

I unbuckle his belt. I unzip his slacks. I reach into his pants to find a huge and glorious cock...already nice and hard for me.

I open wide and take Nate's cock into my mouth. I work my painted red mouth wetly up and down. Giving a blowjob comes automatically to me, like it's the most natural thing in the world. I get Nate's big cock all wet and use one hand to stroke the shaft while I caress his balls with the other and eagerly suck on the head. Nate lets out a long, low moan of pleasure. He allows me to do my work for ten minutes of glorious, succulent sucking, his hips rocking gently in time with my strokes.

Then, he says, "Baby, that's nice. But now I want the second course."

I've already got a condom in my

mouth. I put it on quickly, sheathing his huge dick in clear latex. Nate barely even knows I've put it on him.

When I've got his cock bagged, I look up obediently and ask him, "Where do you want me?"

Nate pats a metal garbage can behind him. It clangs.

"How about right here?" he asks.
"Bend over."

I feel a rush. How could I be any filthier of a slut? I'm about to bend over a garbage can and take it anally from a stranger. Bent over, taking it up my ass

from a stranger for \$50. My heart pounds. I've never been more humiliated...or more aroused.

Mistress Fiona is a great teacher. She knew once I was out here, I'd get into the groove of whoring.

So I rise to my feet and smile flirtatiously as I move over to the garbage can.

"Yum," I say. "The perfect throne for a princess."

I lower my panties and step out of them. I tuck them in the front of my skirt, moving the \$50 bill there to join them.

The garbage can is the perfect height to fuck me on, even if the handle does dig into my hips a bit.

I lift my skirt to my waist. I bend over the garbage can. I look back over my shoulder at Nate. I give him my bedroom eyes. He doesn't need them. He's already coming for me, his latex-sheathed cock in his hand. He holds out his coat so my ass is hidden from the street.

"You need lube?" he asks me. "I've got some."

I shake my head proudly. "No, Sir. My sissy cunt is nice and wet for you."

He spanks my ass. "Good girl."

Nate brings his cock to my entrance and parts my cheeks with his hands. He starts to push in. I feel my asshole stretching. Nate's cock is really big. I feel my little sissy stick hard against the cold metal of the garbage can. I cry out as Nate gets his cock up my tight hole. I take a deep breath and try to relax around his shaft. It's an intense sensation to be entered so deeply. Nate's cock is even bigger than the strap-ons that Mistress Fiona has trained me with.

Nate moans in pleasure as he starts to fuck me, working his cock all the way up

my ass. I take him to the hilt, pushing my ass back onto him. I whimper as he starts to pump his cock rhythmically up my back hole.

"What a good little slut," he says.
"Such a tight little asshole."

"Yes, Sir," whimper as he fucks me.
"I've got a fuckable little sissy cunt. It's nice and wet for you. Thank you, Sir," I whimper. "Thank you, Sir, for fucking this little bitch's sissy pussy."

I've been taught to call all men Sir; Mistress Fiona insists on it. It comes naturally with a big man like Nate, especially when I'm so turned on.

I rock my hips back against Nate's deep thrusts, trying to push myself harder onto him. Soon he's fucking all the way into me--huge thrusts of his long cock sliding from my entry all the way back to my guts. He's so deep inside me I can practically feel his cock in my throat.

"Oh, fuck," he gasps. "I'm going to cum." His cock pops free of my ass. He pulls the condom off. "Get on your knees. I wanna do it on your titties. Is that all right?"

I don't know what to say. I think I should charge him extra for that. I'll be covered in jizz! He'll pump it all over

me.

Then I hear his voice take on an aggressive tone -- deep and commanding.

"I said get down on your knees, Yvette. I'm gonna shoot on your titties."

The commanding tone of his voice makes me obey him instantly, like I'm programmed for it.

"Yes, Sir," I say, feeling a rush of excitement at his sudden dominant turn.

I get off the garbage can, feeling the ache in my bowels from the deep, hard

fuck he just gave me. I get back down low, crouching as he snaps off the condom and tosses it away into the alley. It lands with a wet, squishing sound.

I wrap my petite hand around his big cock and start to stroke him. He closes his hand over mine and guides me, beating off furiously. He knows how to get himself off, I'll give him that.

It doesn't take long. I look up at him, eyes big and moist, as I feel the hot stream of his jizz shooting over my titties.

He cums gallons. He pumps it all over

me. I feel filthy. I should have charged him extra, but once I heard him being all dominant, I wanted it. I wanted his cum on my tits.

He finishes. He lets out a sigh.

He says, "Thanks, Yvette." He pats me on the head, patronizingly. He zips up. He walks away and disappears through the mouth of the alley without looking back. That's it. I've just been used and discarded.

Shame and erotic humiliation pour through me. It makes my face go hot. Still crouching in the alley, I reach down and wrap my hand around my hard little

pecker. I know I can't cum--not without spending a lot more time on it and probably sticking some fingers up my asshole. Not with the hormones in my body; my cock can get hard, but cumming is way more work than it used to be.

That doesn't matter; it feels good just to touch myself and smell Nate's cum all over my tits. I lick it off my fingers. I smell the filth of the alley. I feel the pulsing throb in my bitch hole, the emptiness in my sissy cunt that needs to be filled by another stranger's cock. I can smell the ripe moistness of my ass. He really fucked me good.

It'll make it easier for my next few

clients. Nate fucked me open. He got me nice and loose for them.

I wipe Nate's cum from my tits with my hands. I lick it off my fingers. I wipe off the remnants with some tissues from my purse. I reach back and wipe my crack. I pick up my panties and slide them on again. I get out a compact from my purse and fix my makeup as best I can.

I pull up my tube top, pull down my skirt and hit the street. I start my sissy walk all over again, and cars slow down as they pass. I wiggle my butt at them; I pull down the tank top and show them my pierced little tits. I see smiles and

blank, guilty looks and plenty of eyes following me. More cars slow down.

I wiggle my tits and keep walking down Blanchard.

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Working Girl by Simon Torrio

The Cadillac pulled up to the curb. The driver leaned down and craned his neck, eyeing the woman's fishnet-clad legs, scissoring invitingly under the short skirt. She bent down and looked in the window, waving.

"Hi sailor," she smiled. "Need a date?"

The passenger-side window hissed down. "Depends," said the guy inside the car. "How much?"

"Twenty bucks," she said. She pursed her lips and let her tongue laze out, drawing an appealing circle around her full, red-painted mouth. "I'll make it worth every penny."

"Twenty bucks? That cover everything?"

She crouched down and leaned against the door, propping her full tits on the edge of it, well aware that his eyes roved over her cleavage.

"Depends what you want," she said flirtatiously.

"Can I fuck you in the ass?"

She giggled. "Not for twenty bucks," she said. "I don't do that. But you can do everything else."

"Get in."

She reached in and popped the lock. She was about to say something when the guy held out a twenty.

"Here," he said. "And you better make it worth that."

She giggled again, feeling insecure about the girlish sound of it. She took the twenty and tucked it into her push-up

bra.

"Oh, I will," she said, reaching over and running her hand over his crotch. She felt a surge of heat in her when she realized the guy was already hard, his cock bulging in his suit pants. "I'll make it worth every fucking cent, um...what's your name?"

"Joe," he said.

"Right," she sighed. "Joe. I'm...Tanya."

"Nice to meet you, Tanya. You better suck my dick good."

"Oh, I'm the best in town," she said.
"There's a place up here you can park."

"The cops ever come by?"

"If they did, I wouldn't suggest it."

He pulled the Cadillac into the coin-op parking lot. It was dark, shadowed by the overhang of tall buildings and skanked-out city trees.

Joe leaned back in his seat. "Get to it," he said.

She felt her pussy moistening as she took out her gum and tossed it out the window. She leaned forward and

pressed her mouth against the bulge in his pants.

"Don't get lipstick on them," he said. "The wife does my dry cleaning. She'll freak."

Tanya began to unfasten his belt. "She must be a real bitch."

"Yeah," he said. "But she gives great head."

"Not as good as me," said Tanya, unzipping Joe's pants.

"Prove it," he said.

Tanya took Joe's hard cock out of his pants, feeling her pussy clench as she wrapped her hand tightly around its thickness. "For another five bucks I'll do it without a condom."

He already had a five in his hand. He handed it to Tanya and she stuffed it in her bra alongside the twenty. She felt his hand on her head as she went down on his cock, opening her mouth and puckering it around the head, tasting lipstick as she slid up and down on the thick shaft. She could feel her pussy moistening in her thong as she began to suck him.

"So far you ain't any better than the

wife," he said. "I can get that for free."

Tanya started working her tongue around the head, swirling it eagerly. She slid her mouth down his shaft until she felt him pressing at the entrance to her throat. Then she gulped him down, easily feeling her throat spread around him.

"That's more like it," sighed Joe.
"Yeah, that's more like it."

Tanya could feel her clit rubbing hard against her tight thong as her throat muscles constricted around Joe's cock. She couldn't believe she was doing this; the thrill of it sent a surge of moisture into her pussy. She could feel the ache in

her that made her want this stranger's cock inside her cunt.

Her mouth came up off his cock. As a car passed the parking lot, Tanya saw in the flash of light that it was slick with cocksucker red lipstick. Tanya was breathing hard from the effort of swallowing Joe's cock.

"Just tell me when you want to fuck me," she said.

"Now's good," said Joe. "Do I have to use a condom for that?"

"No," she said. "The five dollars is good. Do you want my panties on or

off?"

"Take 'em off."

Tanya reached under her spandex miniskirt and slid off her thong, wondering if Joe could tell how wet she was, that her thong was soaked through. She tucked the thong into her lime-green purse as Joe scooted over to the middle of the front seat, away from the steering wheel.

Tanya hiked up her skirt almost to her waist and crawled into his lap facing him, her pussy feeling tight and hungry for him. She was so wet that he slid right in as she pressed down on him, and she

almost came the second she felt his naked cock inside her.

"You're good and wet," he said. "You must like your job."

"Love it," gasped Tanya, starting to grind her hips back and forth. The tight fit of Joe's big cock in her pussy made her lips stretch around the shaft and tug on her clit. She could feel his cockhead rubbing firmly inside her. She couldn't move much, but she didn't need to.

"Fuck, that's good," she gasped, and then she came, unexpectedly, intensely, grasping Joe and pushing her body against him as she panted heavily. He

went to kiss her and she pulled away.

"Not on the lips," she said.

"Then show me your tits," he growled.

Tanya skimmed off the tight halter top and unhitched the front of her push-up bra. Joe stared at her tits as she rocked up and down on him, gasping as the aftereffects of her orgasm shuddered through her. Joe leaned forward and began to suckle her nipples. The feel of his mouth hot on them made her shiver, and she could feel her cunt tightening around his cock as she started to slide up and down on him. She fucked him harder, loving the feel of the hard thrusts

as she mounted him again and again. She was so wet that she could feel droplets of moisture scattering across her upper thighs as she rose up each time.

"Nice tits," he said. "Your boyfriend like to fuck them?"

"Yeah," she sighed. "And come on my face."

"Does he fuck you in the ass, too?"

Tanya gasped as Joe reached behind her and she felt his fingers prying open her ass-cheeks. One finger found her asshole and began to press. She tried to push up off of him.

"No," she said, gasping. "I don't do that...."

"Oh, I bet you do," said Joe. "I bet you put out for your boyfriend all the time. You let him slip it in your back door."

Another finger slipped forward, rubbing along the bottom of his shaft, getting all moist with her pussy. Then he forced it into her ass, making her muscles clench tight around his finger. Tanya began to bounce up and down hungrily on Joe as she felt another orgasm coming. Joe fingered her ass deep, his tongue roving over her breasts as she fucked him faster.

"I'm gonna shoot," he growled. "I'm gonna fucking shoot in your pussy."

Then Tanya came, a full minute before Joe did. But her orgasm was still throbbing through her, her ass and cunt feeling full as Joe suckled on her nipples and bit down as he came. The angle was so tight that she could feel the pulse of his cock injecting her, feel the slickness that flooded her as he filled her with his come. The sensations overwhelmed her and she slumped on him, whimpering.

Joe grasped her hair, pulled her head back slightly, and pressed his mouth to hers.

She opened wide, feeling his tongue sliding into her, feeling it savage her. Another spasm of post-climactic pleasure went through her, and she gripped his head with her hands, pushing her tongue back against him.

"Fuck," she said when their lips parted. "That was good."

"Surprised?"

"I didn't even think you knew where the theater was," she said. "How did you know I'd walk to my car in costume?"

"Lucky guess. You've always wanted

to play a whore in a musical, right? You certainly sang a pretty song tonight."

"Well," she said. "It's much more fun playing them in real life."

"And real whores don't kiss on the lips," he said.

She kissed him softly, smiled, and said "This one does. Let's go home."

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Streetlight Fandango by Erica Dumas

The night we meet and I become your bitch, I'm dressed up like a whore -- the whore I've dream of being since I was a nice teenage girl fantasizing about being the bad one.

My skirt's so tight you could almost see my pubic hair if I hadn't shaved it all off. There's less an inch between the hem of my skirt and the bare-shaved wetness of my pussy lips. My calf-high high-heeled boots frame fishnet stockings that come up to garters hitching on my slender white thighs six inches below

my skirt. On my top half I wear a skintight latex bustier under a waist-cropped leather jacket. The bustier barely covers my ample breasts, and the nipples show through plainly. My dark hair is teased out, scattering around my shoulders and face. My face is painted up thick and slutty, my full lips dark purple with lipstick and my eyes luminescent blue. I know, because I looked at myself in the mirror for hours before coming out here. I've parked the car several blocks away in an alley. I know it's wrong for me to be out here, it's dangerous as hell to be walking these streets where whores ply their trade. I know I'm taking my life in my hands, but it's making my pussy wet.

Guys in cars shout things at me as I stalk up 42nd Street. I wonder if one of them will pull over and open the car door, hold out a \$5 bill and motion me in. I wonder what I'll do if he does that. Part of me thinks I'll run away screaming, but I know deep inside that I'll do what he wants me to do, that I'll do what I want me to do -- that I'll do what I was made to do, what I was meant to do, what I long to do. I'll climb into the car, and he'll own me till he's finished with me.

A police car goes by slowly, sizing me up. New whore on the block. I wonder if they sample the goods. I feel

faint thinking about me splayed over the hood of a patrol car with four cops on me. I look around for potential tricks, make eye contact with some guys walking down the street. A couple meet my eyes and make kissing motions at me, but most drop their eyes. One comes up to me and asks how much. Feeling my heart pound in my chest, I name a figure and he waves me off. "Whore like you don't get that much on 42nd Street, bitch." Feeling pleased with myself and wondering again what I would have done -- but knowing it -- I walk up and down my block, weathering the withering stares of whores across the street. Another guy asks me how much. Again he waves me off, telling me I don't

know what a cheap bitch I am if I'm asking that much.

I haven't even turned my first trick when it happens. I'm walking past a dumpster at the entrance to a pitch-black alley, and you're so silent hiding there that I don't even hear you when you reach out and get your arm around my throat. I feel the knife blade against me as you clap your hand over my mouth and drag me back into the alley.

"Think you can just come out here and work the street? Think you can come out and sell that pussy of yours like it belongs to you? Bitch, you don't know the rules."

"Don't hurt me," I beg, and you slam me against the side of the alley. The streetlight overhead is burned out; it's so dark I can barely see my hands in front of my face, splayed against the stone wall. I hear the squish under my boots and smell the familiar smell, I know I'm standing in a puddle of piss. I hear the scamper of feet and smell the sharpness of male sweat as a homeless person goes running out of the alley. I feel your knife against my throat as you say "Take off your clothes."

I struggle out of the jacket, unzip the side of the spandex skirt. I pull it down and it drops around my ankles; I'm not

wearing any panties underneath, and my pussy's shaved bare. The cold March air hits it. I step out of the skirt and you grab the back of my latex top, pull it out, shove the knife under it and slice it down the back. It was \$300 at Tatiana's Boutique in the Village. I hear the slap as the ruined latex hits the piss-soaked ground.

Now I'm standing there naked except for my boots, except for my dog collar, a young punk prostitute gone too far on the street, not knowing whether she's about to be raped, killed, mutilated or just turned out. I feel you pushing my naked body hard against the wall.

"When you work this block, bitch, you belong to me. This pussy is mine. This fuckin' mouth of yours -- that's mine, too. And this fuckin' ass of ours -- that's mine, too, any time I want to take it. Understand?"

I feel tears forming in my eyes -- tears of fright, but even as they spill over my pussy's dripping, too. I feel your body pressed hard against my back, your hard-on rubbing my slight ass through your rough jeans.

"I said understand?"

"Yeah, yeah, I understand."

"Good, bitch. Now what's your name?"

"Cody," I tell you.

"How old are you, Cody?"

"Sixteen."

"You ever whored before?"

I shake my head.

"Nothing I love like turning out a virgin", you say. "Now get on your fuckin' knees, whore". When I hesitate, you shove me down, whirl me around, shove me into the wall so the back of my

head hits it hard, so your unwashed, filthy crotch is in my face. I feel my fishnet stockings ripping as the piss soaks into the fabric. You grind your crotch into my face.

"Take it out," you tell me.

My hands trembling, I reach up and undo your heavy leather belt. I unzip your jeans and reach in. You're not wearing any underwear, and from the smell you must not have washed in days. I take your cock out of your pants and look up at you, eyes wide.

"Come on, Cody. You're the bitch who wanted to be a whore. Show me

what a whore like yours does with a cock in her face."

I take your cock in my mouth, tasting your sharp sweat, tasting what has to be other women's pussies -- your other whores? I start to suck you, feeling my own pussy surge as I take your cock deep into me, down my throat, rubbing your balls with my hand as I try to do the best job I can. I pump your cock into my mouth, sucking you hungrily. I feel my naked clit throbbing in the cold night air. I want to reach down and stroke my cunt, but I know you'd never allow that. I suck you faster, hoping you'll cum in my mouth and you won't want to fuck me.

"You know how to suck cock, don't you, little bitch?"

"Uh-huh," I mumble around your cock, nodding.

"You suck cock real good. Where'd you learn, you suck your Daddy's cock?"

I nod again, pumping your cock into my face, feeling my pussy drip down my thighs and onto the asphalt, my juice mixing with the stranger's piss soaking my knees.

I see the lump off to the side, see the homeless man jerking off as he lies under his tattered blankets, the whites of

his eyes shimmering in the distant streetlights as he watches me suck you. Knowing he's there sends a new wave of pleasure through my pussy, and I desperately want to taste your cum. But you're crueler than that -- you know you have to humiliate your new whore, so when you grab my hand and clamp it around your cock and start jerking off, I know what's coming. You pull your cock out of my mouth and, holding my hand, you make me jack you off on my face, hot streams of cum shooting over me, soaking my rumpled hair and dribbling down onto my bare breasts. I take the hot streams over my face and when you hold my mouth open and put your cock in there again, I obediently lick your cock

clean.

I kneel there with your soft cock in my mouth, feeling a sudden overwhelming comfort and satisfaction. I can't believe we've done this, we've planned this whole risky scene, me being your whore in an alley while homeless men watch and jerk off. Two newlyweds from the suburbs, walking this far out on the edge. It's why I married you, why I knew I could make a life with you -- because you would take me this far out into Hell, fucking my face in an alley at midnight. I feel for an instant like maybe we've gone too far, but the throb in my pussy tells me we've gone exactly far enough.

"That make you nice and wet, sucking Daddy's cock?"

I'm about to nod and say "Yeah," when I realize that you didn't say it. My eyes go wide and I gasp, seeing the glint of metal as it shimmers in the distant streetlight. Cops, I think, and feel a wave of fear as I imagine a night in jail, a sex offender charge -- the worst thing I could imagine. But this is much, much worse than I ever could have imagined. That's not a badge -- it's a knife. I see the whites of the black pimp's eyes and his henchman yanking you off of me. He shoves you to your knees.

"Take care of the guy, Jax," growls the guy on top of me. "You know what to do". I struggle to say something, struggle to get up off my knees, but the pimp has grabbed my hair and holds me down. I hear the click of handcuffs going around your wrists, see Jax shoving you onto your belly with your face in the puddle of piss.

"P--please don't hurt me," I beg.

"Think you can come out here and cop my whores, bitch? Think you can push 'em around and turn 'em out? I'll show you what happens to bitches who play pimp on my block."

Then he yanks you back onto your knees, shoves your face in his crotch, pulls his dick out.

"How you like being the whore, bitch?"

"Don't," I beg. "Let me do it....please, don't make him...."

But he's got his dick out already, and he's shoving it into your mouth. But he doesn't get hard -- instead, I see the splash of fluid as he lets go of his bladder, shooting his hot stream of piss down your throat so you gag and sputter it all over your purple silk shirt, your expensive leather jacket.

"Swallow, bitch!"

You struggle to swallow, to gulp down the man's piss. Tears roll down my face, mingling with your cum. Then I can't see what's happening to you because I feel my head being yanked back, my mouth forced wide as your cum drips off of it, as the black man shoves his cock into my mouth. I barely have time to take a breath before he forces it into the back of my throat and down, and I feel my throat spasming as I gag and my stomach seizes. But I fight it down, and start to suck his cock, taking its length down my throat.

"Yeah, that's right, bitch, you love to suck that cock. You da new bitch on the block. What's your name, whore?"

"Cody," I say when his cock comes out of my mouth for an instant -- and then he shoves it back in, gripping my hair, holding the back of my head as he fucks my face.

"You gonna whore real good for Daddy Black, you fuckin' whore?"

"Uh-huh," I mumble around his cock, feeling the hot tears roll off my cheeks and tasting them as they dribble onto his shaft. He's much bigger than you -- by a couple of inches at least, and thicker --

and it's hard for me to keep him down my throat. But every time I try to ease up, he grips me and shoves harder. So I keep working, sucking him as good as I can.

Then, suddenly, he pulls his cock out of my mouth and yanks me to my feet.

"Let's see whether that other hole of yours is as sweet as your throat, bitch."

I see you laying on your stomach, Jax's boot in your head, holding your face in the spreading puddle of fresh piss as it soaks your clothes. I barely have time to say "Don't hurt him!" before Daddy Black shoves me face-down

across a pair of metal trash cans. The metal is freezing-cold and hurts like hell against my naked body, especially my hard, aching nipples. Another pair of handcuffs comes out and encircles my wrists as Daddy Black yanks them behind my back. Jax comes over and grabs my hair as Daddy Black gets behind me. Then Jax's cock is in my face and in my mouth as Daddy Black forces my legs apart.

If my pussy wasn't so wet and throbbing already, it wouldn't feel good when he shoves into me -- but it does, a big, hard surge of pleasure exploding through my nude body as Jax shoves his cock down my throat. His cock is huge,

and I can barely swallow it. Daddy Black's massive cock is pounding against my cervix as I suck off Jax, and I hear you sobbing on the ground. I want it to stop, I want to take it all away, I desperately want us to have stayed home tonight and played out this scene in our suburban garage -- but it's much, much too late for that. And no matter how horrified I am, I can't stop the response my pussy is giving as Daddy Black rapes me. I feel my orgasm mounting, and it only adds to the horror. And I'm hovering there right on the brink as I feel him pulling out of me, feel his huge cockhead fitting in to the notch of my anus.

"Oh God," I gag around Jax's cock.
"Not there--" And then he shoves, my ass dry and tight, his cock just lubed with the juice of my pussy, ripping into me as he enters my back door. Jax is holding my head and pounding my throat, not letting me up for an instant even to get a breath. I feel everything getting dim, see stars in the corners of my vision. And that's when I cum -- as I feel Daddy Black pounding into my ass, a place that always makes me cum no matter how long I've been trying and can't. My whole naked body spasms and quivers as he yanks up on my handcuffed wrists to get a good hold on me so he can pound my ass better as he feels my asshole spasming around his cock. Then

he's grunting, and I feel the hot stream of his jizz shooting into my ass, shooting deep into me, pumping me full of his fluid. Jax pulls out and jacks himself off on my face, holding my hair so I can't get away as hot streams of jizz splash over me.

When they're finished with me they pull me out and yank me off of the garbage cans, shove me up against the wall.

Daddy Black is on me, giving me orders.

"You work this block, you're my whore," he tells me. "I turn you out every

night, and you give every dollar you make right to me. You do right by me and my friends and any cops that want a taste, maybe you'll get some back to take care of your habit. You act like a bitch, and I'll treat you like one, understand?" With that, he cuffs me across the face, and I feel the sharp sting of humiliation mixed with the blow.

"Understand?"

I nod, feeling the tears dribble down my face.

"It's five for a blow and ten for a throw, twenty bucks for Greek and you don't ever turn down a trick who wants

Greek. You take it from whoever wants to give it to you. If a trick gives you a tip, that comes straight to me, too. You work every night, including Christmas. You keep your pussy shaved smooth and you wear the clothes I give you. You don't make me at least \$40 for every single hour you work, this belt got your name on it, bitch. You ever try to run away from me, I'll drag you back here in chains and you'll suck off every homeless guy I can find before I kill you. You work for me until the day you die or the day I decide you too old and hagged out. Then I decide what to do with you. Understand, bitch?"

I nod quickly, feeling the fear course

through my naked body.

"Yeah. I understand."

He whirls me around and unlocks the handcuffs. "Get dressed, bitch. It ain't barely past midnight. You got a long night ahead of you."

I can see your eyes roving over me as I pick up my piss-soaked clothes from the asphalt and get dressed. The latex bustier is ruined, so I just zip up the jacket so my tits are hanging out. I can feel Daddy Black's cum dripping out of my ass and down the backs of my thighs, soaking the hem of my skirt and dribbling onto the asphalt between my

legs.

Jax bends down and unlocks your handcuffs. He yanks you to your feet, and I can see the front of your shirt soaked with piss.

"Start running," he says.

Without hesitating, without even so much as a glance toward me, you run down the alley and disappear.

"All right, bitch, your turn," Daddy Black says. "Chase Street between Broadway and 5th is your block from now on. Start working it."

I start walking, tottering on my high heels with my unsteady legs. I can feel the sting of my asshole from the hard pummeling Daddy Black gave me. I can feel the soreness of my legs from being spread so wide so hard. I can feel the rawness of my throat from being forced to deep throat that big cock. I can feel the humiliation as I realize that I've gotten myself much too deep, deeper than I ever thought a girl from the suburbs could get. I thought I was taking a walk on the wild side -- but now I know I'm in this for life, whether I like it or not. My pussy throbs thinking about it.

I pause at the entrance to the alley, see the dim forms of Daddy Black and

Jax kissing. They glance up and see me, and I see the flash of their teeth as they smile at me. Daddy Black blows me a kiss.

I turn and walk up the block. Do I look more like a whore now that I've been raped in an alley? Whistles and hoots go up from cars as they pass; men walking by look me up and down and say "Hi." I respond with my sexiest look.

I see the entrance to the subway, think about how it leads home, to safety. I see another whore across the street, leading a drunk-looking businessman into a residential hotel. I see another in the shadows of an alley, down on her knees.

I feel my nipples hardening under the jacket.

I'm standing at the corner when a car pulls up and the electric window goes down. I lean in, see the proffered \$5 bill. I smile and lick my lips. The door opens, and I climb in. You hit the gas.

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There's No Place like Home

by Casey O'Neill

My eyes were going blurry, but I could see her legs, all right. She was the only other person waiting on the platform for the D train. She was hot but trashy -- a working girl, probably, in a very short skirt and a white T-shirt cut into shreds, with her black bra visible. She had great legs tucked into fishnet stockings, and very high boots with very high heels; they weren't black but shimmering red, a metallic hue, impossible not to notice. Her tits were

falling out of the top, and her hair was bleached very blonde. She was several cars down from me, at the other end of the platform, but she scoped me out with obvious interest. She looked me up and down, and waved like she knew me. I felt a little scared, but slightly titillated. Maybe she saw the interest in my gaze, and thought I was a customer.

I did not return her wave. I just looked nervously. Just then, the D train arrived, and each of us got on board our respective cars...her on the first, me on the last.

I breathed a sigh of relief as I settled into a seat. There was nobody in sight;

the entire car was empty. I took a seat near the door and sat down feeling vaguely uncomfortable. Empty train cars sometimes can mean muggings at 3 am. On the other hand, there was no one around to mug me.

The heat was almost intolerable; it was the fourth week of record temperatures, and the subways were always the worst.

Wiping sweat from my brow, I tried to relax and turned my attention back to the manuscript I'd been reading as I waited: *There's No Place like Home*, A pornographic memoir of an overrated gay author's early days in New York. It

was bad enough that I had to read its excruciatingly detailed accounts of the author's sexual exploits with other men, but I actually had to *accept* it. My boss had already decided that this fourth-rate author was too good to refuse, so I was stuck with it.

It was so full of sex that I was inspired to call it "There's No Place like Homo." Mind you, I have no problem with gay sex. It's just not my thing. Neither is reading three hundred pages of it in great detail. The amount of sex in this relatively brief memoir was completely out of control, but it was the shitty writing that galled me the most. I wished I had a girlfriend to share its

worst-written passages with, but I'd recently moved to New York and didn't have a girlfriend...or any friends with whom I could share such explicit discussions.

It sure as hell wasn't the sort of manuscript I had seen myself acquiring when I graduated from Columbia. Then again, it didn't need to be, right? This job was paying the rent, and that seemed to be all that mattered any more, didn't it? Soon, soon, soon, I knew, I would get a break.

But for now, on this steaming night in the subway, I had nothing to read but "There's No Place like Homo." So I read

all about guys fucking other guys, much as it might turn me off...

The manuscript read:

Riding the right subway lines late at night could often lead to an orgy of indulgence with the like-minded young men who cruised the steamy underground.....often, a stolen glance would result in a heady interlude in the rearmost train car, cocks meeting mouths and throats, fingers pumping into asses....sexual adventure was the order of the day, and the subway was the place to get it. You could chow down on cum all night if you wanted, for the price of a subway token. I

remember one particularly hot pair of leather men I encountered one midnight on the D train; they both fucked my face and pumped creamy loads into my mouth between one station and the next. It was like I'd traveled on to cum-eating Heaven.

I shuddered. It wasn't just God-awful prose; it also seemed highly unlikely. Seriously? This guy was claiming that back in the "good old days," guys used to "chow down on cum" all night on the very train I was now riding? I doubted it.

I began to drift off. I didn't even notice the car stopping, the door

opening. I definitely didn't notice that the hooker in the short skirt, cutoff white T-shirt, high boots and fishnets had taken the opportunity to get off the train and run down the platform to *my* car.

When I looked up, shocked suddenly, awake, she was in front of me, like a vision of sexual predation. Up close, it was even clearer how gorgeous she was -- far too pretty for a street whore -- and even more obvious that's what she was. Her miniskirt was leather, or fake leather -- something like plastic. It barely contained her full hips and tight ass. It was barely decent. Her top was skintight and practically see-through. It didn't hide much of her large, firm tits.

Her black bra was plainly visible underneath, and she was falling out of that, too. It was a push-up bra, forcing her tits up and out, only padding underneath and thin lace atop, so her nipples showed plainly through the thin cotton. Erect.

Her hair, cropped short, was bleached a luminescent blonde. She wore large silver hoops in her ears. Her angular features were pretty, though creased and worn under too-much make-up. She was tall, and perched on stiletto heels, so the too-high hem of her miniskirt was just inches in front of my face.

The whore fixed my eyes with hers.

She pursed her thick, lipstick-slathered lips and reached down to the hem of her micro-miniskirt.

To my surprise, the whore snugged the skirt up to her waist, revealing to me that she wasn't wearing panties. She flashed me her smooth-shaved pussy. I stared in shocked silence. The lips of her labia were pierced by a half-dozen silver rings. Her clit was similarly pierced. She was so smooth and pale, her pussy so pink, that I could see everything. Unshrouded by the barest shadow of hair, her pussy glistened with moisture, droplets leaking out of her cunt to dribble down the fullness of her pink, swollen lips.

I knew instinctively that it wasn't just a whore's feigned arousal -- or lube -- that made her this wet and drippy. She seemed tired and pissed off, almost unbalanced. Maybe she was tired because it was the end of her shift. Either way, I knew what the creamy liquid was. This was the kind of young, reckless whore who might not always use rubbers with every client. This was a girl who would willingly go bareback for the right price.

And when the smell hit me -- the ripe stench of cum -- I knew someone had paid her the right price. Maybe more than just one someone. Maybe lots of

someones.

The whore was at the end of her shift on the street. She was oozing strangers' cum down her legs. It was the goo of the men she had serviced during her long night on the streets, and it stank. How many hours had she worked? How many men had she fucked? How many of them bareback, letting them cum in her pussy? How many loads lurked inside her, the smell wafting out to overwhelm me? Ten? Twelve? Twenty? More?

How many men had lifted that leather skirt and shoved their cocks into her body?

I tried to move, but I was still half-asleep; I felt lost in a kind of sleep-paralysis. The whore moved with expert grace. She seemed to be Dominant, radiating a power that I couldn't deny. She reached out and grabbed my lengthening hair. I hadn't had time to get it cut lately; it was longer than I realized, and she got a really good trip on my head. She forced my head down and lifted one finely-sculpted, fishnet-clad leg onto the train seat beside me. Her leg was muscled hard beneath the rippled surface of the fishnets. She had muscles from so many hours of walking the street. So many hours on her knees. Her arms, too -- they were strong from so many hours pumping her clients' cocks in

her hands and her mouth.

Her leg was exquisite. Beneath the fishnets, it was shaved as smooth as her pussy. She wore no stockings -- just the ruby-red high-heeled boots of shimmering, iridescent vinyl. Click them together and say “there’s no place like homo.”

I realized I had a raging boner. I often get that when I sleep...but I found it almost more disturbing than the whore appearing before me unannounced and shoving my face into her crotch! I'd been reading about a guy getting double-fucked on the subway before I dropped off. Hell, at least the streetwalker was a

woman! If I popped a boner reading about guys fucking guys, what did that mean?

I didn't know, and I still couldn't move. I felt paralyzed, helpless. Like a dancer, the whore lifted her foot onto the back of my chair and pivoted her hips slightly so she could shove herself onto my face. I couldn't believe her flexibility. She rode me with force. My hands hung limp in my lap, pressing against my humiliating erection.

She forced herself roughly onto my face. She started to grind her pussy against me.

I wanted to resist -- but then again, maybe I didn't. I was shocked; I felt more than just paralyzed. I felt controlled. To my own surprise, I let my tongue slip out. I worked it into her. I fought back inside my own mind, against the sense that I couldn't resist -- that this was the right thing to do. My fight was fruitless. I began to lick her. I tasted it.

I tasted it. Tasted it all. Every load, every guy she had fucked. What's that saying they used to tell us to drive home the safe sex messages? When you fuck someone you're fucking everyone they've ever fucked. As the pungent fluid ran onto my tongue, I was overwhelmed

with the sense that I wasn't just eating pussy, I was eating cum. Hell, I was practically sucking cock, just like the guy in the manuscript I'd been reading.

And my cock throbbed against my tight nuthuggers, harder than ever.

"Take it out," I heard the streetwalker's musical voice. She was an octave deeper than I'd have expected. I lapped at her pussy with surprising ease as she pulled my hair harder and shoved her hips roughly against my face. She was so flexible she could plant her high-heeled boot right behind my head and still fold herself up to ram her cunt onto my mouth.

She hissed more loudly: "Take it out!"

I knew what she meant, and I did as she said. My hands were no longer paralyzed; they seemed to move of their own volition. I fumbled my fly down; I reached in and pulled my hard cock from my underwear. I took it out. I gripped it tightly in my hand and started to beat it.

The whore shoved her pussy more firmly against my mouth, ramming the back of my head against the seat. "Don't beat off!" she snapped. "Just hold it...for now. Hold it still!" Again, her voice was deeper than I thought it would be. It seemed to send a rumbling sensation

through me.

I fought against the sense of paralysis that overcame me. I felt my hand stopping, as if actually by her command, not my own.

"Keep licking," she snapped at me. I did as the whore ordered me; I ate her out eagerly, licking her clit and her pussy, tasting the hot musk of her cunt and the tangy filth of other men's cum.

She held me so tight against the back of the seat that she almost smothered me. I kept licking. I licked her still deeper. My eyes rolled back in my head. I felt her squeezing her muscles; cum leaked

out of her pussy and onto my tongue. Rivulets ran down my chin. I kept licking. I licked ever more eagerly, seeking to please her.

I no longer had the urge to resist. I wanted this. I wanted *her*.

If I had been capable of logic, it would have told me that I was being offered free sex by a beautiful woman, even if it wasn't exactly *safe* sex. She might be a street whore, but she was still a whore. She was a prostitute who should be charging me money for the privilege of eating out her pussy. Instead, she had just grabbed me and shoved my face into her cunt. There

were no strings attached, so I took what was offered...even if I knew it was wrong.

My lips parted wider as I licked up into her. I felt her pierced pussy lips against my lips. I tasted the sharp tang of semen more strongly. I'd tasted it my own hand once or twice, experimentally; I'd tasted it on my female lovers' lips now and then when I forgot they'd just given me head and kissed them before they'd brushed their teeth. It always intrigued and disgusted me at the same time.

It's as if control came back to be briefly. My stomach seized up with

revulsion as I realized how deep I was licking into the whore's pussy. Then I felt a soft, warm sense of comfort as my body again relinquished control.

I gripped my stiff cock as the whore insistently fucked my face with her cunt. I tried not to think about what I was doing. I licked obediently, lapping up the sperm of the many customers who had used her. I swallowed that thick fluid and tasted it mixed with the musk of the whore's building arousal.

The train rocked violently. One hand on my head and the other gripping the overhead rail, she let the back and forth motion of the train firmly grind her pussy

against me. She released the pressure a little and let me take over the duties of licking her.

I no longer resisted at all.

I found her clit and suckled it hungrily, bringing an eager gasp from her, then a low moan of pleasure. I began to lick her clit rhythmically. I could still feel and smell the semen leaking out all over my chin and down onto my crotch. I felt my cock getting slippery with the dribbles of other men's cum and the whore's juices.

"You know what you're doing, don't you?" she asked with a soft last, her

voice deep and husky. "You can stroke it. Come on, jack it off, pussy-licker!"

I obediently started stroking my cock - - without even thinking about it. I jacked harder and faster as I licked the whore's clit. My dick was slippery, lubed up with other men's spooge. It made me exquisitely sensitive, as if the warm droplets were magical. I mounted quickly toward orgasm.

The whore gripped the overhead rails and let out a long, low moan of pleasure as she reached toward her own climax.

"That's it," she purred. "Just keep on sucking. Just keep on doing that,

dicksucker..."

I licked harder, faster. Ripples of pleasure seemed to spasm through me. The whore let out a shameless cry of pleasure; her pussy contracted. Her clit seemed to spurt. More fluid ran from her cunt to my mouth. I licked it up eagerly, still wanting more.

As my climax raged through me, I felt my head clearing. The pleasure of my orgasm blasted from cock and balls into the rest of my body; a thick coat of jism sprayed up onto my shirt, so hard that drops hit my chin and joined the river of cum that was pouring down with increasing force.

I came to my senses, as if snapping out of a dream. In my mouth, I felt a hard cock. The whore didn't have a pussy at all. Her cock was still pumping, squirt after squirt of hot seed erupting into my mouth. I came to my senses...but I didn't stop. I kept sucking, as if someone else controlled me.

Slowly, I sank back into somnolence, and things seemed to blend. I started to lick the whore's cunt again, totally untroubled by the quick shimmer of reality to reality. Her pussy just kept pouring musky liquid into my mouth. She reached down and grasped my wrist. She continued grinding against me as I

allowed her to use my hand to wipe up the thick gobs of semen that I'd sprayed all over the front of my shirt.

She took down her booted foot. With her skirt still raised, she forced my fingers and hers, together, into my mouth. She pulled my thick hair and thrust her cum-slimy fingers against my tongue. Obediently, as before, I licked it off.

The whore released her grip on my wrist. She reached down into my blazer. She fished for my wallet. Not finding it there, she shoved her hand under my ass and groped after the bulge she found there. My pants hung open, my dick still out and slimy with cum.

She took my wallet out and opened it. She gave me a sneer. I had only two twenties in there.

"This'll have to do, for now," she said, pulling down her skirt. "Thanks for the blowjob, hon."

The train squeaked and came to a stop. I stared at her blankly, uncomprehending. She yanked down her skirt, turned and ran for the closing door. She barely made it through. She ran for the other car, disappearing into it again.

I came to my senses for real, this time. I woke up from a dream...but my cock

still throbbed hard and desperate in my pants. I looked at the manuscript beside me on the train seat; my eyes widened.

It was now spattered with moisture. I raised it to my face and smelled it; the smell was the pungent aroma of semen.

Again, the train came to a squealing halt. It was my stop. I gathered my soiled manuscript up in my arms and stumbled for the door. I was embarrassed to walk or even stand in public with my cock so hard it was obviously tenting my pants. But the city dweller's aversion to missing one's stop overtook me, and I waddled painfully onto the platform, humiliated.

The whore was there, too, her tight butt wiggling back and forth in her short leather skirt. She was taller than I thought she would be, up close. She was taller than in my dream.

We came face to face. She looked me up and down.

She winked.

"Thanks for the blowjob, hon. You really know what you're doing...that's *obvious*."

She said it a little sarcastically, as if she knew how embarrassed I was. How

had she known to say that? How had she known about my dream?

She blew me a kiss and hurried up the stairs.

I waddled the few blocks home with my cock throbbing hard in my pants. When I got home, I found my wallet was empty. I was sure I had two twenties in there.

I spent all night tasting the realistic flavor of cum on my lips and tongue. I jerked off three times, but couldn't get it out of my mind. I dreamed of the whore on the train -- riding my face, using my tongue for pleasure. Fucking my mouth

with her pussy...and cock.

I dreamed of her for many nights after that. Sometimes I still do. And sometimes, I don't have to dream...

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One-Hour Parking by Kylie Cooper

As the SUV pulled into the parking lot, Alex recognized Mike's familiar silver sedan. Val parked the SUV just a few spots away from Mike's car. Alex saw that Mike was just sitting there, playing it cool. He didn't even look over. He didn't seem to notice that they'd parked next to him. He didn't give them any sign that he knew the game was on.

A sign glowed in the yellow overhead

light in front of each parking space: ONE HOUR PARKING. This time of night, though, there were no obnoxious little three-wheeled scooters cruising around issuing tickets. In fact, there was no one there at all. This back lot was hidden from the street. The only people likely to frequent it were dealers, hookers and the homeless. Cops might occasionally drop by to check what business was being transacted here, but it wouldn't happen often. The chance of getting interrupted by a police cruiser in any given one-hour period, Alex knew, was minimal.

But the cops weren't what scared Alex so much. What scared him was the guy in

that car, and what he was about to do with him. It fell clearly enough into the "hooker" category that if a cop *did* happen by, they'd all have a lot of explaining to do. But what really had Alex's heart racing was the act he was about to perform.

He was now Daddy's whore.

Alex felt his heart pounding as his wife looked him over with a wicked little smile.

"Are you ready to earn Daddy some money, baby?" Val asked him.

Alex could barely get the words out,

even though he'd practiced them a million times in his head, usually with his hard cock in his hand.

"Yes, Daddy," he said.

Val winked at him. Then her dark eyes got cold and her full lips pressed tight together. She looked *mean*.

She said: "You'd better be ready, bitch. You'd better be ready, willing and eager. You don't suck that cock good, Daddy's gonna do things to you that'll make you wish you never been born. Daddy's cock can go all sorts of nasty places. Places that'll hurt you, bitch." Val grabbed her bulging jeans. She was

wearing her cock, the big one -- the one Alex knew he couldn't take in his ass because it was way too big. The sight of his wife grabbing her big cock obscenely through her pants, coupled with her filthy, nasty threat, made a shiver of pleasure go through Alex's slim body.

Illuminated by the yellow light from the sodium lamps overhead, Val looked unnatural, maybe even crueller than usual. The yellow cast gave a slightly demonic look to everything. But Alex didn't care about color tonight; tonight, for him, it was all about contour. He knew he looked fucking hot. From the tips of his white high-heels up his long

shaved legs in the sheer black seamed stockings to the tight hem of the too-high dress with its padding in the hips and the way it cupped his D-cup foam rubber "tits," he was all girl. His blonde hair had finally gotten long enough that he could keep it in a ponytail. He pulled the rubber band off and shakes his hair out. Without much difficulty, he fluffed it into the messy, freshly-fucked look Val liked to see on him when he gets all femmed out. How fucking lucky was he to have a wife who enjoyed it when he dressed like a whore?

After just a few strokes of his fingers, Alex's blonde hair was a slutty-looking mop. His hair was just naturally curly

enough to be unruly -- just like him.

Dressed as a boy, Alex had a nice enough body -- slim and broad-shouldered. Dressed as a girl, with a little judicious padding in the right places, he almost passed. He dressed to show it off, maximizing his more feminine features and compensating for his more masculine ones. His feet were packed into a pair of white high heels. His long pretty legs had black sheer stay-up stockings with lace tops just visible beneath the hem of his skirt. His thighs had a healthy glow; freshly shaved, they had benefited from his hours at the tanning salon.

Under the skirt, Alex was packed into a lacy pair of panties, with his cock tucked back between his thighs. He wished he could have a pussy for the night, but that wasn't quite as simple as stuffing his bra.

His wife had a pussy, though, nestled beneath the silicone base of that big, hard cock. Val was wet already, dripping wet, just thinking about what her husband was going to do.

Val loved the way her husband looked in drag. She loved how tight the dress was across Alex's smooth belly, hinting at a little swell where it dipped into his navel, an exquisitely feminine detail.

She loved how he had managed to push the dress to the limit even though his titties were foam-rubber, not flesh. He was showing plenty of something like cleavage that might not have passed in the bedroom with the lights on...but it passed *beautifully* by candlelight, Val knew from experience. She was pleased to see that it also passed nicely by buzzing yellow sodium light. She loved how thin the straps of his dress were -- like they're halfway ready to fall off of his shoulders. They *had* fallen off his shoulders several times on the drive. Whenever he wore a dress like this, whether in the bedroom or a nightclub or wherever, he was perpetually pushing those spaghetti straps up. Alex found that

girlish gesture incredibly hot. It was so girly, so flirty, so irresistibly fetching. Val liked it, too.

Alex's face was painted pretty heavily. He was a whore, after all. What's more, he was a little insecure about what he was supposed to do; he knew it was important that he "pass," even though Mike was in on the game. As a result, Alex had overdone it a little trying to look like a hot little whore, probably more than he would have if they'd just been going to a play party or even dancing in a club.

But from Val's perspective, Alex didn't have to work to look hot when he

was "dressed." She loved boys who were girls, and she particularly loved it when Alex was a girl. In Val's opinion, all her husband needed was a little bit of eye shadow, some mascara and a thin coat of lipstick, and he was the hottest bitch in the world. Hell, *she* would have paid \$200 for an hour with him, and she got to sleep with him every night for free.

But this was different; tonight Mike was a "stranger," and Alex needed to look hot enough to entice a stranger not just to fuck him, but to pay money to fuck him. Val knew that wouldn't be as tall an order as all that, but Alex didn't. He was still insecure about what a hot little slut

he was.

But as Val looked her husband over, she decides she likes him painted like a whore -- a cheap, dirty whore, about to be pimped in a parking lot. Alex's lips had their bright shade of lipstick slathered on thick. His eyeliner, eye shadow and mascara looked like they'd been layered on with a trowel. His fluffed and messy blonde hair looked like he just stumbled out of a motel room after spending an hour locked in intimate "conversation" with six or seven guys he didn't know. What he was about to do was about as dirty as that, Val supposed. But she still thought Alex looked pretty, in an innocent way, under all that

makeup.

Alex gulped. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking about what a hot fuck you are," said Val with a cruel smile. "What a hot kinky fucking sick pervert! And I'm thinking how it's fucking *hot* that you wanna be Daddy's whore. And how fucking hot you look with your tits all hanging out and your fucking nipples showing through your top..."

Alex blushed a little under his makeup. He looked down at his cleavage.

"Do I really look good?"

"You look *fucking* good," she said. "I asked you if you're ready to earn some money for Daddy."

"And I said yes, Daddy."

"You don't sound too convinced," growled Val. "You ready to earn some money for Daddy, bitch?"

Alex shivered all over. He was well aware that the sculpted nips on the dress forms showed firm through the mesh-front bra and the tight, low-cut dress.

Alex made his voice as sexy and as feminine as he could.

"Yes, Daddy, I'm ready to make some money for you, Daddy. Lots of money." He sounded sultry and sexy, all right. He was getting better at this.

"Tell me how, bitch. How you gonna make money for Daddy?"

"Suck cock," said Alex. "I'm gonna suck cock."

"And what else?"

Alex gulped. "And, um...I guess...get fucked? If he wants to?"

"That's it," said Val. "All of those

tight little holes of yours belong to me, bitch. Say it."

"All my tight holes belong to you, Daddy," whimpered Alex, his cock stirring painfully.

"Tell Daddy what he owns," she said.

"All my holes," said Alex. "All my tight holes. All my tight fucking holes, Daddy...you own them. You own all of me."

"Abso-fucking-lutely," grinned Val, and leaned in to kiss her whore.

Alex met his wife's kiss with his red

lips parted. Their tongues entwined. Val felt the stud through Alex's tongue, taking pleasure in the vivid memory of how the piercing had been placed there: at a play party, with her leading Alex over on his leash on his hands and knees to the makeshift piercing station set up in the basement at Uptown Down. With the help of some friends, Val had tied Alex to the chair and Master Don had pierced him. Val also remembered how fucking *hot* the stud had felt against her clit just last night; it really was true what they said. There was no tongue like a pierced tongue.

When their kiss broke, Val wedged her hand under Alex's body. She

squeezed his cute ass in that tight skirt.

"Keep this ass good and ready," said Val. "Daddy will be right back. Why don't you get out of the car and enjoy a cigarette while I'm gone?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Alex.

He knew what Val was really telling him; she wanted him to get out and flaunt his wares for the customer. She wanted Alex to lean against the car with his tits stuck out and his lips working sensuously on a cig just like she was about to promise the customer they'd work on his cock. She wanted his red-painted lips to trail smoke the way they'd

soon be dribbling cum.

Val got out of the SUV and went over to the silver sedan. Alex got out and fished his pack of cigarettes out of his little sequin-studded clutch. He lit one up with his cute little silver-and-pink lighter. He drew deep. He played with the smoke. He teased his lips with his fingers, aware that Mike was watching from the other car.

Mike cranked down the window before Val even rapped her knuckles on the roof of the car, like he knew what to expect. Val went down in a crouch. She talked amiably with Mike, as if they didn't know each other. They passed a

jive handshake. Alex rolled his eyes. Could they *be* more stereotypical?

But Alex had to admit it was making his cock stiffen a little. In fact, he's getting remarkably turned on as he watched them talking -- so much so that his swelling erection threatens his tuck-job, threatening to dislodge his cock from its tightly-secured place in his panties.

Alex watched closely, his arousal mounting. His heart pounded. He wished he could hear what Val was saying. Was she offering him to Mike for \$10? \$20? \$50? Was she bragging about what a hot, tight wet mouth he had? Alex's cock

throbbed in its panty-tuck as he longed to hear his wife's musical voice extolling the pleasures of his holes and exhorting Mike to cough up a little bit of green to "spend some time" with Alex. Alex had always loved to hear Val talking dirty like that when she was in a seriously kinky mood. She was the best kinky role-player he'd ever known. He wished he could listen in, but that's not how it worked. Tonight he was a whore; she was his pimp. What he got to do was wait in car huffing the stink of his own perfume to find out if his pimp's sales pitch had been successful...even though he knew that it had to be. Unless Mike had gotten cold feet...and that was always a possibility.

So he watched, getting more and more turned on as Val chatted with Mike for a bit. Alex saw Val gesturing toward the SUV. Alex squirmed, feeling his stiffening cock threaten its tight panty tuck-back more with every passing instant, every gesture that Val made.

Mike looked over at Alex, his face expressionless. Alex smiled at Mike and tried to look sexy as he wiggled his butt to the side against the car and showed it off. Alex arched his back and stuck his tits out. He figured Mike probably couldn't possibly see all that much -- the yellow light from above was bright, but

it shone at a weird angle.

After a minute of negotiation, Val waved at Alex.

She said, "Lexi! Get your ass over here, bitch! I got a friend I want you to meet!"

Bitch. Did she have to call him bitch? Alex felt his inner slut getting kind of turned on, even while his inner female felt offended. "Bitch" was a word that he'd found setting off alarm bells in almost every woman he met; when he had his head this much in "girl-mode," he felt the same nagging sense of being insulted whenever he heard it. Maybe

that was why Val insisted on using it. He realized that somewhere deep inside, it made him feel that much more submissive. It made him feel that much more like "Lexi."

Fine, he decided. Tonight I'll be Daddy's bitch. Tonight I'm Lexi, and I guess she's a bitch.

Alex acted the part of the petulant whore. He took his time sucking another drag from his smoke. He caressed the butt of his cigarette with his lips and tongue and let the white smoke trickle back out with his red mouth held wide open in an "O" of sensuous suggestion. He hoped it looked like cum. In French,

he was given to understand, half the rude terms for giving blowjobs referred to smoking. Slang for cum always referred to smoke. He hadn't the faintest clue if Mike knew French, but he hoped that having smoke drifting out of his mouth made the guy think about cum the same way a hot girl smoking cigarettes, Alex was convinced, *always* made guys think about blowjobs.

Alex swung his hips as he walked, tottering on the very high heels he's wearing. He wiggles his ass in that very tight skirt. Alex rounded the rump of the silver sedan and came alongside Mike and Val, looking surly.

Val's eyes flickered up and down Alex with a sneer. She spotted his attitude and she responded in kind. Alex half-expected a bitch-slap, which would probably make him pop a full-on boner. Nobody knew how to slap him good and hard like his sweetie.

But she didn't slap him; he hadn't earned it yet.

"This is Mike," she said. "Show him your tits."

Alex's heart pounded; the words sent a lightning bolt through him.

He already had that arresting, insistent

throb in his crotch as his cock tries to stiffen. The tight tuck prevented it, and Alex's arousal channeled itself back into his body, into his *female* body...into the sexy curves he only got to have when he's playing...and particularly into his tits.

He stuck the cig between his red lips and puffed it while he took hold of his tight top and lifted it over his tits. He couldn't stop his hands from trembling as he did so. It wasn't cold out -- it's just that it was the first time another guy had seen his new tits.

Alex knew if he was a real whore, he wouldn't be wearing a bra. Even with

the giant and very realistic D-cups that Val had helped him strap on, he would have been placing them on display for the customer to evaluate. But as it was, the bra itself made the whole package look realistic. Alex blushed deep red, feeling his face getting hot, as he showed off the convincingly flesh-like mounds of his big tits, with their firm, sculpted nipples poking through the translucent cups of the black mesh-and-lace push-up bra.

"Not bad," said Mike, and Alex felt a soft glow of pride. "Now let's see that ass."

"You heard the man," deadpanned

Val. "Show Daddy's friend your tight little ass." She lifted one finger and made a circling gesture, indicating that Alex should turn around. Alex did, bent over, and reached for his the hem of his tight, short skirt. Val got there first, yanking his skirt up over his ass. Alex felt a hot flush of sexual hunger.

Val spanked him, three or four times on each cheek, bringing out the rosy color of his butt. Alex's breath quickened as he squealed girlishly. The spanking sound mingled with the hot buzz of the sodium lights overhead.

"All right," said Mike. "She'll do. Let's talk price."

"Go back to the car," Val Alex, leaving him to pull down his own skirt and top.

"Yes, Daddy," said Alex breathlessly as he wiggled away. He swayed across the parking lot toward the SUV.

The final negotiation didn't take long, but the ritual of wiggling his hips as he walked across the parking lot sure as hell worked for Mike. He was intensely turned on by the time he leaned his ass against the SUV. He'd just lit another cigarette when Val started across the lot toward the SUV, flashing a tightly-folded sheaf of twenty-dollar bills in her

palm. She blew Alex a kiss.

"Get your ass over there," said Val, spanking Alex on the ass. "Go earn for Daddy. Be a good whore for me."

Alex kissed his wife on the cheek, leaving a faintly red outline of his girly lips.

"Yes, Daddy," said Alex breathlessly. "I'll be a good little whore for you." Then, more softly, his voice getting husky, he added: "I'll suck his cock real good. And then I'll suck yours when I come back."

"You do that," said Val with a cruel

smile. She slapped Alex on the ass again as he wiggled back toward the silver sedan.

#

As Alex approached the silver sedan, he saw that Mike had already gotten into the back seat. Apparently, Mike wanted room to work. Alex made contact with Mike, shyly, before he pulled the passenger-side door open.

He slid into the car with the sexiest, slinkiest undulation of his body he could manage. He felt suddenly nervous and shy. He felt, for a moment, like he didn't look nearly hot enough for Mike to want

to fuck.

But then Mike gave Alex a demanding glare of dominance, almost of anger. He rubbed the front of his loose jeans. Mike was an imposing guy, big and full of muscle and radiating dominant energy. Alex didn't want to tell a guy like that "no," especially after he'd paid. Alex wouldn't want to say "no" to a guy like this, even if this whole thing hadn't been his hare-brained idea.

Alex felt a surge of pleasure as he surrendered to the knowledge that he was really going to do this.

"Hi there," said Alex in his girliest

voice. Alex held his hand out as if to shake Mike's hand. He realized how masculine a gesture that could be, and tried to make his hand as limp as he could -- the way a girl would do it, awkwardly.

He issued a somewhat awkwardly-suppressed giggle, deep into his filthy femme mind-frame now. He was trying to flirt.

"Your name's Mike, right?" asked Alex. "I'm Lexi."

Mike growled, "Skip the romance." He took Alex's limp and pressed it against his bulging crotch.

Mike's cock was already rock-hard -- and fucking *huge*, just like Daddy had promised. Alex felt a surge of pleasure as Mike forced him to rub his hand up and down the long hard shaft through Mike's loose jeans.

"All right," giggled Alex flirtatiously. "I can do that. I don't mind skipping the romance--uh!"

Before Alex even had the sentence all the way out, Mike had reached out and grabbed Alex's long blonde hair. He pulled hard and forced Alex's face down to his crotch. Mike began to unbuckle his belt. Doing it one-handed didn't come

nearly as easy as it seemed like it should, especially with the trembling Alex suddenly placing lipstick kisses all over Mike's crotch. Alex took over the pants-opening duties, leaning deeply against Mike's body and kissing his crotch hard, leaving little lipstick marks.

As Alex unfastened Mike's pants, Mike put one big arm around Alex's body and reached down to grab his butt.

Alex felt Mike squeezing his buns and pulling his skirt up, exposing the back of his panties. Alex's little cock started to stiffen in response to the touch -- and to Mike's big cock in his face.

Alex got Mike's jeans unzipped. He put his hands in through the fly. Mike was wearing cotton boxer briefs. Alex molded his hand around the shaft through the soft cotton fabric.

Jesus! Mike was *huge*. Val really hadn't been kidding about the guy being well hung. She should know; Mike was her ex-boyfriend. Or, as Alex understood it, "ex-fuckbuddy" would probably be more accurate. They had slept together for a while some years ago, and Val had assured Alex he'd like Mike "lots." When Val was talking about Alex-as-Lexi, that usually meant one thing. Lexi's taste in men boiled down to just a few male traits; chief among them

was a really big cock.

But Alex had been pretty skeptical about just how big Mike could really be. Now he knew better. He should have listened to Val when she told him it was like John Holmes had been part elephant. That's pretty much what it felt like.

Alex's own much smaller cock stiffened further in his panties.

Alex pulled Mike's boxer briefs down. Mike pulled Alex's skirt up higher over his ass. Mike dug his fingers in, alternately squeezing and caressing Alex's shaved butt.

Alex took Mike's enormous, hard cock in his mouth. At first it felt smooth against his lips, but the more he took it into his mouth, the more he could feel the ridges and veins. Mike had a prominent head that seemed huge even in proportion to his already giant cock. The head of it almost choked Alex when his lips were halfway down on Mike's long shaft.

Alex felt a rush of excitement as Mike took firm hold of his ass and forcibly adjusted Alex's body to give him more leverage. Mike wanted Alex to take his cock deeper, and he knew how to facilitate it. So did Alex; he hadn't

sucked all that much cock, but he was exceedingly used to servicing "Daddy" in the bedroom. Val's own taste in cocks ranged toward the enormous, so both of them were happy with a strap-on that Alex really had to work to swallow. Even so, Val had never strapped on a dick that even came close to Mike's monster.

Alex straightened his throat. He stuck out his tongue to lick the underside of Mike's cock. He took a deep breath and pushed down hard, trying to swallow. His throat seized up and he gagged. Drool ran out of Alex's mouth and around Mike's balls, making everything slick as Alex started stroking the shaft.

Truth be told, Alex loved this part. He didn't understand what was so hot about trying to deep-throat and gagging instead, but he loved it. Whenever he sucked cock -- Daddy's or someone else's -- he always got so fuckin turned on at the part where his throat wouldn't open and his gag reflex went into overtime. He liked it even better if the guy grabbed his head and pulled his hair and maybe even slapped him a little.

But Mike wasn't there quite yet. From what Val said, he would get there -- but he was giving "Lexi" a little time to come out and play. Mike was a powerful enough guy and was already topping

Alex hard, just by sheer dint of physical prowess. But he didn't need to choke his little bitch just yet.

He would get around to that.

Instead, for now, Mike let Alex choke himself. Alex pushed himself onto Mike's cock and made audible gagging sounds as drool ran everywhere. He tried again and again to take it down his throat; it wouldn't go. It was just too fucking big. All of those nights deep-throating his wife's strap-on cock, and he couldn't get this one down? Maybe it wasn't just Mike's great size. Maybe Alex was too turned on, and all his holes were cinching up tight to make thing's

harder. That's certainly how his asshole felt, as Mike squeezed and patted his smooth-shaved ass. Maybe Alex just wasn't used to the intoxicating smell, taste and feel of a real cock in his mouth. Maybe that's why it wouldn't go down.

But Alex wanted it rough; he wanted Mike to help. His lips came off of Mike's dick. HE never stopped licking as he whimpered, as girlishly as possible:

"Oooh, it's too big, Daddy. I don't think I can deep-throat it. Please don't make me. Please don't choke me on your cock." Alex's voice got deeper and huskier as his arousal mounted. He

lapped wetly at Mike's shaft and moaned, "Please, Daddy, don't get all rough with me and choke me on your big fuckin' cock..."

Mike got the picture pretty quick.

He saw Alex looking up at him. Alex's eyes ran with thick tears laden with black mascara. Mike grinned. He continued to squeeze Mike's shaved ass.

Then he drew back his right hand and spanked Alex, *hard*.

Alex yelped in pain.

"Get that cock down your throat," he

said. "Get it down all the way. Take that dick, bitch. Take that dick down your throat."

Alex's face reddened. Mike spanked him harder. Mike's other hand, his left, came up and took hold of Alex's long blonde hair. Mike grabbed, getting a firm handhold. He *pulled*.

"No, Daddy," whimpered Alex.
"Please don't make me--"

Mike said, "Shut up, bitch. Swallow dick or get me my money back. I want it all the way down your throat, bitch. I ain't taking no for an answer."

Mike held Alex's hair tightly, pulling with his left hand. Mike's right hand came off of Alex's butt and moved down to take firm hold of his own cock.

He slapped Alex in the face with his dick, hard. Alex gasped as he did it. There was another hard cock-slap, three or four times across each cheek. Alex whimpered and squirmed.

"Please don't get rough with me, Daddy," moaned Alex. "I don't know if I can handle it if you get rough..."

Mike slapped Alex again in the face with his cock. He pulled Alex's long blonde hair even harder, slapped him

some more, and pushed roughly down on Alex's head.

"I said swallow it!" Mike growled.

His hand returned to Alex's ass, and this time he didn't wait before spanking the shit out of him. Mike whacked Alex's shaved sissy butt hard with six or eight sharp slaps as Alex whined and whimpered, wiggling his butt back and forth like he was fruitlessly trying to avoid the blows.

"I said swallow! Swallow that dick, bitch! Swallow it all!"

"Yes, Daddy," whimpered Alex.

Alex surged forward, overcome with a new hunger to suck Mike's cock down all the way. He straightened his throat by arching his back and opened wide. He took a deep breath. He forced himself down onto Mike's cock, feeling the huge head stretching his throat.

Alex finally managed to relax his throat around the giant head of Mike's cock. After an initial period of getting used to the procedure, Alex had always found it easy to deep-throat one of Val's strap-ons in bed. But he'd never even *seen* a cock as big as Mike's...certainly never up close and personal like this.

Alex shuddered as the as he felt his throat relaxing to accept Mike's huge organ.

It took almost ten minutes before Mike's big cock finally slid all the way down Alex's cock. Once it was in him, Alex felt his gag reflex rebelling again, his throat seizing up around the thrust of Mike's long cock. But Alex held Mike's cock down his throat, feeling submission flow through him as he surrendered to the control of the bigger and harder man. He felt a hot rush of pleasure going through his body as he started working his head back and forth, sucking Mike's cock in short little strokes, never letting it very far out of his throat.

Mike never let go of Alex's long hair. Alex could feel Mike pulling his messy blonde locks hard with every wiggle and thrust of his mouth.

With his right hand, Mike spanked Alex again -- this time in reward.

"Good girl," he said "Swallow that dick. You love dick. You fuckin' love swallowing dick."

Alex wiggled his bare, shaved butt, feeling it get warm to the touch as Mike spanked it more. He arched his back a little more to push his ass up into Mike's firm grasp. The gesture seemed to invite

more spansks, if Mike wanted to give them.

But Mike had other things in mind.

As Alex's mouth worked up and down on his huge shaft, Mike said, "Good girl. That's a good little cocksucker. You love that big dick, don't you?"

Alex tried to mumble "Mmm-hmmm," around Mike's cock, but it was fruitless. His mouth was stuffed too full. He just started bobbing up and down, fucking his face onto Mike's dick as he felt the man's huge hand on his ass.

Mike wasn't spanking now, though...he

was just feeling. Alex could feel Mike tugging his smooth cheeks apart. Alex felt a rush of fear.

Alex's cock was getting hard, the fear having given way to deep arousal. It was well-tucked into those very tight panties, but even they weren't tight enough to hold against the building pressure of Alex's stiffening boner.

When Mike pulled the back of Alex's thong out of the way, it was over.

Alex's cock popped free and stiffened all the way, jutting out of his panties.

Soon his dick was hanging out over

the waistband of his tight black mesh thong. Alex felt the strange and succulent shame he relished over his own cock when he was forced to show it to a guy with a much bigger package.

Mike grabbed Alex's balls. He squeezed and tugged at them. His palm worked against Alex's asshole while Alex continued bobbing up and down on his cock. Mike pulled Alex's hair harder, forcing Alex's face up and down in his crotch.

Alex felt helpless and deeply submissive despite his growing fear. What's more, Mike was fully in control of every aspect of the situation. When

Alex's cock popped free, he knew he had to respond, even if Alex didn't. Alex didn't want Mike to acknowledge his cock, at first. But when he felt Mike's big hand wrapping around it, he knew that even his cock was subject to the transaction Val had concluded earlier.

"Your pimp didn't tell me you were a special girl," said Mike.

His face red, Alex didn't respond; he just kept sucking Mike's dick.

"You got an extra little package down here, huh? You think that makes you special? You think maybe I'm gonna want to give you a blowjob? Huh? You

think that makes me wanna suck your little dick?"

Drunk on his growing need, Alex, never stopped licking Mike's cock, even as he spoke.

"No, Daddy," said Alex. "I'd never think that. I'm your cocksucker, Sir. I'm here to suck your cock and that's all, Sir."

Mike slapped Alex's balls. "Then what's this about?"

"I love sucking cock, Daddy," moaned Alex softly. "I can't help it. It makes my little dick hard."

"Yeah," said Mike. "Cunts like you love to suck dick, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," Alex breathed hungrily. "Yes, Daddy." He licked his way down to Mike's balls and began to worship them.

Mike's jeans had migrated down past his thighs. As Mike started pulling them down over his boots, Alex didn't think twice about it. He licked down deeper between Mike's legs and really started worshipping Mike's balls. He kept rubbing Mike's big cock with his hand, letting his spittle slick it up as he rubbed it periodically all over his face.

Then Alex felt Mike's hand drawing back for another spanking blow, and a sick feeling went through him. Instinctively, he knew it wasn't going to be his ass this time.

When the blow came, it was much lighter than the strokes Mike had given Alex's ass. But it was delivered squarely to Alex's balls. It sent a cold wave of sickness through his body -- not so much physical pain as a deep testicular anxiety.

Alex choked on Mike's balls and licked his way up his shaft, desperately trying to swallow Mike's cock before the

next blow came.

He gulped down Mike's huge organ just as Mike spanked Alex's balls again. Alex instinctively tried to close his legs, but Mike grabbed hooked his own legs under Alex's and held them open as he gave him three more quick blows -- not as hard as the ones on his ass, but hard enough to make Alex spin desperately in space as he rhythmically swallowed Mike's cock.

"I think you like something other than just sucking dick. Cheap sluts like you always take it in the ass." Mike leaned down and spat on Alex's smooth, shaved crack.

Alex moaned as Mike shoved two fingers up into his asshole. Worked up into a frenzy between fear, pain, submission and sexual excitement, Alex surged onto Mike's fingers, gulping hungrily. When he came up for air, letting Mike's dick slide from his mouth, drool ran down his chin. Mike's fingers were buried deep inside him, working up and down, forcing Alex's tight smooth around in a circle.

"D-Daddy said you only wanted a blowjob," gasped Alex

"Maybe I changed my mind," said Mike, pulling Alex's hair so hard that

Alex cried out while he shoved his fingers deeper into Alex's ass. "Maybe I want some pussy."

Alex whimpered, "I can't help you there, Daddy..."

Mike drove a third finger in. Alex gasped.

"I think you can," he said. "You got a nice, tight, sweet sissy pussy. You're just what I need."

He took his fingers out of Alex's tight ass and spanked each of his smooth buttocks once.

Then Mike said, "Get on your hands and knees, baby. You and me are gonna get ...*intimate*."

Alex felt Mike grabbing his wrists, repositioning him onto his hands and knees. Mike pulled Alex's short skirt all the way up to his waist. He pulled the thong back of Alex's panties as far out of the way as they would go, fully exposing Alex's crack.

Alex's heart raced. Could he even *take* a dick that big up his ass? He realized that he wanted to. But he didn't think it was possible.

Alex said, "You'll have to talk to

Daddy. He only told me to give you a blowjob."

Mike leaned down to his discarded pants. His hand came back up holding a wrinkled \$20 bill.

He unfurled the bill and rubbed it against Alex's messy face. It came away black with running mascara and red with smeared lipstick.

"This is just between us," said Mike. "Daddy doesn't have to know. You give me the discount price, and you can just consider it a tip. Besides..." Mike pulled Alex's hair and shoved the \$20 bill in his mouth. "You can't pretend you don't

want this. That little pecker of yours tells me how bad a girl like you needs dick in her ass."

Alex moaned softly. His body undulated and heaved under Mike as the bigger man's cock rubbed up between his smooth-shaved cheeks. Alex could feel his own much smaller cock surging in hunger.

Alex spit out the twenty and put it in his sequined clutch purse.

His hand came out holding a condom and a little packet of lube. He handed them over his shoulder to Mike.

"Just please grease me up first," he said. "I'm really tight back there."

"Don't I know it!" growled Mike, rubbing his fingers together. "Had to really shove to get these three in there!"

Mike took the lube and the condom and went to work on both like he'd done this a million times. With one hand, he fitted the condom package between his teeth and opened it. Then he bit off the tip of the lube packet and drizzled the cool liquid into Alex's crack as he rolled the condom over his giant dick.

Val had packed Alex's clutch purse, so the condom was a Mammoth XL, the

largest size anyone manufactured. Daddy had clearly known this moment would come.

Alex tried to relax, breathing deeply as Mike took firm hold of his hips and repositioned him to get fucked. Mike guided his latex-sheathed cockhead to Alex's hole and began to enter him.

Alex let out a small gasp of surprise as he felt himself stretching. Mike really was as big as he looked. He could feel his asshole resisting the intrusion.

""Holy fuck," Alex murmured. "Oh, fuck, Daddy...your dick is so big. Please, go slow..."

Mike slapped Alex on the ass again.

He growled, "How about if *you* go fast, instead?"

Alex felt one of Mike's hand in his hair, the other on his hip. Together, they forced Alex back against Mike. Alex squealed a little as his entrance stretched. His asshole still didn't give, but he felt it relaxing with the surging pleasure of deep submission.

Alex wiggled his butt back and forth, trying to force himself onto Mike. He felt the insistent and building pressure of Mike's cockhead while Mike tipped

Alex's head back so he could look in Alex's eyes.

"Open wide, bitch," growled Mike.

Alex felt a rippling sense of submission going through him.

"Yes, Sir," Alex whimpered.

Mike shoved again, but it still didn't go. Alex gasped and moaned, wiggling his butt harder in an attempt to take it.

"Beg for it, bitch," Mike said. "That always helps."

Alex gasped as he worked his

unyielding buttohole against Mike's huge cock. He moaned, "Put it in me, Sir. Fuck me with your -- oh, fuck!"

As Alex cried out, Mike pulled hard on Alex's hair with one hand, on his hips with the other. Together, he forced Alex onto his cock.

Alex's whole body felt speared through as Mike's giant dick pushed into him. He felt a momentary sense of panic as his body attempted to acclimate to the insertion. It was a lot of cock to accommodate.

But once the initial wave of fear was past, Alex realized it felt *good*.

He wiggled his butt back and forth, letting Mike pull him back more firmly to force the huge cock up inside him.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Alex moaned. His hips started moving, almost as if of their own accord. He began to pump himself back onto Mike's cock.

"Oh fuck, that's so fucking good," he gasped. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh, motherfuck, Daddy, I love your cock--"

As Alex relaxed into the deep thrust of Mike's cock, he found his body overtaken by a strange and insatiable hunger. He'd been fucked in the ass so many times, but he'd never wanted it

quite as badly as he wanted it now. He moaned and shuddered as he pushed himself rhythmically back against Mike, humping himself onto the giant cock. He felt impaled. He fucked himself onto Mike's dick with deep thrusts in a quickening rhythm.

Alex's moans rose in pitch until he was shocked at how feminine they sounded. He guessed it was pretty easy to sound like a girl when you were taking cock this deep in your ass.

Alex felt Mike's weight against him, bearing him down. Mike's black T-shirt was off, and he held Alex's shoulders tightly against his naked chest. Alex felt

the hard surface of Mike's muscled body.

Mike put his lips to Alex's ear and growled: "Come on, baby. You know you wanna jack yourself off for me."

Alex didn't have to be asked twice. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his own cock. It didn't take long. He was close already. As he thrust his body back against each of Mike's building strokes, Alex neared his peak and cried out in rising pleasure.

At the very last instant, Alex thought about Mike's upholstery. Should he really just blow his load everywhere?

But great minds think alike -- Mike's hand was already tucked down tight against Alex's cockhead, cupped to catch as much of the load as possible. Feeling Mike's strong hand against his dick, Alex relaxed into his onrushing orgasm.

Pinned between Mike's thrusting cock in his ass and his firm hand at his cockhead, Alex felt helpless. He was tossed about by the hot waves of pleasure that blasted through his body.

Mike held Alex's body tight against his, holding his cock in deep in while Alex pumped his full load into Mike's cupped hand. Pleasure coursed through Alex's body. Alex was stuffed so full he

felt like he couldn't stop cumming. It seemed to go on forever.

But it didn't. It lasted just long enough for Alex to lose all sense of himself in time and space. And then Mike's hands brought him back to earth. One pulled his hair and forced Alex's head back. The other came away from Alex's softening cock, still cupping the full load of jizz.

Mike's right hand moved more gingerly than before. It remained cautiously upturned as he brought it up to Alex's face.

Mike opened his hand as he shoved it

against Alex's mouth. Alex's sticky red lips parted for the load, but Mike's hand was too full to get it all in. There was no way to get that much cum from cupped hand to open mouth without spilling plenty.

Even Alex's obediently lapping tongue couldn't catch it all, or anything close to it. Most of the slimy cargo cupped in Mike's hand ended up smeared over Alex's face or running over his chin. It slicked up his cheeks, soaked his blonde hair, ran down his neck to his shoulders, and dribbled onto his tits. Alex lapped what was left out of Mike's palm.

"Yeah," growled Mike. "You love that

cum, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," Alex said, still licking. "I love it, Sir."

Mike drew his cock back. Alex slumped forward, hands on the car seat and ass in the air. He moaned softly as the head of Mike's cock stretched his anal opening. Finally, Mike's big popped out. The condom glistening cleanly with lube.

Mike pulled the condom off. The window was cracked slightly; Mike shoved the rubber through the narrow gap. It left a slimy trail down the window, but Mike didn't care.

He took a seat with his cock in his right hand. His left hand once again seized Alex's long blonde hair.

Mike pulled the obedient blonde's cummy face into his crotch again. He guided Alex's ruined red mouth onto his cock. Compliant as ever, Alex took Mike's dick in his mouth and started to suck. He tasted rubber and ass, but he didn't care. He knew Mike was going to cum, and he wanted to eat it up like the cheap little cumslut he was.

"Oh, yeah," sighed Mike. "Get that cream, bitch. Suck that cream out. Suck that cock fresh from your ass."

Glowing with pleasure, Alex sucked Mike's cock deep into his mouth. This time, he only gagged himself a couple of times, just out of submissive compulsion. As he did, he could smell the musky scent of his own ass at the base of Mike's cock, where the condom hadn't quite reached. The aroma mingled with the overwhelming scent of his own cum, which had started to coagulate all over his chin and his cheeks. The humiliating combination of smells made Alex even hungrier for Mike's load.

Alex drew his lips back up Mike's shaft, letting them rest just below the head. He bobbed more gently up and

down on the top part of Mike's cock while he worked on Mike's shaft fiercely with his tightly-gripped hand. Alex's tongue caressed Mike's *glans* affectionately, and Alex looked up at Mike while he sucked.

Mike's handsome face looked almost demonic in the yellow light -- just like Daddy's had. But it bore an almost boyish grin. Alex saw a hint of the man beneath the player, and it made him want to please Mike even more.

Mike pulled Alex's hair as the blonde sucked him eagerly.

When he spoke next, Mike's breath

was more labored, his words strained.

"Yeah, you like that cum, bitch, don't you? Oh, yeah, you want it, don't you?"

Alex's head rocked in a nod, and his throat emitted a hungry affirmative sound -- just as Mike threw back his head and groaned in orgasm.

"Oh, yeah, oh yeah, fuck yeah!"

Alex's mouth flooded with hot liquid. Spurt after spurt erupted from the tip of Mike's giant cock, filling Alex's mouth and overflowing onto his chin. He worked hard to catch it all, but couldn't quite get it. Torrents of cum shot into his

mouth; rivulets dribbled from the corners of his lips and ran down onto his tits.

Alex swallowed. He kept sucking. Mike's cock kept pulsing. Alex swallowed again, his rough throat soothed by the thick liquid. Alex worked his lips up and down as Mike's streams turned into dribbles.

Mike pulled Alex's hair one last time, guiding Alex off of his cock.

Alex's messy red mouth came free with a pop. Cum dribbled down his chin. Some of it ran onto Mike's thighs. Alex leaned down and lapped it up, feeling

the texture of Mike's hairy legs under his tongue. They felt so different than Alex's own. Mike's thighs were muscular where Alex's were lean, hairy where Alex's were smooth.

Alex lay there, feeling spent and submissive, bent over the edge of the seat, with his face in Mike's crotch and his knees tucked into the wheel well.

Breathing hard, Mike pulled his jeans over his boots. His boxer briefs were nowhere to be found; he didn't bother to look for them, but just pulled his jeans up without underwear. He zipped them and buckled his belt while Alex watched, dripping cum from his face.

Mike reached down and petted his hair. He turned his head and kissed his fingers.

"Yeah, you like that cum, don't you?" said Mike. "You gobble it up. You suck that cum down, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Alex. "Yes, Daddy," he added breathlessly.

Mike beamed down at his for a little while, never quite breaking character. Then he reached out and found his black T-shirt.

"Got something I can clean up with,

Sir?" asked Alex.

Mike pulled on his T-shirt. He reached over and popped the back door open. He chuckled.

"I don't think so," he said. "I think your Daddy wants you back just like you are."

Mike ran his thumb across Alex's cummy red lips.

"Let Daddy see how good I ruined you. Let him see how hard and deep I gave it to his little girl. He'll know how much you had to work to get that money. He'll like that. He'll know his little girl really love shim."

"Yes, Sir," said Alex. "I think you're right."

He tucked his soft cock back into his black mesh panties. It still drizzled. He pulled down his skirt and got out of the car.

Swinging his hips, he walked toward the SUV.

Mike got out, too. He got in the driver's seat.

Mike didn't waste time. He'd started the silver sedan and pulled out of the spot before Alex got halfway to the

SUV. By the time Alex made it back to his Daddy, Mike was gone.

#

When Val saw Alex coming toward her, her eyes went wide. She had the window down. She'd been watching the whole thing.

"Holy shit, bitch! That trick really worked you over."

Alex looked shyly at her.

"Yes, Daddy," she said as she came to the driver's side of the car. "He really, really did. He was rough." Then, more softly, he added, "He fucked me in the

ass."

"I wouldn't let guys do that to you if I didn't know you liked it," said Val with a cruel grin.

"I *did* like it, Daddy," Alex said. "I liked it a lot. I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad little slut."

"That's why I whore you out, bitch."

"I know, Daddy. Thank you for whoring me."

Val smiled. "Get in the car, baby. You made a promise. Don't think I won't hold you to it."

Alex came around the car and got in.

Val had her strap-on cock already pulled out of her jeans. Her hand was wrapped around it, slowly moving up and down as if it were a real cock. Alex could see that she'd been jacking it slowly as she watched them -- as if she really was a pervert pimp who got off on watching her bitch turn a trick in an adjacent car.

Alex's cock throbbed anew. Holy fuck, was he actually going to get hard again -- already?

It certainly felt like it. Alex had never

been this turned on before.

Alex regarded the dick that his wife was wearing. He was familiar enough with this unit; he'd gotten "intimate" with it on numerous occasions at home. It was one of Val's favorites, an excessively stiff and oversized monster he would have thought he'd never be able to take in his ass.

Unless he was bad, and then maybe "Daddy" would have to force it.

But now, Alex knew better. With the memory of Mike's giant cock in his ass, he knew that he could take any dick Daddy strapped on.

Alex knew from experience that this cock was one of his wife's favorites to wear when she made him dress up and suck her. Its stiffness gave him a lot of leeway. He could really get traction on the base of it. If he played his cards right, he could get enough of a grip on that stiff dick to force it down against Val's vulva at the perfect angle. That put plenty of pressure on her clit.

If Alex sucked and jacked at exactly the right pace, he could get his wife off almost as efficiently as if she really did had a cock.

That was clearly what Daddy had in

mind. Val expected her little whore to make good on that promise to suck Daddy's dick after she'd turned a trick for him. Having "earned" for Daddy, it was time for "Lexi" to suck some more dick.

Alex had no complaints. He was a whore tonight. Sucking cock was what he *did*.

Alex bent down and put his face in his wife's lap. He wrapped his hand around the base of Val's cock and started sucking the head. He purposefully drooled, making slurping sounds as his lipstick-painted mouth bobbed up and down on his wife's huge cock.

Val purred: "Oh, yeah, that's it, baby. Suck off your Daddy. Show daddy how much you learned from that dirty, dirty trick you just turned. Make Daddy cum in your mouth. Eat Daddy's cum, baby. Show him what a good little cocksucking whore you are. You love that big dick, don't you, bitch? Don't you love all big dicks?"

Alex worked his lips down the length of Daddy's huge cock, gagging himself on it. He choked it all the way down his cock and bobbed up and down for a while as Daddy talked dirty.

When he came up for air, he was

drooling and panting.

"Yes, Daddy," he said. "I *love* big dicks, Daddy. Thank you for whoring me."

"My pleasure," grinned Val.

And it was.

"Parts of Heaven" first appeared in *Eros Ex Machina*, edited by M. Christian. Rhinoceros Books, 1996. Copyright © 1996 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Parts of Heaven by Thomas S. Roche

She's got curves that stretch from Heaven to Hell by way of Purgatory. You can lose yourself in those curves, slide your body against them and feel it giving way. Her whispers of invitation draw you in and twist your mind until there's nothing left but devotion. That's why I love her so. She's got shiny chrome running from front to back, a tight little rear end that holds its own even when you're riding it hotter and harder and faster than seems possible. She's got a bright little tailpipe that gives

off a low rumble, and buffed-leather kisses against your ass.

She talks to me as I ride her. She whispers rosaries of devotion under her breath. She burns somewhere, deep under those seductive curves. I can disappear inside her, vanish into her fine softness like I never existed in the first place. I love to run my hands over her surfaces, feeling how she responds to my touch. I love to explore her like a patient on my table, I love to race her uphill, downhill, hearing her moan low in her throat, pushing her harder, harder, until she can't take any more and then pushing her just a little farther.

She moves like a phantom, a goddess
-- an angel.

#

In my professional life I am a priest,
the high priest of surgical
transfiguration. It's not a job, or at least I
don't think of it that way, any more than I
think of Angel as a mode of
transportation. More appropriately, it's a
calling, perhaps even a religion. I
sometimes think I was given the
opportunity to become something not
quite human, something so much more --
to aspire to godhood, or perhaps merely
to be a priest at the temple of modern

medicine. I work the miracles of the gods; I take people apart and put them back together again in accordance with their wishes. Day by day by day people come to me broken, twisted, destroyed. I create them anew.

My skills at the surgeon's table have increased since I fell for Angel. She has much to teach me about the structure of the body. Often as my fingers work deftly inside the body of a patient, as I intently restructure the patient to better fit her or his needs, I meditate on the beauty of Angel and all she has to offer me. Surgery has treated me well, given me the money to indulge in such lovers as Angel. But Angel has made me a

better surgeon than I could ever have been without her.

I take her apart on the weekends, reverently placing her insides on silken white cloths arranged as on an altar across the driveway of my four-bedroom house on the hill as the fog mists its way through the sky scattering half-shadows across Angel and me. I reach inside her and touch all the surfaces of her engine, experience her perfectness. I run my hands along her drive shaft, I stroke her pistons, caress her block. I explore the intricacies of her fuel assembly, delicately massage her oil filter. My neighbors sometimes wonder why I take her apart every weekend; the CPA

across the street asked me, one Saturday, if Angel was British or something. British. What a quaint thought. "She is Italian," I told him with a sneer.

As the breeze cuts across the driveway, I explore each piece I have laid reverently on the cloths upon concrete. My fascination gives way to bewilderment, that machinery should be so superior to cruel, sad flesh -- flesh, that is the eyes and the ears of the soul and the conscience of the universe; flesh, that is the knowledge and the love and the understanding of the cosmos; flesh, that withers and decays and becomes nothing; flesh, that vanishes not unlike the timing on an Alfa Romeo-- but the

Alfa is superior in the cult of modern love, for machinery has interchangeable parts.

#

My article in the *Journal of Surgery* brings a torrent of international scorn and international praise. I am invited to give the keynote address at a small but prestigious surgery conference this spring, in a city just a short flight away. In my acceptance letter I ask them to add the cost of the ticket to my honorarium.

#

Some weekends, after I've explored Angel's delights, exposed her delicious insides, socketed her parts together, tightened her screws, polished her chrome, I need to bring her inside the three-car garage for a little while. There I touch her again, with love and tenderness and more than a little ardor, and behind the garage doors our transgressions meet each other in the caress of petrochemical fantasies. If I could bring her to the bedroom with me, I would tangle her up in my satin sheets, would spread her out across the expanse of the king-sized waterbed and penetrate her, hearing her moan and rumble and

squeal as I ride her. But I must content myself with touching her in the garage, for not even Sharper Image makes a bed big enough for my lover. I remove my clothes and feel her smooth metal against me. I weep as she holds me, and for a time our parts are interchangeable.

#

Nights like that, I take her through the city streets, through the lights and the drifting clouds of crack smoke, through the scattered bombed-out buildings, the crowds of derelicts and the haunted faces of the damned. There's a street I like where six theaters come together on

a couple of corners, where you can take your pick of the lovely flesh plying its trade under the slanted light. I drive my white Angel into their midst, and sight of her with the top down draws them over to run their hands over her curves and coo about how beautiful she is and oh, is she Italian? Angel loves all this attention. The girls shake and jiggle and promise me all sorts of lovely things. I flash a few twenties and their feeding frenzy turns the waters of the District to a red-light froth.

After I've chosen one, I usually take the streetwalker up into the hills, where I can park on a secluded ridge, leaving the top down. There I can look out over the

city and the bay and feel the breeze cutting across my body while the guest leans down in the car and does her work. I like to think of these as threesomes, my understanding that Angel, in her infinite understanding, holds me so dear that she will share me with other lovers. So that when I come, she is happy.

Some nights, I take two streetwalkers up there. They think it's a little strange, maybe, but cash is cash and I'm always careful not to troll in the rich neighborhoods, where the girls will be less impressed with Angel. I ask one girl to undress and stretch on Angel's hood while the second ministers to me.

There's something deliciously intimate for Angel about the beauty of a half-naked young prostitute writhing and moaning, stretched out on her hood while I ejaculate copiously into the mouth of another.

#

Other days I take her for long drives over the hills; I know places over the hill where she can show me her stuff for hours. I know she wants to come, wants to hit 100, 120, 130 on the open road, her supposedly street-legal engine roaring with a terrible authority. At that speed, the ride is still smooth, but every

tiny bump in the road is like a spasmodic jerk of her pleasure. I rock up and down, feeling the rumble of her engine against my ass. My cock is hard in my pants, and as my body bounces up and down in her soft seats, Angel reaches her second wind, picking up speed and screaming faster and faster. Then I let myself go, filling my pants with a seed that, if there were any justice in this universe, could mix with Angel's transmission fluid and produce a child half of skin, half of machinery, all of beauty; a child of steel and/or flesh, and more than a little love.

Sometimes I end up in Barstow or Santa Barbara and have to get a hotel. I'm not as young as I used to be.

#

Kate left me not so long ago -- a year, two years, I forget. It was lonely until I found Angel. Kate still calls sometimes, leaves friendly little messages about mutual acquaintances on my voice mail at work. I rarely return them.

#

I cruise the streets, hungry for flesh. I want three tonight, three girls who will make love to Angel and me with a fervor unmatched. But I want something new,

something different; I take a left and head down to a slightly different section of the red-light district. Here the flesh is further decayed: sorrier, more rotten -- or cheaper, more vulnerable. This excites me somehow. I pull up alongside a trio of hookers.

"Ooooooooooh, look at Doctor Love," says one, leaning down and showing me her breasts. "Take me for a ride, sugar, I *love* independent suspension!"

"A car like this makes my pussy wet," says the second in a lustful growl, climbing onto Angel's hood and making eyes at me through the windshield. "I'm dripping on your Armor-All."

"You like Alfa Romeo?" whispers the third, a blonde, bending low and whispering hot breath into my ear, her tongue drawing inviting circles as she takes my hand and put it down her shirt to feel the hard swell of her breast .
"How about Hoover?"

I pause for a moment. How did the first one know I'm a Doctor? Ah, of course. The cover story of the *Medical News and Review*. She recognized me from my picture. It's satisfying to know that Angel and I will be with a prostitute who keeps up on the medical literature.

I cram all three of the hookers into

Angel's single passenger's seat and we head into the hills as they tell me all the things they're going to do to me. The conversation degenerates as I bring Angel up the hill, and by the time we park they're trading make-up tips with occasional muttered promises of "We'll do you right" and "Gonna give you some lovin'." Leticia is the name of the talkative one. "Nurse Leticia, Angel and Sweet Simone got a new patient, Doc, he gonna get the best care around. Get that pad out, Doctor, write yourself a script for satis-FAC-shun!!!" She snaps her finger and put her lips close to mine. "Three hefty doses!!"

#

It's a warm night. It takes some extra cash, but I get the two of them onto Angel's hood and tell them to caress her. Rub their hardened nipples against her smoothness. The third, the dark-haired girl, gets to do the work because her name is Angel. There's something achingly beautiful about that.

"Mmmmmmm. So long and stiff," she says, rolling a rubber down my shaft, rubbing my cock over her face. "I've never seen one so large." I have to laugh at that one -- I am well aware that my cock is relatively small. Tiny, in fact. But it ain't the meat --

Angel takes my cock into her mouth; she's a small girl, so she even takes a little into her throat.

While Angel sucks me, Leticia and Simone squirm on the hood of the car playing with each other's tits. I think they've misunderstood -- they think I want to see a girl-girl show, like the kind I could see any night at the *6th Street Theater*.

"The car," I rasp. "Touch the car!"

"What?" says Leticia, cocking her head.

"Touch the car!! Stroke it!"

The two of them must stare at me for a minute, then look down at Angel, then back at me, then at Angel. Uncomprehending.

"You're kinky," says Leticia. "I appreciate that in a medical professional."

Both she and Simone begin to touch Angel half-heartedly, but when they see my response their enthusiasm increases. Soon they're humping violently against Angel, fucking her with their legs spread. Leticia yanks down her top and pulls up one of the windshield wipers,

sliding it between her ample tits. She pushes them together and moans "Ooooooh baby" as she slides the wiper in and out of the tight channel of flesh.

"Oh God yes," I groan, reaching for the washer button.

I hit the button and washer fluid shoots all over Leticia's tits. Leticia goes along with it, lets out a little moan, rubs the fluid all over her tits until it soaks her shirt; she holds on to the wiper as it flops back and forth, in and out between her tits. I hear a sharp crack and Leticia gets this look over her face like she's really fucked up. I almost come right then, seeing the limp windshield wiper

flapping around over and between her breasts. "Whoops -- " Leticia starts to say, but I shriek "Don't worry about it! Don't stop! Don't stop! Goddamn it, don't stop!" and so she goes back to riding the broken wiper while I lean on the washer button and fluid sprays across her belly and breasts and face, making her makeup run. It's not easy, but I manage to hold back, letting out wild moans of pleasure and pistoning my hips. Simone has just been watching with this look of bewilderment on her face, but now she gets the idea. She sort of shrugs and then plants herself on the other washer, sliding her ass up to the front of Angel's hood and hiking her spandex skirt up as far as it will go. She spreads her legs

around the wiper and rides it, moaning, rides it until it cracks, and the washer cables squirt all over her exposed crotch.

I catch a beautiful vision of black lace panties -- and as the washer fluid soaks them they become slightly transparent. My eyes go wide. It seems like my brain was playing tricks on me there for a second.

Simone can't match Leticia's enthusiasm, though; Leticia has it down pat. She smears the washer fluid all over her body, whimpering things like "Oh babycakes, *wash me*" and "Whoa, Sugarplum, make it the *SPIN* cycle." She

runs out of things to say after a while, though, and just starts moaning, prompting Simone to let out a half-hearted "Wipe me down!" It's not the second-rate dialogue, though, that's getting me off, it's the sight of Angel -- my Angel -- working the two whores, shooting warm fluid on them and flapping between their tits.

I'm groaning and rocking up and down, pumping my hips back and forth while Angel rides me like a vixen. I start to whimper. I throw my head back and almost scream, the hottest orgasm of my life exploding through my cock and in to Angel's mouth. I shudder and thrash back and forth, and Angel holds on for dear

life, her lips clamped around the head of my cock as she milks me. Finally, my spasms subside and my head slumps forward.

I am greeted by the sight of Simone and Leticia, half-naked, covered in washer-fluid lather, their clothes and hair soaked, regarding me as if I were the most extreme kind of maniac.

The washers emit a rhythmic clicking sound, spent.

Angel looks up at me from my lap with pretty much the same expression on her face.

"You get the prize, Doc. Weirdest trick I ever turned."

"Me, too," says Angel, wiping her mouth as she slips the condom off and tosses it away. "You don't even have any competition."

"Yeah, same here," says Simone, nodding her head vigorously as she tucks her tits back into her soaked lace top. "I think there ought to be some sort of award for this kind of stuff."

"Congratulations," says Leticia matter-of-factly. "You got first fucking place. I hope you got cash to pay for these fuckin' clothes you ruined."

#

After a long session of clean-up with chamois cloths from the trunk, I drive the girls back to the District slowly, savoring the sharp, soapy smell of washer fluid, tasting the ripeness of my union with Angel. I drop them off where I got them, and they shuffle away, my cash tucked into their boots.

Except Leticia. I put my hand out and stop her.

"What is it, Sugar? You want my phone number? Hey, you *know* where to

find Lady Leticia." she indicates the streets with a wave of her hand.

"No," I say. "It's not that. I just wondered. . . ."

She leans forward. "How I keep my girlish figure? Where I get my creamy skin? How an old broad like me can exude such a raw, primal sensuality?"

"No, it's not that," I say. "I just wondered. . . ."

"Spit it out, Doc, time costs money."

"How did you knew I was a doctor?"

She smiles. "See you in the clinic on Tuesday morning, Doc. Maybe you could tell your nurse to sport me a free shot this time? Make another trip out here Tuesday night, see if it makes a difference." She winks at me.

I put Angel in gear. Leticia shrugs, tugs at her bra straps, and vanishes into the dark and the drifts of smoke, calling "Love for sale, oh baby love for sale -- ooooh, a Caddy, I *love* Caddies. . . ." I hit the gas and everything goes away.

#

I have surgery to perform the next

morning. I lay awake tangled in the satin sheets, the waterbed rocking me to sleep. I distract myself by dreaming of the new windshield wipers I'll get for Angel -- the best money can buy. Gold-plated, perhaps??

The distractions subside and I look up at the mirrored ceiling, eyes wide, gently rocking on the warm plastic waves.

Of course, Angel was the only one who actually touched me. Maybe she was different. Maybe she was just along for the ride.

It seems impossible. I've been in the field for long enough. . . .I should have

recognized the signs.

After years of holy service as the high priest of gender reassignment, taking people apart and putting them together again. . . . I should have understood. Why didn't I? After years of my work, learning the lessons of Angel and of my patients -- I should already know the answer to any questions posed in prayer. But things are not like I thought they were. Machine and mind, steel and/or flesh, an Alfa Romeo and a third-rate streetwalker. . . . they're not as different as I thought they were. In the scattered wreckage of the millennium, we find gods and goddesses among whatever is left. We all inhabit different parts of

heaven. We fit pieces of our lives, sometimes broken pieces, together to form what passes as a whole -- and it is *only* through change, through assemblage, that a functioning whole can be created.

The holy belief that flesh and therefore life is mutable is whispered like a prayer or a mantra on the stainless-steel and starched white altar, the white linoleum prayer mat, with me as the priest, reciting the liturgy with my scalpel and my hands. So as the unwilling holy man of such a movement, it only makes sense that I should sample its communion wine. Offering my devotion unto the god of medical

transfiguration. And all God's children have interchangeable parts.

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Full Service by Erica Dumas

It's about two in the morning when it happens. It's been a long night: ten jobs and a couple of full-service in the booths at the Rab. Things are slowing down here since the cops came by a few minutes ago, scattering the whores and johns like pigeons. I decide to hit the Lex. I tried there earlier and that bouncer Moose wouldn't even let me in the door. But I know Mikey takes over at two, and he'll usually let me in the back for twenty dollars unless his boss is working. And from what I hear, usually on Saturday his boss is on a coke binge in some hotel

somewhere, avoiding his wife.
Sometimes I have to flirt a little, but
Mikey always gives in.

The bouncer at the Rab looks me up
and down as I leave; he's probably just
glad I had the good sense to hide out
until the pigs left. I pass from the smell
of semen and Clorox into the smell of
cigarettes and urine, walk up four-two
toward the Lex, putting my sunglasses on
to block out the neon. I smell the sharp
chemical plastic smell coming out of the
alley behind the 24-hour deli. My heart
pounds and I get short of breath. Fuck, I
tell myself, Just don't think about it.
Remember why you're clean. So you can
finish writing your play and move to

L.A. You'll never get to L.A. if you keep getting high, and you'll be a stupid whore forever instead of a screenwriter, and Nicolas Cage will never be in your movies.* I don't give a shit, I want to go back into the alley and beg for a hit, but then I remember Janie standing over me and telling me how disappointed she is. I'm not really convinced, though, until I remember Janie standing over me with the curling iron and telling me if I get high ever again she'll fucking kill me. I hurry on up to the Lex.

Mikey doesn't even make me flirt with him, just palms the twenty and waves me in the back door. I slip into the shadows, smelling the sharp spunk

and cleaning fluid. I have to take my sunglasses off, which I hate doing. I perch them on my head and walk past the aisles of peepshow booths, looking around. No way I'd turn a trick in one of these; those fucking stripers will narc on you in a second, because you're cutting in to their tips and they're as desperate for their cash as I am for mine. But the video booths are wide open, a quarter a minute and ten times easier to get a guy's dick hard when there isn't some 19-year-old anorexic watching him. Most guys don't like to be watched.

I see you as I turn the corner and slip into the video section. You're standing under a poster of the twenty features

currently being offered -- four straight, four barely legal, four anal, four gay, four kink. Fuck, this never happens to me, I never lose my panties over a potential trick like this. Not that I'm complaining -- I like it sure, but nothing prepared me to spend tonight having my jaw dropped by the prettiest fucking biker boy I've ever seen. How old are you, nineteen? I mean, I know I'm nineteen but I'm used to guys twenty, thirty years older than me, at least. My stomach's churning and my heart's pounding like it was when I smelled the crack out in the alley. And that's when you see me looking at you, and our eyes meet. Your eyes are big, steel-blue, hard. Your little goatee curves a bit as

you look me up and down; you smile and my knees go weak. It's like a surge of electricity goes through me and I know I'll give you a fucking freebie if you don't want to come up with the cash. Jesus, with eyes like that, I should be paying *you.

Like I'm in a dream, I start down the hall, trying to be all cool. You just keep looking at me, no matter how many times I look down, and my pussy feels so wet I could almost believe it really is. I totter on my heels, feeling your eyes cover my legs, hips, tits, face. I can't even look up at you for fear all the blood will rush out of my head.

Instead, I look at your body, your nipples hard under the white T-shirt, your feet all sturdy in those heavy motorcycle boots, your chiseled legs in those skintight leather pants, the outline of your cock making my mouth water. Fuck, it's big; it almost looks hard already. I pray to God you're not gay; I never see straight guys wear pants that tight. Especially not at the Lex, where you're lucky if your trick's pants are denim and not polyester.

I walk up to you, not knowing what to say. I lean close, smiling, feeling my head spin as I take a breath and smell you, cologne and sharp male sweat, cigarettes and whiskey. "Want a date?" I

ask, and my voice breaks, squeaking. I feel your hand on my hip, pulling me close, and I melt into you.

"How much?" You ask.

Fifty bucks is the asking for full service, but I don't do full service, so I usually ask thirty for a blow. I've let it go for ten, but I usually don't have to; I'm young enough and pretty enough that guys are usually OK with twenty. But you, I'm terrified you'll say no, so I just whisper "Fifteen," ashamed of myself that I want it so bad.

"For full service?" You sound incredulous, like you can't believe a

whore as pretty as me would give it up so easy. Your lips are against my neck, your hot whiskey breath caressing my ear. I can feel my pussy throbbing. God, I'll give you anything, but I can't give you that.

I don't know what to say. Finally I stammer, "Um...um....I don't do full service."

"You'll do it with me," you say, and my whole body sinks into you as I hear your throaty rumble in my ear. "I'll give you twenty."

My heart is pounding, "It's fifty," I blurt out. "Fifty for full service." I know

you'll turn me down, just know it, and maybe you'll settle for a blowjob. If not, maybe I'll lose you, but I just can't give you full service. Janie would kill me, sure as if I smoked again.

"Done," you say, and I feel your hand on my ass, squeezing through the skintight spandex skirt, maybe noticing that I haven't got a stitch on underneath. "Like I'm going to let a sweet piece of ass like you get away?" Then you kiss me, and I don't kiss, not even Janie, I never kiss, but my lips slip apart and your tongue thrusts into me like it's your hard cock. Tears form in my eyes; I haven't been kissed since I was a kid, a little kid. Power surges through me as

your tongue plumbs my mouth; I feel it in my heart, my belly, my crotch, the tips of my toes.

And then you're half pushing me, half guiding me, down the hall to the far end, where I see the Preview Room is open. I almost can't believe it; I've never been fucked in here; it's twenty fucking dollars for an hour, for Christ's sake. Nobody ever does me in here; I'm more used to the cramped little quarter slots, me with my knees in little puddles of cum. I've never even *seen the inside of the Preview Booth.

You put twenty bucks in the slot, and the intercom crackles.

"Which title do you want?"

"Biker Bitches," you say. "Part 8."

"We only have part 7."

"Fine," you say, and the door clicks open. You don't have to push me inside, but you do, just a little -- insistent, but reasonably polite, which I'm not used to. It's dark inside, pitch dark, and it smells more like cum and sweat and cigarettes than it does like Clorox; I wonder how many hours -- or days -- it's been since it's been cleaned in here. When you close the door you grab me and whirl me around and shove me up against it, and

the floor is so slippery that I lose my balance and I would fall if you didn't catch me and hold me, your body against mine, against the door. You reach behind me and shoot the bolt.

"What's your name?" you ask.

"Eden," I tell you. "My name's Eden."

"Where you from?"

"42nd Street," I say.

"Hm, a fifteen-dollar whore with a sense of humor," you say. "I like that."

"Fifty," I say nervously. "It was fifty."

"I know."

Your mouth fuses to mine, your tongue pushing in deeper than before, and I feel it harder than ever, surging through me, making me want to give myself to you, give everything there is to give. When you pull back, just a little, I can almost feel your lips hovering an inch from mine, and I breathe your whiskey-smoke breath like it was coming from a glass pipe. You take my hands and push them back against the door, holding me like you've got me tied there, like you've got me tied to a bed the way Janie likes to do, only this time I want it, I want it more than anything. I

want you to shackle my hands to the wall of this preview booth and never fucking let me go, go anywhere except up against your body.

"I....I don't kiss," I say weakly, hardly even able to find the breath to speak.

"You're kissing me," you say, and kiss me again, hard, your teeth nipping my lower lip. Your tongue almost reaches the back of my throat, and I feel more open than I ever have. I'm scared shitless, not that you'll hurt me, but that I won't be able to go back -- that Janie's weak kisses won't be enough for me after the taste of a real man's cock.

"I'm not allowed," I finally say when you let me. "I'm not allowed to kiss."

"You are now," you say, and kiss me again, and then there's the sound of a click as the view screen goes on, and blue light floods the booth. You pull away, and I look around. Fuck, this is the Ritz-Carlton as far as I'm concerned. It's a good ten feet by ten feet, almost like a real room, and there's a real fucking loveseat, its blood-red upholstery crusted and rubbed raw, but still, it's there. I know I'm not going to be sitting in it, but still. And then you push me into the loveseat, sit down next to me, your hip pushing against mine, as you put your arms around me and start to kiss me

again. The blue light goes out all of a sudden, and the movie starts in -- moans and gasps and cheesy music, girls asking to get fucked in the ass.

"Fifty bucks," I say weakly. "I already told you, fifty bucks."

But you've already got your hand in the pocket of my little clear plastic jacket, the one I like to wear because it shows everything off, and I feel the crisp bill in there. I take it out and look at it -- it's really a fifty. I haven't seen a fifty in forever, and you're the first guy in five years who's paid me without having to be asked more than once. That makes me cream, but it's mostly the feel of your

hands all over me that really makes me go crazy, makes me want to get to my knees on the slippery floor and take your cock in my mouth. Your hands work their way under my spandex tube top, pulling it up; you pinch my nipples as you kiss my neck, making me shiver. I feel your hot mouth on my tits, your teeth biting and grinding, something I love so much and Janie never does to me. Not that she does anything to me, any more. I feel my bare legs against your leather one, and you lean hard against me and jam your knee up between my spread thighs. I feel your leather-clad knee against my crotch, and I moan. Fuck, I can't believe I told you I'd give you full service. My only hope is to get you off

with my mouth and then maybe you won't want to fuck me anymore.

The previews end. I hear the roar of Harleys, the throb of cheesy techno music. I've got to suck your cock or I'm going to go crazy, and besides, every instant I wait it's more likely you're going to put your hands up my skirt and feel how wet I really, really am, and then you'll know I'd turn this trick for free if I had to. I fish a condom out of my jacket pocket. As if you can read my mind, you take my hand and grab the condom, toss it away into the darkness.

"We don't need to use a condom," you say, and I can't bear to say anything.

Janie would kill me, but I don't care. I'm going to feel your cock inside me, bare and raw and naked and slick, and there's nothing I can do to stop myself. I breathe deeply of your scent as it mingles with the cum and the smoke and the thick sounds of fucking and moaning from the screen.

Your hand slides up my knee, and I struggle against you for a moment, as you hold me down. You are not going to let me get away, and you're much, much stronger than I am. Your hand slips between my legs; I force them closed and whisper "Let me suck you a little, first."

"A shy whore? Playing hard to get?"

"I just want to suck your cock a little," I say coquettishly, and you let go. I slip out of your grasp and drop to my knees, feeling them slip a little in puddles of fluid; I have to keep them spread wide to get stable. I put my face in your crotch and start to work your belt open with my fingers. You fish a pack of cigarettes out of your leather jacket and shake two cigs out of the pack.

You light both and hand me one. I've been wanting a cigarette all night, but Janie gets pissed off if I spend my money on smokes.

I feel my whole body on fire as I look at the burning cherry of the cig. I ask it:

"You don't....um, you don't have any rock, do you?"

You shake your head. "I don't do drugs," you say. "Except whiskey and cigarettes. That crack stuff will kill you."

I nod. "I'm trying to get clean," I say. I take a puff, two, three, and then hold the cig out to the side as I get your belt open and unbutton your leather pants. They're thick leather, but well-worn, buttery. I get your zipper down and there it is, bulging out from your jockeys, hard

already. I feel a wave of satisfaction, flattered for some reason by the fact that you're hard before I start to suck you. That makes me want you more, so bad my mouth is watering, so bad a little trail of drool runs down my chin and dribbles onto your balls. My mouth descends on your cock and I take it almost all the way down my throat before the taste hits me -- pussy, fresh, mixed with rubber. It sends a surge through me as I remember what it's like to eat out a woman -- Jamie doesn't let me do her like that -- and I want it all of a sudden, want to taste more cunt except that it hits me, in a flood, that I'm tasting it on your cock, another woman's cunt on your cock, and I'm jealous, bitterly

jealous, angry. Even that can't stop me from wanting it, but I let your cock slip out of my mouth.

"You've been fucking already tonight," I breathe, looking up at you.

"That's right."

Which is when it hits me, the rubber smell, the sharp plastic taste, somehow different than condoms. For a second I think you're already wearing one, a rubber, and since I can't see in the flickering fuck-light from the screen, it takes me putting your cock back in my mouth before my eyes go wide and I realize it, all of a sudden.

I look up at you, my mouth still full.

You look down, your eyes flashing with the light from the pale flesh dancing on the screen.

"Do you mind?" you ask me.

And it hits me, hard, the longing in my pussy, the heat of my hunger for your cock, the sudden need to feel you fuck me, fuck me hard in every hole I have. I should have known; I really should have known. No man is that gorgeous. No man can make me cream like this. No man can make me think about giving full service on my knees in the preview

booth. Breathing hard, my mouth still around the head of your cock, I wrestle my hand down into your tight leather pants and feel it, feel your slit, nestled behind the little metal ring with its leather backing, the thick flange of your cock with its ridge positioned just right for your clit. I could almost swear I taste your cock leaking precum, but it's your pussy I feel juicing on my hand. I slip one finger inside and you sigh, pressing your cock up into my mouth, harder, then down my throat as your hand rests on the back of my head.

"Yeah," you say. "Suck me just like that."

You start to fuck my face, slow and easy, your hips moving in time with my thrusts onto your cock, my easy two-fingered slide into your pussy. You move like a dancer, like the star of some porn-theater ballet, your muscles fluid with every motion. Each time your hips roll, each time I feel the head of your rubber cock slide easily down my throat, each time I feel your cunt clenching around my fingers, my pussy surges, begging for you. I know I'm going to do it, I'm going to risk Jamie's wrath and take you.

But first, I know you're going to come. You've got a G-spot just like other women, and I feel it swollen against my

fingertips as I push in, up, out -- and as you grasp my hair, pulling it just the way I like it. Your hip motions become less fluid and more intense, your whole body quivering as I feel you ready to let go. And then, in a rush, the thick jet fills my cupped palm and your pussy spasms around my fingers, and I don't even know what I'm doing as I slide your cock out of my mouth and dip my face down to drink, catching the pooling streams as you throw your head back and scream, bucking your hips with every jet from your pussy. And after every foul jet of man's come I've tasted, every sour leak of pre-come, the taste of your juice is almost enough to set me off -- I'm ready to come, almost, just from tasting and

feeling you, just from looking up at your gorgeous face as you stare down at me in post-orgasmic rapture, your pleasure nothing at all like a man's cum -- nothing remotely like the furtive, desperate, angry release that spells the end of a twenty-dollar trick.

Softly, I say it: "Will you still fuck me?"

"I thought you said you didn't do full service. You don't have to, now. You got me off good, Eden."

I shake my head. "Please don't go without fucking me. Please?"

You look down at me and shrug.

"You got me off good. You're off the hook. You don't have to fuck me."

And I feel the stab of pain, longing, need that tells me I'm going to be left again, left alone to go back to Jamie.

"You're sure you don't want to? You paid for it and everything."

"Nah," you say. "I'm finished. Keep the fifty."

I nod, my body aching as I struggle to my feet, the desire hurtful in my pussy. I want to climb into your lap and insist

that you fuck me, but that's not the way that it's done. Instead, I wriggle down my spandex skirt, pull my tube top back on, straighten my clear plastic jacket. You've got your cock tucked away and your pants zipped and belted.

"You're sure you don't want to?" I ask you as you stand.

"Nah," you say, reaching down and grabbing my ass as you kiss me on the cheek. "See you around."

The movie is still going as you leave the preview booth. Some anonymous stud is fucking some anonymous woman on the screen. I sit in the chair, feeling

the warmth of your ass, feeling the pulse and ache in my pussy, feeling it drip with hunger for your cock. I slip my hand under my skirt and put one finger, then two, inside myself. I start to rub my clit.

The door opens; a bald guy in a corduroy jacket and polyester pants comes in, catches sight of me.

"Oh...um....I'm sorry, I didn't realize the booth was occupied."

"Want a date?" I ask him.

He stammers for a few seconds. I cut him off: "Ten dollars," I say.

"For what?"

I slide out of the chair and get down on my knees, bending forward and pulling up my skirt.

"Full service," I tell him, my voice hoarse with the memory of your cock.
"Full service."