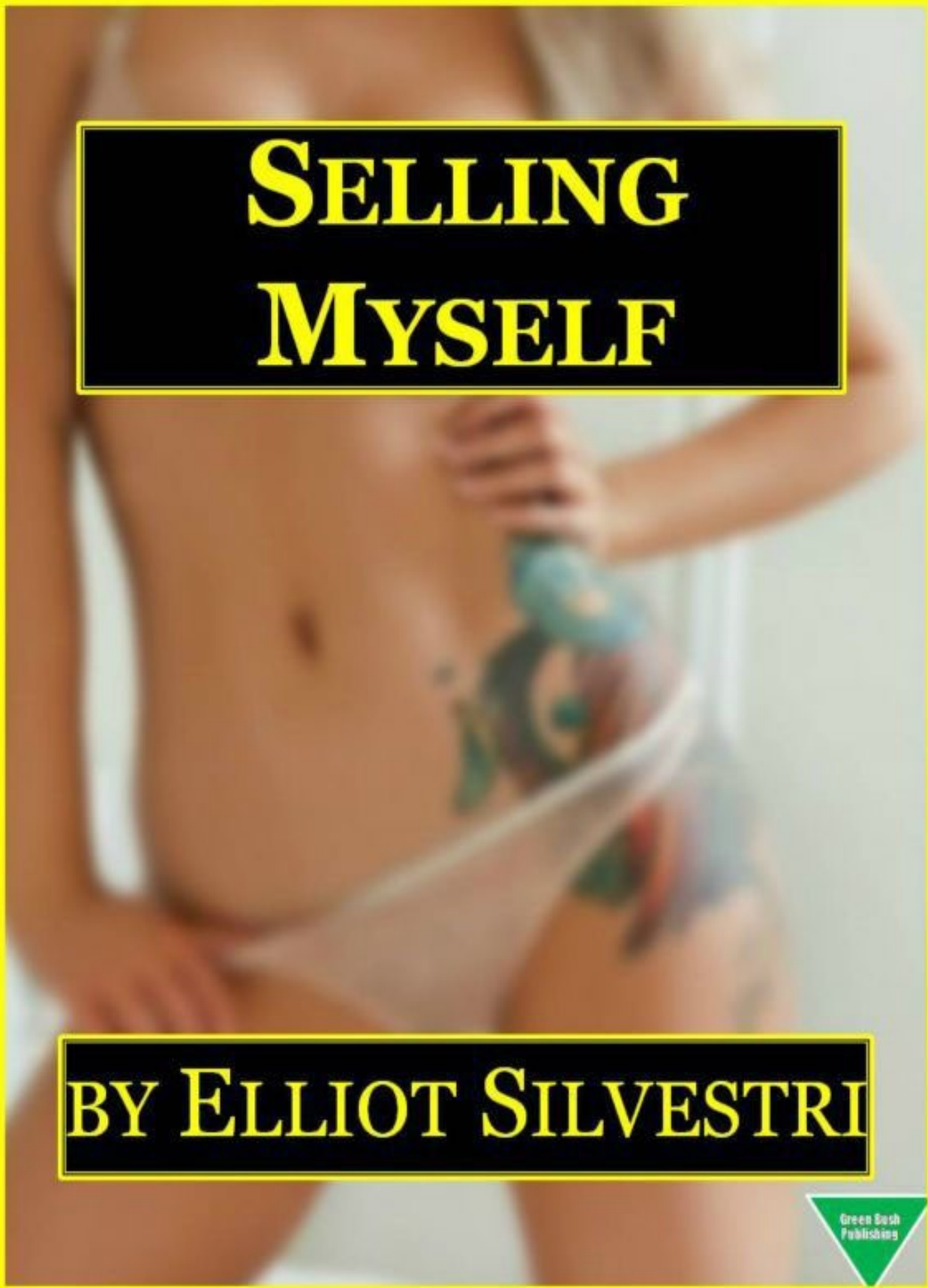
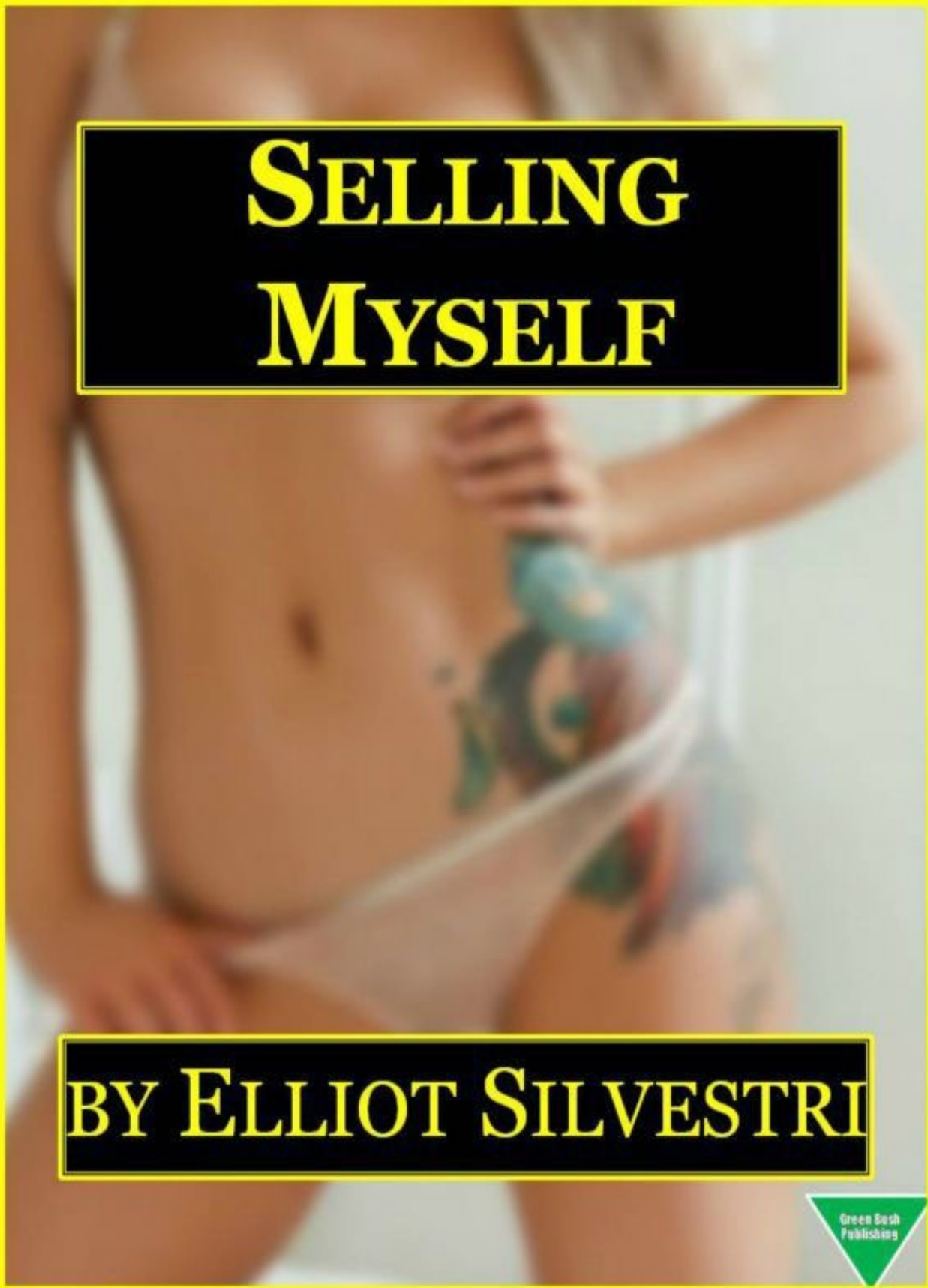




# SELLING MYSELF

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash  
Publishing



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# **Selling Myself**

By Elliot Silvestri

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The first time I sold my body for someone else's pleasure I was scared out of my mind. Nothing can convey terror better than stripping naked in the garage of a stranger's house, having him put a leather collar around your neck, attaching a leash to the collar, and being told to crawl inside the house. "That's where the fun's going to be."

I barely knew the man. I had met him two days earlier in a coffee shop after he answered my online ad. He seemed nice enough, but what the hell did I know? What kind of person goes to a stranger's house, takes off her clothes, puts on a leash and collar?

I'll tell you what kind, a woman who had graduated from art school a year earlier and couldn't pay her bills.

His house was nice. I couldn't tell if he lived alone or with a wife or other family members, but it seemed lived in. Clean but not impersonal, not that he gave me a tour.

"We'll be alone for some time," he said. "Don't worry about us being interrupted."

I nodded, still on my hands and knees but looking up at him. Did he know this was the first time I was doing this? Probably not. I hoped not. He had a slight beard, was probably pushing fifty, but was nice enough on the eyes and had good teeth. I can't stand bad teeth. He smiled. His name was Karl. He looked down at me, still holding the chain that was attached to the collar around my neck, and smiled.

"You're very pretty," he said. "Not in the conventional sense, but I'm tired of all the girls I hire looking exactly alike. It's boring."

I nodded again. He was paying me for my time, I told myself. If he wanted to talk the entire time, that was his prerogative. He could have sex with me if he wanted, but he wasn't paying for that, just my time.

He looked down at me expectantly. I said nothing. He had told me when he hired me he wanted an obedient slave who could handle pain. To me a slave said nothing when she was collared and on her leash unless addressed with a direct

question. “You can talk to me,” he said somewhat impatiently.

“I was waiting for a direct question, sir, or an order,” I replied hesitantly.

“You provide the full-service slave, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes sir.”

“You don’t have to call me ‘sir’. Just Karl is fine. Do you mind if I take some pictures of you first. Before and after?”

“That’s fine.”

I suppose I should have been nervous about having nude pictures of me being taken in a somewhat compromising position, but what did it matter, really? I wasn’t ever going to run for president. I wasn’t ashamed of my body or what I was doing. Besides, even if Karl did post the pix to the internet they’d be a teardrop in the sea. The chances of anyone finding them and connecting them to me were slim and none.

That being said I did have a somewhat distinctive look. Being young I still had a girlish face that was easily described as cute. I kept my black hair cut into a simple short bob. Since I had always felt plain I wanted to make myself distinct to my eyes. I could have dyed my hair or gotten some body piercings, but instead while in my sophomore year I took my money hard-earned from scooping ice cream all summer, and gotten a vivid tattoo on my torso. It was a splash of color and space images that extended just above my pubic line, along my right side, and curled around to my back. It was my only tattoo but it was unforgettable—at least I thought so.

“You’re cute,” Karl said. “Even if you’re six feet tall. And so thin. How much do you weigh?”

“I’m actually five eleven,” I told him. “I weigh a hundred twenty pounds.”

“So skinny,” he commented. “But that does give you a nice pert ass.” He cleared his throat and took out a nice, high quality camera and started snapping pictures of me as I crouched on his floor, naked but for the collar and my tattoo. In art school I had done plenty of nude modeling—sometimes for cash, sometimes for class credit, once to seduce a grad student—so this didn’t bother me. Karl spent

a lot more time focusing on my ass, pussy, and tits—those were never the focus of any of my art classes even though there was that subtle flavor in the art during some nude modeling that the model was a sex object. He rolled me over and had me spread my legs.

“You shouldn’t shave your pussy so severely,” he said.

I wasn’t bald on my crotch—I trimmed my curls back to a manageable length and shaved what remained to a nice, neat triangle—but he was an older man. Maybe he liked 70s and 80s porn with huge furry muffs.

“I can let it grow for you if you keep hiring me,” I told him.

He laughed. “Maybe. You’ve got nice tits, though. Nice and small. Goes well with your frame.”

I had grown out to a B cup when I was in seventh grade and was certain I was on the highway to huge boobs. Then they stopped growing. I didn’t, I kept shoot up until I almost hit six feet. For much of high school I hated having what I thought were tiny tits, then I realized far too many girls went around complaining theirs were too big and heavy and they had to wear a bra all the time. I spent half my senior year sans-bra. I sure I gave a bunch of boys boners at the wrong time in English class and probably gave Mr. Yanovich a heart attack every time I walked by the admin offices, but it felt good to have the girls free when I wanted.

“Thank you.”

“You can get off the floor now,” he told me. “Stand at the end of the table. I’ll get a few more shots of you then we can really begin.” He took the leash that attached to my collar and looped it through the back of one of the chairs around the table. It certainly wasn’t going to keep me from escaping but the symbolism was obvious. I was his toy to use and play with as he saw fit.

It was a big dining room table. Huge. It could easily seat ten. I stood there calmly, my thighs pressed against the edge as he took a few more pictures. I knew what was coming next and didn’t know if I could actually do it. The objects at the end of the table opposite me were ordinary, pedestrian, but they caused fear to run through my soul.

“Okay, please lean forward and lay down on the table. Keep your feet on the

floor, but rest your body on the table.”

I did as he bade. I liked that he said please. My small breasts crushed under me against the hard wooden surface. I felt my nipples contract. Automatically I put my hands behind me, crossing the wrists above the small of my back.

“I’m not going to cuff you,” Karl said. “Please put your hands to your sides. No, wait, you might want to grip the side of the table.” I stretched out my long arms and curled my fingers over the smooth edge.

“Very good. Spread your legs apart a little. No, too far. I’m not going to fuck you.”

*Not yet, I added mentally. I knew what he wanted to do first, though I would have been happy to fuck him right then and there. It had been too long since I had sex. Too long since I’d had a proper boyfriend. Sometimes sex with a stranger is just what a girl needs to fulfill her lusty needs. I needed it right then and there, but Karl was the customer and he got to decide what and when I go to do.*

He touched my upturned ass. His hands were warm; my skin was cold. “You have nice smooth skin,” he complimented me.

“Thank you.”

Then he slapped me. Spanked me. It was so sudden and unexpected I half yelped at the contact. It didn’t really hurt, it was just unexpected. I was proud of the fact I managed to keep my cry muffled. It wouldn’t do to scream like a little girl.

“I just want to see what your flesh does,” Karl said softly. “Oh. It’s pinking up nicely. You have nice pale skin. Do you spend much time outside?”

“No. I burn easily. And I spend a lot of time working in my studio.”

“That’s good,” he said absently, as if he hadn’t heard my words at all. “It’ll be easy to see your welts and marks. That’ll be lovely.”

I heard him take another picture. I could imagine the pink outline of his hand on my ass. I shivered again, but I wasn’t sure if it was from lust or fear.

Karl walked around the table and I closed my eyes. I knew he picked up one of the tools at the other end, but I couldn't bear to see which one.

"Ready?" he asked when he had resumed his position behind me.

"Yes," I whispered.

There was a swishing sound through the air and then a lash of fire across the tender flesh of my ass. Though I tried to contain it a cry half escaped my lips. I was embarrassed. I wanted to remain silent for him. That was foolish.

"No, no," Karl said and clucked his tongue. "I want to hear you scream. Did the cane hurt you?"

"Yes," I sobbed out.

"Good, that's good. Each time you feel pain, I want you to scream or cry however it pleases you to express your discomfort. You may not stop me from striking you, of course, or try to escape. You may use our safeword if you want to stop, but I like the sound of a girl screaming in pain. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I sobbed again.

The second last was more painful than the first, mostly because I knew how much it was going to hurt—no one had ever caned me before—and I knew it was coming. I screamed as loud as I dared.

"Excellent!" Karl complimented me. "I love the placement of your stripes. Let me take another picture."

I could feel the welts rising up on my skin. It felt like my whole ass was on fire.

"You have two beautiful red lines on your bottom," Karl narrated for me. "They make a nice X. You're doing very well."

"Thank you," I managed to say in a half-normal tone of voice.

"I'm going to use the paddle on you now. It's not quite so whippy or stinging, more like a sharp spanking. I want to heat up your little cakes and turn them red. Are you ready?"

“Yes.”

I had a boyfriend my freshman year of college who was into spanking my ass. Probably any girl's ass. We only dated four months but half that time I couldn't sit down properly because we couldn't have sex without him spanking me to the point of real pain. That wasn't the reason we broke up. I liked the spankings. His failure to go down on me but him insisting I give him a blowjob whenever he wanted was the reason we broke up.

The first blow of the paddle made me gasp. It was so painful that I couldn't scream. I looked over my shoulder to see Karl wielding a small tool that was really nothing more than a short handle attached to a rectangular piece of heavy leather. He swung it again, backhand this time, and caught my other ass cheek with it. I squealed with pain.

“Too much?” he asked calmly. I turned back around and stared at the pattern of wood grain in the table.

“No,” I managed to force out in a strangled protest.

Karl said, “You pink up very quickly. Just too swats and you're almost bright red. This won't take long at all.”

“Okay,” I said. What else was there to say? He had paid for his time and I needed the money.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked kindly.

“Yes,” I half-sobbed out to him.

There was a pregnant pause in the air between us before he spoke again. “Good.” And then he cracked the spanker down on my ass again. I screamed. “Good,” he said again. “Scream as loud as you need to.”

He started spanking me in earnest then. The pain quickly blurred from the individual blows to a steady burning. My throat quickly went raw from screaming and crying. My fingers cramped from gripping the edge of the table so hard. In the back of my mind I wondered why I had put myself through such torture.

Then the paddling stopped and I breathed a sigh of relief. My ass was still on fire but it wasn't getting any worse. I knew relief was in sight. But a moment later Karl's weight was against me. The rough skin of his lower torso irritated my butt; his scratchy pubic hair annoyed my sensitive skin. It was his cock probing at the entrance to my pussy that truly awoke me to the terror of the moment.

He was going to fuck me.

He had given me money to fuck me.

I could say no, say the safeword, give him back the money, and walk away safe.

I needed the money.

My pussy was wet with desire. Sometimes I hated my body because it was so eager to experience pain and then have that pain relieved with a nice, hard orgasm.

I didn't say anything and only grunted when he sank his hard cock into my pussy. It was satisfying for what it was. Karl was a nice enough guy—from what little I knew about him—so I didn't mind him fucking me. But it hurt. Not from being penetrated but the motion against my inflamed skin.

Somehow I managed to detach one hand from its death grip on the table's edge and I reached down between my legs to touch Karl's cock. There was smooth latex encasing his manhood and I sighed a bit. That just seemed like a dose of common sense, but the fact that he had promised to use a condom and then actually did so made me feel much better. I continued to let him fuck me and tried to enjoy it.

In fact, I did enjoy it. I liked having sex after getting spanked. I had never been so violently spanked before, but that was okay. Just as I was getting worked up to the point where an orgasm was inevitable Karl abruptly pulled out. As I was looking over my shoulder I saw him pull off the condom, take his cock in hand, pump a few times, then spray his jism all over my ass and lower back.

"Ohh. Ohh," he moaned as he came. Normally when a guy cums on me I feel the jism as hot liquid, but when it landed on my ass it was strangely cooling.

"Perfect," Karl said when he was done cumming. "Don't move, you're

beautiful.” I didn’t need to look behind me to know what he was doing. I could hear him fiddling with his camera. There were a few flashes of light as he snapped pictures along with the faux-retro sound of the digital toy making the sound of an old-style film camera. He was taking pictures of his cum decorating my reddened ass. He had asked for me to do this. He said it was for his private collection. It didn’t bother me, strangely enough. More than a few guys had cum on me during my lifetime, one more wouldn’t be a problem. A few pictures of my cum-covered ass would hardly be notable in an ocean of porn.

“There, done, beautiful. You can get up now,” Karl said. “Would you like a towel to clean up with?”

I hesitated to answer, but then reasoned it didn’t matter what I said. “Actually, would you mind if I masturbated first? I’d really like to...” I trailed off. I didn’t want to insult his masculinity by telling him he hadn’t made me cum.

“You want to cum, is that it?”

“Yes.”

“Go ahead. I’ll watch you. But stay face down on the table. That’s how I want you.”

So I did. He had already done more than enough to warm me up. I just arched up my back a bit, locked my knees, put my hand to my wet clit, and jilled myself hard and fast. It took less than a minute. The orgasm I had wasn’t terribly strong, but was good enough to satisfy me for the moment. I sighed and rested on the table when the tremors shooting through my body were done.

“Your pussy spasms nicely when you cum,” Karl said to me.

“Thank you.” I didn’t know what else to say. Sure, I had masturbated in front of boyfriends before, no big deal, but this was a sexual performance for his pleasure as much as mine. Was I exhibiting myself because I wanted to please him or myself? Did it matter.

Karl handed me a warm, wet washcloth and I delicately cleaned off my ass and back.

“You did wonderfully,” Karl told me. “I’d be delighted to have you again.”

I smiled at him. “Thank you. That would be nice.” When I stood up I realized I was a good couple of inches taller than him, even in bare feet. Karl unlooped the leash from the chair.

“Get down on your hands and knees, please. I don’t permit slaves to leave or enter the house on their feet.”

I went down on all fours and he led me back to the garage where my clothes were neatly piled on a chair waiting for me. He placed a plain white envelope on top of the clothes. It was clearly stuffed with cash. I showed a good deal of restraint and didn’t immediately grab it and start counting my money.

“A word of advice, Alice,” he said. “Get your money first, up front, before you take off your clothes. Most of your clients will be honest and happy when you service them, but there are more than a few freaks and conmen out there. Be careful. I think you got lucky your first time.” He smiled kindly at me, not at all unlike a favorite uncle.

I knew I had fucked up somewhere. For just a moment I tried to pretend this hadn’t been my first time prostituting myself, but then I saw no reason to continue the failed ruse. Karl was a smart man. “I probably should have told you it was the first time I’ve done this,” I admitted as I pulled on my plain white Hanes panties. I was glad I had dressed practically this morning. Sure, I could have gone full-on whore and slipped on a thong or lace panties or even nothing at all, but since I knew I was getting naked, my practical side took over. He watched as I dressed.

Karl said, “Not at all. It’s always fun when it’s a girl’s first time. You did wonderfully. Do you mind if I recommend you to a friend or two?”

Referrals already? “No, that would be fine. You have my email address.”

I pulled on my men’s tank-top and then the old university sweatshirt I wore far too many days out of the week.

“Thanks. Are you going to try to make a temporary career out of this?” he asked. “I think you have the right attitude and certainly the people-skills to be a successful prostitute.”

I was surprised at how casually he talked about an illegal business. Of course,

we had both just participated in said business not five minutes earlier, but emotionally I was swinging between elation of having successfully pulled off what seemed an impossible task to the depressing realization I had sold my body for money.

“Um. This is just a temporary gig,” I said. “I need a little extra cash right now.”

He nodded sympathetically. “Make your money and get out of the biz,” he advised. “I’ve interviewed more than a few...girls who have been doing this too long.”

I pulled on my jeans and my ass complained even with the soft cotton panties I was already wearing. Should have worn sweat pants. “How long have you been doing this?” I asked.

That question caused Karl to laugh. “Probably twenty years. My wife said I was too rough with her and she wasn’t going to do it any longer. She told me to hire someone and get off that way.”

“I see.”

“You’d be surprised at how prevalent sex for hire is.”

*I probably wouldn’t, I thought, but I didn’t voice that thought. I glanced at his left hand and saw the ring. I had probably seen it before and it hadn’t registered with me what it actually meant. “And you’re still married?” I asked stupidly.*

He held up his left hand proudly. “Happily. Probably because my wife lets me hire girls who let me abuse their asses.”

I smiled and left. He waved goodbye as I exited the garage from the side door, got in my falling-apart shitty econo-box and drove away. The driver’s seat was starting to fall apart. The padding was hardly plush even on the day it rolled off the assembly line. My ass burned and screamed in pain all the way home.

Only when I parked what had once been the loading dock area of the semi-converted warehouse that I rented for my loft and studio did I remember to look in the envelope. The price I had agreed with Karl was three hundred dollars. When I counted there were twenty twenty-dollar bills and a folded note. Tip for the extra-good performance. —K. I’d be able to meet my rent this month and

maybe actually have something to eat.

The next morning I woke and my ass still burned in pain. My bathroom cabinet is more of an old tool box than an actual cabinet. My bathroom is actually a corner of my loft semi-separated from the rest of the space by a trifold screen. The toilet is a marvel and the shower is actually professionally installed by a friend. Being a starving artist varies between interesting and terribly depressing.

Flush with my four hundred dollars I decided to go downtown and treat myself to an overpriced coffee and muffin. Since my shitbox on wheels is often unreliable I normally bike downtown. Since my ass still smarted from the spanking I had received the previous day I opted not to ride my bike and traveled the entire mile and a half on foot telling myself I needed a good vigorous workout. I wore sweatpants without any panties. I'd learned my lesson from yesterday.

Once inside Madeline's I realized I'd arrived at the end of the morning peak but there wasn't a single place to sit other than the hard stools at the counter. I wasn't going to walk home drinking a coffee and eating a muffin. I figured I'd wait a few minutes and someone would leave to go to their office job. I couldn't live with myself having to go to an office every day nine to five. I needed my freedom—and poverty too, apparently. The moment some drone in a suit got up I snuck into his big comfy chair and relaxed. A minute later he returned from the bathroom. Only then did I see the coffee and half-eaten bagel on the table next to the chair. Oops.

I blushed in embarrassment. “Did I take your seat?” I asked hoping he'd say it was okay, he was just leaving.

He was a nice looking guy. Wavy brown hair, bright blue eyes, and tall. Taller than me. He was wearing a suit, not something I normally looked for in a guy, but he wore it well. “Actually, yeah, but I suppose it's okay...”

“Oh, were you leaving?”

“No, I have another half hour before I have to be at work. But I've been staring at your ass since you walked in so I suppose it's a small price to pay.”

And that is how I met Brian.

After graduating college I set myself up as an artist who produced metal sculpture and jewelry. There's not a lot of demand for metal sculpture but I had a welding kit, access to good scrap metal, and the need to create art. Jewelry, especially custom jobs, was my bread and butter for a year or so, then things got tough. Life sometimes sucks. My loft slash art studio was filling up with unsold art pieces, I was barely scraping by selling unique jewelry at arts and craft fairs and the internet. When I made the decision to see if a little sex work would bring in some cash I was a month behind on my rent and had been living on Top Ramen for two weeks. Not the worst of circumstances but I wanted to do better for myself.

Thanks to Craigslist and Karl's generous recommendation within a month all my bills were caught up, my rent was current, and I had some minor repairs done on my car. All it took was one or two mornings or afternoons out of my not busy schedule to go to a guy's house and let him spank me. Or fuck me. Or me to give him a blowjob. Or to smear honey all over my body and then lick it off for an hour. (There are plenty of freaks in the world). I was making more money under the table as a prostitute than I was from my art, which was sad in a certain way.

It was the guys who were into spanking a pretty girl that were my bread and butter. Sure, my ass paid the price, but I was willing to deal with that. I was flush with cash.

Then I decided to revamp my jewelry and sculpture website to give everything a sexualized connotation. Bingo. While sales didn't exactly soar, they did increase. And my sex work clients took the hint. A couple of them bought a piece of sculpture for their gardens or lawns. The more clever ones bought jewelry for their wives and girlfriends.

Everything was going great. If only Brian wasn't an auditor for the state department of taxation and finance.

Even the straight crowd has their hidden sexual kinks. Especially the straight crowd. Most of my clients worked for the state. Most of them were into spanking. My ass got a good heating twice a week. I had to schedule my dates with Brian very carefully. Hidden under his suit wasn't anything spectacular, but

after a few of dates and a couple of rolls in the sack that was my futon he revealed to me his kink.

“Would you mind tying me up and sitting on my face?”

Thank god he wasn't into spanking me. I wasn't sure if my ass could take it. In a loft full of artist supplies it was easy to rig up a rack for his long, lean frame where I could tie his wrists and ankles. After that all I needed to do was sit on his face. He loved every minute of it. Brian was into humiliation. He was a lapsed Catholic. Lots of Catholics are like that, or so I'm told.

I'd always loved cunnilingus. I wouldn't fuck a guy more than once if he wasn't willing to go down on me and make me cum. (Except for the men who hired me. They were paying for the privileged of using my body; they didn't have to go down on me.) Brian was an artist of the tongue in the cunt. Where he excelled was being forced to use only his mouth on my pussy. Some nights I would kneel on his face and he'd make me cum five or six times.

What I discovered about myself is not only did I enjoy cunnilingus, but I also liked analingus. It wasn't intentional—which is kind of strange because I've actively pursued my sexual kinks—but one night I had strapped Brian to his frame and settled my cunt on his face. He went to work with his tongue and I started moving around. As it turns out I moved around a little too much. I moved my hips forward enough that Brian found himself licking my anus. He thought it was just because I was into humiliating him. It started off as a minor accident and misalignment of sex bits, but I stayed in that spot because having my ass licked and sucked felt so good. It made me wonder to what depth Brian would sink into humiliation to please me. I was curious to find out.

Still I preferred straight pussy eating for the most part. Brian could make me cum with his tongue on my clit but not on my ass.

“Okay, that's enough,” I panted. I wanted to roll to my side, curl up, and go to sleep. While it was wonderful having a boyfriend who would stuff his face in my cunt when I arched an eyebrow the right way, sometimes my body started shutting down when I was over satiated.

I got off Brian's face and looked down at him. His cheeks and lips were smeared with my girlcum and he was breathing heavily. I gave him a little kiss on the forehead. “That was nice,” I told him.

“Get on my cock,” he panted. “I need to get off.”

I was tired, but I was also feeling wicked. The day before my client was some assistant to the vice commission of some state department or other who wanted me to tie him up and spank his ass with a paddle. I did it but took no pleasure in the act. Ten minutes of paddling his ass was all he needed to spurt his cum all over his living room carpet. Then he hustled me out of his house. Lots of guys were into pain and humiliation, but they always wanted every encounter to end in an orgasm.

“No, I don’t think so,” I told Brian.

“What?”

“You don’t get to cum tonight.”

His eyes went wide, then narrowed. He thought I was just teasing. “I need to cum!” he insisted, thrusting his hips up a bit and wagging his cock at me.

I knew how to play this game and drag it out in the most unnatural way. I rolled my eyes and said, “Fine. Handjob or blowjob?”

“I want your cunt!” he insisted. He thought we were playing a game. I was being serious. I slapped him across the face.

“Handjob it is then,” I told him.

“No!” he protested, but I had already begun stroking him. The easiest way to calm down a man is to play with his cock a little. He closed his eyes and focused on what I was doing to him.

“Like that?” I asked after pouring some lube over his rampant erection and giving him a vigorous series of tugs.

“Oh, yeah, that’s fucking great.” He was relaxed and comfortable. His cock was up and ready to shoot its load. That’s when I slapped him in the balls.

“Fuck! What was that for?!” The moment of the impact had caused his whole body to jerk and try to escape his bonds. That didn’t go so well for him.

“When you’re tied up, I’m in charge,” I said. “Understand?”

I gazed calmly but emphatically at him. Brian thought he knew the game we were playing. He nodded. “Yeah, I understand.”

“Good.” I went back to stroking him. “You’ve been a bad boy,” I said. “You made me cum, which was nice, but you were rude. I’m not sure you should get an orgasm tonight.”

“No, no. I’ll be good. I’m sorry. I’ll do whatever you say, whatever you ask. Just tell me.”

His cock was warm and pulsing in my hand. I stopped stroking him and circled the base of his cock with my thumb and forefinger squeezing hard enough to prevent any accidental discharge. “Anything I ask?”

“Yes.”

“Then what I want is for you to not have an orgasm tonight, but I’ll give you a wonderful blowjob in the morning. I’ll even swallow.”

“No, no, I need to cum tonight!” I slapped his balls again, harder this time. He nearly screamed in pain and strained against the bonds. “What was that for?”

“You have to ask?” I glared dolefully at him. “You said anything, but then you changed your mind.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he panted. I hadn’t let go of his cock.

“You should be.”

“I am, I am.”

“Did you like it when I slapped your balls?”

“No, no,” he whimpered, shaking his head.

I raised my hand again.

“Wait!” he protested. “I mean, yes. Yes. I did like it because it taught me a

lesson.”

I smiled at him. “Very good. You learn quickly. For that, I’ll give you an orgasm tonight, but you’re not going to like it. You’d be better off waiting for tomorrow. Wouldn’t you like to get untied, curl up next to me, and get a wonderful blowjob tomorrow morning?” I paused and ran my finger along the underside of his cock where it was most sensitive. “Or should I get you off now.”

“I want to cum now,” he begged.

With a curt nod I acknowledged his request. “Okay....” I began a series of strokes on his cock. He was strong and his manhood started twitching just the way I liked it when he was about to cum. I timed it just right. I kept my left hand circled around the base of his cock and stroked the underside rapidly with the pad of my right forefinger. The moment his breathing changed and his pelvis started jerking I let go of him. A pitiful amount of jism erupted out of his red cockhead and splashed on his belly. Then nothing, but he remained hard.

I knelt next to him as he tried to make himself cum hands free. It didn’t work. His orgasm was only half completed, and ruined completely. “That’s it?” he complained. He almost whined. It was practically cute.

“I told you one orgasm. I didn’t promise it would be a good one.” I wiped up his pathetic leavings with my finger. “Maybe you should have waited,” I told him then licked my finger clean. “If you’re very good for the rest of tonight and keep me warm in my bed and get me breakfast tomorrow morning, maybe I’ll let you have my pussy. Maybe not.”

He kept me warm. He slipped out of bed early in the morning and fetched me breakfast. I only made him lick me to orgasm twice before I deigned to let his cock into my precious pussy.

“I love you,” he signed into my hair when he got to cum in my moist temple.

“Can I make you prove that love?” I asked him, kissing his scratchy cheek.

“I’ll do whatever you ask,” he promised.

“We’ll see about that.”

Donald was the one who really got to me. We always met in his apartment. I never asked and I never investigated but I was fairly sure he was an elected official who only used the apartment to stay in town during government business and then went home to his wife. Apparently legislative business included hiring me. I'm sure he had all sorts of repressed emotions and problems, but he paid me well for a few hours work.

A typical date with him involved arriving at his apartment door ("You must dress professionally, like a job interview. I'm a very important person and if anyone suspected..." I always wore what I called my funeral suit to visit him: black skirt, black jacket, black stockings, white silk blouse. No panties or bra.) and stripping down to just my shoes and stockings. He'd wait until a folded my hands behind my back, then put a collar around my neck and clip a leash to it. He never made me crawl ("That's undignified and inhuman. I only hire classy women.") but would parade me through his apartment as if showing me off for an audience. There was never anyone there. But maybe he had hidden cameras throughout the place. I never knew.

He never admitted to being married, but he never removed his wedding band and there were very obvious photos of his wife and kids scattered through the place.

Once he was done with the parade we'd wind up in his bedroom. He had a huge bed. It was an ancient brass four poster, but he never tied me up to it. I kept wondering if he would, but it never happened.

"Bend over and grab the frame," he told me every time. I knew the routine by the second time he hired me, but I always let him play through his fantasy. "This is going to hurt you."

"Do you want me to scream?" I asked the first time.

He was shocked when I asked. "No. For heaven's sake, no. I have neighbors who can't know why you are here. Do you need a gag?" He laid his hand on his chest as if the question was going to give him a heart attack. That was a distinct possibility with him. He was a portly middle-aged man who had certainly seen better years of health. I hoped he didn't get too excited in the middle of our play.

"No, that won't be necessary. Some of my clients just like me to be noisy."

“No, no, no. I need you to act like a lady. Quiet at all times. If you scream there won’t be a tip. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir.”

“Hold tight to the bed. I need to inspect you. Spread you legs wide.”

I did as he ordered. Donald knelt down and spread my buttocks wide to look at my tiny asshole and, presumably, my pretty pink pussy. That’s what he said every time, he repeated it over and over. “You have such a tiny asshole. Just the right color of light brown. And your pussy is so pretty. Such a pretty pink pussy. It seems a shame to abuse it. But you don’t mind if I abuse them, do you?”

“No sir,” I told him every time. “My ass and pussy are here for your please.”

“Good, good,” he would reply absently. Then there would be a long pause while he stared at me and gently touched the outside of my cunt and anus. He never penetrated me digitally, which was weird.

And he was always sure to comment once each time one of our dates, “I like that you shave your pussy, but leave a little bit of hair. It makes you look slutty, but not a whore.”

It was an odd comment because I didn’t consider myself to be especially slutty but I was most definitely a whore. What other kind of woman took money to allow men to perform sex act on her?

When he was done with his inspection—I never knew what exactly he was looking for, I guess he just liked looking—he would say, “Get ready for a dab of lube.”

It wasn’t a dab, it was a huge smear, which was probably for the best considering what he did next. The lube made it a hell of a lot easier when he eased what felt like a huge buttplug into me. I saw it both before and after he put it in me, it was actually average sized, it just felt huge. I’ll admit it was sometimes nice to have that feeling of fullness back there, but I didn’t understand why he did it to me. Donald could only get a vicarious thrill out of it. He probably would have gotten off a hundred times better if I had put it up his ass, but that’s not what the man paid for.

Once the plug was in place I felt full, but it wasn't painful. The pain only occurred when it went in. And a little when it came out.

Actually, the pain really came while it was in because Donald would be paddling my ass. This was the one break in the routine. Every date it was a new toy to use on my ass. Over the course of our business relationship he used on me his bare hand, his leather glove covered hand, a simple paddle, a rubber flogger, a leather riding crop, and finally a rattan cane. It was the cane that became the problem. I like the way it made a swooshing sound in the air as Donald brought the stroke down on my exposed skin, the impact made me see red and white stars with every blow.

I had become very good at restraining myself from crying out. The loudest I ever got was an occasional grunt or surprised intake of breath when a blow came too hard or unexpectedly. The total volume wasn't above that of a normal conversation. Donald loved that. "Keep quiet," he would always warn me. "Any loud noises and no payment." It was a semi-hollow threat. After my very first time with Karl I was always sure to get my clients' money up front. I was amazed how easy it was to collect fees through debit and credit cards via my website. I'm pretty sure my financial service center had no idea what "Artist's time and consultation" actually meant. (And suppose what I did could be considered a type of performance art, but that was really splitting hairs. I knew I was a prostitute and had come to terms with it.) His tip would depend entirely upon how silent I could remain.

Unlike Karl and so many other of my near dozen steady clients Donald didn't like to take before and after pictures of my ass, though he would comment on it. "Such a pretty ass. I like that you keep out of the sun. Tan lines are so unsightly on a young refined woman."

"Thank you, sir."

"Your milky white flesh shows off the red of a good beating so well," he would always say. That was the signal he was about to begin. The swatting and the paddling and the spankings were always especially intense with Donald. He considered himself an artist of the ass paddling.

His opinion of his technique wasn't without merit. Every time I walked—staggered actually—away from his apartment my ass was aflame with pain. It

was always bright red and hurt for days afterwards.

But it was the cane that caused all the problems. I loved the swoosh it made in the air. I liked the sharp lick of pain it applied to my skin. It hurt worse than anything he had ever used on me before. I found I was letting out a little unconscious yelp with each licking of the switch. It wasn't loud but I could tell even without looking at Donald he was getting annoyed at my lack of silence. Then there was a pause in the steady rain of blows he was putting on me. It had been a much quicker beating than usual so I was surprised that he was done.

Normally when Donald was done paddling my ass he would drop his pants and jerk off his cock on my ass. Almost half my clients loved doing that. Some men are so predictable in their kinks. They all claimed to love color. My white skin. My multihued tattoo. My reddened ass. And their whitish jism on my red ass.

That would be the end of it. I'd clean up and he'd give me my tip. Done and done.

The pain of the rattan cane on my ass was so vivid I remember thinking I would actually welcome the cooling sensation of his cum on my abused skin. I heard him frantically jerking off and then came the warning. He never gave me a warning. "This might sting."

By holy hell it did sting. I cursed under my breath but didn't break the rules of our arrangement. He didn't want me to watch when he jerked off. That was fine, but this time I wondered what had gone wrong.

"I'm so sorry," he apologized. "Apparently I'm not used to the cane yet. It looks like I broke your skin, but the damage doesn't appear to be too bad."

What followed was me in near panic. The amount of blood was next to nothing, but it was still unnerving. Donald supplied me with cold, wet compresses and a soothing ointment. The ointment was new; he liked me to go home with my ass blazing. He got off on that. There was no real way to bandage my ass. The tiny breaks in my skin were too small and too scattered for even a simple Band-Aid to be of any use. I had a pair of plain white undies in my bag that I put on. Donald was pathetically apologetic and gave me a cash tip that was equal to my normal rate. It was nice to get paid double but I was considering turning down Donald's next request for a date. He had lost control and even if he had hired me it wasn't part of the agreement.

I drove home with tears seeping from my eyes. That's when the trouble began. Brian was at my place waiting for me. I regretted giving him a key to my warehouse loft/apartment/artist studio.

"Where have you been?" he asked me.

"Did we have a date?" I asked him, not answering his question.

That brought him up short. My attitude was one of complete anger, but it wasn't because of him.

"No. I just wanted to see you."

"I was with a client." I hesitated and reconsidered my words. There was no way for Brian to know to me a client was someone I had sex with. "A customer who wants a custom piece. We were talking about the design and installation."

"Oh. Well, if you want I'd be happy to take you out to dinner or—"

I cut him off. "I'm exhausted. I need to go to sleep. You can stay if you want."

Brian didn't comment on my professional dress. Maybe he figured it was a corporate client. Maybe he approved of his boho artist girlfriend dressing up. I didn't care. I took off my clothes, glad that I had on white panties, got in bed and went to sleep.

In the morning Brian was still there. My ass still hurt. I was half asleep when I got up to use the toilet and take a shower. I walked back to my futon where he had just woken up. He saw the stripes on my ass and freaked out.

"What the fuck happened to your ass!?"

*Fuckshitpiss.*

A hundred lies leaped to my lips and I clamped my mouth closed on all of them. They were universally terrible. I had already been living a partial lie with Brian. I didn't want to compound that now.

"Um, would you believe that another guy likes to spank me?" I half asked, half admitted to him.

He just looked at me stunned. I had turned around so he couldn't see my ass any more but being naked in front of him at that moment made me feel vulnerable, more vulnerable than I ever had with any of my clients. It was disturbing. "How?" he asked, then swallowed hard and spoke again. "How long?"

I looked at him blankly for a moment. "How long have I been...?"

He nodded.

At first I thought he meant how long had I been selling myself, but then I realized he was asking how long have I been seeing the guy who had spanked me. "Not long," I said. Then I held up my hands to try to calm him down. Brian's face had turned almost purple and he didn't know what to do with his hands. He kept clenching and opening his fists. "It's not a relationship."

"What is it then?" he asked. "Does he just spank you and then jerk off?"

I opened my mouth to say, Yes, that's it exactly. And he pays me well for that privilege. I thought better of it. "Not exactly. I like to be spanked. You like to be tied up and humiliated. I couldn't ask you to spank me."

"Not like that," he said. "Not to the point of making you bleed."

"That was a mistake. He apologized."

Brian didn't hear my words. "You lied to me."

"Sort of. I just didn't tell you everything I've been doing."

"Why? Why not? Why didn't you tell me?"

Those were complicated questions. "Why didn't I tell you? Because I was ashamed." That was mostly true...at least at the beginning. "Why did I do it?" Because I needed the money. "Because I couldn't ask you to beat me that way. I love you too much for that."

"Love?" he asked. He tilted his head to the side and looked at me strangely, as if he had never seen me before.

"Uh. Yeah. Because I love you. I didn't realize it until right now." The words

sounded like a stupid and lame lie. They were actually the truth. I had more fun with Brian than any previous boyfriend. And any of the men who hired me to be their spanking object weren't boyfriends, they were clients. "I do love you."

"Really?" he asked. The disbelief in his voice was oozing sarcasm.

I took great umbrage at his tone. "Yeah, I fucking love you. You're a great guy, we have fun out together, and we have great fucking fun in bed. So...yeah, I love you. Is that wrong?" I shoved my fists on my hips and he slowly got out of my futon bed. His cock was dangling between his legs, not fully erect but not shriveled up in disgust either.

"You love me?"

"Yes." I said it plainly and simply, hoping he'd believe me.

I was amazed at how quickly he moved. One moment he was standing next to the bed then he was suddenly next to me, grabbing me, dragging me back to the bed, forcing me down to my hands and knees, facing away from him. He twisted my hands behind my back and shoved my face in the thin mattress. I grunted in surprise and—dare I admit it—arousal.

Brian was aroused too. In a moment his hard cock was probing at my cunt. It slipped in. I let him enter me. I had nothing to hide. Total honest was what was now needed. He held me down with one hand on the back of my neck, the other pinning my wrists against the small of my back. His cock inside me felt good. He was being rough. I liked rough sex. He was taking his pleasure first. I was just there to please him. Liked that too.

Something about the whole exchange had fired him up. That I especially liked. He had never fucked me so hard or passionately before. I let him do to my body as he wished. It was a pleasure to service him. When his seed flooded into my cunt I sighed with a great relief. To me our harsh coupling signaled a certain amount of love. I was equating lust with love. I didn't believe I was wrong in that feeling.

He abruptly withdrew from me and quickly got dressed as I laid on the bed, panting. "Did you like that fucking?"

"Yes," I happily admitted. He was pleased with me.

“I bet you did, you whore.” He stalked across the room and flung open my heavy steel door and threw my apartment key on the ground. Only then did he slam the door behind him.

I sat there for half an hour not understanding I had been dumped.

I spent the next few days alternately crying and drinking. I’m not a drinker. I had to scrounge for alcohol. I could have gone down to the liquor store that was within walking distance of my place, but I didn’t have the energy

I ignored all my text messages, emails, and postings to my website. I kept checking to see if Brian had contacted me on any of them. Of course he hadn’t. I sent a message to one client cancelling our appointment and refunding him his fee.

My next client was Karl and I was ready to cancel my appointment with him as well. The bruises and cuts that Donald had given me had already faded. In fact, they were never that bad at all. The cuts healed in two days and the bruises faded shortly thereafter. It was only the fact that Brian had seen them that had destroyed our relationship.

No, that’s not the truth. It was the fact I was hiding from him my prostituting that had destroyed our relationship.

I called Karl to cancel. He was a trusted and loyal client and I wasn’t going to just send him a text message. Before I could say anything when Karl answered his phone he immediately started talking before I could utter a word.

“Alice, on behalf of Donald I want to apologize. He never should have treated you so roughly. He’s been trying to contact you to apologize himself but you never answer your phone and you seem to have forgotten how to use your computer. He is deeply ashamed and wants to make amends in any way he can. Now, how can I be of assistance to you?”

I had a lame excuse prepared to cancel our meeting, but now I had forgotten it. “I was calling to cancel on you, Karl. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize because you aren’t cancelling. I’m still expecting

you tomorrow.”

“No, I’m not feeling up to it,” I lied.

“I don’t care,” Karl said. “I want to see you even if we don’t get to play. I’m expecting you.” And then he hung up. I called and texted him, leaving messages I wouldn’t be coming. He didn’t respond.

He knew me too well. I was ringing his doorbell at our usual time. He opened the door, saw me in my casual clothes and said, “You know you’re supposed to go through the garage.” Then he closed the door on me. I was expecting some compassion and perhaps a shoulder to cry on, instead I got a client who treated me in the usual fashion.

Somehow that in and of itself was comforting.

And then I realized that Karl had no idea that I had been dumped by my boyfriend.

I walked into the side door of the garage. My collar was waiting for me on the shelf next to the kitchen door entrance. I stripped off my clothes, put them in the plastic bag Karl always provided, buckled the collar around my neck, knelt next to the kitchen door, and knocked.

I waited a minute and then Karl opened up and snapped the least on my collar. He led me inside and paused me in the middle of the kitchen to inspect my naked buttocks.

“I hardly see any damage at all,” he commented. “I think perhaps Donald was overstating your injuries.”

“Yes sir, perhaps sir,” I pleasantly agreed. It felt good to get out of my place and go back to the routine of being another person’s sex toy.

“Well, I won’t paddle your ass today, though you surely deserve it. Get in the chair and put your hands behind your neck.” He had a spacious, modern kitchen. In the middle of the floor was a wooden chair with a padded seat. I did as he told me. The posture brought up my breasts and made me feel exposed.

“Spread your legs a bit. I was to see your pussy.”

I obeyed and kept my eyes demurely on the floor. And then I saw the tool in his hand. The handle was short and there were too many leather straps attached to the handle for me to count. I gasped when I realized what he was going to do.

“I’ve focused a bit too much on your ass, I think,” Karl said. “Today would be a good day to condition your tits. Let’s begin with a light flogger.”

The first lash made me yelp in pain. The leather thongs elicited a quick burst of pain that was oddly soft in comparison to the sharpness of a cane on my ass. He gave each of my tits five firm lashes and then paused.

“The color is nice. Just a little flush of pink. I’ll have to give you many for blows.” And he did. Each one made me gasp. Then I started to squeal with each new thrill of pain. At first he tried to confine his strikes to my skin, but then that was quickly set aside and he concentrated on my nipples. The flogger set my nipples afire each time he hit me. Before I knew it my chest was bright red as if I had a sunburn and I was screaming and crying each time Karl abused me.

“There,” he said with great satisfaction. “Now for a few pictures.” He pulled out his camera and recorded his work. I looked down at my tits and was surprised I could see the faint outlines of some of the lashes, but for the most part my tits were just bright red all over. “You did very well,” Karl said as he took my picture over and over from every possible angle. I didn’t bother to worry if my face was recorded along with my tits. “You even kept your hands locked behind our neck. That’s a special accomplishment. You must truly love getting this done.”

I was shocked by his compliment and only managed a nod as he put away his camera and unzipped his pants. “Now, a blowjob if you don’t mind, Alice. You can use your hands now.”

Giving Karl a blowjob as I tried not to think about the pain coursing through my tits wasn’t that difficult. Karl was always keyed up when he was done abusing my body so he wasn’t inside my mouth more than two minutes before he started cumming. He still wanted something more and pulled out my mouth and aimed his cock at my chest. Heavy ropes of cum soon decorated my tits and Karl pulled out his camera again before putting his cock back in his pants.

His tip that day was more than worth the effort I had made to meet him.

I settled back into my routine, but without a boyfriend. It wasn't bad. I had a lot more time to make art. I finished a couple of commissions. I was more or less happy. I got a new client who liked to smear my body with olive oil and then tit fuck me until he came. I liked the feel of olive oil on my skin, but I always went home smelling vaguely of an Italian restaurant.

And then a new client solicited me on my website. I was cautious because he didn't come with any recommendations from previous clients, but I decided to meet him at Madeline's for coffee to see if it was a workable situation.

I shouldn't have been surprised that Brian was there. I pretended not to see him but he walked up to me as I took my seat and waited for my client.

"Hello, Alice."

I sighed and looked up from my iPad. "Hello, Brian. I don't have time to talk. I'm waiting for a friend."

"No you're not," he said. "You're waiting for Marcus Anthony."

"What? How could you know that?" I blurted out.

He looked at me calmly. I was pissed and only then did I realize he was Marcus Anthony. He was my new client. I stood up and started walking out. Brian grabbed my arm. "Don't go."

"Why not? I don't like your trick."

"Do you like being a whore?" he asked.

There were a few people in the shop, if anyone overheard him they probably just chalked it up to a lover's spat. I shook off his hand.

"What I do on my time is my business."

A thin smile played at his lips. "You forget I work for the state department of taxation and finance. Not only what you're doing is illegal, but it breaks the tax code."

“Ha! I’ve paid my taxes,” I hissed at him. “I’m an entertainer.” Then I realized he must have been looking up my information on the state computer systems and that pissed me off. “What the fuck are you doing? Keeping tabs on me? You’re the asshole who dumped me. Are you some creepy stalker?” I was beyond pissed at this point and had worked myself up into a good seething boil. “Good-fucking-bye.”

I stomped out of the coffee shop. Brian was right behind me. “Yeah, okay, so I admit it. I’ve been keeping an eye on you,” he said as he quickly caught up to me. I was used to easily outdistance most people with my fast and long stride but Brian matched me in those areas.

“You could have fucking answered my calls and texts a long time ago.”

“I was hurt,” he offered.

“Boo-fucking-hoo.”

He quickly glanced around and made sure we were far enough away from anyone else before he said, “I’m not into the idea of my girlfriend being a prostitute. But I am sorry for the way I ended it with us.”

“That’s fine. I probably should have told you what I was doing earlier on. Apology accepted. I made a mistake as well. Are you done?” I continued to stride along the sidewalk and wished I had driven my car but I wanted the exercise and it’s often a bitch to park downtown.

“But why?” he asked. I still didn’t look at him. I was done and he didn’t get the hint.

“Why what?”

“Why are you selling your body for sex?”

I gave him the stink eye. “You think it’s easy making a living as an artist? The only way for me to survive was outside income.”

“It’s illegal.”

“So what?”

“You’ll wind up dead!” he cried out. “Did you know the murder rate for prostitutes in the United States is 223 per 100,000. For the general population it’s 5 per 100,000.”

“Thanks for the public service announcement. I can see you’ve been doing your homework, but I’m not some truck stop whore or a streetwalker. I have a very nice business with respectable clientele.”

“You’re going to keep doing this, aren’t you?” he asked, in shock.

“Until I can make a living as an artist, yes.”

“It’s not a good idea.”

“My life has been full of bad ideas.”

And the rest of our conversation was much the same. Him spouting statistics about the dangers of the sex trade and me ignoring his perseverance. We finally got to the ancient warehouse that was my home and studio and the global headquarters of what could be inaccurately described as my bordello business.

“You’re not invited in,” I told him as I pulled out the key to the loading dock door. It wasn’t much of a loading dock now but I considered it my front porch.

“But I want to talk!”

“You’ve been talking for half an hour. Aren’t you done yet?”

“I want you back,” he finally blurted out. I’d already figured that out but I wasn’t going to be the one to say it or accuse him of wanting me back.

“No.”

“Why not?” He practically wailed his frustration.

“Because you don’t want a prostitute as a girlfriend and I don’t really want to date someone who is so judgmental.”

There was something desperate in his eyes. He had already blown what must have been all of his lunch hour chasing me. Even if he turned back now he’d be

a good hour late getting back to his office. That would be fun to explain to his supervisor. “But—but—what can I do?”

I almost told him nothing, I didn’t want him back. But—oddly—I did. He was a nice guy who had made a mistake and was trying to make up for it. I wasn’t sure how much torture to put him through before entertaining the possibility of saying yes.

“Two hundred dollars,” I said.

“What?”

“That’s my rate for an hour. Two hundred dollars right now. We can go up to my place and we can have sex. Isn’t that what you want?”

“No, I want you back as my girlfriend.”

“You’re going about this the wrong way.” I pulled open the door and made to pull close the heavy steel slab behind me.

“No! Wait! I don’t have two hundred with me,” he insisted.

“Pull out your wallet and let me see what you have.”

As it turned out he had eighty three dollars and I’m sure some spare change in his pockets. I grabbed the cash out of his wallet and shoved it in my jacket pocket. “You have your checkbook with you?”

“Yes but—”

I cut him off. “Write me a check for a hundred and seventeen dollars. Then we can go upstairs and have sex.”

“But I want you as my girlfriend, not as someone I’ve hired for sex.”

“Let’s do it my way,” I said. “You can pay me for sex. We’ll try it today and see how it works out. If I like it, you can pay me again. If the second time is okay, I’ll let you take me out on a public date. Let’s see if you can deal with being a good client first, then we’ll work up to being a good boyfriend.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Last chance offer. Pay me and then maybe I’ll let you date me. If you’re good I won’t tell everyone we meet and all your friends I’m a prostitute. How does that sound?” He hesitated. I sweetened the deal. “Wouldn’t you like to experience the delicious shame of having a whore as a girlfriend? Wouldn’t you like to be fucking a woman who takes money for sex from other men? Wouldn’t you like to be fucking my pussy not knowing if some other man had cum in it earlier in the day? You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

The question hung between us for a long time and finally he nodded and lowered his eyes. “Yes.”

“Write the check.”

I took the check and led him upstairs. I told him to strip and then tied him up to the rack on the floor. While I held his cock in my hand I also held his phone to his face while he told his boss he got sick at lunch and wouldn’t be back that afternoon.

“You’re going to eat my ass until I cum,” I told him when I pulled off my pants and undies as I prepared to sit on his face. “This is your first test.”

I decided I was going to like having a humiliation hound for a client—and maybe a boyfriend. It took him almost an hour but eventually his very talented tongue brought me to a most unusual anal orgasm. Of course never having had an anal orgasm before I had nothing to judge it against.

I’m pretty sure he didn’t realize I was playing with my clit the entire time.

## **About the Author**

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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