

A Little Extra Ca\$h

Fiction by
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I told my husband I'd had enough. "C'mon Danny, what the fuck are we going to do? Shit, I'm working as many hours as I can get and you're not making any more in your job. How we gonna pay the fuckin' bills?"

He looked at the bills I waved at him and said, "I don't know, Dee. We'll make do."

I shook my head. What could I say to that lame response? More curses?

Dan and I have been married for six years. We've had the proverbial ups and downs for sure, though this 'down' has been the toughest. I'm basically a realist but I've had my dreams. I'd like to have a nicer house in the suburbs and have nicer clothes and go to nice parties. I had a college degree and always believed I'd have a great career and make enough money on my own. This economy killed that dream. Dan's dreams had been a mystery to me since I met him. It was love at first sight for me; he was a lean hunk and seemed quietly self-confident when I met him, unlike the egotistical boors I'd met in college. Somewhere along the way, I don't know why, the self-confidence went away and he wasn't the man I married anymore. I still had my dreams but they weren't his. I still had my shape too; I'd never been a centerfold hottie yet I looked good and men sure still glanced my way. What truly vexed me was that as Dan's self-confidence waned so did his sex drive. On the other hand, I was at a sexual peak, practically masturbating twice a day. So you see, money wasn't the only problem we had, but it was becoming the catalyst of our discord.

That night after climbing from the shower, I looked at my reflection and thought, *still looking good...tits are still firm and high...no sag yet... and the ass can still get them looking...* I muttered to myself, “Yeah, fucking ‘make do’...damn him.”

How were we going to do that? Maybe I’ll take a second job and keep the income for myself. I remembered a college roommate trying to talk me into stripping to pay the bills. I declined back then but now looking at myself in the mirror I began to wonder if that wasn’t a bad option after all. The only problem I saw with that idea was there were no strip joints in my general area. Where could I go to find a job like that?

I forgot the notion for a couple of days. Then more bills came in the mail and the idea of stripping came back to me. I began searching the web for possibilities. One Yahoo listing mentioned Craig’s List, but when I went looking on CL, most of it was for escorts. Now *that* would be an interesting second job, wouldn’t it? I imagined a posting on CL: “HORNY AND HOT NON-PRO LOOKING FOR A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY FROM APPRECIATING GENTLEMEN.” That got me laughing. No way could I do that—stripping, maybe, but *not* hooking.

Again, the ‘extra cash’ notion was forgotten for a few more days. That was until it came rushing back on a particular day when an influx of bills arrived, and while I was amazingly horny and Danny declared he was “too tired” for a bed-time romp. I fell asleep angry and frustrated.

—And determined. The following morning I called my friend Lana and asked her to meet me for lunch. While eating I hit her up for her condo. Lana had to be the most libidinous person I knew, and had maybe a half-dozen fuck buddies (something I was envious of) both male and female. She rented a condo in town to ‘entertain’ so her sugar-daddy husband wouldn’t find out. I didn’t have a sugar-daddy, so my plan needed that condo.

“You’re *what?*” she exclaimed a bit too loudly in the crowded restaurant.

I shushed her. “Yes, I’m going to try the escort business for a while. I need the money.”

She shook her head, “Oh honey...Dee...I’ll lend you some if you’re that desperate.”

“I guess that’s the right word...desperate...but not only with the money situation.”

We talked for a while in hushed tones between bites. I doubt if I truly convinced her but she agreed to let me use the condo as my “incall” crib. We set up a schedule of sorts of when it would be best for me to ‘work’ at my new job.

Later that evening I composed my ‘ad’ and placed in on Craig’s List ‘adult services’ section. I pondered how things have changed on CL since the idiot in Boston went nuts. As long as I could post though, I really didn’t care. I said I was an amateur, hot MILF, and was available as GFE, while also saying the usual about gentlemen preferred, good hygiene, and D/D free, etc.

By the next morning I had over a dozen calls, most I let go to voice-mail. A couple I did take wanted me that night, and I told them I was booked—in reality I was scared shitless and not ready. I changed the ad to narrow my available hours to the days I wasn’t working. Most of the voice messages sounded like the men were unintelligent idiots, so that became my first filter. Two of the messages passed that filter, so I called each of them. The first didn’t answer, and I wasn’t about to leave my own message. The second guy did answer. He had a basso voice that immediately got my juices flowing. Of course, a lot of cops have those deep, authoritative voices. I had to be careful. For his part, he wasn’t crude, asking questions about my services discreetly. He said his name was Steve. I gave him my “donation”

rate and we agreed on a time. I had done some research on how escorts set up calls, so I gave him the instruction to call me one hour before our appointment. He acknowledged that, and in a slightly sheepish manner said he looked forward to our time together.

By the time he called I was a nervous wreck, unsure if I could go through with it. When he called, I gave him general directions to Lana's condo complex but not the number. When he got here he would call again for the unit number. I'd gone crazy thinking about what to wear. I could answer the door in lingerie, but would that be considered tacky? I settled on an old pair of very short and tight cut-offs and a checked blouse that was open all the way through my cleavage, and tied underneath. The farmer's daughter image would be complete if I'd found a piece of straw to hold between my teeth. I gave myself the onceover in the mirror. Except for the nervous eyes I declared myself hot-to-trot. I teased up my long brown hair into a perfect 'hooker hair' fluff. Only minimal make-up; I was ready.

The condo (luckily) had a great view of the entrance and road, so I saw his car enter. It was a late model "Baby Benz" so I figured that lessened the chance he was The Law. He parked and then my phone rang. I gave him the unit number and tried to calm my nervous stomach.

He seemed as nervous as I was when I ushered him in. He wasn't that bad in the looks department; perhaps in his late 40s, and a little overweight. He ogled me, barely able to make small-talk with his salivating mouth. He handed me the money without a word. I put it in a kitchen drawer and invited him to sit next to me on the sofa. I sat very close, touching him ever so slightly, and asked some questions about what he did for a living and where he was from. He answered haltingly, and I only half-listened to what he said. I did like his deep voice, though.

"You're so beautiful," he said. "May I kiss you?"

“Of course you can, sweetheart.”

Before I could say anything else, his lips were on mine, his hand was grabbing a tit, and his tongue was slithering into my mouth. I gently pushed him away. “Whoa, big boy! How about going into the bedroom and getting comfortable, okay?”

“Okay,” he answered through trembling lips; he was so aroused, his erection straining his pants.

He went into the bedroom. I’d lit some candles in there before he arrived, hoping that would lend the right atmosphere to what we would be doing. I counted the money—all there—and hid it in a different drawer. I walked into the bedroom with as much swing and sway as I could muster. He was naked and reclining on the bed, eyes fully on me as his hand casually stroked his larger than average dick.

I untied my makeshift halter and let it fall to the floor, exposing my good-sized tits. As I undid my shorts, I said, “What would the big guy like?”

“Can you suck him?” he said, his cock visibly stiffening to its full length as he said it.

“Sure I can.” I dropped my shorts to the floor and kicked them aside. In only a thong now, I got onto the bed next to him, taking his cock in my mouth.

I thought of the money in the kitchen drawer. *I’d better earn it*, I thought. I had to admit the dude had a good cock and I was having a tough time sucking the thing because of its girth. However poorly I judged my technique, he seemed to be enjoying the experience tremendously—much moaning interspersed with “Oh baby, you’re good...Oh baby...”

Thinking maybe I could get away with skipping penetration, I stopped

and looked at him, saying, “You want me to finish you off, sweetheart? I’ll swallow—”

He needn’t say anything, though he did; his facial expression gave it all away. I went at it again, taking as much of him as I could down my throat until I felt the tell-tale swelling of his cock. My tonsils got blasted by streams of his cum. Damn, the dude was a fire-hose! I almost choked on it all, but shit, a promise was a promise. I swallowed the whole damned load like a pro. Well, wasn’t I one now?

We mostly talked for the remainder of his paid-for time. I let him play with my tits for a while, knowing he was trying like hell to get back up again. We never agreed on a double-pop fee, but I probably would have let him if he managed another erection (He was my first client, after all). Alas, he couldn’t, and he departed, ostensibly a happy man and saying he’d love to see me again. We’d see.

That wasn’t too bad, I thought, as I gargled some mouthwash to clear my semen-filmy mouth. I checked my messages to find two. Both were looking for time later in the afternoon. I chose the one that sounded older and more interesting, and called. He answered, saying his name was Dave and asked me for my fee. I mentioned my ‘donation’ amount for the one hour session he was looking for and he agreed so we set up the time and the phone call process. After hanging up, I called the second man and told him I’d be busy. I offered some time the next day I would be free and he said he’d think about it. Fair enough.

The second man (see, I was tallying them up already) made his calls and was soon at the condo’s door. I still had on the same outfit. ‘Dave’ looked disappointed; what did he think I’d wear—nothing? Okay, maybe I wasn’t his physical type. *I’ll show him*, I thought as I ushered him in and told him to get comfortable.

Like before, I placed the money in a kitchen drawer while he went into the bedroom. When I walked in he was down to his boxers and sitting

on the edge of the bed. He arose and grabbed me and pulled me onto him on the bed. I felt a moment of fear before I realized he wouldn't hurt me. He was the caveman type, that's all.

"You want to undress me?" I asked.

He did. His answer was to practically rip my shirt off. I helped him with the rest before unleashing him from his boxers. This guy was small. He was probably as hard as he was going to get and it still barely made four or five inches. The dude couldn't hide his over-excitement, breathing hard with his paws all over me. I sucked him, and he did get a bit stiffer; still a thin four inches or so.

"Which way?" I asked as I helped him with the condom.

"W...What way do you like it?"

In my entire life, nobody, not even my husband, ever asked me what position I liked. Wow, this was a moment to savor, even if I was a paid fuck. "I like it doggy, but don't go too fast, big guy. I don't want to be sore." Jesus, I couldn't believe I spouted that bullshit line.

It surely got him going. The guy was banging into my backside from behind so hard I was barely able to stay on my knees. I was beginning to feel the tension build, more from his balls whacking my clit than from his puny cock doing anything inside of me. I thought that maybe I could cadge an orgasm from this, but that thought ended when he groaned loudly that he was cumming. Lo and behold, I ended up sore after all when he decided to slap my ass at the moment of ejaculation.

Hard.

"Damn, did you have to do that?" I asked angrily, thoughts of 'customer service' out the window.

“You’re damn right I did. That’s what you do to a whore. You’re a whore, right?”

“Fuck you,” I hollered.

“No. Fuck *you*,” he said, and grabbed me as I tried to slink away from him and get off the bed.

I couldn’t believe it; even though I knew he’d cum and I saw his spunk at the head of the condom, he was still hard. I fought him yet he pinned me on my back and fucked me again. Not fucked—raped this time. You may think me stupid, but at that moment I let off from fighting him and figured to more or less allow the paying customer to get his rocks off one more time. Of course, that was before he slapped me again. Then, while in the throes of pre-orgasmic happiness he let his guard down. I pushed him away just enough to get my knee right where his balls would be in another second. I was gratified the asshole screamed far louder than anything I could have faked.

Before he could go on the offensive I kicked him harder and yelled, “Get the fuck out of here, you asshole. You paid me for sex...not for this other shit.”

If he had been a larger man I would have been scared shitless. Oh yes, I was scared, but at least I still *had* my shit, which I gave to him as he thought better of any further machismo and hurriedly dressed and headed for the door.

“You’ll pay, you bitch,” he cursed on his way out.

“No, *YOU* paid, you fuckin’ idiot,” I answered, still pumped up with adrenaline. Well, it was a stupid thing to say, and when I realized that (and the fact he was gone and I was still okay) I had a good therapeutic laugh.

I counted my blessings—and my money—and debated whether I had time (or the stamina, or the courage...) for another session. I decided I did, and turned on my cell phone and ran through the messages. I started calling and got an affirmative response on the third call. Another deep, masculine voice, saying his name was Larry. We made our deal, and then I showered to get ready for him. He had asked if I could answer the door in something sexy, like a negligee, and I agreed (I said I was GFE, right?). After showering I fixed my hair, put on a little make-up, dabbed on some scent, and slipped into the lacy black number with the matching thong I'd added to my "whore bag" (as I thought of it).

I answered the door nervously, but was delighted at the way he looked at me as I let him in. He was a big man, maybe 6-foot-one or -two, good looking and about my age; dressed well in a sport coat, as if he just came from work. We talked for a few minutes. He was the perfect gentleman, which eased the fears still lingering from my encounter with Dave. I didn't smell cop either. With cash safely tucked away, the new customer 'got comfortable' and I steeled my nerves.

"You're a sweet looking babe," he said, up on one elbow, sprawled across the bed.

"You're not a bad looking dude either," I said, looking at his nice body and his even nicer dick.

"I hope you really do GFE, because that's exactly what I need today"

I lay down next to him, saying, "You had a bad day at work today? You want me to help you forget? Maybe pretend I'm your sweetheart?"

"Oh yes, baby. Can I have a kiss?"

"Of course Larry," I said seductively, and moved my lips toward his.

Alright, the dude was a good kisser, so I didn't mind swapping spit and dueling tongues with him. I must be giving him what he wanted because his cock was swelling nicely and rubbing against me as we kissed. He gently rolled me onto my back and hovered above me, still kissing me. I didn't know how long we kissed like that, but eventually he pulled his lips away.

"Ummmmmm," he groaned. "This is going to be great, I can tell."

"Would you like a massage?" I went and got some massage oil and began rubbing him all over.

I saved his cock for last. By the time I got there he was harder than the proverbial rock. I figured nine inches of thick, veined manhood. *Yes, this could be great*, I thought. I went down on him, toying with his cockhead for a while before attempting to take more. Like I said, I'm not a deep-throater, but I tried. He loved it—crooning "Yes baby, yes."

Instead of asking him how he wanted it, I figured what was good for the goose was good for the gander. I slipped off the thong, slid on the condom and climbed aboard. My pussy was wet, I was ready, and I impaled myself on his flesh-sword. As I began bouncing, I pulled the negligee off over my head and tossed it aside, never missing a beat. His ear-to-ear grin said he liked that move.

I bounced and swayed to my own soundtrack. "Oh yeah...oh Larry... your cock is so big, it's filling me, oh Larry...oh..."

"God, you're fuckin' hot," he said with a flourish. Instead of mashing my tits like some men would in this position, he was nicely tweaking my nipples. They—and I—responded in kind.

I threw my head back and rode him hard. Without thinking about it I'd established my own rhythm, first sliding up and down a few times on his pole before rolling my hips in a wide circle, his cock my marvelous

pivot point. I bounced and thrashed and rocked like that until I sensed we were both approaching nirvana.

My orgasm hit me in mid-bounce. “Yes...oh yes,” I moaned.

Another “Yes...baby” escaped his lips in a groan. “...Cumming” was another groan, right on its heels.

I couldn’t believe it had happened; I came! And *before* him! Hot damn! Climbing off, I reached down and swiped my pussy with my fingers. They came away wetter than I ever could have imagined. “My, oh my, seems I had some fun there too, Larry.”

“I guess you did, baby. Didn’t have to fake it,” he said as he pulled me next to him on the bed. “You’re one, hot piece of ass, you know?”

“I know.” I smiled coyly, and asked him, “Anything else I can do for you?”

“I think you drained every last drop out of me, baby,” he said. “You’re GFE for real, better than any girlfriend I ever had, that’s for sure.”

I batted my eyelashes, “Thank you very much, sir.”

“You been doing this long?”

“Not long at all,” I answered. He’d never know the true meaning of ‘not long’ in my case.

“Like I said, doll, you’re not only gorgeous but very good and hot. Whew, I haven’t been fucked like that in a long time, and you didn’t fake it, did you?”

I smiled, “What do you think?”

We lay there, laughing and talking for quite a while. Though I was

mum about me, he told me a bit about himself. He said he was divorced and didn't feel much like the dating game; therefore he took care of his needs with call girls. I didn't mind being one of his release mechanisms, I thought as I let him kiss me one last time. When he was dressed and ready to leave, he told me he would definitely move me to the top of his "favorites list" and he would love to see me again. Almost like a damn doctor, I gave him my availability days and times. He had my number.

I showered before heading home. Looking at my take for the day, I was pretty proud of it—nice cold hard cash and a bonus orgasm—plus when was the last time my *husband* called me gorgeous? Great day indeed!

The end of the day presented me with a little poetic justice. In bed, Danny announced he was horny. I told him *I* was tired and only wanted to sleep. *He* went to bed frustrated.

Even without an updated CL posting, I was still getting calls. I was letting them go to voicemail, so by the next day that I was free (and Lana's condo free as well) I went through my messages and picked the best sounding ones, mostly the ones who sounded mature and didn't ask stupid, lewd questions about my services. I began making return calls and setting up appointments.

I'd decided to play the MILF angle, especially with my clothing choices. In my mind I wasn't old enough to be a MILF, and I wasn't even a mother yet, but why not play on men's fantasies? For my first customer I wore a silky sun dress with nothing underneath. The dress just hinted at my chest assets, though the fabric's feel stiffened my nipples noticeably. I considered that at-the-door advertising!

My first appointment was a disappointment. He said his name was Chuck, and his diet must consist of nothing but; he was almost as round as he was tall. His money was good though. He did me from behind (no way was *THIS* guy going to be on *top*) and it didn't take

him long to cum. For the remainder of his time I played with his limp dick before ushering him out. No orgasm for me.

By the time my next appointment was at the door, I was ready for anything. The silk sundress clung to my freshly-showered body, more revealing than ever. When I opened the door and invited him in, some internal alarm sounded. The guy looked too composed, too aloof, and he certainly wasn't ogling me in this dress like Chuck had, and most guys would. I smelled cop. He told me how nice I looked, but without passion. How would I handle this? First thing was to distance myself from the money, just in case.

"Hi, how are you? Come on in and make yourself comfortable. Would you like something, a Pepsi maybe?" I hoped I didn't sound like I was babbling.

He was the quintessential tall, dark and handsome man. The guy obviously worked out, as evidenced by his strong upper body and his nicely tapered waistline that couldn't be hidden under his sport coat. When he made the move to hand me the money envelope, I vaguely gestured toward the counter. He got the hint and put it there. While making small talk, I 'accidentally' bumped the envelope, sending it to the floor. His no-nonsense stare, his lack of any unease, and his evasion of my chit-chat questions confirmed it for me. Had I said or done anything so far that would be patently illegal?

"So, what are you going to do for me?" he asked.

"I don't know, after all it *IS* a date," I said, sounding obtuse enough to be okay. "You want to get comfortable?" I asked, pointing to the sofa instead of the bedroom. When he hesitated, I added, "Oh, you dropped your envelope."

"Not mine, it's for your services."

"And what services might we be talking about?" He stood staring at

me. I stood staring at him. It was a standoff.

“Okay, lady, let’s cut the bullshit.” He pulled his badge from a pants pocket and showed it to me. “We both know what this is about.”

I figured I’d caught on in time and hadn’t admitted to anything illegal, and still had my clothes on. “What *IS* this all about, Officer? It’s only a date—where are you taking me to dinner?” I said. Now *that* was pure bullshit—I gave him my million dollar smile.

“Look, we know you’re engaging in prostitution here,” he said.

“Are you going to arrest me?” Why stand here and deny it?

“No...you’re smarter than the usual assortment of hookers. Or maybe just lucky you played it right. Whatever, I’m only going to warn you this time. Personally, I don’t know why a good looking, middle class lady such as yourself is doing this. Can’t be simply for the money,” he said, slightly shaking his head. He finally bent down and picked up the envelope that had remained on the floor as if it were poison. To me, maybe it was.

“I’m not sure I understand all of what you’re talking about, but I’ll be good.”

His expression softened a bit, as he said, “I can see you’re no dummy. I know to some gals this seems like a great way to make extra money, but I’ve seen things that would scare anyone. Some real nasty things. I don’t want to see a nice lady like you get hurt.”

“You didn’t simply call me on a whim, did you? Why exactly are you here, some sort of a crackdown?”

He chuckled. “Ma’am, may I sit down? Don’t worry, you’re not in any trouble today.” He sat on the sofa and after some hesitation I sat next to him. “I’ll tell you the truth,” he said, “and maybe you’ll get a kick out

of it as well as give you some, ah, insight into consequences of this, ah, *business* you've entered." He looked at me as if checking to see that I was listening. "I believe you had a client who, let's say, was less than thrilled with your service. I'll tell you—the fool actually came to the precinct house and filed a complaint against you."

"You've got to be kidding!"

He laughed but he wasn't kidding. "Yeah, the idiot didn't even consider we could arrest *HIM*."

"Did you?"

"No. Look, I'm not going to hassle you. I've got too many real crimes to worry about without busting gals like you. You're a fantastic looking woman—too good looking and smart to be doing this kind of work. My advice is to stop before another of my fellow detectives takes it more seriously than following up on a bogus complaint."

"Thanks, Officer...I mean Detective. Thanks for being so understanding...and thanks for what you said about me."

"Oh I meant it, honey." He started for the door, then stopped and asked, "Are you married?"

"Yes I am. Why?"

"You know, I was thinking maybe we could date the old fashioned way...like without money changing hands that is. But, you're married so that's out of the question."

"Are *you* married?" I asked.

"No I'm not. Long divorced, like I guess all cops end up sooner or later. I wouldn't even have thought about it if I was, you know. Never mind."

I walked closer to him and said, "I'd love an old-fashioned date. How about giving me a business card of yours?" He pulled one from his wallet and handed it to me with a slightly puzzled expression. After looking at his name and memorizing his number, I wrote my cell number on the back and gave it back to him. "I know you already have my number, Francis, but here it is again anyway."

He smiled, "Call me Flip...that's what my friends call me."

"Am I your friend already?"

He chuckled, "Best friend you're going to have if you stay in prostitution, that's for sure. Stay safe, okay."

"I will, thank you," I said as I showed him out.

Would he wait to see if I set up another trick? God damn it—trick! I actually thought that word! He may stick around, so I'm going to call it a day and thank my lucky stars I got Detective Flip at the condo's doorstep instead of some hard-ass. I got out of the dress I was wearing and redressed into jeans and t-shirt, with bra and panties on underneath. On the way home I wondered how Danny would react if I wore in front of him what I had when answering the door at Lana's condo. Would he even care?

That night, the opposite of the previous 'work' day happened. Instead of being sexed-out or too tired, my libido had been kicked up a notch. I resisted a pre-bed masturbation, but then my husband resisted me. I went to sleep frustrated and horny as usual. Later I dreamt of a stranger seducing me to the point my orgasm wouldn't stop, a flood pouring from my convulsing vagina. I woke up and jumped Danny.

"Wha...What got into you?" he stammered as I furiously sucked his cock to hardness.

“*You’re* getting into me,” I cried, jumping onto him and riding his cock like there was no tomorrow. I was really rocking and rolling when I remembered doing the same with Larry and how I’d cum so easily.

“OH, GODDDDDDDDDDD, OHHHHHHH,” I shrieked. Now that was a great orgasm, and I was fantasizing about being with a *john*! Danny was thrilled at my enthusiastic climax; if only he knew from whence it came.

Asleep later, I dreamt again of the shadowy man fucking me raw and leaving me soaked and sated. Somewhere in the periphery of my dream haze I glimpsed a badge.

I waited about a week and a half before placing another listing on CL. As the calls came in, I set up my schedule. Yep, line ‘em up, fuck ‘em, then on to next; that’s my plan. The first guy I chose to see said his name was Phil. Phil turned out to be a tall, geeky thirty-something who had some erectile difficulties. I took care of those difficulties with oral aplomb, sucking him almost to the point of ejaculation. I managed to get a condom onto him without any wilt, and he energetically fucked me missionary style for about 30 seconds before he came with a shout, reminding me of those Latino soccer commentators when they announce a goal.

The next guy was a short, fat dude with a short, fat dick. He wanted it doggie and I obliged. He managed to fill me well enough and lasted long enough to get me to a mini-quake of an orgasm. Another satisfied customer. The day went on like a well oiled assembly line. Well oiled meaning well lubricated, as I used almost an entire bottle of sex lubricant to make it through. Even with that, I went home sore as hell—and with a fistful of welcome cash.

No sex dreams that night.

Two days later, when I had the afternoon off from my real job, I called Lana to see if the condo was clear and I booked two more

appointments. I was nervous when the first guy's über-eagerness reminded me too much of Dave, my troubled complainant. He turned out okay though. He ended up polite and had a good cock. He wanted me on top and I complied. He went crazy over my bouncing tits hovering over him. It didn't take him long to cum. Amazingly, he stayed hard, so I let him do me again, with a fresh condom and a fresh position. He paid me well for my "time and companionship" after all, right?

The second man was grey-haired and close to, if not over, sixty. His florid complexion spelled Viagra. His supremely stiff erection confirmed it. All the while he screwed me, repeating "Oh you're beautiful" about a hundred times, I had visions of him keeling over from a heart attack, wondering what I'd do? I knew the guy came, yet he still pumped away. Was he trying to reaffirm his virility, or trying to get me off? I faked a good orgasm with my best throaty scream. He went away happy, and thankfully still alive to tell all his cribbage buddies.

I didn't have time for another customer, but I checked my voice mail messages anyway. Amidst the usual I was surprised to hear my new detective friend's deep voice, asking how I was, wanting me to call him. I remained wary, but admitted I was intrigued by the big, handsome man. How would a date with him hurt anyway? Maybe a friendship with Flip could be beneficial, keeping me out of trouble from his fellow cops, insulating me somewhat.

When I called him, he said, "You give up your second job yet?"

I told him I was thinking about it, and thanked him again for his concern. We spoke for a while, small talk really, hovering around the main theme like a teen boy hovering around his crush building up enough courage to ask her to the prom. Finally, I let him off the hook.

"You want to see me, Detective?" I asked.

“Sure I would...how much?” I got pissed at that and told him so. He chuckled, and said, “I’m sorry...poor joke...what I’m asking is how expensive the restaurant will be that I take you to.”

“You okay spending money on a married lady?”

“A very beautiful and sexy married lady—that would be a ‘yes’. And besides, I have the feeling we wouldn’t be having this conversation if the married lady weren’t interested in meeting new people, since she...ahem...has been meeting a *lot* of new people lately.”

I picked the restaurant—one I knew to be nice, and where the chance of running into someone I knew was small—and he picked the time. *Screw Danny*, I thought, I’ll tell him I’m out with friends and to hell with anything else.

Our dinner was marvelous. I didn’t think it would be a good idea under the circumstances to wear something too provocative so my dress and jewelry were conservative to a fault. Flip seemed to like it. Throughout the meal, his eyes rarely strayed from me—no, not my tits or my ass or my legs—*ME*. Maybe it was his detective’s training, but I loved the visual attention anyway. It’s been years since Danny looked at me quite that way. Even though my pussy was still a little sore, I was wetting my panties watching him watch me. I didn’t really know if my intention was to shock him or to seduce him, but I said it anyway.

I leaned over the table, closer to him, and whispered, “Would you like me for dessert?”

His eyes betrayed nothing. “You *are* quite the woman,” he said, which never answered my question.

In his car, he said, “I pegged you wrong. I thought you’d be just like the other housewives I’ve busted; the last resort to making money and hating every minute of it.” He glanced over to me quickly while he drove, then went back to concentrating on the road. “The money may

have been the driving force but you love it as much for the sex as anything, am I right?"

I didn't answer, leaving his dead-on analysis hanging.

After a few moments of silence, he said, "You know, I think I'll skip dessert for tonight. I would love to see you again, maybe dancing, I don't know, maybe dinner again. I don't know what's going on with you at home...your marriage...that shit, but I like you...I'm attracted to you more than I've felt with any woman in a long time. I don't mind admitting it; I'm pretty candid...don't keep much in...you'll see if we get to know each other better, but I don't like the escort shit. You're playing with fire, and sooner or later some asshole is gonna hurt you...bad...I've seen it too many times. I don't want you to get hurt."

"You trying to rescue me, like some stray puppy?" I said, perhaps a little angry at him.

He shook his head slowly, as if he were a parent disappointed in a wayward child's behavior. "Yeah, I guess that's it. Like a fuckin' puppy. Don't want you to end up in a damn pound." Maybe he's angry too. He muttered something else though I didn't hear it all over the road noise—sounded like "or in the fucking morgue," but I wasn't sure.

When he dropped me off at my car, I told him, "You're quite the man, you know." We kissed. He was restrained but some of his passion came through, like stray sparks conducting through the tip of his tongue. I told him I'd be good, and I definitely wanted to see him again.

My pent-up and unsatisfied sexual hunger had me ready to pounce on Danny and let him be the beneficiary of Flip's rebuff. One look at my husband and I couldn't do it. My marriage for all intents was over. I felt no zing, no spark, no interest in the man I've shared my bed with. I diddled myself in the shower, fantasizing that the big cop was behind

me, touching me, entering me, until an immense contraction overwhelmed my body. I did everything I could not to scream at the top of my lungs, exhilarated by the incredible orgasm sweeping through my body in waves of pure heaven. Because of my self-control I don't think Danny heard me.

I didn't use the condo for almost a week. Checking my voice-mail, I found many inquiries but no call from Flip. What did I expect, that he'd be obsessed with me or something? I forgot about the detective and began making phone calls and setting up a schedule. One of the messages was from Larry, the nice guy with the good cock who had gotten me off, looking for an appointment next week. I'd be sure to call him and say yes.

By the time I finished my day, I was several hundreds richer and several degrees sorer. I'd done it in just about every position—doggie, missionary, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl; you name it I did it—with a couple of facials thrown in for good measure. Whatever service it took outside of anal to please my customers I performed. I earned that money, along with two orgasms. I wondered how many call girls actually cum while working. Was I different like Flip seemed to think I was? Flip—there he was, on my mind again. *Damn him*, I thought, *he better call*.

It wasn't until the following week, after I'd had a great session with Larry (two orgasms!), that Flip called. He wanted another date. I said yes in a heartbeat.

We met like last time and drove to the next town over, to a restaurant I'd never heard of. "My kind of place," he said with a chuckle.

It turned out to be a sports bar of sorts, with all the big-screen TVs any sports junkie would desire. The place was clean and not seedy as I imagined it would be. The menu was beer, burgers, sandwiches and buffalo wings. I was glad I hadn't worn a dress with pearls as I almost had.

“Why here? Your favorite hang-out?” I asked, looking around to see if I could spot off duty cops among the clientele.

“Naw. I didn’t want to miss the basketball game,” he said. It was hard for me to assess his smile and tell how facetious that had been.

He had a beer and a large order of hot wings. I guess he wasn’t the self-conscious type, who would worry about kisses and breath later. I had more than one beer, and a big, bacon cheeseburger with onions and the works. I wouldn’t worry about kisses and bad breath either. The beer loosened me up after a while. Maybe it was my company that eventually loosened him up but that was hard to tell with his reserved personality. Our small talk grew more personal as we revealed new things to each other. I admitted that I was still seeing men and that disappointed him. He didn’t scold me as I thought he would.

As we walked to his car, he asked me if he could show me his apartment. I knew that it wasn’t the apartment he wanted to show me. I told him I’d love to.

“You’re going to let me rescue you?”

It took me a few seconds to remember our conversation after the first date. I laughed and said, “Bow-wow,” and stuck my tongue out and panted like a winded pooch.

His laugh was the most human and less reserved thing I’d seen from him since we met.

His apartment was clean yet spartan and about what I expected from a divorced man. He pulled a couple of beer bottles from his fridge and offered me one. He flicked on the TV to the same basketball game that’d been on in the bar, and we sat on his sofa.

“So, Dee, did you give hubby a good story on where you’d be tonight?” he asked. “Can the stray puppy stay out late?”

“No worry, though I’m feeling more like a pussy cat tonight than a puppy,” I said, then made a purring sound.

Small talk and our beers were merely pretext for that first kiss. For a man of little overt emotions he sure was a great kisser. Our tongues dueled for many minutes until we both had to stop and breathe. Being this close to him I felt his strength. My nipples hummed like a high-tension wire from rubbing against his muscled chest, even though they were safely ensconced within my bra and blouse. His arms were around me and his hands didn’t stray. I began willing them to explore; I wanted his strong hands to find my erogenous zones, and fast.

In a hoarse voice, I croaked, “Take me...take me.”

He looked into my eyes and in silence began unbuttoning my blouse. After he unclasped my bra, his lips went to one of my willing nipples, a hand to the other.

“Oh...Flip...I need it...oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh,” I moaned.

Before he could make an attempt, I started unfastening my jeans and pulled them part way down. He nibbled and sucked on a nipple while I kicked my jeans aside and began working on removing his shirt. We were in awkward positions but still managed to eventually get each other down to undies. The bulge in his boxers held lots of promise.

When he slipped a hand inside my panties he gasped. “My God, Dee, you’re soaked.”

I murmured, “I told you I wanted you. Did you think I was faking?”

“No, I don’t think you fake anything.” His fingers probed further, searching for the source of my sexual fountain.

Oh *YES*, he found it!

Stroking me with his fingers and massaging my clit were needless foreplay. While he played with me, I worked his boxers down and freed his cock. His manhood was supremely correlated with the rest of his physique. Tall, muscled, hard yet smooth, I played my hand over its length. I thought, *this will fill me well*, and then his touch, our heat and my anticipation got the better of me and I moaned loudly.

“Here, now, do me...don’t play anymore...now, now,” I warbled.

He kicked his boxers from around his ankles and sat on the sofa. He then pulled me atop him so I was on his lap and our lips came together, my tits nestled warmly against his muscled and well-defined pecs. He wasn’t in a hurry but I was. I grabbed his erection and impaled myself on it. I expected ‘oomph’ yet I was still surprised to have it escape my lips aloud.

“Oooomph,” I yelped, as his cock filled me to its hilt and punched at the opening to my womb.

“Dee, baby. You don’t waste time, do you?”

“Shut up and fuck me,” I muttered. He wasn’t fucking me exactly—I was fucking him. I danced on his flesh-pole, up and down, up and down, while he sat there and held onto me. My nipples hardened and ached as they rubbed against him. I felt the first stirrings of climax.

He didn’t let me speed down that exit ramp just yet, as he said, “Baby, let me do some of the work.” He managed to stand, still holding me, his cock still buried within me.

He carried me to his bedroom like that and gently lowered me to his bed. I opened my legs wide for him and he climbed on top and immediately thrust back into my wet and willing vagina. He was now

in control and he exercised that control to perfection. He alternated between long and short thrusts, first riding low and then high to get at my g-spot. My hips rocked and thrust in hungry harmony with his. My mind was a kaleidoscope; colors intensifying as I closed in on the Big One. I knew he was fast approaching his climax but I wasn't worried about being left behind.

"Oh...oh...oh...yes...yes...oh...yes...YES...OH...YES!" I sang as my vagina muscled clamped down on his beautiful cock in mid-thrust in the most exhilarating of contractions. Every tissue of my body pulsed in wave after wave of wonderful agony, beginning at my core and radiating outward like the warm rays of the sun. Then the tension released and I gasped, "Goddddddddddddddd," as the burning sun within me went nova.

Flip was a silent lover, and only groaned, "Ohhhhhhhhhh," as he ejaculated deep within me.

Only now as we basked in the glow of our orgasms did I study his body. The man was indeed a marvelous specimen. I'd never been with a man so buff, with such an amazing muscular physique. I had no thought of safe sex; of fucking him bareback. I didn't care. "I don't think I'm done," I whispered. "Can you...?"

Hot damn! He could! With only a little help from my hands and lips he was hard again. I got onto my hands and knees on the bed and positioned myself so I could see my reflection in the dresser mirror. I wanted to see his magnificent body in action. He got behind me and slid effortlessly in. I watched his muscles flex as he slowly pumped into me. I watched his ass cheeks flex on each long thrust. I watched, hypnotized, as my ass thrust back and upward to take him. I watched his shimmering wet cock go in and out, in and out. I watched his thigh muscles tighten as he began to pump faster. I watched him close his eyes and throw his head back, enjoying the moment. I watched the sweat pool and drip from his buff body. Oh God, I'm cumming already!

As I cried out, he spasmed a couple of final thrusts and yelled,
“Ohhhhhh, Deeeeeeeee!”

I never in my life had so much spent cum dripping from my pussy as I did when we were done. We showered together and I secretly wished he could get it up one more time so he could do me in there.

“I want you again,” I confessed.

“I want you forever,” he professed.

Was this a forever thing? As he drove me to my car we made plans for future dates. I didn’t know where this budding relationship would lead, but I was ready and willing to give it a try. Now, would I be willing to give up my newfound ‘career’ as a call girl?

As the days progressed, the answer appeared to be *NO*. I kept making appointments and screwed the lights out of every man who paid me. It turned out I never had to place another posting on CL; there was so much word of mouth on my ‘services’ that my number was probably on every men’s room wall in every bar in town. Many were repeat customers like Larry who I’d send home smiling (and more often than not I’d be smiling too, if you know what I mean). After all, as Flip so accurately pointed out, it wasn’t *all* about the money.

My new detective friend didn’t like it I was staying in business, but not enough of a dislike that he stopped being my fuck buddy.

“Hi, Francis, I mean, Detective, sir,” I said over my cell phone. “I know a woman who has a stray pussy cat that needs rescuing. Are you the right person to talk to?” Oh yes, my well-used pussy cat would love to shelter his splendid manhood tonight.

“Purrrrrrrrrrr,” I sang to him. Later in the week I’d sing “Ka-ching!” My other melody.

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You can e-mail me at boredbutstillhot@yahoo.com

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