**A High Priced Call Girl**

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**A High Priced Call Girl Pt. 01**

Sophie cherished nap time on a weekday. While it might not sound exciting on the surface, she loved being able to browse her favorite online stores, catch up on the latest design blogs, read a good book, e-mail a friend, or even join her little one for a cat nap. It was a moment of Zen. Chores could wait.

Sitting down in front of the 27" iMac, she placed her favorite coffee mug ceremoniously in the usual spot, inhaled the delicious aroma, exhaled completed, and then proceeded to leisurely scan her mailbox. Straight away, an odd e-mail stood out.

Title: Booking Request for Chloe

Sender: travelingPeter

It was not a sender she recognized, and her reflex was to delete it as spam. But as the cursor moved towards the trashcan, a niggle raised a flag. Peter was her husband's middle name, just as Chloe was hers. Coincidence? It was silly to think it could be, but curiosity got the better of her.

Dear Chloe,

I hope this e-mail finds you well. I am an international businessman who will be passing through NYC next week. I got your contact details from a mutual friend that has previously enjoyed your company, and was hoping you might be available to celebrate my birthday. I would like you to join me for the night on the 1st June. If this is possible then happy to discuss details.

Best Regards,

Peter

Mutual friend enjoying my company? Join for the night? What the...!?!

And yet. There were too many coincidences for it to be completely random. Not only the use of their middle names. But the fact that the 1st of June was indeed her husband's actual birthday. And if she had to give his job a generic description, international businessman certainly fit the bill.

Quickly she re-read the message, trying to make sense of it. Then it hit her...she knew exactly what it was asking. The cheek! There was suddenly no doubt that it was genuine. Especially recalling a conversation from the week before, asking her husband what he wanted for his birthday.

"You mean...other than a high-priced call girl?" he had joked (badly).

Was this what he had meant? Had he been planning this all along? It would certainly explain why he had blown off the proposition of a big party with friends. And taking advantage of a birthday to live out a kinky fantasy was totally within character. But that train of thought had implications. Did he fantasize about being with call girls? Had he already done it? Were they easy to find? And more importantly, why wasn't she offended by any of it?

With questions swirling, she instinctively turned to Google and typed the first thing that came to mind.

call girl

Although not sure what she was after, movie trailers and Wikipedia entries wasn't it. So, she tried something more specific:

call girl new york

Bingo.

"Ouah..." she whistled, clicking on one of the links.

Although the site pretended to be a place to 'rent models', even to her untrained eye it was obvious that it was a pretext for offering far more intimate services. Blondes, Brunettes, Latinas, Asians and Blacks. There was something for everyone, and the girls were drop dead gorgeous. Some looked around the same age as her, but most looked younger. Were they real profiles? It was hard to believe girls like that would have to sell themselves.

But a long-buried memory bubbled up. An incident that Sophie had tried hard to forget from her freshman year at college. Suddenly she could sympathize with the choices a young model might have to make. It was a tough industry, the pay wasn't great, and it was full of people looking to take advantage of naïve ambitious girls. Maybe taking control of that risk by working through an agency, where the sex was actually paid for, was a lifeline of sorts. A means to an end. Either way, she shook the memories out and went back to the screen, scrolling down until another link caught her eye.

The Double Life of a High-Priced Call Girl - The New York Times

The article was about a girl who worked as a part time escort, earning $200k a year on the side of her day job. $200k! That was a surprisingly large amount, leaving Sophie to imagine rich old men throwing money at a young beauty. Finishing the article, the surfing continued as a baffling new world opened up, highlighting just how close to the surface of civil society this world of sin really was. It was obscenely easy to find websites that had any number of attractive call girls, as they were called in the US, or escorts, as they were called in the UK. In fact, hiring a girl seemed surprisingly similar to shopping online: Google the key terms, compare photos and costs, order, wait for delivery...and hope the merchandize matches what was promised (giving a whole new meaning to 'Customer Service').

Having lost track of time, a stirring toddler reminded the young mother that her moment of Zen was over. But keen to get off a response, and with a wicked grin, she typed quickly.

Dear Mr. Peter,

Thank you for getting in touch. I am very busy at the moment and therefore it is unlikely that I can accommodate your request in the near future. How did you get my e-mail anyway?

She pressed send before signing off, but re-reading the terse response, actually thought it worked better that way. If he wanted to play, she wasn't going to make it easy. The game was afoot.

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The rest of the day passed slowly as Sophie waited impatiently for a reply. It wasn't until evening, after the little ones were asleep, that travelingpeter finally responded.

Dear Chloe,

I am very sorry to hear you will not be free. My fault for leaving it too late. I would rather not say who passed me your details in order to safeguard his privacy, so you will have to take it on faith that I got your e-mail from someone who couldn't say enough amazing things about you. Maybe another time.

Wishing you all the best,

Peter

"Merde...c'est tout!?!" she cursed under her breath. "No clever retort? No trying to convince me?"

Sophie realized that she had been anticipating more, and felt let down. Where was the sport? It was like starting the foreplay...only to fall asleep before penetration. Totally unfair, and frankly most unlike him. Was he just tired because of his business trip? Was her previous response a bit too strong, thus scaring him into thinking he had gone too far? More intrigued by the online flirting than expected, the young MILF decided to throw him a bone to keep the chat going, hoping to catch her 'potential client' online before he went to bed.

Dear Peter,

Thank you for those kind words. Hope is not lost. I might be able to re-schedule things if your offer is...interesting enough. What did you have in mind?

Bisous

Chloe

To kill time while waiting, and fascinated by the new world of girls for hire, she was soon browsing again. American sites, English sites, and international ones too. Crappy agencies, VIP agencies, individual websites and classifieds. The number and variety of girls on offer was mind boggling. Some even offered to accommodate couples or groups for a surcharge, which was a titillating thought.

Without explicitly setting out do so, she eventually found herself searching for the most expensive girl possible. Eventually stumbling upon a VIP Escort in the UK who, judging from the online gallery, must have been a professional lingerie model or something. Although her face was either obscured, pixelated, or out of shot, it was obvious that she was gorgeous, and that her body was to die for.

Accordingly, her equivalent US dollar rates were eye popping:

-$3,000 for two hours;

-$5,000 for a dinner date (which was described as 2 hours for dinner and 2 hours of intimate time);

-$8,000 for overnight (limited to 12 hours);

-$14,000 for a full day (specified as 24 hours); and

-POA for longer periods.

Her services were not listed, but it stated that she was 'very open minded', and the 'perfect travel companion'.

'$8k for 12 hours,' Sophie whistled. 'Enough to buy that new Hans Wegner chair I've had my eye on...'

And just like that, the blonde realized the appeal of such work. For an attractive girl in need of funds, it offered a pathway to serious money. Browsing more websites, the young mother found herself lingering on the hot blonde ones. The ones that most resembled herself. And she began to wonder what it was like. Was it glamourous or horrible? Were girls treated well or badly? How did an appointment work? Intrigued, she rapidly entered a new search.

Hot blonde escort secretly filmed

The hits were all video links to well-known porn tube sites. Clicking on the first, she was suddenly watching a young blonde in a sexy red dress enter a hotel room. And no sooner had she entered, than a male appeared at her side, greedily pawing his prize.

Sophie settled back and watched as the girl stripped to reveal a delicious young body. One remarkably similar to her own. Small chest, narrow hips, fit legs, and a tight peach of an ass framed by a little black thong. The faces had been blurred to protect their identities. Which, while annoying at first, added authenticity. Giving the whole video a genuine 'voyeur' feel.

Although a strong woman in her own right, when it came to the bedroom, Sophie liked to be dominated. As such, she could empathize with the escort's subservient position. Servicing the client. Offering herself for his carnal satisfaction. And as the tingling between her legs grew stronger, she knew from experience that being submissive didn't rule out mutual enjoyment.

Quickly locking the guest room, she grabbed a towel, put it over the seat, got naked, and slouched back into the chair with her bare legs spread wide apart. Looking down briefly, admiring her own nubile body, she had come to understand that it was designed to give pleasure. For herself, and others. Irresistible pink nipples, cute and erect. A flat stomach, toned and hard. And a seductive little slit, enticing and sweet.

As the escort on screen was groped, Sophie's hands were only too happy to follow suit. Gliding over her own smooth skin. Playing with the sensitive nipples. Running through the moistening folds. Each touch setting off a pulse of joy and a whimper of delight.

"Umm," she moaned, working her buzzing clit. Flicking and rubbing it in a way that only she understood.

The sound of pounding flesh accompanied the increasingly hot action on screen as the nymph was then fucked in different positions, including from behind with her arms pinned back, which Sophie particularly appreciated. And losing herself in delusion, she glamorized what it would be like to be bought and used the same way.

"Oui," she hissed, sticking a finger deep inside. "Utilise ma chatte chère...use my expensive pussy."

Through a mist of lust, she watched the client push the whore onto all fours and menacingly rub his cock against her back passage. It was a guilty pleasure that she had only recently discovered, and without a second thought she shifted. Leaving one hand working her hard clit while the other dropped. Cooing in delight as the sensitive nerves around her wrinkled star came to life. Electricity radiating up her spine from the tickling sensation at her tight bum hole, already slippery from all the juice leaking down her perineum. Constantly seeking a higher high, the primal part of her brain had taken over, and it wasn't long until her fingertip was probing deeper and deeper into the quivering rectum.

"Ohh," she purred. "Baise mon cul, sale garcon...fuck my bum, you filthy boy."

And the world fell away as she shed any remaining inhibition. Legs spread wide. Fingers disappearing into both tight holes. Moans and gasps getting louder. Orgasm nearing. Hips moving back and forth to maximize the pleasure as the sounds of wet flesh filled the air. Her own, and those from the video, where the escort was now slurping on the cock that had just been deep inside her ass. It was too much. Bucking, the blonde let go, contracting in spasms as liquid leaked all over her hands. And without thinking, in the haze of bliss, she raised her smelly slick fingers and gave them a dirty lick.

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The next morning a reply was waiting.

Dear Chloe,

Thank you for re-considering my offer. I will have a suite at the Four Seasons. Let's meet for a drink around 8pm at the Ty Bar, then take it from there. Maybe leave your things at reception in the first instance. Please let me know what I can contribute for your time.

Regards,

Peter

'Ooh la la...someone is trying to impress,' Sophie grinned as she hurriedly tapped a response. 'But let's see how badly he wants it.'

Her hands clasped together in nervous excitement as the swoosh of the e-mail echoed around the room, and a reply accepting the offer came through that evening.

Sophie was immediately back online. Only this time, she was looking at beautiful wooden chairs, and the various finishes they were available in.

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When Alex returned from his business trip neither one of them said a thing. Neither one of them mentioned the e-mails or anything else about the exchange. In fact, her husband seemed so normal that Sophie began to wonder if it had really been him. Maybe there actually was a mysterious wealthy stranger looking to pay her for sex...which was a surprisingly intriguing thought! Except, as Friday started, he made an announcement that confirmed it had indeed been him all along.

"Sorry Sweetie," he started, "Looks like I have a last-minute trip next week. Not far, just to Boston for a night. I'll head out early on Monday and be back by Tuesday."

"Really?" she pouted, looking up from her magazine and playing along. "But it's your birthday!"

"I know," he sighed, moving towards her, "I'm really sorry, but I can't get out of it."

"C'est pas possible...you're a senior partner for heaven's sake. Surely you can if you want."

"Sweetie," he crooned, kissing her forehead. "No choice I'm afraid, it's for a big client. Three-line whip and all that. Promise to make it up to you though."

"Vraiment?" she smiled slyly, as he walked away.

"Absolutely," he grinned, pausing at the door. "On my way home tonight...I'm picking up that new Sony Alpha SLR you've been hankering for."

"VRAIMENT!" she squealed in excitement.

"Yup. And...oh, before I forget," he added. "I've asked Leti to come over while I'm traveling next week."

"Leti? Why would I need a babysitter to help me out?"

"Well, if you don't want her to come I can just tell her not to...just thought you might appreciate the support. Leti has even agreed to spend the night, help get Ben off to playgroup in the morning, and look after the little one till lunch..."

"...has she now..." Sophie purred, raising her magazine to hide a knowing smile. "In that case..."

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The weekend passed slowly for Alex as his mind constantly raced through the possibilities of what he would do to make his wife earn her ridiculous fee. He had expected something high, but had still been shocked. $8,000! Enough to buy a decent set of wheels for pity's sake. And for just 12 hours!

Although he had never paid for sex, he was pretty sure that his wife was ripping him off. But then again, what difference did it really make? At the end of the day it was just taking money from one family pocket and putting it in another. And as thoughts of how he might dominate the hot blonde piled up on top of one another, he knew it was a bargain at twice the price. After all, what was a bit of money for the opportunity to own such a woman? Not just to take as a wife. But to use as a whore.

On Monday morning the couple managed to say good-bye without a hint of what was planned. At work, Alex informed his secretary that he had a last-minute trip, grabbed his bag, and stopped at the bank on the way to the hotel.

It was a thrill to ask the teller for so many $100 bills. Meeting her inquisitive glances with a Cheshire Cat grin, watching intently as she counted the money out and slipped it all into a plain white envelope.

"Business related?" the old lady nosed, as banks were becoming prone to do.

"Birthday present," he answered truthfully, if misleadingly.

"Lucky lady," she puffed, mistakenly assuming that his next stop was in the diamond quarter.

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The sexy and chic blonde checked the top of her iPhone screen again. 7:55pm. 5 minutes later than the last time she had looked. Cursing herself for having been early, she anxiously picked up the cocktail glass and sipped again. Perched elegantly on a red leather high chair by the bar, she felt exposed, convinced that everyone could see right through her.

But whether those around knew it or not, the presence of such a stunning woman on her own could hardly have gone unnoticed. Long blonde hair that had been professionally coiffed that afternoon. Sparkling blue eyes with a hint of silver glitter. A short black sleeveless dress from Alexander McQueen that looked see-through at first glance because it was made of elaborate black lace with skin coloured lining. And finally, killer black heels and sheer black stockings, which, because the dress had ridden up a little, could be seen to end mid-thigh, suggestive or someone who was more naughty than nice.

Sophie felt the invisible weight of stares pressing against the back of her neck, and couldn't control the urge to glance around. But unlike in daily life, when men caught staring would look away in embarrassment, here the predatorial eyes lingered. Feasting. Maybe propositioning. Rich and powerful men who were used to getting what they wanted. Men that liked to dominate. Men that saw women as trophies. It was at once scary and exhilarating to see the world through such a matrix...to be their prey.

"May I join you?" asked a deep baritone voice, interrupting her thoughts. "Or are you expecting someone?"

Her heart fluttered as a distinguished looking gentleman two decades her senior appeared to one side.

"Yes."

"Yes...to which question?" he asked in a crisp English accent.

"Yes...to both..."

"Ah, but of course. Better three hours too soon than a minute too late."

Missing the Shakespeare reference entirely, the blonde nodded, noting that his gaze had lingered briefly over her bare ring finger, devoid of the wedding band which had been purposefully left at home.

"Allow me to introduce myself. Here is my business card," he offered.

A smooth and confident move. No doubt well-rehearsed. Feeling both flattered and awkward, Sophie turned the richly embossed card over with her manicured fingers. And just as she was wondering what to say next, a furtive glance towards the entrance cut their conversation short.

"Pardon..." she apologized. "But my date is here."

The gentlemen sighed, reluctantly taking his leave. "Enchante, Mademoiselle."

"Au revoir, Monsieur."

The man who approached was attractive. Brown hair, khaki trousers and a well fitted navy-blue linen sports jacket. Sophie looked at him with a knowing smile and received a nod of recognition. And once he reached the bar, she leaned forward to kiss both his cheeks, as any Parisienne would.

"Bonjour...Peter. Nice to meet you."

"You are stunning...Chloe. The pleasure is all mine."

"Merci," she blushed.

"What are you drinking?"

"A mojito."

"Perfect, I'll order the same. But tell me...who was that old man you were speaking to?" he enquired, with an unexpected edge of jealousy. "Your grandfather?"

"My Plan B," she joked, dropping the name card idly onto the counter. "In case you didn't show. Why...are you the jealous type?"

"What can I say," he shrugged. "Men are territorial."

And they settled in, laughing and small talking like perfect strangers who already knew each other. She describing a recent move to the big apple and the surprisingly high cost of living. He describing a life in San Francisco and regular trips to the east coast for work.

"Wife and kids?" she finally probed.

"Recently divorced, two kids. Cliché really. We both put our careers first, and like a frog in boiling water, didn't realize we were drifting apart until it was too late. Now she's taken the kids and moved in with a partner from her firm. While I'm in New York..."

"...looking for love in all the wrong places," the blonde giggled, finishing the sentence.

And they stared into each other eye's, each reading promise in the other.

"I'm hungry," Sophie finally sighed, looking around, "do they serve food here?"

"Actually, I've booked us into..."

But it was too late. The leggy blonde had already spotted a small table by the wall and was making a bee line for it, high heels silent against the plush red carpet. Alex hung back for a moment, admiring her slim athletic body. Captivated by the suggestion of public nakedness underneath the black lace, a naughty idea formed.

Once seated, Sophie watched her date reach into his sports jacket for a full white envelope, which was placed purposefully on the table and slid over. It took a moment for her to realize what it was. But instead of immediately grasping it, her fingers lingered, tapping in contemplation. Accepting the money felt like crossing a threshold, although into what...wasn't clear.

"You can count it," he assured.

That hadn't been the blonde's preoccupation. Nonetheless, her manicured fingers found themselves curling around it. But as they did, something in the periphery caught her attention. Pausing, looking more closely, her heart skipped a beat. At the bar, standing smugly, the older gentleman from earlier was saluting with a raised glass.

'Merde,' she thought.

"Chloe? Everything alright?" Alex interjected, seeing her expression.

"Oui...oui..." she stuttered distractedly, quickly slipping the envelope into her clutch. "Please order another round and some food, while I go to the lady's room."

Once safely locked inside a cubicle, and having had a satisfying tinkle, Sophie leafed through the stack of green backs.

"Putain..." she sighed, mesmerized by the eighty Franklin's staring back.

Despite it being the most amount of cash that she had ever held, she suddenly regretted not having asked for more. Afterall, a set of chairs would have looked so much better in the living room than one on its own! But no sooner had the mercenary thought crossed her mind, than she was scolding herself for becoming a floozy.

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"Everything OK, Peter?" she asked, returning to the table.

"Sure...sure...how about you?"

But it was clear something was up, otherwise why did his head flick around as he spoke?

"Are you sure you're OK?" she pressed, slipping into the chair opposite him.

"Yes...yes." He mumbled.

And staring at the gorgeous woman, he seemed to return to the present. Like a switch was thrown, whatever had been on his mind cleared.

"Was the money all there?"

"Oui, merci."

"Good. Good. So...its official...you're mine for the next 12 hours," he said, intoxicated by the unaccustomed feeling of power.

"Well," she giggled. "I'd hardly put it like..."

"Oh no. That's exactly how I'd put it. We made a deal. You have your money. Now I own you... and that hot body of yours."

"Alex!" Sophie coughed, forgetting to use his pseudonym.

Taken aback by the brashness, she stared at his wolfish grin. What had started out as harmless e-flirting had morphed into something all too real.

"And speaking of your hot body. Aren't you the tease...wearing a dress like that? Maybe I should even be angry. After all, I'm paying, and yet every other man in this bar gets to imagine what you would be like underneath."

"...Alex..." she blushed.

"You mean Peter," he corrected. "Anyway. What would they see I wonder? Are you even wearing underwear?"

"Biensure!"

"OK then, describe them."

A pause.

"Now, now. Don't pretend to be shy, especially in a dress like that."

"Bon. Well...they're black," she said coquettishly.

"Oh...I need more than that! Try a little harder."

The growing hunger in his eyes sent a ripple of anticipation through her core. And so, with a slight quiver in her voice she described them, raising her own temperature, along with his.

"Sheer?" he asked once she was done.

"Very."

"Cheers to that."

And as they drank, Alex watched for the tell-tale signs. Dilating pupils. Faster breathing. Flushed cheeks. Signs that revealed how far she might go. Signs that he had come to depend on to push their mutual sexual limits.

"I want to see them," he announced impatiently once they had drained their glasses.

Sophie smiled demurely and winked. She had recently discovered an exhibitionist side, and was also looking forward to showing them off later.

"No. You don't understand. I want to see them right now."

"Here?" She yelped, causing a few heads to turn. "That would hardly be appropriate!"

"Exactly," he rasped, shifting forward in his seat. "Think of what a turn on it would be. Come on...don't tell me you've never gotten off by indulging in a little exhibitionism. That you wouldn't enjoy giving me a quick glimpse of your thong right here, in public. Tonight is, after all, a night to live out fantasies. Isn't it...Chloe."

Alex could sense the conflict going on inside as she measured the surroundings. He knew that she had two sides. One conservative, and one wild. But had she drunk enough already to be subject to suggestion? Was her libido fired up enough to override better judgement?

Deciding to force the issue, he pointed to a spot on the floor next to his chair and ordered her to it. And while it took a moment, soon he was watching with barely restrained lust as the blonde got up and moved with trepidation round the table.

Fixated on the fine lines of her seductive dress, he didn't see the sheepish glances round the room, or the uncertainty on her handsome features. Instead, as soon as her waist was within reach, he greedily brought her close. The scent of Eau de Orange Verte filled his nostrils while lace patterns danced across his vision. Picking one out at random he followed the meandering thread south, until it ended in the intriguing void between her legs.

Standing amongst the noise and movement of the bar, Sophie felt eddies of uncertainty and anticipation. Tension building up inside, ready to break as soon as something happened.

She felt it first, strong hands either side of her hips. Then looking down she saw it next, as the dress began to move. Torn between wanting to look around in panic, wanting it to stop, and wanting to see more, she froze. Her blood pumping as the dress slowly bunched up around her narrow hips. Revealing first the sexy embroidered top of black stockings, then sensuous pale inner thighs. The drum beat in her ear drowned out the cacophony of the bar as every additional millimeter of bare skin made her feel more desirable. Until, passing the point of no return, the skimpy black thong she had been describing earlier came into view.

Alex salivated. The contrast between her porcelain skin and the black lingerie made the thong even more conspicuous. The contrast between her sophistication and depravity made her even more covetable. And far from being embarrassed, the blonde was in a trance. Not caring that a few people were ogling in disbelief. That her peach of a rear was naked except for a thin black string. Or that her freshly shaved mound was visible through the transparent triangle.

"Does this turn you on?" Alex rasped, glancing up.

The dreamy look in the blonde's eyes made it a rhetorical question. As did the visible wet patch. Unable to control himself, he reached for it between her legs.

"Non," Sophie gasped, as electricity involuntarily shot up her spine. "Please...pas ici."

But Alex was def to the outside world, including her pleas. His attention consumed by the damp heat on his fingertips as he worked the lace into her tight folds, smiling lecherously at the wetness, and the involuntary reaction of her hips.

Not satisfied with fondling through the thin material, he suddenly hooked fingers around it and yanked down in a single explosive movement. Leaving the thong stretched between her knees, unveiling her glistening innie pussy. It was surreal for Sophie, watching herself being fondled and exposed so indecently in public. But with alcohol dulling judgement, and need dampening propriety, her naughty alto ego was free to relish the thrill.

Only a snort of surprise was able to break the spell, forcing her to snap out of it. Looking for the source of disruption, she was confronted by an older woman tut-tutting in disapproval. Jolted, the blonde suddenly stepped back, pushed the dress back into place, and returned unsteadily to her seat. But, in a final show of defiance, she reached for the thong from around her ankles and placed it on the table, oblivious to the judgement of the disapproving eyes.

Lost in the moment, it was only when the waiter arrived with food that the couple stirred.

"You were amazing," Alex gushed. "So fucking hot."

"Merci," she nodded, a twinkle in her eye. "I'm here to please."

"I bet you are..." he smiled, loving her flirtatious subservience. "And you?"

"Quoi?"

"Did you enjoy it?"

A moment.

"...oui..." she finally admitted, despite her catholic upbringing.

As they ate, Alex couldn't get her pussy out of his mind. The tiny slit. The youthful ripeness. The unwholesome promise. Eventually, unable to take it any longer, he moved his chair around next to hers, so that they were both against the wall and looking out at the rest of the bar, like at a café on the Champs Elysée.

"I have to feel you," he whispered into her ear as he slipped a hand impertinently between her legs.

Sophie drew a sharp breath. Not only was it enjoyable, but being secretly felt up in public, surrounded by the good and great of New York, enhanced the arousal. Except, judging from the waitress's expression as she approached to ask if they needed anything else, their illicit activity was not so secret after all.

"We're good, thanks," Alex croaked, removing his hand and brazenly licking his fingers.

"I was close," Sophie whispered breathlessly as the agitated waitress disappeared.

"Then it's time for us to go back to the room...so that I can fuck your pretty little brains out," he hissed, leaning in for a passionate kiss.

Forcing his tongue deep into her mouth, drawing satisfaction from the fact that she would be tasting her own sweet nectar. Until, once satisfied, he excused himself to go pay the bill and use the gents.

Watching him leave, Sophie's eyes instinctively scanned across the room. Consciously or not, they stopped only once they had found a certain older gentleman. There was something about him. Not just that he was tall, attractive and distinguished. It was more the way he held himself. The confidence. The wealth. The power. It was undeniable. And clearly, she wasn't the only one to feel the magnetism. Those orbiting around him must have felt it too, their body language said as much. And suddenly her ego needed a man like that to want her.

Sure, it might have been immature, flirtatious, slutty, or any other manner of wrong reason. But, several Mojitos in and randy as hell, she wasn't thinking as straight as she might have been. It was the feel of lace against her fingers that triggered the idea. And on the spur of the moment, Sophie downed the last of her cocktail, grabbed the black material, and slinked a little unsteadily towards him.

The older Englishmen clocked the inbound blonde and excused himself from his friends. "Bonjour mademoiselle."

"Bonjour monsieur," she purred, moving in close.

"You must be a mind reader," he whispered. "I was just about to come over and ask if you wanted to upgrade your company for the evening."

"Non monsieur," she giggled playfully, stuffing the balled-up black material into the handkerchief pocket of his blazer. "I just wanted to give you something to remember me by."

And with a small peck on the lips, she turned and sashayed away like a true femme fatale.

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As Alex fished for his key card, Sophie reminded him that she had left a small night bag at the reception.

"Don't worry. You won't be needing pajama's tonight," he chuckled, leading her into the dimly lit suite.

Recently renovated, it was at once modern and classic, and suitably impressive. Kicking off her black Louboutin's, the blonde flopped onto the king size bed, creasing the perfectly ironed white cotton sheets.

"Tell me how you want it...birthday boy!" she pouted, laying invitingly on her side.

And that's when she noticed something in his hands.

"Smile," he grinned, snapping a photo.

"Ha. Now I know why you finally agreed to buy me that new camera!"

"Happy coincidence," he smiled, brushing off her accurate suspicion. "In any case...for $8,000 I'm entitled to a souvenir or two."

That got a laugh, and he took advantage, snapping another photo.

"You're gorgeous when you smile," he said encouragingly.

"I know," she sighed. "But do we really have to do the whole 'posing for a camera' thing?"

Although they had already done a couple home sex videos, they hadn't required posing.

"Come on. Just give it a try. It's my Birthday. Besides, didn't you do a bit of modeling during college?"

"Bon...Fine. Just a few," she hesitated. "But close the curtains at least."

"For sure not," came the refusal. "In fact, if I turn up the lighting a bit, it will not only help with the photo quality, but also...ta da. We can't see outside anymore. And out of sight, out of mind. Unless you consider that there are probably dozens of poor bankers working late in the opposite building."

The pillow hit him in the head, but Sophie wasn't really upset. If anything, the idea of performing for an unseen audience hit a raw nerve. Staring back at the blonde in the reflection, she imagined the young men that might be watching. Pretending to work late, when really, they would be trying not to cum inside their expensive tailored suits.

"First things first," Alex mumbled, tapping his iPhone to open a Spotify playlist.

Umbrella, by Rhianna, started to reverberate through the room's built in Bluetooth speakers. And as he called room service to order Champagne, Sophie got up and started to sway to the music, unable to resist the good girl gone bad.

The camera was snapping away as she quickly lost herself to the pulsating rhythm. Locks of hair tumbling. Sensuous curves moving. Confident, desperate, charged with sexual energy. Hands running over gyrating hips, then teasing the short hemline.

"Take it off," Alex urged.

Obliging, she unzipped the dress and provocatively wriggled out. Her perfect withering body naked except for a sheer black bra and matching stockings that ended mid-thigh. And as she danced, she twirled and whirled across the carpet toward the reflective glass. Where, leaning forward in curiosity, she pressed her forehead against the window and sealed her hands tightly around.

The dark world outside was suddenly visible, and it sent a shudder down her spine. Scanning the different floors, there were indeed still plenty of people at their desks, and at least one young man seemed to be looking right at her. Unphased, or maybe because of if, her sexy derriere bobbed from side to side with renewed vigor.

"Oh yes...that's it...work it baby." Alex enthused, happy that his choice of music was having the desired effect.

"How about with your legs wider apart?" he suggested, growing into his role. "Yes. Now, bum out...and looking over your shoulder."

She responded to the instruction like a good model.

"Excellent. Excellent," he continued, keen to push things along. "Now think of all those hard-working boys in their cubicles that are frustrated because you still have that bra on."

"Hmm," Sophie purred, stepping back from the glass.

And to his surprise, she didn't just remove the bra and let it drop, but reached up and began to squeeze her pert little tits. Fondling herself in front of the reflection.

"Brilliant work," he praised, capturing the shot. "Now try reaching behind and pulling your cheeks apart with both hands at the same time. Yes, that's it. Bum out more...perfect!"

He salivated as her pert little bum separated to reveal a cheeky pink asshole. An asshole that had only recently been de-flowered. An asshole that could send him to heaven with its vice like grip.

"Excellent. Excellent," he drooled, stroking the growing bulge in his trousers.

"Now, crawl to the bed, staying on your hands and knees."

Whether it was the alcohol, the music, or her own deviant needs, the blonde seemed only too happy to comply. Padding sexily across the carpet with upturned cheeks swaying to the beat. Giving 100% for the camera, and whoever else was watching.

'More attitude..." the photographer encouraged as she climbed onto the bed like a feline.

"Good, now shoulders down against the bed and reach back to run a finger through that pretty pink pussy of yours," he instructed, praying she wouldn't get cold feet, that the dirty talk wouldn't spook her.

And to his relief, slim fingers emerged between her legs.

Moving around he snapped away. A sexy curved back with a bead of sweat running down. Strands of hair chaotically covering a wanton face. Perfect small tits dangling down. Digits playing hide and seek in sexy feminine folds.

"Ohh," the model purred into the sheets. "I'm getting close...I want you inside."

The photographer, however, had other plans. Popping over to the nearby bureau he grabbed two objects.

"In good time," he reassured, placing a shiny object into the hand between her legs. "But first I want you to insert this."

Sophie didn't need to see the cold metallic shape to know what it was, and the lube being dribbled onto her wrinkled star removed all doubt. While it was annoying to have to stop so close to climax, and despite still being new to anal play, she decided the path of least resistance was to accept and move on. So, obediently, she placed the cold metal point at the entrance of her tight little backdoor, held her breath, and began to push. Groaning loudly as it stretched her sphincter with its thickening breadth. Gasping in discomfort, and then relief, as the largest part of the bulbous head finally passed the point of no return and was swallowed, leaving behind a white crystal as the only sign that her rectum was full of chrome.

"Good girl!" Alex congratulated, having recorded every filthy moment. "Now...cum hard for me. Climax for the camera."

"But I want you inside." She begged.

"Soon, I promise. But you're magnificent, and I want to capture you going solo first."

Sophie mumbled, but returned to her more pressing sexual need. Swiftly removing his trousers and boxers, Alex switched the SLR to video mode to capture her masturbation in 4k detail. Filming with one hand while the other began to pump an aching cock.

It was the perfect composition. A sexy swaying rear. A plugged anus. Fingers dipping in and out of an inflamed pink pussy. The sound of wet flesh and whimpers. The smell of pungent aromas. A rising tempo. All recorded for posterity. All pushing him to his own much needed release.

The blonde was the first to blow. Her rear bucking as she groaned in pleasure and rubbed herself to orgasm. Lost in nirvana, she was oblivious to everything except her own pleasure, including the jets of cum which began to spurt all over her sexy derriere.

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Ding Dong.

Alex heard the doorbell and smiled. The timing was impeccable. Sophie, still recovering from her high, was laying chest down on the bed.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he huffed, "the door isn't going to open by itself."

Sophie shifted and looked at him in momentary confusion.

Ding Dong.

The doorbell rang again, only this time a male voice also called out, "Room service."

"Go on," he said, grabbing her arm and coaxing her off the bed.

"Sérieux?" she protested, finally putting two and two together, despite the head rush.

"Of course," he nudged. "Now hurry up."

Still tipsy, and with added post orgasmic mind haze to boot, she stumbled forward. Aided by a push to the upper back, she found herself moving into the short hallway.

"Putain, OK, let me get a bathrobe..."

"What?!?" He remonstrated. "You do it like that!"

Sophie turned at him open mouthed.

"T'es fous...you're crazy!" she objected.

"Maybe. But think of what has already happened tonight. Think of the $8,000 I paid you. Think of how much you get off exhibiting yourself...and think of how hard I'm going to fuck you once he leaves."

With a final nudge, Sophie found herself thrust towards the door. Resigned to her fate, and with a deep breath, she resolved to get it over with as quickly as possible.

"Yes?" she asked, opening the door.

The uniformed young man was stunned. His eyes unable to control themselves as they took in the naked babe. Flushed and sweaty skin, erect nipples, and a hint of engorged labia poking through her narrow slit. His pants swelled uncontrollably, and the look of hunger in his latino eyes made Sophie shudder. What was it with men? And what was it with her own libido?

"I...have...champagne" he stuttered, "maybe...return later."

"No, no," she sighed, enjoying herself more than expected. "Please bring it in."

Alex had hidden behind a curtain, and captured the next sequence on video. The blonde appearing in the room. Her confusion at not seeing him. Her bending over for far longer than was necessary to get a tip from her purse. The white gemstone gleaming proudly between her beautiful bum. The young man in uniform whose eyes were about to pop out.

By the time Sophie had seen him out, the tingling between her legs was back. But first she needed to pee.

"No, not there," she heard, just as she was about to sit on the toilet.

"Pardon?"

"In the shower," Alex instructed, approaching and pointing to the glass cubicle opposite the toilet seat.

"You want me to shower?"

"No, I want you to pee in the shower."

"Really?!?" she frowned in disgust.

"$8,000 buys a man every kind of perversion."

Despite an unapproving shake of the head, she slipped into the shower as requested.

"Squatting," Alex clarified. "Squat, lean back against the wall, and spread your knees wide apart."

"T'es malade...you're sick."

"Just do it Chloe."

Despite finding it distasteful, she soon found herself squatting on the floor of the shower and leaning back against the cold marble wall, her black stocking clad legs wide apart. A position which forced her already flushed pink pussy to open up like a flower in bloom.

"Yes...that's it," Alex said greedily, snapping a few photos before setting the SLR to video mode again. "Now piss."

Already bursting, she couldn't have held it any longer. So, with a hand on her stomach, and looking down, she unleashed a golden torrent from her pee hole. Watching as it arched through the air and splashed against the floor, creating a small puddle in the corner of the shower.

By the time the raging flow had diminished to a trickle, Alex's cock was throbbing, and his desire was past boiling point. Looking at the beautiful woman that had just relieved herself, all he could see was an expensive whore whose fuck holes were his to use. Impatient for satisfaction, he grabbed her arm and led her back to the bed.

There was no sign of tenderness as he forced her face into the sheets, lifted her rear, and ripped open her cunt.

"Putain!"

"That's it...Chloe," he hissed, all chivalry gone. "It's time to earn that money."

Penetrating hard, he forced his bulbous head deep inside. Reveling in the tightness before her silky hole was primed and ready along its full length. Sophie moaned and groaned as her pussy was pounded without remorse. Another orgasm building despite the brutality, or maybe because of it.

"Ai, ai, ai" she squealed.

"Ow, ow, ow" she whimpered.

"Pull my arms back," she heard herself begging. "Utilise ma chatte chère."

Smiling as her torso was lifted off the bed, she relived the online video of the blonde whore. The video to which she had masturbated repeatedly over the preceding week.

"Harder," she begged through half opened eyes, living out her own call girl fantasy.

But she was not in control, and suddenly found herself being pushed back onto the bed and manhandled so that her rear was high in the air and her shoulders back down against the bed.

"Look at that gape," Alex grunted as he ripped out the butt plug.

"Do you think that young bell boy wanted to fuck you in the ass earlier?"

There was no response.

"Answer me!"

"Oui..." she whispered.

"Louder."

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes...he wanted to fuck me in the ass."

"And I bet you wish he was here right now...so that you could take both our cocks in that slutty body of yours."

"Oui..." she panted. "Baise mon cul, sale garcon."

Despite having been pre-stretched, and even with lube, Sophie's back passage still required a good hard trust to prise open. An effort that Alex was only too happy make as he drove into the exquisite tightness. Savouring the mind-blowing grip that enveloped his pulsing shaft.

White knuckled, Sophie held on to the sheets for dear life. Her eyes rolling back as millions of extra nerves sent her sensory processing into overload. Moans, groans and drool uncontrollably seeping from her lips as she lost bodily control. There was a brief moment of peace, when Alex pulled out with a pop, and stepped aside. But he was far from finished. Instead, he was just taking the opportunity to gape her for anyone that might be watching from the outside. Then spitting into her enraged hole for effect, he got back on top and continued with the merciless sodomy.

The sound of wet flesh and bodily noise filled the room, and it wasn't long until the blonde was rocked by another explosive orgasm.

"Yes!" Alex grunted as the accompanying convulsions crushed his dick.

Sophie was on cloud nine as she drowned in a tsunami of joy. Her climax extended by every thrust as Alex gripped her hips and channeled his sexual aggression for the grand finale. Building up his own impending climax to such a crescendo that the excruciating pressure of holding back was only matched by the all engulfing euphoria of the release that followed. Until, completely spent, he collapsed on top of her.

In contrast to the clapping on various floors of the opposite building, their room was suddenly silent.