

# Her's - A Fantasy

by Mindsparks

She loved giving herself to him. She loved that she could take a break from the responsibilities of her daily life and all its associated hassles and headaches. He'd tell her what to wear, where to be, how to act, and of course what to do. She'd deepthroated him in the bathroom of a dive bar, gotten fucked in the parking lot of her gym, and dressed like a thousand-dollar-a-night escort on a trip to businessman's bar in the financial district. She'd come to love the taste of his cock, the taste of his cum, and feel of his cunnilingus. She always came when she was with him, more often than he did in fact.

She'd started to squirm in her seat when he started sending the emails directing her on the next rendezvous. The messages were terse, direct, wanton. He certainly knew what he wanted and perhaps as much as anything this facet of his being made her want him. The emails started a week before.

Sunday: “I saw your ad for escort services on the web the other day and will be in town on business next Saturday and would like to procure your companionship for the evening. Please reply. Peter”

She'd once mentioned her desire to get paid and was just a little surprised that he would be so forward in this request but she indulged him without hesitation.

“Thank you for your inquiry Peter. I do have availability on Saturday evening - were you wishing to book dinner, after-dinner, or a full evening? Sarah”

Monday: “I'll be hiring you for the entire evening after dinner. Say around 9pm. I will have certain ... indulgences... that I will expect you to address. I will state them quite clearly in the next week and consider them to be requirements should you wish to be paid in full. Peter.”

“Of course Peter. I provide a full range of services as you could tell from my website. My fees, as you can see, are quite reasonable and I expect to be paid in a timely manner. Sarah.”

Tuesday: “You will dress quite provocatively. I expect to see some knee when you sit. Wear something low-cut in front and a bra that makes the most of your deliciously small tits. Peter.”

“Easily done. Are you fond of any colors in particular? You are confirmed for Saturday. Sarah.”

Wednesday: “I’ll expect you to be wearing a dark-colored dress. I love heels - ‘fuck-me’ heels. You will wear red lingerie. I love garters and stockings. Nothing says slut like a thong. Make sure you wear a thong. Peter.”

“Soooo naughty! Sarah”

Thursday: “I’ll be joining you at about 9:15 or so. You will show up at the bar earlier and start to flirt with a guy (any guy will do) at the bar. I want to watch you apply your trade, to see what you do to a man who is unsuspecting and a slave to his desire. I’ll send you a drink at some point when I’ve gotten my fill of your slutty come-on. You will say your good-byes at that point and come directly to me. Peter.”

“Yes Sir! ;-) What if I like him more? What if he offers me more? Sarah.”

Friday: “You’ll make sure you are nicely trimmed. You’ll wear the lightest twist of perfume and wear some dark red lipstick (I want your lips to look just like your freshly fucked labia). Some eye-liner will go a long way to giving you that I-fuck-for-money look. Peter”

“I get so wet when I think about tomorrow. Sarah”

Saturday AM: “You can leave an overnight bag with the front desk - I’ll tell them to have it delivered to my room. Bring your favorite vibrator - lets have some fun tonight. Peter”

She arrives at the bar after leaving her bag at the front desk. She looks like the type of hooker that only millionaire sheiks can afford. Sex drips from every pore of her body, it’s written all over the little black dress that shows off her legs and emphasizes her bust. When she walks in the fuck-me-heels her ass sways in a way that no man can resist looking at - its not overt, not tawdry, just pure sexual energy. She scans the bar and instead of finding a mark she decides to let the mark find her. She knows it won’t take long when she walks to the bar and a half dozen men track her every move with lust in their hearts.

Within a few minutes her first potential John is trying to bed her with his best lines and a drink. She plays along with his clumsy, half-inebriated attempt to seduce her. She flashes him a bit of thigh, a glimpse of her cleavage, she drops a few hints. As she strings him along she wonders where Peter is. Is he watching from some dark spot in the bar, or somewhere behind her, for that matter is he even here yet? How long will he let her dangle her wares in front of the drunken rube? Her mind drifts from the inane banter being offered by the salesman from the suburbs of Chicago, wondering about how Peter will take

her tonight. It's the thought of his touch that makes her bare the moment. It's her lust for his cock and his energy, that masculine I'll-fuck-you-till-you-scream energy that keeps the smile on her face.

When the drink arrives the 40-something bartender points to a guy a few stools away and mumbles something like "he thought you needed this" and then slinks away, embarrassed at having come between Mr. Chicago and his misbegotten attempt to seduce this whore (albeit this extremely high class whore).

Mr. Chicago flushes and looks over Sarah's shoulder to assess his rival. His rival isn't looking at Chicago or even Sarah for that matter. He's nursing a drink and looking straight ahead into the mirror behind the bar. He is well dressed and the set of his jaw and his large frame instantly suggest to Mr. Chicago that it is very unlikely that he will end up with Sarah tonight. Through lust driven and alcohol sopped thoughts he tries to figure out how to handle the situation but the situation has already dissolved into the nothingness that it sprang from. Sarah has moved without saying a word and walks up to the drink-ordering stranger and she disappears from Mr. Chicago's life.

He whispers into her ear, "you look nice"

"Thank you"

He smiles at her modest answer, "Thank you for dressing like a whore for me" emphasizing the 'for me' in a way that lets her know that he is all about fucking her tonight, about using her as a toy or an object of his lust. "You are hungry for some cock, aren't you?"

She flushes at the crude but enticing banter. He on the other hand feels his cock grow a bit heavier just looking at the way her tits push out and the way her ass looks in that dress.

"Do you think you have a cock that can satisfy someone like me?" She asks trying to goad him.

"I'll fuck that tight little box of your so good, you'll be begging for more." He can't help but grin at this.

"I doubt it" she smiles and cocks her hip to one side, flips her hair a bit and licks her lips.

"To be honest I don't really care about your satisfaction. I'll pay you either way, but after you've had me you'll want nothing more than another taste. Hell, you'll give the money back with a grin on your face."

"I doubt it." She says this much slower and much less confidently. It's his fucking energy, his goddamn aura. Just being in his space is leaving the lacy red fabric of her thong wet.

"Look at you, the little tramp playing games. This is what is going to happen. In a minute, I am going to lean over and kiss you. My tongue deep in your mouth and these people are all going to watch me kissing this whore at the bar. Then, I'm going to stand between your legs, my cock hardening in my pants as we put on a brief show. Then, we are going to leave together.. Everyone here will know that I'm taking you upstairs to use you, to fuck you however I want and then pay you." His eyes are piercing through her as he delivers his orders. A part of her wants to stubbornly resist him even as she cocks her head to the side waiting for his lips.

He places his hands on her hips as though he's touching Michelangelo's David. He wants nothing more than to throw her over the bar, yank up her dress and fuck her in front of a bar full of onlookers. Wants to see her cum on his cock then strip off her dress to the delight of every XY in the place and then drop her to her knees and watch her lick her cum off the glistening head of his meat. He wants to shoot his load all over her face and then as he comes down from his orgasmic high he wants to see her lick it up while she looks him directly in the eye.

The kiss starts and ends while these images dance through his head. He's pretty sure that he has conveyed the image of taking her in the bar in some way shape or form to her, even if it's only unconscious.

He ends the kiss, her taste on his lips and looks around the room. People are staring at them. Men filled with a wanton desire to possess the whore, to fuck her as they know he will fuck her. To fuck her with the only desire being to please himself. The women in the room look on with remarkably similar thoughts in the backs of their brains - they keep their protestations in front of them like shields while their panties grow damp at the unabashed display of sensuality. They all think about being in that moment, being in those bodies, feeling those pleasures.

She turns to leave the bar and head to his bed that is as rented as her ass is tonight. She's never fucked for money before and she finds the thrill of this situation wildly exhilarating. The younger man, cocksure and divinely handsome has fucked her before but never with the freedom and control that his money will buy. As her heels click click click across the marble lobby she realizes that it isn't about the money at all. Her panties grow a shade darker with the realization that the money frees him to do with her as he wishes without regard to satisfaction. He can use her in any way he wishes for one night and thus can achieve his ultimate desires, whatever they may be. Most importantly she realizes that in giving him this that she will be utterly satisfied as well - she will be exposed to true anima - pure male energy.

Hotel staff see the unlikely couple and try not to notice. They think it is obvious that she is an escort at best but can't help but wondering if she is simply a streetwalker on a good night.

He watches her ass sway towards the elevator and presses the button for the 33rd floor. He feels his cock start to press against the front of his pants, his head grows sensitive to the light cloth of his boxers. He takes her by the wrists and pins her hands above her head, leans in and whispers into her ear, "You liked that didn't you? Everyone knowing you are my hot little piece of ass." She feels his breath in her ear and resists the urge to bite his neck.

"Yes"

"You like being a dirty little whore for everyone to see. Showing off your tight little ass. All those pathetic, fat men wanting to pay for your beautiful pussy. Not knowing that you are my whore and mine alone. Pull up your skirt and show me your pussy." He lets her arms fall and she feels just a bit emptier without his touch.

She lifts her skirt for him, giving him the same look she gave the cop who pulled her over when she was 20, the same look she gave the science teacher when he was going to fail her when she was 15, the same look she gave the guy at the dairy queen when she was 12. She doesn't realize how the faux innocence releases a torrent of testosterone into his blood, fueling his desires. She slips fingers into herself, her juices instantly coating them as she feels the pleasure of contact with her swollen sex.

The bell rings and the elevator stops. "Take off your underwear and carry it to our room. 3356 at the end of the hallway."

Her heart skips and beats a bit faster. He watches her slide the thongs down over her garters, along the silky stockings she is wearing over her toes. He isn't sure but he thinks he can smell her sex waft into the air. She walks down the hall a few steps ahead of him and isn't at all surprised when an older couple leave their room ahead of her. The thong, unhidden and waved like a fuck flag in Sarah's hand draws the attention of both of the gray-haired couple. She rolls her eyes at the sight of Sarah in all her slutty perfection, he looks at her then over to his wife, and his eyes roll in much the same way.

After watching her ass sway down the hall he can no longer constrain himself. He needs relief and won't wait for the privacy of the room. She is at the door and turns to look at him, her tits draw his attention briefly then he looks at her face and knows what he wants.

"Drop to your knees and suck my cock like a whore." She pauses briefly, suddenly out of her comfort zone. "Do it." His voice cuts to her core, she feels utterly compelled to follow

his orders. She drops to her stocking clad knees and reaches forward, grasps his zipper and opens his fly. She glances up occasionally that same “who me” innocent look on her face. Its exactly the look every man wants to see at some point in his life, preferably with his cock between her lips. The dark color of her lipstick is drawing his attention as much as her eyes do.

He feels her soft hand on his stiff and growing stiffer shaft. She places his head to her lips and he thrusts himself into her warm wet mouth. He pulls her hands away from his cock and then grabs her head.

His knees feel weak and he feels so good in her mouth, her tongue running along the shaft and tweaking his ecstasy. “That’s it, suck me girl.” He fucks her face like a jackhammer. She sucks him like he’s giving her life. He feels his spongy head against the back of her throat - she’s so good - she’s such a wonderfully talented whore.

He pulls out before he cum. He opens the door with his card and reaches down to grab a fistful of her soft blonde hair. He pulls her up gently but firmly by her hair and pushes her into the room. “Lets go. I’m ready fuck my sweet whore now.”

*Author’s Note: Another story with power differences between the characters To be continued - especially if you write me and request the next bit. ;-)*