

Escort

By G. A. Watson



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Chapter 1

At the age of 28, Ross McCloud seemed to have everything: almost 6 feet tall, great looks, a fine figure, although he wasn't athletic, a personality that had women swooning at his feet, a brain that had earned him a 2:1 at university without having to work too hard, a flat, a hefty mortgage, and a job. OK, the job wasn't brilliant. He worked as an accountant. Accountants were boring, except in Ross's case, it was only the job that was boring. It didn't pay as much as he would have liked. Most people felt that way about their jobs, but Ross felt he deserved better; felt that he wanted a job with more excitement without losing the security.

He had never married – why should he? With his good looks, he was never short of female company. It was often said that he could have any woman he wanted. And at university that was certainly true; he even had one woman he didn't really want – at first.

No one could honestly say that Jacqui Planter was ugly, but she wasn't exactly over endowed in the looks department. In many ways, she was the opposite of Ross; she lacked confidence, lacked a personality and she lacked partners. It came as no real surprise to her student friends that she was still a virgin at nineteen. What was, perhaps, a surprise was how much it grieved her. One evening, after a more than

customary intake of alcohol, her friends asked her what she would like most for her upcoming birthday; she said she wanted to wake up in the morning with a naked man in bed with her. When pressed if there was any particular man this fantasy applied to, she whispered Ross's name.

The chances that she would be whisked off by aliens for research purposes were more realistic. But some of her friends hatched a plan. Any one of them would be more than delighted to wake up beside a naked Ross; some of them already had, and would willingly repeat the process given the chance. Jacqui was a good friend to many of the girls. She was always willing to help them with their assignments, always had ideas about what clothes best suited them (although it didn't extend to her own choice of clothes) and was always there as a shoulder to cry on or just to listen to her friends' problems. Maybe there was something they could tempt Ross with so he would make Jacqui's birthday truly memorable.

"You've already said I can have any woman I want, so why would I want her?" he asked when the proposition was put to him. He would be making her birthday special; he would be doing her a really good deed; it would show he wasn't selfish, didn't just take what he wanted. "No, No, No," was his reply. Jacqui's friends withdrew to consider alternatives.

“After you’ve made her day, we will each submit to you for 24 hours; do whatever you want us to,” they offered. He was a bit more interested. They then offered him £10 from each of them, meaning he would receive £100 at least, money that was particularly welcome.

“If you can get Peachy Perkins to agree, you’ve got a deal. But I want her before Jacqui. I don’t want her changing her mind. And I want the money up front” Peachy was a particularly attractive student, but also a strongly religious person. So far, she had resisted all his advances.

It was a mystery to him how they had persuaded Peachy to agree, but she did. Ross had expected her to be a virgin too, but it turned out she was experienced and experimental. The 24 hours with her were an eye opener. But not as big an eye opener as his time with Jacqui.

She was as nervous as could be when he undressed her and first touched her, and was startled when he sucked a nipple into his hungry mouth. He told her to relax, that it would be less painful if she did. He ran his hands up the inside of her thighs and found she was already wet with anticipation. Determined that her first time should be pleasurable, at least until he tore her hymen, he brought her to a climax with his fingers. Some women climax noisily, some with little more than a sigh. She was one of the latter types. She kissed him passionately to thank him. It was an unpractised kiss.

Warning her that he was about to enter her, he positioned himself above her and eased himself inside. There was no resistance; he moved slowly but slipped easily in up to the hilt. As soon as he was safely inside her, she wrapped her legs round his waist and started bucking. It was not what he expected from a virgin. Inexperienced? Yes. A virgin? No.

She quickly adjusted her thrusts to coincide with his. She must be a quick learner, he told himself. Or her previous partners had been lousy. When he looked at her, she was smiling; and her smile grew with every deep thrust. Her breathing quickened as she neared her climax and he increased his pace. When she reached her climax, she screamed "Oh my God," several times and kept screaming as he her orgasm seemed to be never-ending. When he too reached his climax, he collapsed on top of her.

"Oh my God, that was fantastic," she cried after regaining her breath.

"But not your first time, was it?" he smiled. He wasn't annoyed that he hadn't been the one to take her cherry; he had enjoyed her reaction and participation enormously. She insisted it was the first time with a man, but she wanted to do it again as soon as possible.

Without waiting for him to respond, she slipped down the bed. "I understand this is the way to get a man ready for action again," she suggested as she took his semi-erect member into her mouth. In no time at all, he was rigid. To his

utter amazement, she took him in to his balls. She was one of the few women who had attempted to deep-throat him and one of the best.

"You can't tell me you've not done that before," he laughed as he enjoyed the pleasure she was giving.

"Do you like it?" she asked when she stopped temporarily.

"Like it? It's fantastic. But tell the truth, now, this isn't your first time, is it?" She insisted it was. "How did you learn to give a BJ like that then?" She rolled over to the side of the bed and opened a draw. What she pulled out had him laughing out loud.

"You learned to deep-throat by using a carrot?" Ok, it was a very thick and long one, and it was wrapped in cling-film.

"Yes," she blushed. "And I've read a lot of books and watched a few porn films. And I opened myself up with a carrot too. I didn't want it to hurt when a man made love to me. I wanted it to be perfect. And it was."

"You are an incredible woman. Would you care to finish what you started?"

"You won't tell anyone, about the carrot, will you?" she pleaded.

"Have you ever heard me tell anyone about any women I've been with?" She shook her head. "So you want to finish what you started?" She nodded and took him in her mouth again, not letting him go until she had drained him.

"I enjoyed that," she told him. "What else can we do?"

She agreed to everything he suggested and kept asking what else they could do. He forgot about her looks and enjoyed the pleasure etched into her face at every new thing she attempted. When she woke in the morning, both of them naked, she wanted to do everything again. He was exhausted, but extremely satisfied. So satisfied that instead of leaving after breakfast as planned, he stayed the whole day and next night. It was obvious that she had done a lot of research beforehand as to how to satisfy a man. It taught him a lesson he never forgot. Pleasure is not defined by outward appearances, ego is. None of the other women gave him as much pleasure as Jacqui had.

And, it had changed Jacqui's personality. It was as if she had been liberated from a dark place. When people, especially men, realised Ross had not just completed the agreed time with her but had stayed an additional twenty-four hours, voluntarily, they began to suspect she was something special. She was no longer a virgin and she was no longer short of male company. And that increased her confidence. With increased confidence, she even looked more attractive.

Chapter 2

Naomi Hewstone was dreading the weekend. Her younger daughter, Nicola, was getting married at the other end of the country, but her husband Fraser would be there with Alice, the thirty-year-old woman he had left her for. She could already hear the tongues clacking: poor Naomi, almost fifty, it's unlikely she'll find another man at her age; she must have been lacking in the bedroom department to make Fraser look elsewhere. And her two daughters weren't particularly sympathetic. Both liked Alice; both seemed to agree that it must have been their mother's fault that their father had strayed. If only there was a way to show them how wrong they all were. If only.

Naomi was a senior manager for the company Ross worked for. She was medium height, smartly dressed, hair always looking as if she'd just returned from the hairdresser, highly intelligent, good-looking for her age, but with a reserve that kept her at a distance from the rest of her staff. She still occupied the five bedroom family house; a house that seemed to echo with the emptiness, the loneliness of the last six months. When Ross knocked on her door, late on Monday afternoon on a cold January day, she had a sudden idea. She asked him to shut the door and sit down. And then she began to panic. Maybe it

wasn't such a good idea after all. But she felt she had no option.

"I have a problem," she began, then hesitated. "It's personal, but I need to talk to someone. Can I talk to you?" Naomi rarely talked to junior staff about anything, let alone anything personal. He was intrigued. He nodded. "Can I have your assurance that what I say will go no further than this office?" He gave that assurance. "Six months ago, my husband left me for a woman about your age. She has been welcomed into the family by both my daughters. This coming Saturday, my younger daughter is getting married. Of course I will be going to the wedding, but I'm dreading meeting this woman and feeling the odd one out. Because of my job, I don't have much opportunity to meet suitable men, but I know I'm going to feel dreadful being there on my own, while my husband is the centre of attention, introducing his new partner to all the relatives." She paused.

Ross was beginning to wonder where this was leading. Was she just wishing to unburden herself; looking for a friendly shoulder to cry on? Was she expecting him to offer suggestions? And why him? Had it just been an unhappy timing that he had gone into her office at that moment? He was still pondering these questions when she continued.

"This is where it gets embarrassing. Over Christmas, my daughter visited me and asked if I was bringing anyone to the wedding. It was asked

expecting me to say no. I panicked and said I might well be. Although my daughter pressed me, I gave no more details. I had thought of going to an escort agency, to find someone who would pretend to be my partner for a few days, but the idea of spending a weekend with a complete stranger, of trying to invent a story about how we met etc, was too frightening. You have given me your assurance that what is said will go no further than this office. In return, I give you my assurance that whatever your reaction is to my suggestion will in no way affect your employment here.” She paused, unable to look at him for what seemed like an age.

“If you are free this weekend, would you pretend to be my partner at the wedding?” she asked quietly. Ross was stunned. The look of disbelief on his face did not bode well for Naomi. “Of course, I’ll pay you for your time, in cash,” she added hurriedly. “And I’ll pay all expenses. There’ll be nothing for you to pay.” She was begging him. He hadn’t made any definite plans for the weekend. He rarely did until Thursday or even Friday. But this was something he would never have believed could happen. He still hesitated. “£300?” she whispered. That sort of money began to make him interested. As he hadn’t answered, she suggested £400 and finally £500.

“What would I have to do and for how long?” he finally answered. Relieved, Naomi responded.

“The wedding’s at 1:00pm, so we would have to leave Friday afternoon. I’m having the day off to have my hair done. If you book a half day, I’ll make sure it’s credited back to you in a couple of week’s time. I expect we’ll be back early Sunday evening. At the wedding, you’ll have to pretend to be my boyfriend, my toy-boy. They won’t be expecting me to have anyone even half as good-looking as you. I want to show my husband he isn’t the only one who can find a much younger partner and that mine is so much better looking than his.”

“That’s all? I have to pretend to be your lover?”

“That’s all. The more convincing you can make it look, the better.” After a few more questions, he agreed. She would pay him £100 tomorrow, another £150 on Friday before they set out and the balance when they returned on the Sunday. If she didn’t pay what was due, he would feel free to make the details of their agreement public. She assured him he would have the money.

Naomi drove north in her BMW. During the five or six hours they expected to be travelling, she had planned for them to learn as much about each other as possible, so they could answer the inevitable questions. The most obvious was how they had met. Naomi decided they had both gone to the same play, An Inspector Calls, but separately. Ross was with

two other friends, she was on her own. They exchanged a few words but nothing more until they were at work the next day when they chatted about the show and she told him why she was there on her own. She was surprised, but pleased, when he asked if she wanted to go to see another play that weekend – Shirley Valentine. Things developed from there.

The receptionist at the Glenleigh Hotel handed her the key, telling her the room was 115. Naomi arranged for the cases to be sent to the room while they went to the bar. Ross was taken aback. He had expected them to have separate rooms. “We’re supposed to be lovers,” she reminded him. “It would look strange if we had separate rooms. I feel in need of a stiff drink to help me sleep” She had three double vodka drinks in less than half an hour, while Ross had two pints of strong local real ale. They shared a bottle of wine at dinner. As Naomi was paying, Ross felt no compunction in having the most expensive meal on the menu – fillet steak with onion rings, mushroom and chips - which was also his favourite meal.

By half past ten, Naomi was feeling tired and suggested it was time to go to their room. “There’s something you ought to know about me,” she told him as she emerged from the bathroom wearing just her bra and a thong. “I have two tattoos. I’m certain someone, my daughter or even my husband, will ask about

them as a test to see if we really are lovers. She turned round to show him her buttocks. “You’d better have a good look at the detail. That’s the important bit.” He examined the tattoos closely and described to her what he saw. She was satisfied. Getting under the covers, she took off her bra and threw it aside. Ross undressed to his boxer shorts, got into bed and moved as far away from her as possible. They were like two book-ends, each at one side of the bed and facing away from each other.

A few minutes later, she turned round, moved towards him and put her arm round his waist, then moved it lower. “No,” he said suddenly. “That wasn’t part of the agreement.”

“How much would it cost to make it part of the agreement?” she asked, slightly drunk and very seductively. One reason he had faced away from her was that the sight of her almost naked body, which, he admitted to himself, wasn’t bad for someone her age, had aroused him. His erection had subsided since getting into bed, but her suggestion would have been tempting without the offer of more money. He suggested £100. “Per night?” she queried. “It had better be worth it.” Without waiting for a reply, her hand touched his rapidly rising member, then reached inside his boxer shorts and grabbed him.

In truth, he hadn’t expected to enjoy himself so much. She was paying him and yet she was the one who was taking the lead. But she seemed more than satisfied. She sat on top of him

and insisted he rubbed her breasts as she performed a rapid interpretation of a rising trot.

"Reckon you can go another round?" she asked when she had reached her climax. "I no longer feel tired. We could do it doggy style ... once I get you ready again."

After they had made love again, she declared she did need to sleep after all. She snuggled up to him, naked. The next morning she woke before him and initiated another session.

"That's something we won't have to pretend about," she giggled. She ordered breakfast in bed for them both.

Chapter 3

“So, how did you meet my wife?” Fraser asked while the photographs were being taken. Ross gave the agreed version of events. “Do you like the butterfly tattoo on my wife’s arse?” he asked.

“She doesn’t have a butterfly,” Ross replied, immediately spotting the trap Fraser was setting. “She has a small kingfisher on one cheek and a lion rampant on the other. And the lion has a hard on, which is what I get when I’m with Naomi, but she enjoys it immensely. While it lasts.” Fraser walked away, convinced that he had at least seen her naked.

Rachel, her elder daughter accused him outright of having been hired through an escort agency. It was a suggestion he was able to refute honestly. He had the distinct feeling she was jealous of her mother, or at least envious. “Why would a gorgeous man like you hook up with an older woman like my mother?” she asked.

“Your father left her for a woman not much older than me. What’s the difference?”

“Everything! Some women go for older men. It’s acceptable. It’s not the other way round.”

“And some men go for cougars. They have so much to offer and they’re keen to keep the men interested in them. While we enjoy each other, we will. And your mother is very

seductive. Very.” There were no further investigations by her family. Probably Rachel and her father had swapped what they had learned. When Naomi joined him, he slipped his arm round her waist, pulled her towards him and kissed her in full view of other guests. She had been interrogated by several of the other guests, all anxious to know where she’d found such a desirable man. The public kiss had confirmed to all but the most obtuse doubters that they were an item. They left the reception just before 11:00pm, saying they were tired.

“Is it OK if I spend another £100 tonight?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye. He offered to help her out of her dress, which she accepted. Once again, he was treated to quite amazing sex. From what he knew of her at work, he would never have guessed she was so adventurous or so flexible. She could almost do the splits.

“You’d better come in and collect your money,” she told him when they arrived back at her house. She counted the money: four hundred and fifty pounds. “Any chance I could make it a round £500?” she asked. “After all, I won’t get a full night’s pleasure, so maybe just £50?” She smiled seductively and counted out another £50.

“You were absolutely great,” she told him afterwards. “Fraser was angry because Alice had said she fancied you. Rachel asked if she could have you when you tired of me. And I suddenly

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