Valerie Lewis

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Valerie is a whore who enjoys her work

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Hello this is my first story, hope you all enjoy it, please let me know what you thought of it.
My name is Valerie Lewis, and I'm a whore.
No, not the kind Julia Roberts played in *Pretty Woman*, I don't do this because it's the only job I can find or hold.
I do it because I love sex.
Any kind of sex, all kinds of sex, upside-down, sideways, in a car, on a horse- yes it can be done although highly tricky- hell you name it and I've probably done it and if I haven't I am more then willing too try.
Although I am a whore it's not the only job I have. I'm a freelance contract writer, working from home gives me all the luxury and liberties I need or would ever want where as working behind a desk from 9 to 5 would limit and constrict me. Forcing my sensibilities to be drowned under a sea of pencil pushing, nose picking bored, the only excitement to be had around a water cooler where the hot topic of the day might be sales or numbers.
Not to mention if I did work in an office I would have the chance of running into people I fuck, which wouldn't be a good thing. I like my life uncomplicated and having to keep straight who did what and who was in what social group was to much work to have sex. Working at home was not only good for stay at home moms with three kids but sexaholics like myself as well.
No thank you, I much prefer the solitude of my computer and cat companion Carly, who was currently lapping at her fur, giving herself a personal bath.
Carly was a long haired Chinese cat, her coat a multitude of colors, brown, black, grey and some red weaved there way through her fur giving her an exotic look. Carly's alluring features had probably been why I bought her at the local pet store three years ago when I had been on my way to get groceries. Funny how life is, I had been out to buy salmon for dinner and instead of fish I got a cat for all time.
Blinking at me Carly got up, stretched and padded her way down to the kitchen were her food and water awaited.
Doing some stretching of my own, my back and arms enjoyed the bite of tension then release as I reached toward the ceiling my back arching into the air. Oh, that felt so good, so did sleeping late on

Sundays, which was what I was doing now.
Hearing my Blackberry Pearl chime to life, the song *I Wanna Be Bad*, telling me it was Shelly I smiled. Rolling over in the king sized bed I reached for my cell phone picking up by the third ring. With my best Marilyn Monroe voice I said, “Hey baby wanna dance?”
This was per-usual how our phone conversations started off. Our zany sense of humor coupled with tacky sayings said in disastrous impersonations always had us laughing.
Hearing a snort on the other end of the line I smiled. “No I don’t want to dance, I want to go shopping, or even go see a movie. You know that new film with Hugh Jackman is out and you get to see him shirtless, can we say yummy boys and girls.”
I could just picture Shelly waggling her eyes brows while good naturally drooling into her morning cup of coffee with the thought of Jackman shirtless. He was indeed a prime piece of meat.
“Well as long as we saw the movie or went shopping before 3 p.m. I would be willing.”
“Oh,” Shelly’s interest was piqued, “what are you doing at 3 p.m.? Have a hot date?”
“Yes, actually I do.”
“Going to give me the gory details or let my mind wonder with the infinite possibilities?” The teasing note of my friend’s voice was underlined by a fine edge.
Shelly was the only person, friend or relative, whom I trusted with the knowledge of me being a whore. She understood why I did it, even envied me the total freedom it gave me. Although I knew she would never admit to being envious I could tell by the way she asked certain questions or listened intently to my stories.
Shelly was my best friend, we had met in our last year in college in our Physic class, the teacher had been a complete bore and we had talked the entire time, then crammed all the information we needed in an all nighter before the final.
Twelve years later she was now happily married with two adorable, if not tiresome children, and lived the life everyone aspired to.
However as happy as she was, Shelly had admitted to me after seven years of marriage the excitement and playful sex had slowly decreased in her marriage, which was why I suspected her jealousy. I knew Shelly would never cheat, nor would her husband, but she did want some kind of action, obviously action she was missing at home. So I told her all my sexual escapades hoping it would spark her own imagination and take charge in her personal life.
“I’m meeting my faithful John at the Ritz Carlton in Half Moon Bay.”
My faithful John as I called him was a regular customer, had been for the last three years after his wife had passed away. I took pity on him and only ask that he pay for the room and expenses, i.e. room service, the mini fridge, cable, or whatever came with the room they used.
Now as I said before I have a full time job that pays my bills and general expenses, so I don’t whore for money, just the sex, however I am not above receiving gifts or whatever my customers decide to give me.
Faithful John, or Leonardo De Salvo, was a kind, gentle man in his late fifties. He had been married to his wife for thirty years before cancer took her away from him. Leo had told me he had no interest in

dating, he'd had the love of his life and no one would ever compare. But, he had said, he was still a man, and after being alone for two years he had gone looking for someone to share his bed, if only for a little while and infrequently.
That's where I come in. A friend of his had recommended me, saying I was more then capable to service his needs and keep animosity about our interludes. After a brief interview he had agreed to take my body as service. The rest was history.
Now every year about this time, late June, he would call and ask me to meet him at a hotel and we would spend the next afternoon- or longer- locked in whatever room he had booked and have sex, any and all kinds.
"Oh, I like him," Shelly was saying, "he's a sweet old man. Do you think he will tie you up this time?"
The eagerness of my friend's tone was commendable, she reminded me of a kid on Christmas morning hoping for a favored present.
"I don't know Shell, what ever he wants I do." Which was true, I had very little discrepancy.
"Promise if he ties you up or does anything new you will tell me," she said, "in detail, too."
I smiled; really I was going to have to do something about her lackluster sex life soon if she didn't take care of matters personally. "Of course Shell, don't I always?"
There was a brief pause on the other end of the line. "Yes, you do. Which is why Val, I live through you."
There was a somewhat mocking tilt to her sweet voice. Frowning I was going to question her when I heard a faint wail zip across the air waves. "Shit, gotta go Jake just hit the baby with a toy. Call me later!" The line went dead ending our brief conversation.
Blowing out a breath I hit end on my Blackberry and set it back onto the bedside table. Going over the conversation in my head I thought of the various plans I had to enhance my friend's sex life, really no one needed to suffer in that department. There were so many ways to have a great sex life, with toys, with out toys, with two bed partners or more, the possibilities were endless. I just had to pick the right one and gently bring it up the next time I spoke to her.
Glaring at my clock radio it said 10 a.m. I had five hours to kill before meeting Leo in Half Moon Bay. Rising slowly from my cozy bed I made my way to the bathroom to take care of my immediate needs. Completing those tasks I fixed myself breakfast, read the news paper and was basically lazy enjoying my Sunday leisure.
One o'clock came and I quickly jumped into the shower, blew out my hair till it shined then covered my body from head to toe in lotion; the sent was Jasmine and Moonbeams.
Going to my dresser I picked out something I thought Leo would like. Bypassing the innocent white lace with pink ruffles I quickly found a deep green and black silk thong and matching corset.
Perfect.
Putting on the items I decided to accessories with black thigh high stockings which required garters. Surveying my appearance in the full length mirror in the bathroom I smiled.
My black shoulder length hair shinned, curling at the ends, my face was clean wearing the bare minimum make up- water proof mascara, a little rouge on the apples of my cheeks and coral colored

lip gloss. The mascara mad my grey eyes look smoky. My peaches and cream complexion was paler due to the black and green lingerie.
I cupped my full breasts and moaned my nipples hardened as I pinched and rolled them with my thumb and forefinger. I could feel my pussy growing wet with need as I stood there before the mirror watching myself. Images of the night to come assailed me and I couldn't wait to get to the hotel. Eying the clock it read 2:13 p.m. not enough time for a quickie. It took me half an hour or forty-five minutes to get to Half Moon Bay depending on traffic.
Groaning at the injustice I quickly through on a simple black dress- something easy to take off that didn't require a lot of hassle- grabbed my purse and was out the door.
Forty minutes later I handed my car keys to the valet and strode into the plush hotel. There in the lobby was Leo. He stood six foot three inches tall, proud wide shoulders draped in a blue dress shirt, his vine roped arms carried his forgotten jacket.
I licked my lips surveying him from top to bottom. His brown hair was cut in business fashion; there was a little gray starting at his temples which made him looked distinguished, adding charm. His powerful body was encased in a business suit, I had yet to see him in a pair of jeans or slacks, he always seemed to be coming from a business meeting. His legs were long, and I knew them to be muscular with a light dusting of hair. Instantly an image of his erect cock flashed in her minds eye. Another waves of moisture dampened my thong, at this rate the flimsy material would be no good to me.
Walking toward him I put a deliberate sway to my hips catching the eyes of the bell hop I smiled at him but didn't deter from my goal.
"Leo," I called his name softly and waited for him to turn before putting my hand on his bicep. Feeling the muscle jump my heart skipped a beat. God he looked good, every year he seemed to get better with age.
He smiled down at him, his eyes kind. "Val," my name was a whispered plea. I knew what he wanted and it killed him to admit it. With out another word I closed the distance between us and lifted up on my toes to kiss his cheek.
"Come on," I took his hand and lead him toward the elevator.
Leo pressed the up button and put his hand on the small of my back a thrill of electricity shot through me. I really did love being a whore. Nothing in the world exited me more then having a customer use my body for their ultimate pleasure.
The elevator doors opened and we stepped inside when they closed the gold walls reflected like a mirror showing of our two forms. From an outsiders view they looked like father and daughter coming back from a pleasant outing. Appearances were key after all.
Reaching the second floor the elevator ping signaling their destination. When the doors opened Leo's hand returned to the small of my back and he lead my down the right side of the hallway. Going to room number 234 he produced the credit card key and opened the door for me.
Stepping inside the room I took note of the standard- a large bed took up most of the room a couch, TV, mini fridge and French doors that lead to a view of the golf course accessorized the room.

Hearing the lock slide into place I spun around and looked at Leo.
His gaze zeroed in on my breasts instantly my heart rate picked up, my cunt pulsed with a need all its own.
Loosening his tie Leo walked toward me, I stood still gauging his mood. From the looks of him he seemed to be in a dominate frame of mind. His movements were graceful, carefully controlled as he unbuttoned his shirt, his tie now laid loosely around his shoulders. “I want a hard and fast fuck Val. I don’t want to be nice. Are you ready for me?” His voice was deadly sending shivers down my spine. Was I ready? He had to be joking. If I was any more ready I would explode with out help. “Yes,” I murmured.
“Good, get out of that dress and let me see how you prepared yourself for me.” His tone was defiant, his eyes hard, his jaw set.
Easily I slipped the dress over my head and tossed it to the side not caring where it landed. Before him I stood, shoulders straight, chin stubbornly raised as my clit screamed out for attention and my nipples beaded painfully.
“Beautiful,” he murmured, stepping toward me. He no longer wore his shirt or tie they too were forgotten on the floor. Reaching out he cupped my full breasts in his hands, squeezing them experimentally, I moaned in reaction leaning into his touch. “Take off my pants.”
Instantly I went to my knees and with trembling hands -not from fear but from eagerness they shook- I reached up and undid his belt buckle, next I undid the button to his slacks lowering the zipper my hand brushed his bold erection. Hearing a hiss I looked up. Leo was watching me intently, his blue eyes narrowed, nearly black in color. Quickly I discarded his pants, shoes and socks. He stood before me in black silk boxers, his tan body in prime shape, well toned muscles were everywhere, his shoulders, abdomen, legs, back, every thing was purely fuckable. I licked my lips waiting for my next command.
Leo brushed his hand through my hair; his lips were set in a hard line. “Remove my boxers and take my cock into your mouth.”
I did as I was told, removing his boxers I sat back on my heels and glorified in his fully erect penis. His cock was at least nine inches in length and three inches wide, the perfect combination. “May I use my hands?” I asked in a contrite tone.
“No.”
Leaning into him I licked the underside of his cock, tracing the blue vein up to his flared cockhead. Leo’s hand fisted in my hair bringing me closer to his cock he growled, “Don’t tease me right now Val.”
I winced from the bite of pain at the base of my skull. Opening my mouth wide I covered the tip of his cock with my mouth, my tongue swirled around the tip, tasting his salty pre-cum I moaned. Shutting my eyes I took more of him in. My head bobbing up and down eagerly, alternating between slow licks from the base of him to the tip I experimentally pushed my luck.
Leo would growl or moan when I hit a particularly sensitive spot, his hand would tighten in my hair encouraging me. Faster I moved, desperately I wanted to use my hands to cup his balls but he said I

couldn’t so I used my mouth, sucking and licking, biting softly when I could.
Kneeling before Leo I was incredibly turned on. My skin tingled all over, the silken corset I wore was too tight my nipples were hard pressed causing me pain. My clit pulsed with an undeniable need, my cunt screamed out to be filled with his cock.
Soon though Leo was cumming in my mouth, I drank all of his cum, licking his cock until I got every drop. When he was done spurting in my hot mouth I still held him, cradled him in the warm canvas of my mouth.
“Enough,” he said. The wildness that had been in his eyes when he first entered the room was now gone replaced with a soft glow. “Val,” he murmured his thumb brushing my bottom lip as I gazed up at him, “get up I want you to go to strip for me.”
Rocking back on my hindquarters I came into a standing position. Reaching behind me I undid the top five buttons holding my corset together and peeled it off my body. Wiggling it down my hips my breasts bounced with the movement I winced as my nipples became impossibly harder. Really this wasn’t fair; my body was in agony for a release, so hot and tight as it waited patiently for the command to cum.
Leo walked over to the bed and sat down taking his semi hard cock in his hand he began to stroke himself as he watched me.
My lips twitched in a half smile as I cupped my beasts and began playing with my nipples. Moaning my head tipped back, rolling my head around I leaned into my own touch picturing it as Leo’s hands not my own.
“Ah, baby you’re killing me.” I heard him say, his voice was strained as if he was holding himself back. Looking up I could see his tortured face, he wanted to cum again, his shaft was fully erect a droplet of pre-cum evident as he stroked himself faster.
Lowering my hands I hooked my thumbs in the waist band of my black and green thong and lowered it, kicking it off I walked toward him clad in my garter belt, stockings and stiletto heels.
“Leo I cant wait any longer I need your cock inside me. Now.” My eyes implored him as I stood between his thighs. Resting my hands on his shoulders I pushed him backwards onto the mattress. Groaning Leo released his cock long enough to move further onto the bed so as not to fall off later. Outstretched in the middle of the bed he propped himself up with an elbow, holding a hand out to me he said, “Come here Val, let me fuck you.”
I took his hand and he tugged me onto the mattress with him. He rolled over so he was on top of me, his weight was comfortable, not too heavy but pleasant as he settled between my thighs. His erection pressed into my wet pussy causing me to moan. God I wanted that cock inside me so badly. Bucking my hips I tried to get him to understand my urgency. Instead he smiled, even laughed as he kissed my shoulder. “Not yet,” he said and continued to kiss a trail down to my breasts. Taking a nipple into his hot mouth I groaned my own hand now fisting in his hair.
He seemed content to just play with my nipples, alternating between gentle sucking and hard demanding pulls, he used his teeth to nip the sensitive skin causing me to cry out in pleasure/pain.
“Please,” I begged no longer able to stand the steady pressure building between my thighs. My pussy

felt on fire and empty. “Leo please fuck me, I need you to fuck me now, hard and fast.”
Leo grunted hooking my legs under his arms, he spread me wider. Angling his cock at my entrance, he entered me with one sure thrust and I screamed.
God that felt incredible.
My nails bit into his back as I held on for the hardest ride of my life. Leo was a man possessed as he rode my pussy hard and fast. His thrusts were almost brutal as he pulled back and slammed home.
I watched his face. His eyes were closed, his lips snarling down at me, his jaw was set.
“Leo,” I gasped out feeling every ripple of pleasure retch through me like a slap. My skin was too sensitive, I was too hot, everything was magnified, touch, scent, sight. My senses were being over loaded as Leo slammed into me over and over again. My clit was still begging to be touched. “My clit Leo, play with my clit, please, let me cum.”
I was begging like an insane person and didn’t care, my body cried out for its release.
Leo took mercy on me and let go of one of my legs, his fingers found my clit and began rubbing it in agonizingly slow circles as he rotated his hips and thrust deeper inside me.
I didn’t last much longer and soon was having an orgasm of my own. The time between building orgasm and release were my favorite, it was like time was suspended and every cell in my body became alive.
“Leo.” I screamed his name and convulsed around his hard cock. Ripple after ripple tore through my womb as I felt him cumming inside me.
Leo grunted his release shaking above me then he collapsed beside me panting for air, much like myself.
Minutes later he gathered me up into his arms and kissed my forehead. With out a word we both fell asleep.