Insomniac

By SITTING

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Calvin dragged himself up out of bed for the fourth time that night. The curtains were open, the midnight-blue sky sparkling with stars as the sharp crescent of the moon shone light into his sparsely furnished hotel room. *So tired…so damn tired…* But still, someone out there held tight onto the gift of unconsciousness, refusing to bless him with it. Calvin moved to the window and looked down at the city below him. *All those people tucked away in their beds, sleeping soundly, without a damn care in the world*. For the first time, he envied them. The ones he'd always looked down on. The people who worked nine to five jobs in the process of scraping together a life for their families, desperate to get somewhere in this world. And Calvin had been there, in that unfulfilling life, of course he had. And six years later he'd succeeded; sitting at the top of his multinational company, just watching the dollars roll into his bank account.

He'd always lived for himself, nobody else. What was the point in getting married when you knew it'd end in divorce, with the lady running off with all your money? It had always been easier to just *buy* a girl to satiate his desires, to pay a couple of thousand dollars to someone who'd make him feel good and then leave, never to be seen again. That was the way he liked it. The way he'd *always* liked it. Besides, the money spent on escorts in a lifetime was probably less than the money he'd lose to some gold digging bitch anyway, wasn't it? That was his reasoning and it had always got him through. That was before he'd met Ruby. *Ruby*. Calvin subconsciously whispered the name, the memory of her resurfacing in his mind as the night wore on…

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It had started with Jackson Taylor, Calvin's best friend and companion since university. The two of them had done the same finance course, and found that they had quite a lot in common. Even now, ten years later, their lives were almost identical. Both were steadfastly opposed to marriage and long term relationships, both were financially well off and both were as selfish as each other. It was a funny sort of relationship they had, Calvin had always thought to himself, but it worked and that was

all that mattered.

It was Jackson who had directed him towards Ruby, the girl he claimed was ‘the best he’d ever had’. Calvin had almost made the mistake of asking why he planned on sharing such a girl but instead accepted the scrawled telephone number and shoved it somewhere in the depths of his blazer pocket. Did he have any intention of employing Ruby’s services? It was unlikely. He much preferred to use the escort agency he’d placed so much trust in over the last couple of years. They knew his type and so far they’d never disappointed him.

But then everything had gone wrong. His ‘appointment’ for Saturday night had cancelled on him and if that wasn’t enough, Jackson was unavailable for drinks. Calvin had dug the creased scrap of paper out of his blazer and hesitated. It wasn’t that he didn’t trust Jackson’s taste in women, but rather that he didn’t trust women as a whole. So this Ruby character may be an escort, but god knows how much she’d charge. That was the thing about random cell phone numbers. They were *wild cards*; untested territory and there was always the fear that they may indeed end up *being* wild; fanatical feminists who’d tell him what a sick pervert he was. But then again, Jackson had given his seal of approval, and being as narrow-minded as Calvin himself, the man’s opinion was definitely held in the highest regard.

Before he changed his mind, Calvin pulled out his cell, tapped in the number and waited.

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The watch on his wrist had ticked around to nine pm by the time Ruby arrived. She was punctual, he’d give her that. And she was pretty, he noticed, as he handed her a drink, very pretty in fact. But that was to be expected. She was selling herself and appearance, as every marketing nerd would have told him, was everything. But still, Calvin reasoned, prettier than most of the ladies who’d previously entertained him.

“So, how much?” She was looking in his direction as she set her glass down on the mahogany coffee table, “Only you never said.”

Calvin fumbled for just a minute before regaining his poise, “Name your price.” God, he hoped that didn’t sound too clichéd.

Ruby considered for a minute, glancing around the room, clearly noting the luxurious furnishings, before her green eyes came back to rest on his, “Five thousand.”

“Fine.” The figure was exactly what he’d had in mind but something told him he would have gladly

paid double that.

“Right. Well, I guess we’d better get to it then.” Ruby’s show of confidence carried well but Calvin could sense the apprehension beneath the perfect blonde exterior. He’d read about it in a book somewhere, read about the false composures people would take on. *While the seemingly shy may crave attention, the overly-confident are often highly insecure.* He couldn’t even remember reading that particular line but it materialised in his brain as his eyes ran over Ruby’s well-dressed figure his mind wondering just how much of a game she was playing.

But what the hell was he analysing her for? She was just another hooker in a long line of many, most certainly not the first and unless he dropped dead tonight, definitely not the last.

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Nothing was happening fast enough, Calvin thought to himself, as he watched Ruby undress, the blood rushing through his veins in eager anticipation. *Hurry up, hurry up*. She was painstakingly putting her clothes down in a neat pile beside the bed, taking all the time in the world.

“You done yet?”

She turned, eyes narrowing slightly at the impatience in his voice, “Yeah. What are you waiting for?” Her gaze dropped to the front of his pants and rested there, taking in his arousal with what looked suspiciously like amusement.

Calvin undressed hurriedly as she perched on the edge of the bed, eyes taking in his gym-toned body and hairless chest almost disdainfully.

“What’s wrong?” He dropped his shirt to the floor, raising an eyebrow. He’d never been insecure about the way he looked but Ruby was watching him as if he was some seventy year old pervert, complete with a beer belly.

“Nothing.” She tucked a strand of blonde hair behind her ear and waited, watching as he moved towards the bed until their bodies were inches apart.

“You ready?” Calvin whispered the question, avoiding eye contact.

“Yeah.” Ruby frowned, “Ready as ever. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Good.”

And finally he was on her, pulling her legs up before pushing in, fighting to relieve all the tension of the past week. And she was good. Jackson had been right, he thought in grunting pleasure, she was damn good, the way she gripped hard to him, her hot little tunnel tight and wet as she pushed back against him, using all her remaining control to make it better for him, to make him feel almost blissful. He pulled out suddenly, still breathing hard, his eyes drinking in the sight of her, his body hungry for more.

“Get on your knees.”

Ruby complied, turning around and settling herself into the new position, catching her breath as he slammed into her from behind, the feel of her satin skin fuelling him on.

His hands were on her ass, eyes watching as her fingers fumbled in the sheets, struggling to find some sort of grip as he pounded her from behind, too distracted to support her as his eyes dropped to the curve of her perfect ass.

“What are you –?” Ruby half turned, her long hair tumbling down to one side, green eyes confused as his finger found its way between her ass cheeks to rest on her untouched hole.

“I want to fuck your ass.” He panted the words out, thrusting all the while, suddenly invigorated by the spontaneous desire he had to take her, to take all of her, not just to make do with the parts on sale.

“No. No…” Ruby squirmed under his finger, her body jerking in response to his thrusts as he moved one of his hands back to cling tight to her waist.

“Please.” God, was he *pleading*? In the midst of the heat Calvin gathered his senses, refusing to relinquish control of the situation, “I mean… you’ll get more money obviously.” His finger moved downward so the tip was lubricated by the moisture covering his thrusting cock.

“I don’t want more.” Ruby gasped, half-moaning as his finger moved back to her tight little hole, circling, almost teasing before he made his offer.

“I’ll give you double.” His spare hand moved from her waist to her firm breast, squeezing, kneading as he felt himself get harder and harder inside her.

“I don’t do anal.” The words reached his ears while his finger pushed past her resisting ring, exploring, making her body clench unexpectedly before she reached around, grabbing his wrist, pulling it away, “Are you deaf?”

“Oh for gods sake!” Calvin took out his frustrations on her, slamming hard, making her scream out as her supporting arms trembled, “How much do you want? Just say it!” He slowed his thrusts marginally, enough to hear her moan out her response.

“I don’t care about the money. I already said, I don’t do-.” The last word was cut off as Calvin slammed home again, hitting her cervix in the process, his hand moving around to her clit, playing with the swollen bud as she cried out, her body shaking under his touch.

“You like that huh?” His finger pressed hard against her and he leaned forward, putting more weight on her arms, “You think you’re too good to get fucked up the ass?”

“No.” He could tell her teeth were clenched hard by the way the word came out, “I just can’t.”

“You can’t?” His finger slicked back and forth across her burning clit, “Or you won’t?” She seemed incapable of coherent speech as she mumbled out another moan, the headboard hitting the wall as he fucked her as hard as he could, “What? I didn’t quite catch that.” He leaned forward, pausing with his cock buried to the hilt as he pressed his chest against her back and dropped his head next to hers, “What’s the big problem?”

They were both panting hard, Ruby appearing somewhat relieved that the violent fucking had ceased at least momentarily. Calvin pressed his cheek to her perspiring one and whispered the question, “What’s the big problem Ruby?”

Her eyes were shut tight, her teeth clutching her lower lip as she regained control of her breathing, before responding, “I just can’t do it.” Her face tensed further as his finger rotated steadily on her throbbing clit, “Calvin, please, stop it.”

“Stop what?” He didn’t care how long persuading her took. He just had to have it. “Give in to it girl.” His mouth brushed her cheek in the first sensual gesture of the night, “Forget the whole money thing. Think about it. You’re supposed to make me feel good. I’m making you feel good, aren’t I?” His finger moved faster on her clit as if to reinforce his point, “So just give me your ass. It’ll feel fucking amazing, I swear.”

“No.” She shuddered out the word, “I can’t.”

“Fine.” Calvin straightened up, the scorching anger inside him evaporating the tender moment all too conveniently, “Fine.” And then he was fucking her again, his hand moving away from her protesting clit, as he gripped her waist with both hands, no longer caring about what she felt or what she thought

about him. He was paying her to get himself off and suddenly that seemed like his sole ambition for the next couple of minutes. *Little bitch*, he snarled in his mind, not daring to say the words out loud as he pounded her good and hard, not caring how she struggled for breath, or how she shook beneath him, *you're a stubborn little bitch*. "Is this worth it?" His fingers were digging into her slim waist, surely leaving imprints behind but he didn't care. Suddenly he didn't care how he hurt her, or how loud she cried out; she was the first girl to turn him down and it felt worse than he would have imagined. "Is this worth it, bitch?"

She either couldn't hear the insult between the sounds of their sex or she didn't have the spare energy to respond but that didn't stop him driving in further and further until he was all set to explode.

"Five thousand dollars, huh?" He spat out the figure with relish, his hand grabbing her shoulder and pulling her up against his body, "How far is that gonna go then? Could have been double. Triple even." Hell, he would have given a small fortune to have fucked that tight little ass but no, she had to be so fucking obstinate, the stupid whore. "What you gonna do with it? Buy some jewellery? Huh?"

She was shaking against his solid torso, sucking in oxygen, doing her best to absorb his anger even as further profanities spewed from his panting mouth, "What difference does it make? You're a slut either way, you hear me? As if getting fucked in the ass makes a big difference. Stupid fucking whore." He paused for effect, "Cos that's what you are, isn't it? When it comes down to it. At the end of the day that's all you are. A dirty little *whore*."

She winced; more at his words than his thrusts, as he continued ranting out his frustration until eventually he seemed to have run out of insults, his hand moving from her shoulder to her breast, gripping it hard as he let out a drawn out roar of satisfaction, shooting up into her exhausted body, his hands releasing her as his weight came crashing down, pushing them both hard into the bed. He slumped on top of her, the exhilaration rushing through his body, wave after delicious wave, until it was over and the tension slowly seeped away. With a satiated sigh, he withdrew; rolling over, his eyes closing as he slowly felt himself relax on the cool sheets. Thank god for sex, he thought in blissful peace, thank god there was something to take away all the stress built up during the week. He lay there, his cock slowly softening, the sweat prickling on his body as he let out a long sigh. Fucking amazing.

It was a couple of seconds before he remembered he wasn't alone and the freshly made memories suddenly swept through his mind, replacing the pleasure with an increasing sense of guilt, a feeling of shame as he recalled just what had happened in the heat of his arousal. He glanced to the side. Ruby's face was buried in the pillow, her flawless body shining with sweat, the soft sound of her breathing reaching his ears.

Almost as if she sensed his eyes, she was on her feet, pointedly not meeting his stare as she dressed, her external composure betrayed by the trembling fingers as she struggled to button her blouse.

“Here.” Calvin stood up, moved across the room in an attempt to help her but one look from her guarded eyes reinforced the guilt stirring in his stomach and he stood, feeling almost exposed, trying in vain not to think about all the things he’d said to her.

All too soon, she was dressed, purse clutched tight in one hand as she ran her fingers through her hair, taming it back into a manageable mess.

Calvin cleared his throat awkwardly, before remembering the money and he turned, pulled open his drawer and pulled out a couple of bundles, “I guess I should give you a bit more.” He fumbled, “I mean, I just… I…uh… the thing is…” He shook his head and looked at her, “Look how much do you want? Have it. Just take it all.” He paused, the beginnings of repentance hovering on his lips but he was too good for that. Calvin Goldsmith *never* said sorry. “Ruby, just…please just… take it all.” Anything, he would have given *anything* to be forgiven for the insults that he’d hurled from his mouth.

Ruby stepped forward, looked at the neatly packed banknotes, her emerald eyes staring at Benjamin Franklins face before she turned her attention to Calvin.

“Thanks.” She was so controlled; he couldn’t help but envy her as she unzipped her purse and proceeded to haphazardly cram the money in. “This’ll go a long way.” Her confidence seemed to have returned, fuelled by Calvin’s own lack of self-assurance, and she smiled, “Maybe I can give up this sort of work for a while.” She shrugged and laughed lightly, “After all, no-one wants to be a *whore* forever, do they?” The clear green eyes held his shamefaced gaze for a second and then she was moving to the door without a backward glance. And that made it even worse. Maybe she was waiting for him to apologise, to say something that would stop her from leaving but by the time the words arrived in Calvin’s mouth, Ruby had left, the door closing quietly behind her.

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It was a painful memory to relive, Calvin thought, as he came back down to earth, unable to forget the green eyes that still burned vividly into his brain. The worst part about the whole affair was that he didn’t even know *why* he felt bad. Ruby had taken the money, hadn’t she? It wasn’t as if she’d run out of the room crying her eyes out. She was fine, she was happy, her bank account must have been overjoyed but he still felt ashamed.

No matter how many times he’d showered, there was still some insane idea inside him that he was

unclean. It was stupid, god, he *knew* it was stupid but he couldn't help feeling that his actions had soiled something inside him, had gone deeper than the painstakingly groomed surface, to wreak havoc upon his very soul. Calvin almost laughed at his own dramatic thoughts before the solemn mindset of weariness overtook him again. Did he even have a soul? Or had that invisible part of him been sold, long ago, to some evil Lower Power? Because that was how it felt. Even with all the money he'd got his hands on, all the good things that had come to him, some part of him still felt incomplete. Some part he'd disposed of in return for the high life. In return for the designer suits, the exotic vacations, the fast cars, the country mansions and the escorts. The *escorts*.

But now he felt like he was paying for it. He hadn't slept for a week and it had caused more chaos than he would have expected. A tired brain and body meant he was forgetting things and the paperwork in his office had gradually stacked into a mountainous pile. He had no energy, no motivation, and no idea where his life was headed. A week ago he would have simply lived in the moment, done as he pleased, but now he felt like there was no point. He'd achieved all his dreams but the future was bleak. And that was depressing.

The soft orange of dawn had begun to rise beyond the grey landscape. Another unfulfilling day awaited him. There was no meaning to his life and all of a sudden, Calvin desperately wanted that meaning.

Without quite knowing why, he rummaged in his jacket pocket, pens, receipts and loose coins falling to the hardwood floor until he emerged with the scrawled number Jackson had provided him with. Before he changed his mind he picked up his cell and tapped in the digits. He had no idea what he was going to say but for some reason, Ruby seemed like his only remaining hope for a meaningful life.

To be continued…

Note: I've been meaning to do a dedication for absolutely ages but I can't name all of you, so I'll just go for a couple; tashitasha, virginalviet, jennyontop, the three John's (lol, that's flytoomuch, playsit, and talentedtongue), divorcedjojo, seeks, philanders, natureboy, scottg, caligurl77, ladyx, sweetascandy, boredomsufferer…and everyone else too! So thanks for being so nice and inspiring me. Oh, and erm… I forgot, Mr Jim Brightside too!

All feedback appreciated