

As Fate Would Have It

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A Chance Encounter With An Old Friend.

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Hi all, I hope that you're all enjoying summer. As I told you before, I'm working for an escort service weekend nights until after Labor Day, then I go back to the shop. My ex has the boys all this week, so I'll be able to work every night. I've been doing well, about 4 or 5 calls a night. I'm enjoying myself. This past Saturday night I had an interesting call. I'm sure that, by my title, you can figure it out. I chose to write about it. When I was in high school, I was just a normal girl. Not real popular but I had friends. I wasn't a jock, or a nerd, just your typical, boy crazy high school girl. I had a small group of friends that I hung out with, both in and out of school. There was really not a lot of sex between all of us. I had a few boyfriends, so did the other girls. My best male friend was a boy named Steve. We had grown up near each other and always went to the same schools. He was a bit protective of me, sort of like a big brother. He dated my friend Lynn in high school, and when prom night rolled around, I didn't have a date, so he hooked me up with his cousin Jay. This is what I mean by protective. After the prom, the 4 of us rented motel rooms. Lynn told me that, about a week later, all the guys were hanging out. Jay was bragging about taking this girl to the prom. According to Lynn, at one point he said, "I fucked the shit out of the little slut." Obviously, it was me he was talking about. Lynn told me that when Steve found out, he got very angry, telling Jay to shut up or he'd kick his ass, and that I was his friend. When Steve was 19, he enlisted in the Marine Corps. It broke my heart because he was very close. We gradually lost contact over time, and over the years, I tried to locate him. About 4 years ago, I was told that he was married, had 4 kids, and was living in Arizona. Ok, on with the story. This past Saturday night, I received a call from the service to meet a client. It would be 450 dollars for 90 minutes. The client told them that he wanted a sexy, older woman in her late 30's or early 40's, so they called me. I was to meet him at a motel, which was over an hour away. Because of that, I considered turning the date down. He wanted me there at 11 o'clock, which meant I'd have a long drive, late at night, when the date ended. My service told me that I'd be reimbursed for gas, and that I'd be given another call later. I decided to accept it. After driving for an hour, I arrived at the motel. It was on a main road with numerous other motels. As I arrived, I found it to be my kind of place. All of the doors were on the outside, there were numerous cars in lot, it was a fuck motel. He was in room 24, the last room on the floor. When I knocked on the door, he asked me to come in. I entered the room and closed the door, as I turned around, he emerged from the bathroom. When I saw him, my

jaw dropped. "Oh..my..god," I said, as my face turned red from embarrassment. "Sarah?" he asked, with a puzzled look on his face. I collapsed in the chair and responded. "Hello Steve." After the initial shock wore off, I gave Steve a big hug. I cried a little after I told him how much I had missed him. We chatted for a bit, talking about the past, and what we've done since we last saw each other. Then, all of a sudden, dead silence. This was an uncomfortable situation, for both of us. We had a huge problem, what do we do? I had never even considered fucking Steve in high school, but often wondered what it would have been like if I had. It turns out that Steve did 4 years in the Marines, when he was stationed in California, he met this woman and married her. Just over a year ago, they divorced and he decided to move back east. He started his own business and works a lot. He actually told me that he's used the service before. "Ok," I said, "now what?" as I looked at him. "Well, you drove all this way Sarah," he said. "It's up to you, I could get another girl if you're uncomfortable." "No..no," I said. "Are you up for it?" "Yes," he said. I then apologized, telling him that I had to call the service and tell them that I had arrived. This was very awkward. I had to charge my best friend in high school for a fuck. It made me feel bad, but I knew that I couldn't turn the date down now. As I hung up the phone, Steve handed me 450 dollars in an envelope. I was so embarrassed taking it, I felt a bit ashamed. "I'm sorry," I said to him. "Don't be sorry Sarah, if you're uncomfortable with this, we don't need to have sex," he said. "We can just hang out if you want, the service will never know." "Absolutely not!" I proclaimed. "If you pay me for something, you get it." I walked over to him and kissed his cheek. I looked him in the eye and said, "Lynn always said that you were a good fuck, I'm curious to see if she was right." I began to unbutton my blouse. "Plus, I'm in the mood." Steve and I had never seen each other naked, so I think that we were both a bit nervous. This was the first time. We were both almost 20 years older since the last time we even saw each other. I had gained a little weight, I now have tattoos, I didn't know what he'd think. Thank God that is was a 90 minute appointment because we had just spent 20 minutes chatting, now it was time for fun. I never look at a date as "business." I always try to have fun with the client, satisfy them. I enjoy getting men off. Watching a cock shoot a load of cum is a huge turn on for me. Now, service rules require condoms, but because we knew each other, we agreed not to use them, which is fine by me. Session 1 After I got naked, I turned and Steve was lying on the bed. He looked good, he was a bit heavier but still in decent shape. His cock was average size, cut and thick. I straddled his legs, poured cherry lube on it, and gently began stroking. I was talking dirty to him and he seemed a bit shocked by that. "What wrong?" I asked. "There are people in the next room," he said "I don't want them to hear us." I chuckled. "I don't think that they care about us, and I certainly don't care about them." I looked at him and continued, "I'm sure that they're here to fuck too." I bent over and began slowly sucking, after a few moments, I spoke to him again. "It's ok to get vocal Steve, please be yourself, forget that it's me and where you are, just enjoy it." Normally, on a date that is between 90 minutes and 2 hours long, I try to make the guy cum twice. I wasn't sure that I could do that this time, but I was going to try. In spite of the fact that Steve was nervous, he got hard in my mouth very quickly. Giving a man a long, sensual blowjob before sex is something that I enjoy doing, but here I had time constraints, and I wanted to fuck. I also wanted to make him cum twice, so I got right down to it. I grabbed his cock and

sat on it, letting out a slight moan as it entered me. I put my hands on his chest and started grinding on his cock, I rode him like this for a few minutes. He was looking up at me, his hands occasionally grabbing my tits. I began to grind a bit faster. After a moment, I decided to change positions. I turned around to reverse cowgirl, spread my legs with my feet on the bed, and put his cock into me again. "Fuck me, Steve," I said. He wasted no time, using fast and powerful upward thrusts, he started fucking me very hard. Our skin slapped together and my tits bounced up and down as he ripped into me. "Fuck me!!" I demanded. He pulled my body down back on to his and went even faster. "OH..FUCK," I screamed. He did that for about 30 seconds or so, enough time for me to have a body wrenching orgasm, then he stopped. He looked at me and said, "Get on your back." I got on my back, put two pillows under my head and spread my legs, with my knees bent. Steve grabbed his cock, put it in my vagina, and began pumping away. Now, in the motel, the headboard is actually a separate piece mounted on the wall, with a pad. The mattress and box spring were separate as well. It was a cheap queen sized bed, with a metal frame and old box spring. It squeaked loudly as he pumped away. I wanted Steve to cum relatively quickly because I wanted to try to make him cum twice, as I always do on a date that's 90 minutes to 2 hours long. We had already spent 20 minutes in beginning catching up on old times, so I decided to talk to him, try to turn him on more. "Fuck me baby," I said as I looked into his eyes. "Fuck me." It seemed to work, he began pumping harder. "Give it to me baby, give me that hard cock," I said. He began pumping very hard, my hands were on his waist, my legs opened wide. Lynn was right, Steve was a good fuck. The bed strained under our bodies, squeaking loudly and hitting the wall, but I wanted it harder. "Fuck me hard, Steve," I said. He pushed my legs back with my feet behind me and began pumping very hard, I could tell that he was close, and he was giving me a hard fuck. I screamed, "YES..BABY..FUCK MY PUSSY." He pumped away, pile driving my ass on to the mattress for about a minute. I saw his facial expression change, I knew he was close. He began moaning and breathing heavy. "Cum for me baby, cum for me," I said. "Oh God..Sarah." I abruptly interrupted him. "Let me see that hard cock cum," I said. After 5 or 6 more thrusts, he pulled out, stroked his cock for a bit then let out a loud moan as he shot his cum all over my belly. "Jesus..Sarah," he said. I got up and went into bathroom to clean up, when I came out, he was getting dressed. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Well," he said, "We only have 15 minutes left, why." "Because sweetie," I replied, "I'm not done yet." Session 2 It was now 12:15 a.m. I called my service to tell them that I was done and to see if I had another call. The told me that I had a 2:15 a.m.call to give a massage at a private residence, so I realized that, with the drive that I had, I could stay a little longer. I told him that I didn't have to leave yet and to get naked and relax. I lay on the bed next to him and we began chatting again for about 10 minutes or so. We kissed and cuddled, all the while the couple in the next room had started fucking, and we could hear it quite clearly. "Pretty thin walls here, huh," I said. "I guess so," Steve replied. "Listening to people fuck makes me so horny," I said, as I kissed him. I reached down and gently started rubbing his cock again, it was lying against his pelvis and was rubbing it with one finger. "What's up?" he asked. I replied, "What's up is.." with a brief pause, "I'm going to make you cum again, so stay right there." I walked over to my bag, and got my bottle of baby oil that I always carry with me. I lay down next to him, on my right side, poured the

oil, and started stroking his cock. We could hear the bed in the next room squeaking and the girl talking dirty, they were really going at it. That turned me on even more, and obviously, Steve too because he was hard again. I alternated between slow long strokes and short quick ones, occasionally licking his chest. "Do you like that?" I asked. "Yes," he replied. "Mmm, nice hard cock," I replied. "Are you gonna cum for me?" "Yes," he responded. Suddenly, after a moment of silence, we heard loud skin slapping coming from the next room. He was hammering away at the poor girl and she was loving it. Steve's cock got harder and harder. I straddled him and began using 2 hands. I began talking in a voice louder than normal. "I want you to cum for me baby," I said, "I want to see that big cock cum." Steve's body began to writhe beneath me, he was close. I stroked faster and faster, talking to Steve and listening to the girl in the next room get hammered. "Come on baby, I can feel it, come on," I said. I stuck a finger of my left hand deep into his ass and stroked furiously. "God, Sarah, you're gonna make me cum," he said. Just then, the girl in the next room screamed, "I'm cumming." I pointed his cock straight up. "Cum baby, cum. Let me see it." Then, in a loud voice, I demanded. "CUM!!!" He turned his head sideways as I watched his cock erupt, a big stream of cum exited the head violently. My eyes widened as I watched, continuing to stroke. "More, give me more," I said. A few more little streams came out and ran down his cock onto my hand. I released his cock and looked at him with a sexy, little smirk. "I bet you didn't think this would happen tonight, did you?" I asked. He shook his head in reply. "Neither did I," I said. I gave a quick glance at the clock and saw that it was almost one o'clock. "Oh shit," I said, "I have to get going." I washed up a bit and got dressed. Before I left, Steve had mentioned about hooking up again. I told him that I would love to have a friend that I could have sex with on occasion. No strings, just hang out and fuck. I told him that I wasn't going to stop what I was doing because I like it too much, and if he didn't have a problem with it, then we could be "fuck buddies." He agreed and we exchanged phone numbers. I'll certainly give him a call. Take care, see you soon.