

The Gigolo

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Laura is rich, successful, single and bored, until she engages Raoul, a Latino gigolo

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Laura puckered her lips as she applied the eyeliner. For years she'd had no idea why she puckered up when she put on eyeliner until a friend had questioned her about it several months ago. It had taken her three weeks of casual pondering before she suddenly realized there was no real reason for it. Her mother had always pouted when she put on makeup and she had passed the habit onto her only daughter. Laura in turn had passed it onto her three daughters. Her long blonde hair was beginning to turn gray around her ears, but a trip to the hairdressers had seen highlights taking care of the gray. She loved her hairdresser, he was young, sophisticated and every time he bent over she could see the imprint of his underpants. Sadly Michael was as gay as they come, something she had almost shed a tear over when she found out. Why were all the nicest looking men gay, married or otherwise indisposed? She checked her reflection one last time as she heard the tires crunching over the gravel driveway. The peach-colored, silk charmeuse blouse was immaculately cut, the billowing sleeves fastened with deep cuffs. The black slacks clung to her tight buttocks, childbearing had done its damage but a vigorous exercise regime had kept the pounds off. Her face was almost free of blemishes, her blue eyes were clear and bright and if not for the chapped fingers and crows feet, she could have passed for thirty eight instead of forty eight. The phone rang and she picked it up. "Laura McMartin speaking." "It's Raoul," the Spanish accent brought a smile to her lips. "Michael's friend?" "Si," he replied. "The door's open," she tugged at the collar of her blouse, "I'm in the bedroom." Laura stared at her reflection one last time. Raoul was Michael's friend, the next best thing to perfection, according to Michael. She doubted him but after an afternoon at the local tennis club where she had kept him in drinks she had finally agreed to meet his friend, Raoul. "He's broken my heart," he confessed drunkenly, "I thought there was a chance I could turn him, but he's straight, can you believe that? How could any man resist me?" "I'm glad some can, darling," she patted his wrist gently, "you can't have every man you meet." Michael just pouted into his Chablis, leaving Laura to ponder the mystery that was Raoul. "Tell me about Raoul," she ran her finger around the rim of her goblet, "I mean, if I was to ring him and offer him money to shag me senseless, what would he say?" "For a

start you wouldn't say that," he cautioned her, "you would say that Michael had referred you to him because he would be able to fix a minor plumbing problem for you, if you come right out and say it without him knowing who you are, he might think it's a sting." "So what's his situation?" "He's a student," he shrugged, "studying art, new media, and photography, and working part time as a waiter; he worked in salons for a few years but decided that art was more enjoyable than fussing with people's hair. He does a bit of relief work at the salon now and then but I don't think he's been there at the same time as you." "And he can be trusted, he's not," she stared out the window of the café, trying to find the words. "He's not the clichéd gigolo," he smiled, "I suggested he get into this line of work after seeing how the women melted under his hands, it earns him a sizable income and Raoul is without a doubt one of the nicest men you could ever meet. I don't know who his clients are, but he moves in your kind of circles though." "Publishing?" "I don't know about that, but I suspect he's had a few high flying businesswomen along with politicians, I could swear he's done some of my clients, and you know I only deal with the rich and shameless," Michael fluffed out his hair and smiled. "Such a waste that he will never warm my bed, but we can always hope can't we?" he patted her hand and his bottom lip dropped. "Please put in a good word for me?" "Of course," she stared past him smilingly her mind in a whirl as she contemplated the act, a Latino lover, now that would put a spring in her step. "How much will this cost?" "Standard rate is three hundred," he replied, "an hour." "Sounds good," she swilled the wine in the goblet and sniffed it, the wine was expensive but it was her own money she was spending. She could afford to spend money on expensive wine and sex, her personal income from the string of magazines and publishing companies she owned meant she didn't have to work ever again. Laura however was a workaholic, one of the reasons her marriage had broken down. She had tried dating recently but it was hard to find the right man; they either turned a whiter shade of pale when they discovered her bank balance or latched onto her like a drowning man clings to a lifesaver. So difficult to find the man who would treat her like an equal. Michael had left shortly after, the number written on a piece of paper was an East End number. She had called a few days later and waited with bated breath for the phone to answer. "Hallo?" "Raoul?" "Speaking," he replied. "It's Laura McMartin, a friend of Michael, hairdresser Michael." "I see?" "I was wondering," she held her breath. "What?" "Michael said you might be able to help me with a small plumbing problem, I need someone with a little discretion." "I see," he replied, "my standard fee is three hundred pounds, but discretion carries a twenty five percent increase." "Three hundred and seventy five pounds, and is that for an hour?" Laura stroked her hair, "I'm sorry but I'm a little new at this." "No problem," he reassured her, "I did not know that, let me suggest we drop the twenty five percent and make it for fifty minutes instead of the usual hour?" "How very generous of you," she smiled. "It makes for good repeat business," he paused, "now, you have a time in mind?" "Tomorrow afternoon, between three and half four?" "Perfect, I had to cancel a booking this morning, you will save my bacon as they say." Laura had fantasized about the exotic accent that next morning as she sat in Michael's salon and let him go to work on her hair. "I want to look twenty years younger," she had told him. "And here was I thinking it was going to be a miserable day," he fluffed out her hair, "my job has never been easier." "I called Raoul last night," she casually informed him a few minutes later. "I know," he teased out a lock

of hair, “he rang last night to check you were a friend of mine, I put in a good word for you.” “I’m so nervous,” she patted her breasts, “what do I do when he comes?” “Scream for mercy?” She giggled. “Sorry,” he snipped carefully, “it is your fantasy, the role of a sex worker is to fulfill your fantasy, whatever that may be, if you want to be spanked like a naughty little girl he will do it, but he will charge extra for the privilege,” he plucked at another lock. “Oh,” she gulped, “I’ve never been spanked before.” “You should try it,” he sighed, “I was spanked last night, it was sheer,” he stared into the mirror and smirked, “bliss.” He smiled warmly. “Look at you, you’re glowing already, this could be the start of a brand new phase. If you give me a full report of his vital statistics I’ll do your hair for free next week.” Laura had slapped his hands playfully. “Shut up or I’ll tie you to the bed and spank you.” Even Michael had winced at that. It had seemed perfectly okay to sit and talk about it a few hours ago but now that the time had arrived, Laura had found her courage beginning to evaporate. She could hear him ascending the stairs and her heart skipped a beat as she heard him stop in the hallway. For a moment she considered changing her mind but then she set the brush down and called out softly. “In here.” Laura had fantasized about Raoul for the last few hours, but nothing could prepare her for the sight that greeted her eyes a few seconds later as the tall, handsome man stepped into her bedroom. His eyes were a soft brown and expressive, his cheekbones wide, leading to a firm chin and gently curving lips that looked almost feminine; when he smiled his teeth were dazzlingly white. The coal-black hair just nudging the collar of his white shirt had been recently styled. Her eyes fell to his crotch and she managed a smile, he looked to be well hung and when he stopped at her side she caught the aroma of expensive cologne. In his hand he held a single rose and she smiled as he advanced towards her and dragged the petals across her face. “A rose for a rose?” Long, dainty fingers slid up her neck to her cheek and she shivered, “Michael said you were a beauty but he did not mention you were a goddess as well.” “Stop,” she smiled. “You have the money?” “Yes,” she glanced at the envelope, “you can count it if you like.” “We usually do,” he picked up the envelope, “some clients get upset, but it is not as if we can appeal to the authorities if we are short changed, prostitution is illegal in the United Kingdom.” “A shame,” she pursed her lips as he checked the money, “I think it would save a few marriages if we were able to satisfy our urges with prostitutes.” “You have a husband?” “Ex husband,” she smirked, “we’ve been officially divorced for the last four years, but the last time we made love was about eight and a half years ago and I was too drunk to remember it.” “A shame,” he slid his fingers behind her collar and caressed her neck and throat, “such a beautiful woman, such a woman should be loved as if there were no tomorrow.” He stopped at the top button and looked down at her. “What is your fantasy?” She stared at her reflection as he undid the button, her mind had gone blank. “We will start the clock now if you like,” he parted the blouse, “some clients for the first time are unsure, so I play a little game,” he tickled her skin. Laura swallowed. “I ask what turns them on and we just go with the flow as you say here,” he slid his fingers up the blouse to her collar and inched his fingers under her blouse and began stroking her shoulders. Laura murmured with pleasure as he worked her shoulders. “Funny you should say that,” she murmured, “a blank canvas is what springs to mind right now.” “I know about blank canvases,” he bunched his fingers up and tickled her with spider like movements. A shiver ran down her spine as he

walked his fingers back and forward along her shoulders, his featherlight touching stimulated the delicate nerve endings in her skin. Her eyes closed in bliss as she leaned back and let him work. The next button came undone and she felt his fingers sliding further down, breaking free of the blouse and circling her breasts, which soon cried out for release as he gently tweaked them. She sighed heavily as he undid another button and parted her blouse a little more. The silk was now stretched tightly as he worked it over her shoulders. His teasing fingers danced up and down her front, her sighs grew deeper, she longed to be free of the blouse, her nipples were hardening and she suddenly exhaled. "Oh God, oh God." The button popped loose to reveal her ivory-colored basque, bought that morning on impulse. He undid another two buttons ever so slowly and let the blouse fall down to her waist. She opened her eyes and looked up soulfully, unable to cry out as he massaged her shoulders with soft, sensual movements that started as circular strokes, becoming elongated and extending across her shoulders, down her back and up over her sides to her front. Her breasts were gently kneaded and she leaned back and sighed blissfully as he undid the last few buttons and inched the blouse out from her slacks. His cock was pressed against her back as he worked her breasts through the viscose blended material of the basque, using the material to aid his passage over her front. She was sighing deeply now, letting the feeling take her as he slowly spun her around to face him. She slid her hands up his front and he kissed her hands, drawing her fingers into his mouth as he undid the four buttons on each cuff, the sleeves slid down her arms and he began kissing her wrists with soft, sucking kisses. Laura shivered with delight and dropping her hands, let the blouse fall to the floor. Laura looked up in awe at his muscular body. God, she had not seen such a magnificent specimen in years and definitely not like this. She ran her hands down his torso and explored his muscles, the pectorals were firm, his nipples hard and that six pack, did such things exist? She popped the buttons free one by one, a stupid grin on her face as she opened up his shirt and tickled his smooth well tanned skin. "You like?" "I love," she slid her hands up to his shoulders and taking them firmly, he sucked her fingers one by one, savaging her wrists with soft, biting kisses that sent her senses reeling. The last man to even come close to this kind of foreplay had been an old friend, if he hadn't been married to one of her closest friends, she would have considered his generous offer of a regular gig. She rose and putting her arms around him, kissed his chest daintily. "Is this allowed?" she suddenly pulled back. "If it is your fantasy then yes, it is allowed." "I heard somewhere that it isn't." "You have seen too many bad movies," he turned and taking her hand, led her to the bed. Laura stared at his buttocks, and when they reached the bed, she grabbed them firmly and bit his shoulders gently. "Oh God," she murmured, "you are exquisite." "Your pleasure is my command." He swung around behind her and sliding his hands down her front, massaged her labia firmly through the slacks, she squirmed with pleasure, feeling his cock against her back passage and then she felt the button pop loose and the zipper sliding down. "Go down on me," she whimpered as his fingers slid down over her panties. She was getting moist and he tested her delicately and satisfied she was not needing assistance, pulled the trousers over her hips and down her legs. She stepped out of them and unsnapped the suspenders. She felt his breath against her pubic mound as he knelt in front of her and then he was tugging her panties down to expose the black patch of hair between her legs.

Laura's eyes widened with pleasure as his tongue flicked over her engorged lips and a primal grunt escaped her pounding throat. A moment later he placed her hands on his head and moved closer. His tongue started at her clitoris and sliding the hood back, he grasped the delicate little organ between his lips and pulled at it. His tongue flicked over with firm brushing strokes that sent her into a momentary blackness. The delicious sensations surging through her body brought a shudder to her spine but before she could cry out, he was sliding his fingers up and down her labia, parting her lips and sliding inside. She cried out with pleasure as he kept working her clitoris, keeping up a rhythm, only pausing to let her collapse onto the bed, her legs had become like jelly, she felt her pussy walls constricting and then she was pushing in and out, her fingers wrapped firmly around his head as she began to climax. The warmth spread through her belly and moved upwards and downwards at the same time as her breathing became ragged and uncontrolled, he was driving her higher and higher until suddenly she cried out. "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, oh fuck, oh you are so fucking beautiful, oh fuck, fuck, fuck." The obscenities kept raining down on his beautiful head as he attacked her clitoris mercilessly until she finally pushed him away, her heart was pounding, white spots swam before her eyes and she pushed herself backwards and collapsed onto her back. "Oh fuck, fuck, oh you are fucking beautiful," she panted. "You are satisfied?" She stared into his angelic face and grinned. "Very satisfied, you've definitely got repeat business." "There is just one eensy weensy problemo," he smiled as he moved onto the bed beside her and began to untie the basque. "What?" she looked over her shoulder. "We still have twenty minutes to go." "Oh," she stroked his face, "well there is one fantasy I have been saving for a special occasion." "What is that?" he loosened the basque enough to slide it over her head. "I've always fancied rear entry, but never managed to do it like that." "Oh," he grinned, "now that we can arrange." He undid the rest of his shirt and let it fall to the floor. Laura's eyes were fixed on the bulge between his legs as he undid his trousers and let his penis stand erect. It was big but not too big and she managed a chuckle as he stepped out of his trousers and worked his boxer shorts over his cock. The head was glistening with pre cum and she whimpered with anticipation. "Be gentle?" "Always, my little English rose," he leaned forward and kissed her vulva gently, "you would like to play with a dildo while I do the bucking bronco on your ass?" Laura sighed with pleasure. "Top drawer," she nodded at the bedside cabinet, "there's condoms in there as well as lubricant." "I have my own heavy duty condoms for rear entry, we will use the lubricant though." Laura took the dildo from him a minute later and knelt on all fours, but he forced her to turn around and grab the bedhead. "I can do it for you," he bit her shoulders, "just relax your muscles, I have to stretch them." Laura had always thought the doggy position would hurt, but Raoul knew his stuff. He worked her back opening slowly with plenty of lubricant, until she began to move up and down. The dildo started up and began teasing her lips while he painted her anus with his cock. She closed her eyes and let him slide the dildo inside her pussy. Her legs turned to jelly and then she felt something large sliding up her back passage. She tightened up at first but then she felt lubricated fingers working her lips and instinct took over. She parted her legs wider and then he was sliding further in. A grunt escaped her lips, and then she felt pain, he was trying to split her in two. She tried to scream but then he removed his cock and began moving his finger in and out, slowly opening her while he

masturbated her with his fingers and the dildo. She was beginning to climax once more and then she felt the cock sliding up her, she screamed in agony and then he rammed it home and she gagged. It slid out a moment later and then in again, slowly upwards while the dildo worked its effortless magic on her pussy. She felt her legs weakening and the shudder went through her body and then he was inside again and this time she cried out. "Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop, fuck me harder." He obeyed. She was vaguely aware of something dripping down her thighs and she grabbed the rails tightly and let go, allowing him to fuck her back passage. His breathing was getting labored and then she was quivering and shaking uncontrollably, salty tears ran down her cheeks as the pressure on her rear passage increased. She felt him pumping harder and harder a few moments later, but by this time she was floating as her orgasm started and kept going and going. Her heart was pounding, thumping violently against her chest cavity. Her legs were shaking, her body was going into spasms and she screamed with pleasure. He was breathing heavily as he dumped his load into the condom and then suddenly relaxed and withdrew slowly. She grabbed the dildo from him and fucked herself harder and harder, bringing on two more subsequent orgasms while he held her tightly stroked her buttocks and drawing against his body, rubbed her lips and bit her shoulders gently. She felt like she was floating on a tidal wave, spots swam before her and then there was nothing. The tidal wave abated slowly but eventually he was laying her onto her back while she stared at the bed. Her body was covered in sweat and she patted her chest as she caught her breath, a solitary tear ran down her cheek. "So, how am I compared to other clients?" "You are much better looking than other clients," he smiled. She frowned, was he telling the truth? "I am supposed to say that," he traced his finger up to her pubic hair, "but in your case you are quite good looking, I am surprised that one as beautiful as you pays for sex." "Let's just say," she sat up and sliding forward, picked up a packet of cigarettes, "that right now it's convenient, I can enjoy sex without having to worry about cleaning up a man's dirty toenail clippings in three months time." "Ah," he smiled, "now that I understand." "You mentioned repeat business," she lit a cigarette, "how much do you charge for repeat business?" "It depends on the fringe benefits," he replied, "for straight sex it is three hundred an hour, but if dinner or a night in a hotel is included then it can go lower but no less than two hundred." She frowned. "I have to see one of my daughters in Edinburgh next weekend, what would you charge for a weekend in a hotel?" "Hmm," he leaned on the bed and stared at the wall, "a whole weekend?" "Yes," she stroked herself absently, "it includes dinner, you have to wear a kilt but I'd hire that for you, and we have a function to attend. My daughter's graduation dinner, lots of potential clients there, let's just say that I can see your talents and am prepared to recommend you to some of my other friends." "Five hundred," he eventually replied, "although if I can meet more clients I'll drop it by twenty percent for each client." "Interesting proposition," she giggled, "okay, I'll be your pimp and customer, as long as we're discreet," she stroked his face, "and what about those little gifts." "Gifts," he stared straight ahead. "Yes," she replied, "like if I take you shopping." "We can negotiate," he squeezed her leg, "I am not exclusive but as long as the money is there, I am your man as they say." "I hope so," she mused and sat up, "meet me here at midday Friday, we fly up and we'll be back on Monday morning." "Deal," he kissed her gently. He left soon afterwards and Laura sighed blissfully as she stared at the ceiling.

Five hundred pounds for a weekend of sex? It was small change for her but at least she wouldn't have to worry about cleaning up his dirty toenail clippings. Michael answered on the second ring and she smiled as she sat up and spread her legs seductively. "Oh it's me, your favorite sexpot." "Laura," he gushed, "I thought it was my beau." "Fat chance," she rubbed herself, "well, he's about six inches long, very firm and he has a six pack to die for," she smiled. "Oh my," he sighed, "would he ever consider a threesome?" "Maybe," she settled into her pillows, "we're heading to Edinburgh for my daughter's graduation party, five hundred pounds and he's all mine for the whole weekend." "So," she continued without drawing breath, "I gave you his dimensions, do I get my hair done for free this week?" "I'll book you in first thing in the morning," he replied, "I'll give you a whole year of free haircuts if you can convince him to do a threesome." "Let me work on it," she picked up her dildo. She closed her eyes blissfully as she farewelled him and put the dildo down. She had all she needed, financial freedom, no husband, a hot Latino lover and a gushing hairdresser; it was time to explore her newfound freedom. Woo hoo! Let the good times roll! Written by Alastair Rosie