

CHAPTER 4

MARCH 4 THRU MARCH 17

March 4, 2004

I'm back at the brothel. I was getting a little bored at home. And I get low on money when I'm gone. I thought about doing something while at home to earn money. The only problem with that is I end up spending it not making anything. I'd have to feel it's a sure thing. Prostitution is the only thing that I have been able to make decent money at. The doctor's here; I have to go.

While I was in line for the doctor's one of the girls left her rolling papers and her bag of weed in the hall. When I am here at the brothel I get bored and can't wait to get home. This trip is a little harder because I quit smoking cigarettes about three days ago.

I also stopped drinking Cokes. I drank about a twelve pack a day. It feels like something is missing. I got the worst hemorrhoids tonight. I wanted to work out, but I'm just in pain right now. I hope this goes away by tomorrow.

March 5, 2004

They put me on day shift which is cool. It's from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. The first guy I brought to my room didn't want to spend enough so he left. It's so cold in my room. I told them to turn up the heat hours ago.

The owner offered to buy me a drink so I got water. He told me to smell his perfume on his neck so when I did he turned his head to kiss me. He wouldn't tell me what kind it was. He said I would have to come to his place and check it out in his bathroom after I fuck him.

He started to talk about this one comedian. I told him I saw him at the improv. So he called him and asks me to talk. It was voice mail, so I left a message. I said, "This is Maverick. I saw your show. I'm sitting at the brothel drinking Coronas, and I'm ready to pee on you." The owner says he's the "human toilet."

Another guy came in, but he didn't choose a girl; he sat at the bar. Then another guy came in and chose me. He wanted me to suck his dick without a condom. I told him no way, so he shows me his dick.

I checked it out and said I still have to use a condom. He booked with me and said I was a bargain. While I was taking care of his credit card the guy at the bar said he was going to choose me. You snooze, you lose.

While I was in the room with my customer, I used K-Y Jelly once. We kept fucking, and I was getting so dry. He ended up coming on my tits. After we got

cleaned up he wanted me to smell his dick. He said he didn't want to smell like he had sex because his wife would kill him.

I like working days because the guys who come in are usually ready to have sex and get back to work or home. The guys at night want to hang out and drink. When I came back to the bar the guy that wanted to see me earlier was gone.

I saw a young guy with curly black hair and red tennis shoes. He tried to use the ATM, and it wouldn't accept his card, so I ended up making half of what we agreed on. This guy just lay on his back the whole time. I even had to take off his clothes. He wanted to watch my eyes as I went down on him.

I went to the kitchen to get something to eat and this one girl was yelling on the phone. She couldn't get a flight home because they wouldn't let her use her credit card. It was her mom's credit card. She used it the last few times she came here. I have to lie to my mom about where I am. The last thing I would be doing is using her credit card to get here.

March 6, 2004

I got one this morning. He was a thirty year old white guy with dreadlocks. When we first went to negotiate he was set on a certain amount. I told him it wouldn't work and walked him back out.

An hour later the butler knocked on my door and said that guy wanted to see me again. We spent an hour together. His friend paid for it. I got really wet at

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first and was very into it. Then I had to constantly use K-Y Jelly. We fucked the whole time, and he came at the very end. He said he just wanted to rest a minute. He fell asleep and started snoring. I had to wake him up.

After that he and his friend saw three more girls and paid them more than ten times what they paid me. That always sucks. The other girls were not that attractive. By the end of the night these guys saw about fifteen girls.

The owner came in and told me how horny I make him. He said he wants to visit me in my home town. He asked for my cell number, and I gave it to him, and he gave me his. He told me to call him in an hour and leave him a sexy message. I didn't ever call.

I saw one more guy at the end of the night. I saw him for half an hour at first. He had been drinking a lot. His dick was going from hard to soft. That always makes me dry. He was sweating all over me. We booked for another thirty minutes. He said if I don't move and take his word for it he would pay me when we were done. I told him it doesn't work that way, and I needed his credit card first. We partied a little more. He never did cum.

In one of our line-ups this girl said it's a full moon so all the weirdoes are going to start coming in. This couple came in that looked like a man and a woman. The woman was really a transvestite. She had tits and a dick. She wanted to be with a girl while her boyfriend watched.

March 7, 2004

I saw a guy this morning for an hour. He came twice, and we talked a lot. He said he thought this would be routine for me but he didn't feel that way when he was with me. He said I made him feel very comfortable. He gave me a nice tip.

I did a few more tours and no bites. I'm still not smoking. It's so hard. I finally saw another guy for thirty minutes. After that there were a lot of bells but nothing worked out.

March 8, 2004

I saw one guy for half an hour. He just lay on his back the whole time. He came and I didn't know it. I barely got a hold of the condom.

I had a request come in. I brought this guy to my room. I told him I can't see him anymore because he is too rough. I saw him before; he has a big dick and fucks hard.

My mattress fell off the bed. He also smells really bad. He went on some other tours and nobody would see him. They didn't know how rough he was but they didn't like his smell.

The last guy I saw for the night looked familiar. He asked if I remembered him and I said yes, but I don't really remember. We fucked for a half hour. He had been drinking a lot. So he kept going from hard to soft. Needless to say he never came. He said he was going to take a break and maybe go for another half

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hour. He goes back to the bar and starts drinking more alcohol, like that's going to help. We didn't end up partying again.

March 9, 2004

I saw this one guy this morning. I know I look like hell. I had not showered or brushed my teeth yet. I was so horny.

He went down on me and I was so wet. We fucked and it was great. We didn't use the whole thirty minutes. I accidentally hit the panic button when I was getting dressed. They freaked out and called my room to see if I was okay. You are only supposed to hit that button if the customer goes crazy on you.

I got picked out of the next line-up. I was still so horny. We kissed and fucked. We still had time after he came. I gave him a massage and then started rubbing my body on his. I didn't want to stop. Its days like today that I love my job.

I had another customer for an hour. The sex was over with pretty quick. I offered him a massage. I massaged him for a long time.

We talked a lot. I felt like I was telling him my life story. We talked about skiing, our dogs and all kinds of stuff. I was getting a little warm and stopped massaging him. He asked if we could go again and they told me my time was up at about the same time.

I noticed they changed my hours to 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. The cashier asked me if I would work a little later tonight, and she would give me free room and

board. I said no problem. I work twenty four hours anyway, so it's not new to me. They only have six girls working tonight. I'm going to get some water and watch television.

I saw so many people tonight. Some of them I can't even remember. This one guy at the very end gave me a tip and then opened a Skoal can that had marijuana in it. He tried to give it to me as part of my tip also. I told him no thanks and that I just quit smoking cigarettes last week.

March 10, 2004

I am in my school girl outfit today. I'm wearing my hair in pigtails also. This guy picked me from line-up. He told me his stuff doesn't work right because he has prostate cancer.

He got hard fairly quick while I was licking on his balls. He said he was ready to go and I put the condom on and got on top. I asked him if he came and he said yes. I said your stuff seems to work just fine. He said it used to work better and now nothing comes out when he cums.

I had another busy day. I saw quite a few people. I did go up to the bar and ask a guy for a tour. At first he said no, but then he offered to buy me a drink. I got water. We talked a little and went back to my room and partied. I normally don't go up to the guys sitting at the bar. I just wait to get picked out of line-up. If they say they want a drink first, I just go to my room

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and wait for the next bell. I'm getting so tired right now.

On the last bell the guy went to the bar. I was eating an ice cream next to the fireplace. The guy sat next to me to talk. We went to the room and partied.

He started kissing on the inside of my thighs and then he started rubbing his stubbly chin into my pussy. That was so irritating. He felt like sandpaper against my clit. After he came he sat in the parlor for a little while and then we partied again. The cashier said if you do it right the first time you wouldn't have to do it again. I said if you do it right the first time, you'll do it again and again.

March 11, 2004

I started my period today. I hate to work during my period. I try to be home on those days. It lasts for about eight days and it's so heavy.

It's time for tea party. I got some snacks on my plate and just fixed myself some tea. My stomach was cramping so bad, I thought the tea might make it feel better. We had just started to play a game when one of the girls came up to me and asked me if I want to see a couple. She didn't want to see them because she had a yeast infection.

I agreed to see the couple for half an hour. I excused myself to the bathroom. I had to take out my tampon and put in a sponge. We started off with the girl on the bed.

I was on my knees eating her pussy. Her husband was eating mine, and then he started fucking me. His wife and I were doing “sixty-nine.” I was on top of her fucking her face hard until I came.

She swallowed the ball from her tongue ring. I lay on my back while she kissed my tits and her husband fucked me. At one point I was doing something with her and I didn't know what her husband was doing and I heard the door open. I thought he left or something.

I found out later one of the girls came in my room to give me the bunny rabbit I won from the raffle at the tea party. She forgot I was partying. It was nice of her to look at my raffle tickets while I was gone. Most people wouldn't have done that. It looks like I missed a bell. I better get out there.

Nothing much happened all night. This one guy came in and he was acting a little strange like he was on drugs. He was dancing around and so excited about how his shoes glowed in the dark. I took him on a tour.

He wouldn't sit on my bed to talk. He said other men have been on that bed. I told him I use a clean sheet every time. He sat on the floor and didn't want to know what my prices were.

He said he doesn't pay for sex. He pulled this vile out of his pocket and gave it to me. I told him no thanks I don't do drugs. He told me it was body oil. It smelled like lemon, so I dabbed some on my wrist. He said the smell will change with your body chemistry. I

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was still afraid it might have something in it. Nothing happened to me all night, so I guess it was body oil. The bartender said it smelled like roses.

March 12, 2004

I'm waiting for a driver to take me to the bank. I need to fill out my schedule for when I'm coming back. These two guys came in and I toured with one. He wants someone who is dominant, and I am more submissive. I got another girl to tour with him.

His friend was sitting next to another girl so I was ready to go to the bank. Right as I was walking out his friend grabbed me and wanted a tour. I told the driver to go without me. The guy decided not to party with me.

The driver and the other girl were just getting into the car. I ran out to the gate but it was locked so I couldn't get out. I was swinging my arms out the gate and yelling for the driver to wait. He didn't see or hear me so he just drove off.

After about an hour I ended up seeing both of the guys at the bar. I had a very busy night. I saw about seven guys tonight. My period was very heavy.

With one guy I ended up bleeding though the comforter and the sheets. There were bloody handprints all over the pillowcases. He wanted to book an appointment with me for tomorrow night. There were so many bells but I couldn't get out because I had to clean up a mess.

The maid was washing my bedding and we went to the storage to get another comforter in the meantime. This time I put in two sponges. The next guy I was with had a very small dick. He wanted to finger me. I bled a lot again and it went through the top sheet and the comforter again. At home I would at least be able to use a thick towel to lie down. This has been a rough night.

March 13, 2004

I finally went to the bank today. I got some more lozenges to help me stop smoking. There have been a few bells but nothing has worked out. When a guy walks in from the sun, it's so dark in here he can't see to choose a girl. I guess I should go change my sheets again.

This guy picked me out of line-up. He said he saw me before. I don't remember him. I excused myself to go to the bathroom.

I took out my tampon and I was trying to put a sponge in. The guy opened the bathroom door to ask me if I wanted to take a shower together. I'm sitting on the toilet with my hand up inside me trying to put the sponge in. I can't believe he opened the door.

A guy I saw last night came back to see me tonight. He asked me if I got a new comforter. I said I had the maid wash it in cold water right after I saw him. We were getting started and he said don't you have to take something out? Obviously he doesn't care

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that I'm on my period. He said he's coming back again tomorrow night.

Another girl and I partied together with this one guy. She was afraid to be in the room alone with him so she brought me into her party. She thought he was a little spooky. He was an electrical engineer, and he didn't seem spooky to me.

The other girl and I lay on the bed and he used the toys on us. We acted like we came and he said he needs to be taken care of now. The other girl asked if I had any condoms. I got a condom and put it on him and started sucking his dick.

I started to rub his dick with my hand and he came. He asked if any other customers take care of our sexual needs and make us come like he did. Taking care of me at this point would have been a massage. After the party the other girl said he just wanted a hand job not a blow job.

Another girl gave me a customer tonight. She said she couldn't be with any ugly guy. I have no problems with that. Before I got his credit card taken care of and left the room he said bring back something a little bigger. I thought he was talking about my boobs. That's why he picked the other girl--because she has big boobs. But he was talking about the size of the condom. He had a huge dick. He fucked me pretty hard. He came three or four times.

I'm having a pretty busy night tonight. Pulling a tampon out and putting a sponge in all night has been pretty drying.

In one line-up the guy came in and didn't pick, and he left. He came back later and chooses me. He said, "You don't remember me, do you? That's okay, I remember you." That's how it works.

I remembered him when he started talking. He sounds like he's from New York. He left earlier because the cops were here. I enjoy having sex with him. He's very calming.

I tried to get some sleep and the cashier woke me up. She wanted me to talk to a couple at the bar. One girl had quoted them a high price. The cashier wanted me to quote the same.

It was about five times more than I normally quote. The guy owned a distribution center. The couple didn't want to spend that much. I don't blame them. I got woke up again to talk to four guys at the bar. None of them wanted to tour so I went back to bed.

March 14, 2004

The guy I've seen for the last two days came in to see me today. He gave me a tip up front this time. He asked me to take out my sponge. He said he could feel it when he's fucking me. Between instead' and the sponge there is nothing else you can use to have sex with when you're on your period.

This kid from the military came in. He said it was his first time to have sex. It didn't seem like it to me. He was totally naked sitting on the bed. I did a strip tease for him. He was very concerned about condoms.

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I put a condom on him and started sucking his dick. He was very hard. Then I turned around and sat on his dick and fucked him. He asked if we could do another position. So I lay on my back and he got on top of me. I put my legs over his shoulders, and he was fucking me with pretty good rhythm.

He was getting tired so he got on his back, and I got on top of him. His dick started to go down so I sucked on his balls and then his dick. He started to masturbate and then he came.

I saw the next guy for about an hour.

I'm doing well. I made rent.

The next guy I saw was with his friends who were here when HBO was here, and they were bragging how they stayed all night. I got the guy in the room, and he was cheap. He tried to cut me down. I told him I can't do it and started walking to the door.

He changed his tune then. I saw him for half an hour. It started with him lying on his back. He sucked on my titties a little. I went down on him and then got on top of him. He came from doggy style. He says he spends about seventy five thousand a year on hookers. He's also a married man.

March 15, 2004

I slept good last night. It's been so slow today. The bell hasn't rung in six hours. I finally got to go on a tour.

One of the girls said he pays well. I quoted him what she said and he didn't want to pay that, so he

started to walk out the door. I told him we could work something out. Hell, it's my game.

That's what the bartender tells me. He told me he would pay what I normally charge anyway. Not that he would know what that is. We booked the party.

He kept calling me a bad girl and spansks me. We started to fuck. He would ask me about what girls I saw here and what did I do with them. He thinks I see them when I'm not working. The only time I'm with other girls here is in a paid party. He came fairly quickly.

I need to make some personal phone calls. It's so hard to do here. When I was about to call someone the intercom came on and they said, "Ladies, gentlemen are waiting in the parlor." The music is loud.

When you're trying to call someone that doesn't know you're working in a brothel it's hard to disguise the background. I'm still not smoking. I stopped drinking caffeine, and I drink a lot of water. I don't know why my lips are so dry.

I did two more tours and they didn't want to pay much. I told them it wouldn't work out. Neither one of them ended up partying with anyone. They said it was cheaper across the street but that we were hotter.

While I was going down the hall to tan I could smell marijuana all down the hall. This time it was one of the girls who lives out here. Half the time she only hangs out to work for about four hours. You would think she could wait until she got home.

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She might as well work as an illegal prostitute on her own. She would make more money that way. She is obviously not worried about illegal activity. She talks about girls that do crack and how messed up they are. She's really no better than they are.

Well, I'm going to bed. This has been a shitty day. I only had one small party all day.

March 16, 2004

Some guys that have been in for the last two days came in today. I saw the friend that I didn't see before. The one guy offered me a certain amount which I accepted. I only had one small party yesterday and his friend gave me less when I saw him two days ago.

I hadn't booked anything today either. His friend was with another girl. She said he paid her almost twice as much as I got. It wasn't bad though.

We laid out in the lounge chairs in the nude outside for most of the time. There was another girl laying out nude and she wasn't even getting paid. The guy I was with wanted to smoke a joint outside. I told him he couldn't.

His friend and the other girl were convincing him it was okay. He went back into my room and got his joint and came out and smoked it. We went back to my room and kissed. He sucked on my titties and I sucked on his cock, then we fucked.

He came in all of about three minutes. He kept hinting that he wanted to lick my pussy. Our time was

up and I got dressed. He just wrapped a towel around him.

I told the cashier I was out. The guy said he wanted to rebook and go back outside. We were walking outside and the cashier told me that when you're done the guy is supposed to be dressed. I got the guy to go back and rebook another party.

We were lying on the trampoline this time. The bartender came out and told me that our party was over. The guy said we didn't party yet. I said lying out was a part of his time.

He thought he was just paying for the sex. He wanted to go back to my room real quick so he could masturbate. He said we were going to do this again, but he wanted twenty minutes to recuperate. I told him he had to take his clothes out of my room.

If the bell rings I have to be in line-up since we were not in a party. He took his clothes and went outside. He didn't end up repartying. He and his friends left shortly after. The guy said he would be back to see me tomorrow to do the same thing.

I was hanging out in the parlor and we were talking about boob jobs. I had my boobs done about twelve years ago. The girls said you should have them done about every seven to ten years because you'll have problems. One of the girls said I should get my boobs done and go away for eight weeks. She sounds like she wants to get rid of me. I don't plan on doing anything to my boobs until something happens to them.

March 17, 2004

I got picked out of line-up. We booked for half an hour. We kissed and did “sixty-nine.” I got on top of him to fuck and then we fucked lying on our sides. When we were done I noticed a little blood on the sheets. I didn’t use the sponge this time.

We had another line-up. Two guys came in with Saint Patrick’s Day hats on and beads. We were introduced and the one guy said Happy Saint Patrick’s Day! Nobody said anything. He picked me, and I told him we weren’t being rude but that we can’t talk when we’re in line-up.

He was missing a leg. He had a prosthesis. We agreed on twenty minutes. He lost his leg in a motorcycle accident. We did sixty nine and all kinds of positions. He finally came standing up with me standing in front of him. He said he hadn’t had sex in about a year.

One of the girls brought a bunch of porno tapes that her boyfriend sent. I found one that features a girl that works here. She hadn’t seen that one, and she doesn’t have any tapes of herself. I’m going to watch it and give it to her.

Someone famous is supposed to come in today. One of the girls won’t see him because of what the media said he did. It doesn’t matter to me if I see him or not. I see a lot of guys here. They might have a past and I wouldn’t even know about it. I don’t care about their personal background. I’m here for one reason only. Looks like the guy didn’t show anyway.

CHAPTER 5

MARCH 25 THRU APRIL 7

March 25, 2004

I'm flying back to Reno. My first flight was bad. I felt great, but then I got on the plane and when we took off I started to burn up, and I got real nauseous. The flight attendant brought me some apple juice and I could barely hold it because my hands were shaking so bad. I grabbed a sick bag and tried to go to the bathroom.

A different flight attendant tried to stop me then she looked at me and said, "You don't look too well, go ahead." On the next flight I looked out the window during take off and felt much better. I'm glad I didn't become a flight attendant. I don't like this traveling stuff.

I got a nice room this time. The room is bigger than most of the rooms even the bed. I have a fireplace in my room so I can stay warm. I also have a big shower that I can move around in.

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When I unpacked I found out I forgot some things like shampoo, a razor, things like that. The driver brought me to the drugstore. I had a different lady color my hair this time. I usually have chunky blonde highlights. The new lady colored my hair a dark reddish brown and put in highlights of blonde. You don't see much blonde it just looks dark. A lot of my hair is breaking off. I really like blonde hair, but it looks like I'm not going to be able to bleach it anymore. I'm not even blow-drying it anymore, and it feels awful. Some of the girls said they like the way it looks. I'm not too happy with it.

March 26, 2004

I saw one guy today for an hour. His friend won a lot of money at the casino. He was an older guy. He had a large cock. He was very gentle. He was in me for less than two minutes before he came. I went to take the condom off, and I saw that it had broken. That has not happened to me in years. I had the condoms in my luggage and oil had spilled in the bag. I'm not sure if that has anything to do with it. In the future I think I'm going to carry the condoms in my purse instead.

I saw the next guy for half an hour. He kept trying to rub his cock on my pussy without a condom. He said, "Let me just put it in for a little bit because I know you're safe." How the hell do I know he's safe?

I got a condom on him and then he got some precum in it. He said he needed a new condom just in case that one slips off. He said I'm sure you're on birth

control or something, but he doesn't want to risk getting me pregnant. He makes no sense. My tubes are tied, but he doesn't know that. The point is I don't want any diseases, or I won't be able to work. He just wants to fuck me without a condom.

I'm going to hang out and read some magazines and wait for dinner to come.

March 27, 2004

I made rent today! I had a very busy day. I mostly got picked out of line-up. One girl punched me in the stomach because she was tired of me getting picked. I think she was doing it playfully, but it did hurt.

My favorite customer of the day, I saw for an hour. He said he just likes to cuddle and do mutual massages, everything outside the body. He gave me a back massage for forty five minutes. I've been dreaming of a guy to come in here and give me a massage.

The last guy I saw was real nervous. He was in his fifties. He said he's tried escort services in California but they would promise things and take his money and not deliver. He asked me to give him a blow job.

It was hard to put the condom on since his dick wasn't hard. We tried to fuck but he was still soft. He had his eyes closed and kept caressing his mouth with his fingers, sometimes putting one in his mouth. I took the condom off and put some oil on his dick and gave him a hand job. He never got hard but he did cum.

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March 28, 2004

Today has been so dead. My shift is technically over in two hours and I haven't done one tour. This girl came in carrying a suitcase. She was high on crack.

She couldn't stand still. She said she really needed a job. She hitch hiked six hours to get here. They told her to come back in two days to talk to the Madam. She used to work at another brothel. I bet they threw her out with her suitcase.

I ended up seeing one guy. It was a small party. I was half a sleep. I barely remember how it went.

March 29, 2004

I saw two guys today so far. Both were small parties. The last guy didn't want to pay much so he said he just wanted a hand job. When I took off my long black dress he said I wish I saw this before. He gave me a tip because he wanted to fuck me now.

He was so cheap with me yet he was telling me how he is seeing this girl that use to work here and he pays all of her bills. He flies her out for vacations and stuff like that. I have no respect for him because I don't see any money from him. He even showed me his phone and where she calls him all the time. I won't be calling him.

One of the other girls was talking to me. She moved out here to work and she can't take it anymore. She wants to take a class and get into another

business. It's hard lying to everybody about what you do.

I don't have much of a choice. I just finished paying off school. I've invested in the stock market and tried some home-based businesses. None of that paid for a living. It just cost me more money in the long run. On top of that I tried to get certain low paying jobs. Due to a prostitution charge on my record I have been told to come back in seven years.

March 30, 2004

I got picked out of line-up. The guy booked with me for half an hour. It felt kind of awkward, we were both quiet. I put the sheet on my bed and he was just standing there still dressed.

I went up to hug and kiss him and told him to take some clothes off and get comfortable. He was sitting on the bed trying to get the knots out of his shoes. I was already naked and started to massage his back. He finished undressing and he was standing up.

I was lying on my back and I put some flavored lubricant on my pussy. He got on top of me and kissed my nipples and went down on me a little. He sat back and his dick was hard. I put a condom on him and started sucking it.

He lay down on his back and I got on top of him. He asked me to turn around. So I did with his dick still inside of me. He came shortly after. We laid there and there was a lot of silence. It took all of ten minutes and he gave me a nice tip.

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I got a phone call from the photographer. He wanted my permission to put my headshot in the phone book. I told him ok. I don't know anyone that lives here. I still won't let them put my pictures on the internet. I don't want to have to e-mail everyone back. If they want to see me they have to be here.

We had about twenty-five girls in line-up. I could barely fit in when they introduced us. They haven't even had twenty-five guys walk in this place today.

I used to think about supply and demand. Since there weren't many guys coming in I kept my prices low. There have not been a lot of repeats since most customers are from out of town. I'm going to start raising my prices. I am so bored right now.

I was lying in the tanning bed when one of the girls came in and told me a guy at the bar wanted to see me. I stopped tanning and went to the bar. We went to my room to negotiate. He barely had enough for half an hour and he wanted more time.

I told him I could only give him a half an hour, so we booked. He kept saying, "You're so pretty." I didn't even have makeup on. He was so drunk that he couldn't get a hard on. I performed oral and he came. It took about fifteen minutes. He didn't need so much time after all.

March 31, 2004

I slept most of the night. I used to work twenty four hours and sleep less than three hours at a time. Living on cat naps more or less. I can't handle it anymore. I

work my twelve hour shift and sleep the rest of the night.

I finally had a good paying customer today. It was his birthday. I haven't made rent in three days, but I made it today. This guy has never been to a brothel. He came all the way from New York. He paid for an hour.

We started with him sitting in the chair. I danced for him to make him feel more comfortable. He asked if he could touch me. I told him of course you can touch me.

He said I should be charging a lot more money. He went down on me for a long time and he kept asking what I wanted. I told him to take off his underwear. I went down on him for a while.

I told him to get on top of me. He was fucking me for a while then he stopped. He said his arms were hurting. I was on top of him for a while then we did doggy style.

I was burning up. They called my room and told us time was up. The guy said he was afraid he would cum too early. I took the condom off and tried to give him a hand job with some lotion.

He still didn't cum. He said maybe because it was a different hand. We booked for another half hour. He came by jacking himself off while going down on me.

A regular came in. We were in line-up and some of the girls walked off. He picked me and we booked our party. I have seen him before. He doesn't pay very much.

Diary of a Legal Prostitute

He is usually very gentle and it's an easy quickie. This time he was a little rough. He was holding my arms back and putting his hands over my hands. It felt like someone smashing your hands with a heavy object. He said since he has gotten older it takes longer to cum and he loves it. I don't know what he's talking about. It only took him fifteen minutes.

I booked another party. When we went to the cashier he was a little short on what we agreed on. I told him we could still do it, he'll just get less time. He had a bad odor.

I think it was coming from his mouth. He was not a good lover. He kept shoving his fingers inside really hard. It did not feel good.

He never got hard. He said he was drinking too much. He came by jacking himself off. He came all over his stomach and I gave him a towel to wipe it up with.

He wiped up some of it and was putting that towel all over me. Most guys ask where they should put the towel. They're not going to rub their cum towel all over me. At least he was nice and said I look ten years younger than I am.

He kept saying I had a nice body and must work at it. It's kind of funny because a girl earlier was telling me I'm too skinny. He wanted to know what I was going to do after working here. I told him I have no idea. He said I'm sure you'll hook up with a nice guy. Little does he know I'm married.