

## The American (Part One)

He held up his near-empty whiskey tumbler, and we chinked glasses. Neither of us said another word about our unspoken agreement, nor was there any mention of the pile of 100 dollar bills he neatly placed on the corner of the coffee table next to the Champagne bucket.

“Well, Sarah. I want to watch you take a shower, if you're willing?”

“Ready, willing and at your service!”

I stood up and playfully unbuttoned my shirt, slowly and teasingly turning around as I unzipped my skirt, letting them both fall to the floor. I wanted to revel in his reaction to my underwear, my body, as I walked towards him with purpose and intent. I leaned over the side of his armchair, so that my long hair tickled his face and he tenderly tucked it behind my ear and kissed my cheek. I felt his hot breath on my neck and it made my skin tingle.

From my vantage point above him I had a bird's eye view of his crotch area, and was definitely detecting a further positive reaction from him. His dick was bursting to get out of his trousers. My confidence was boosted and I stood back up and positioned myself directly in front of him, moving slowly forward until my open legs were straddling his thighs and my pussy was inches away from his ever-hardening cock. I inched further towards him until my breasts were falling out of my bra and into his face.

His hands reached out to grab them and I playfully pulled back, turned around, and walked away slowly and deliberately towards the bathroom, swaying my hips and relishing in the knowledge that he was watching my bottom, wrapped up in pink bows and black satin, walking away with a sexy wiggle...

I turned on the shower and took off my underwear. Getting in the enormous walk-in shower turned me on even more and I was soon gratified by my companion's company in the bathroom.

He was naked and he was rock hard. His intense stare returned as he sat on the edge of the bath and watched me shower with the door open, willing me to perform for him.

I slowly rubbed the shower gel between my hands, creating a lather and purposefully moving my hands slowly down my large wet breasts, stroking them and soaping them, the sensation of the soap and the jet of warm water stimulating my nipples until they were pointing right at him.

He couldn't take his eyes off me and I loved it.

“There's a second shower head. Turn the handle and put it against your pussy.”

He was commanding and I obeyed. I gasped as I held the powerful jet of water in between my legs.

I leant back against the cool marble tiles and adjusted the shower nozzle to the direct jet function. I spread my legs further, allowing the water to gush up inside me. The sensations were intense and delicious, which were made all the better because I was performing for an appreciative audience. I turned around and directed the powerful jet of water up my butt hole. This shower-head was better than any vibrator. I was bursting with the stimulation, and couldn't stop myself from turning back around, leaning back and holding it up against my clit until I was very quickly overwhelmed by a shuddering climax, reverberating violently within me, so hard and fast I was taken by surprise. So much so that I shrieked in ecstasy and surprise at the sheer force and speed in which I climaxed.

I looked towards my audience.

He didn't look as surprised as I was which made me feel slightly sheepish.

The American told me to get out of the shower, dry off and he'd see me in the bedroom. I was overwhelmed at this point and only capable of doing as I was told.

He was lying naked on the king size bed, his head propped up by enormous pillows, with his consistently hard cock, resolute and in control as always.

I mounted the bed and went to greet him on all fours, teasing him by hovering my breasts over his open mouth.

He continued to instruct me,

“Pay some attention to my nipples.”

I obeyed.... licking them, sucking them and nibbling on them, until he began to moan. This was my cue to take my tongue further down his body. I playfully licked and kissed down his torso until I got to my intended destination, all the while putting every effort into ensuring he had full view of my behind rising up into the air. My theatrical, porn-star style blow job began....

Blow jobs are my specialty, so I've been told. And, not to blow my own trumpet, (so to speak), I tend to agree.

It's hard to give a bad blow job, and it only takes a little effort and enthusiasm to get it so right.

Men want to be shown how much you adore their cock. So for God's sake, show them.

Put it in your mouth, slap it against your face, gag on it, keep the rhythm consistent, groan with pleasure, whether you're on your knees on the floor, or on the bed with your bum in the air, or with your lower leg curled round, with your flexed toes in their line of vision, whether you're bent down, leant over, stick your arse upwards, or tits towards them... Twist the shaft with your hand, spit on it, keep it lubed, gently take his balls into your mouth and suck, one after the other, or both at the same time (size-depending), enjoy yourself and make sure you put on a show.

In my case I figured I was there in their hotel room to provide them with something that their wife no longer does.

There are many reasons why the majority of men have had an experience with a prostitute at some time in their lives...

Men enjoy variety. Men seem to be of the innate disposition to want to have sex with a variety of women. (And I'm talking heterosexual men, the homosexual man's desire for variety is beyond insatiable. At least the ones I know).

Everyone enjoys being given attention. Men enjoy female attention, and women enjoy male attention. Women like men to listen to them. Men like women to give them blow jobs. Whether they're paying for it isn't the issue. In fact, it's often the case that an exchange of money can be advantageous to the situation, in that it sets certain boundaries. Paying for it allows a man to fulfill their need to have sex and attention from a variety of women, plus the payment transaction reduces their chances of getting caught out or becoming committed in order to do so.

Women are the opposite in this respect, which is why male prostitution has never caught on. Fundamentally, women have sex with men so that they'll stay. Men pay prostitutes for sex to ensure that they'll leave.

Raging generalizations, theorizing and conjecture aside, and above all else, it mostly boils down to blow jobs. To be performed with voracity and enthusiasm.

And that's why blow jobs are my specialty.

Back to the American, who was about to burst. His balls were enormous. I could barely fit one in my mouth, let alone two. I was licking them and sucking on them and running my tongue back up his shaft, ready to return to the finale, when he gently pulled away from me. He reached over for a condom, discreetly put it on, and lay back down.

Oh, okay... This was my cue to straddle him, carefully lowering myself onto his rock-hardness, and gasped with pleasure. I took my time at first, slowly squeezing up and down against his length. I soon began to pick up the pace, fucking him harder and faster. Leaning back and looking down, reveling in the sight of my breasts bouncing in time with my grinding, and the sensation of his dick pounding inside me until I felt I was going to come all over again.

He told me to slow down. Again, I felt sheepish about getting so carried away.

He was back in control and took full advantage of this by flipping me over on to my back and lifting my feet up high into the air, so that I was at a 90 degree angle, leaving my legs sprawled and my pussy open and expectant. He paused and stared appreciatively at what was between my open legs, before placing my feet back on the bed and lying on top of me... He began to fuck me slowly.

He made love to me like he was thinking about how each thrust felt. It was as if he was savoring every bite of a gourmet meal rather than shoving down a McDonald's.

His pelvis was grinding against mine and every stroke became sweeter and sweeter, until the sweetness became cataclysmic. This time it was much slower and much less of a surprise. Upon my final exhalation he hesitated and quietly groaned as his dick hardened even further. I was hot with anticipation for his cum and rammed my hips up and my legs in the air, pulling him back down in my desperate hunger to take it all in.

With one much louder groan he came inside of me, I could feel the swathes of it even through the condom.

We were sweaty and finally satisfied, and lay next to each other in silence.

I rested on his chest for a while as he stroked my hair.

I didn't want to leave, and had to remind myself that I was there on a professional basis, and forced myself back into reality. We exchanged polite small talk as I dressed, chatting about New York versus London, and New Yorkers versus Londoners, his perceptions of the two different cultures were hilarious.

He seemed to be rather fond of the English and their idiosyncrasies. He was a man of the world and had some very witty anecdotes and observations. I felt a slight sadness to be leaving his company once my time was up.

My good manners got the better of me however, and I picked up the money from the table and replaced it with my business card and kissed him on both cheeks. I had a feeling I'd see The American again, and walked out of room 632 with a spring in my stilettos and a purse full of 100 dollar bills.