



Giving Head (Male-50/Female-16, oral, prostitute)

By Belle Chandra

Text and Jpeg Files provided by Andy, a 50-year-old married man.

Belinda looked at the middle-age man sitting across from her in his car; he was slightly overweight, with balding grey hair, penetrating dark eyes that now had a gleam of sexual lust. They were parked in a deserted alleyway, off one of San Francisco's sex-and-sin streets; it was a common spot for business transactions, providing the john couldn't afford a motel room. "So mister, pay first, service second. You know the drill?"

"Yeah, sure do. You girls getting younger every day, you don't look hardly legal."

"I'm seventeen," she lied, being only sixteen. "Show me the money, huh?" Belinda wiggled around, trying to pull the hem of her black leather mini-skirt down a little. Her long, slender legs in the fishnet stockings were cramped in the car, and the tall high-heels were killing her feet. But she did feel the slightest tingle of sexual anticipation - she loved the power of her sex, how she could get the johns nearly helpless with her highly skilled expertise.

The john leaned forward, reached out to tentatively touch her long red wavy hair, studying her creamy complexion, the wide green eyes.

"You're a doll, you know it? Let me see your titties, just a glimpse, then I'll give you the cash."

Belinda sighed, as if put upon, but lifted her tightly fitted leather top, letting her full, bounteous breasts spill forward, always braless. The cool night air hit her naked skin, made her nipples erect and she saw the john's eyes widen, his lips part, the tip of his tongue appear, almost drooling with anticipation. She quickly pulled her top back down and said, "Where's the cash, and we'll get down to it. You ready, huh?"

He groaned, put a hand to his crotch, where he rubbed the massive erection bulging between his legs, pressing against his zippered crotch. "You got it. I want it." He pulled his wallet out and said, "Here you go, twenty bucks, right?"

"You just want a blow job, that all? Cause for more, it'll cost you." Belinda felt her pussy throb with that familiar feeling, her cunt getting wet; this was her first trick of the night, and contrary to what some pros said about not being aroused, she always felt the high of arousal - but perhaps it was more from the powerful hold she had over the men, than the actual sex itself. She loved knowing she was in control...and for one brief moment, she had a flashback to her helplessness as her step-dad had first raped her, when she was only twelve. Shaking her head to rid it of the image, she vowed she'd NEVER be powerless again!

The john was holding out the cash with one hand, and unzipping with the other, his erection springing out, rigid and exposed. She took the cash, stuffed it in her tiny purse, then slid over close to the man, letting her hand reach for his hard-on, putting a finger at the tip where pre-cum oozed. He groaned, "Oooh, that feels damn good. I want you to suck me off good. Wife never will, thinks it's...disgusting. Hey baby, you ever seen such a big one?" Belinda tossed her hair over a shoulder, leaned forward, her hand grasping his hot, throbbing flesh... beginning to manipulate it slowly, making the oozing wetness increase from the sensitive tip.

The man stopped her from moving down, his hand on her chin, asking, "Can I...kiss you? You're so beautiful, baby-flesh almost..."

She shook her head adamantly, said firmly, "Nope. No kissing, no fondling of my body, that'll cost more. Just a blow job, that's our deal." He asked, "How much more would it cost...?"

"Twenty more for fondling my body, fifty for full nakedness, the kissing, if we take more than thirty minutes, it goes up." Belinda loved this, the feeling of control, her hand stroking him and yet knowing that she controlled the timing, making him hunger and ache for more. She suddenly removed her hand, and he gasped, letting her chin go, leaning back, begging, "Just do it, suck me...that's what I want, all I can afford."

She leaned down, her mouth making shocking contact with his thick, throbbing erection, tilting her head so that it stayed clear of the steering wheel, now licking the cock-tip, tonguing the ridge beneath, making him lift his hips slightly, groan and grunt, exclaim, "Jesus Christ, that's damn good!"

Belinda teased him for a moment, building his excitement, feeling how the head swelled almost to bursting beneath her skilled manipulations, hearing him grunting and thrusting up, wanting her to take it fully into her mouth. She stalled, licking and caressing his erection, up and down the long, thick shaft, feeling his excitement making her excited too; she wished she could touch her teeming pussy, but instead she felt the contact of the thin g-string she wore beneath her bikini panties riding into her crotch, teasing her clit and she began to sway slightly, feeling the motion make her hot.

Suddenly she devoured the man's massive erection, her mouth swallowing him as deeply as possible, shoving the head into her throat as she angled her head to capture him fully. He rose up, giving a deep, guttural cry and began to fuck her face, his voice rough as he urged, "Fuck it, fuck me with your mouth, suck it baby, yeah!"

She fucked him, her mouth going up and down, working harder and harder to make his ride fast, faster and he bucked beneath her, rising and falling, his breathing coming quickly now, rasping and speechless as she consumed him, her mouth meeting his crotch-hair, swallowing and making her throat close over his hard erection, feeling the swelling, his imminent moment of engorgement, then the hot, salty cum starting to shoot into her throat, loads of it, some dribbling back into her mouth, out over her lips. He was climaxing hard, his whole body rigid, his pelvis lifted forward, her head pressing against the steering wheel, but she brought him off totally, sucking and sucking for the last drop!



Then slowly rising from him as his penis began to go slack. He was still stunned from the pleasure he'd just received, his body beginning to relax, but his eyes were on her face as she licked the cum off her lips, swallowing it. She felt her pussy throbbing for release, but tried to put it aside, not wanting to let go in front of the john. She grinned and said, "I work this corner weekends, maybe we'll do this again."

The man's eyes were glazed with lust as he nodded, saying in a whipped voice, "Jesus, I've never had a better blow job. You give good head, damn sure do. Yeah, I'll look for you again. Want to give me your name?"

She said simply, "Belinda." Then slipped from the car, leaned back in the window and said, "I am on the corner after dark, Friday and Saturday nights." Then seeing the man's leering gaze at her, she knew she had him 'hooked.'

He'll be back, a regular. And that was what she wanted, what she depended upon.

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