



# ***Morning Whore***

*(MF, prostitute)*

**by AB-2007**

**I'm a self-employed salesman who covers the west coast from San Diego to Seattle. I guess you could describe me as a middle age, slightly pudgy out of shape, slightly balding grey haired man.**

**I've had a few live-in girlfriends over the years but no long lasting relationships. I've pretty much accepted that I'm going to be a bachelor all my life, but I have taken advantage of the few chances I've had to "wet my wick" in any female I get a chance with.**

**The story I'm about to tell you happened to me several months back when I was staying at Motel 6 close to the Seattle airport. I had a fairly light appointment schedule for that trip and my first stop wasn't until 10:30 AM.**

I'd flown in the night before because I didn't want to be tired all day the next day. That evening as usual, I'd logged on to the Internet and perused my favorite porn sites and jacked off after not having done so for almost a week.

The next morning, I was all showered and shaved by 8 o'clock and figured that I would get a little breakfast at I-Hop down on International Drive. I like to have a meal and coffee and then head back to my motel room and take a good shit so I'm set for the day.

Anyway, I opened my door to leave the room when I almost walked into this young black chick. I instantly got the impression that she wasn't staying at the motel when she asked if she could use my phone to call her friend to pick her up.

I stepped back into my room and told her that she could make the call. But when she came into the room she didn't pick up the phone headset. She looked at me and mumbled something about phones and that she didn't really need to call anyone.

I was a little put out at first because I wanted to do my morning routine with plenty of time to make my first stop of the day so I asked her what she wanted and I told her that I was heading out so that she needed to decide if she needed to call someone or not.

That's when she said, "Mister, you're not the police are you."

Suddenly I knew what was happening. She was a prostitute on the prowl. I hadn't caught on to that fact because of the time of day. I took a closer look at her and decided that she was pretty. She was maybe 21 or so and she had a beautiful completion, the kind that looks like smooth chocolate.

Before I answered her I gave her body a glance from head to toe and decided that she had a nice body too. Maybe her butt was a little too big, and her lips were a little too full, but both features worked on her.

I answered her, "No I'm not a cop. Why would a cop be staying at Motel 6?"

Her expression was sly as she asked, "Are you interested in some companionship?"

"Are you offering to have sex with me?" I like to cut to the chase in these circumstances.

"Um, uh-huh, you interested?"

"Sure," I said. "I'm always interested in sex with pretty girls." No reason not to flatter, it might make her work harder.

"How about we fuck? I'll give you the morning rate of \$100.00."

There was no way I was going to stick my dick in some prostitute's cunt, but I countered

with, "How about a \$50.00 blowjob honey?"

She looked at me with that sly expression again and nodded. "Okay, but you pay me in advance."

"No, but I'll show you the money and once you've done the job I'll pay you."

She knew that she had no choice other than to leave and accost another patron of the motel so she quickly agreed. She told me to take my pants off and sit on the bed.

Keep in mind that I'd never done it with a prostitute before. All of my relationships before were consensual ones between just normal folks wanting to get off. My only experience of this kind of thing were from the dirty stories I'd read on the Internet.

But I'd read enough of those stories to figure out how to handle this kind of situation. I stripped my pants off and then my underwear. I wasn't hard, which kind of surprised me because I've never had any kind of trouble getting there before, but I guess it was my nerves acting up.

She didn't seem to think it odd that I wasn't stiff; she just pulled her top off to expose her breasts and knelt down between my legs, resting her hands on my thighs.

When that girl gripped my flaccid dick and began rubbing it against those full lips of hers it didn't take long before I was hard as a rock. I'd never had a professional do me before and she did seem like she knew what she was doing.

When I felt her mouth sink all the way down on me so that her lips were pressed against my pubic mound I was in heaven. Then she did something strange, I could feel her throat sort of "swallow" and that sensation was like a hot slick caress, like a pussy all slimed up and slippery - only I wasn't having to do anything - she was doing all the work.

Then she started bobbing her head in earnest! I couldn't believe it, she was soon fucking my stiff dick with her mouth and her hands were clasped behind her back. I'd never experienced anything like it before.

I began to rise up to meet her plunges and this didn't seem to overly distress her other than when I did it, her eyes would scrunch up and I could tell that she was concentrating on not gagging.

Because I'd had a good cum the night before and because I'm an out of shape middle aged man, she had to really work my cock over. I sat there taking great pleasure from her efforts, imagining how it would look if someone looked through the crack in the curtains just then. This older pudgy white guy and this young black hooker bobbing her face over his crotch.

The image of that in my mind was all the extra stimulation I needed. My body jerked and I

gaped as I shot my load into her mouth. To my amazement she didn't stop sucking me, if anything she went faster. I could even hear her moan in what sounded like pleasure as I spurted my load into her.

Finally, it was just too much for me and I had to gently pull her mouth away from my dick, I was already going soft. She'd done her job well, and I was breathing like a bull in the field that'd just run a mile.

As she looked up at me I noticed a string of sparkling clear fluid still attached to her lips and to the end of my dick. Then a pink tongue came out and licked those full moist lips and we looked into each other's eyes as I watched her swallow.

Afterwards I thanked her and while we were dressing I told her that if she was in the neighborhood that evening that I'd be happy to see her again. I had to take an early flight out the next morning, but would be free and willing if she came by. But she didn't come by that night.

I never did see that girl again. I've stayed at the same motel many times since then, but nothing like that has ever happened to me again. But I have to say, I'll never forget my Morning Whore and the wonderful blowjob I received.

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