



TEN DOLLAR WHORE

(mf, whores)

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TEN DOLLAR WHORE

Being a married man for some time now, I have found myself gradually more and more unhappy with my sex life. When dating, my now wife and I would fuck like rabbits. The first day I met her, we dry humped on the hood of my car in full sight of all of our mutual friends saying goodbye (we lived in different states, and did not really expect to see each other again, and we were just fooling around.)

The second time, years later, We were screwing in a tent, which I helped her set up within a half-hour of laying eyes on each other. On visiting her (which happened several times over the next year) We would make love a couple dozen times over the few days we were together, and spend much of the remaining time fondling each other; I particularly recall watching television with her sitting on my lap and my hands inside her blouse for hours regardless of whether her roommate was in the room or not.



When she moved in with me, though, things took a turn for the worse. Sex was a once a day affair for some months, and then less frequent. Eventually we married, and after an astonishing honeymoon (twice a day for a week) things dropped off still further, to once a



week and not at all during her period. As the years passed, this dropped to once a month, and often now not even then; the situation must be right, as well as the hormonal boost in mood of some part of her female cycle.

My sex drive has remained very high, though, and I've indulged myself with magazines, videotapes, and more recently the web, masturbating once or twice daily except near that portion of the cycle when I might expect to "get lucky." I found that my performance would suffer if I had not had a dry spell of a day or more, and the prospect of the real thing was worth a few days abstinence.

Lest you misunderstand, the lack of activity is almost solely the domain of my wife; I find her as attractive today as ever, just less and less available, a situation my married friends all seem to share. Too, although I make it seem formal, none of this was set out in any discussion, it simply evolved, my wife took less and less interest, turned me down more and more often, I learned most of the time not to ask, rather than be not only turned down, I even tried nagging, which resulted in even less success. A gradual decline, negative reinforcement, and observation of trends (a married man learns to be aware of the PMS cycle at any rate, and this worked on a similar part of the monthly ebb and flow...) led to our sad state of affairs.



More desperate for satiation of late, I have begun frequenting first strip clubs, where naked women would take an interest in me at the paltry price of a dollar a dance on stage, or a few times a night a more personal striptease for a five or (times change) a ten.

After this, I began visiting "modeling studios" as a capper for the evening, where \$30 would buy a private room and progressive tips of fives (as many as a dozen, in some cases) buys progressively lewder private dancing, and verbal encouragement

while I masturbate. No contact, regardless of what might be implied by come-ons of the "I'll do more for more money, honey" sort (and I went overboard to the tune of a couple hundred dollars a couple times before learning this.)

Having realized that I was in fact willing to pay for physical contact, both as a moral choice and from an economic standpoint, I tried Massage parlors next. For around \$50 for 45 minutes, I found I could receive a nice massage, naked, from a naked women,

who for another \$30 or so would gratify me with her hand, or more exotically and for a little more cash between her breasts, which has always been a fantasy act of mine.



In one case, I humped the tight closed, oiled thighs of my masseuse, while another offered amongst some choices early in my massage experiences the cheeks of her ass. I went with the breasts with her, and I've never heard that offer again, I'm not sure how it would go, and don't want to try it with someone who doesn't number it amongst her usual bag of tricks...

At any rate, I found in my wanderings that the Asian health

spas offer a wider menu than the no penetration "release" provided by Massage parlors, For \$60 the hour, similar services to the above are offered, no tip necessary, but for another \$60 the girl would actually blow me, rolling on a condom with her mouth, or for a hundred would actually fuck. Skill varies, as does the attractiveness of the women involved, and the actual prices, but this is fairly typical.

At first I was very excited by the exotic nature of my partners, but oddly the strictly Asian nature somehow became boring, familiarity breeding contempt I guess.



Instead of being willing (as I would have in a free choice market) to pay extra for this touch of the exotic, I began to seek a venue where I could have a blonde, or a black woman, like I had experienced in the strip clubs, Jack Shacks, and Massage parlors. I've seen claims of this working as something called "in-call" but never managed to find it in any area I frequented.

What did work was "escort." Getting a hotel room (usually around \$50)

and calling a service, I could order, within reason, a girl of any description, who would be sent to me for a fee ranging from \$100 to \$200. As the girl herself receives around a quarter of this, she isn't willing to do anything but perhaps a light seminude massage for that amount, regardless of what the ad might imply.

But for one or two hundred more for herself, she'll fuck, suck, play games; far more variety than the oriental fucky-sucky on a narrow massage table, and you have a bed, some chairs, the bathtub to play in.



Now to my point. I have certainly become more successful in my business as the years have passed, but I went from frequent free sex with the woman of my dreams (we really never spent more than a few bucks on dinner, maybe caught a dollar movie or two...) to \$2 rental videos, to \$40 for an evening with the strippers, to \$60 on average at the "lingerie" rooms, to \$90 for the Massage, to \$120 for Asian blowjobs, \$150 for "full service" and finally \$250 to \$400 for the escorts.

This successful I'm not, \$400 is a serious chunk of change, and I can't afford it more than a few times a year, less frequently than I get to screw my wife, in fact! I fill in with the cheaper options, to be sure, including of course the astonishingly free action available on the web, but it isn't really what I'd call satisfying. Fun, but not fulfilling.

Now for the interesting part. Through a few accidents of timing, several of those rare sexual encounters with my wife suffered failure, as they occurred in the morning after I had spent half the night jerking off to alt.sex.stories or a particularly exciting Seymore Butts movie.



I had grown careless about the timing on these occasions, I was unable to muster an orgasm, even wilting before bringing my wife off, or on one occasion failing to rise at all. Not things which had never occurred before, and I knew well the cause, though I kept it, by and large (and certainly the more seamy aspects of my hobby) from my wife.

This time, though, the incidents occurred in a string, with only one or two successes over the run of the year. At the same time, a new drug was released on the market, to great fanfare in the press, articles in the paper, news stories, the cover of time: Viagra.

Late one night, in a hotel room washing up after a particularly wretched romp with an

escort girl who did not come up to her description, overcharged, and delivered lackluster service at best, an idea came to me.

I made an appointment with my doctor, and spoke of my decision with my wife. I claimed that I had realized I was suffering from erectile dysfunction. Of course that run of ill-timed lapses served as proof.



I was easily able to fool the doctor, who, contrary to what you may have read, was actually not terribly interested in discussing the lurid details; with no physical exam (I had resigned myself to this and other indignities, and found the lack a profound relief.) he prescribed the pills.

This has been the greatest discovery of my life. I take the pill, making it clear to my wife that I'm somewhat uncomfortable with the whole thing, shy about my disjunction and so forth. An hour or so later, I can approach my wife, sure of her hearty cooperation.

Once she gets going, she has always been a willing and even eager partner. Getting her started was always the problem. Now, she's on the spot, she knows I've taken the pill, that I'm working on my personal discomfort for the mutual improvement of our love life. The decision is made while she isn't in the mood, since there must be a lag before effectiveness.

Thinking about it for an hour or more seems to prime the pumps. I am enjoying daily, even twice within the four-hour span on more than one occasion, the sort of wonderful sex we had more than a decade ago.



I've actually noticed a slight improvement in my own performance, positions I found less thrilling, which might have put me off my game now work quite well. As a result, we try more and more varied positions, which helps stave off the boredom that was one factor of our sexual decline. It's like being twenty and newly in lust again.

The pills cost \$10 each. I spend around \$250 a month, less than a



single evening with a high priced escort. And I don't have to hide the expense, making it possible to spend far more. I even get to take the damn things off my taxes as a medical expense.



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