

Dream Girl

Crimson Rose

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After a huge fight with my parents over my choice in partners I sold everything that would not fit in the trunk and back seat of my Ford Escort and hit the road with the promise that as long as they remained close-minded, bigoted assholes I would have nothing more to do with them. I had no destination except for putting so much distance between us they could no longer influence my life. I will not lie and say it was easy as it was far from, and I spent many nights crying myself to sleep in some rundown motel, but the choice had been made and there was no going back.

After more than three weeks on the road, I found myself in some small town in Nevada. Money was running low. I was constantly exhausted from sleeping in crappy motels and my car and just wanted to find a place I could call my own. Unfortunately, I did not have much left in the way of money and no job prospects so I found what I thought was a bed and breakfast on the outskirts of town and that's where my life took a turn for the crazy.

Walking up to a counter where an older, brunette woman wearing a skin-tight red dress busied herself at a computer, I slapped my bank card down and sighed. "I'd like a room for the night please."

"Honey, this isn't a hotel."

"Motel, bed and breakfast, whatever. I just need somewhere to sleep so I can go looking for a job in the morning."

"I'll take it you're new in town," she said now looking me up and down. "Tell you what, I'll give you a bed for the night in exchange for some work. How does that sound?"

"What sort of work?"

"You really have no idea where you are so you?"

"Well, I thought it was a b-n-b, but I was wrong so, no, I have no idea where I am."

"This is Dreamers and..." the door opened and a tall, well-dressed man in his thirties walked in. "I'll get back to you in a minutes. "Welcome back, Kyle. Unfortunately, I don't have any girls free at the moment, but..."

"What about her?" Kyle said nodding in my direction."

"What about me?"

"She doesn't work here."

"Don't let me hold things up. The quicker she's on the books, the quicker we can have fun."

"Even if I wanted to, I cannot put her to work without a complete medical examination."

"Um, what's going on?" I nervously asked. "What is this place? What sort of work would I have to do? Wait...didn't you say you'd give me a bed for the night in exchange for some work?"

"Is she for real?" Kyle asked with a raised brow.

"She's new in town. What's your name, doll?"

"April."

"Well, April, as I was saying, this is Dreamers and we're a brothel. Do I need to explain what sort of work that entails?"

"No."

"I guess the next logical question is: are you interested in that line of work or are we just wasting time here?"

"I don't have much money left and no place left to go. As much as I don't want to do it, I will until I can get on my feet."

"How old are you April?"

"I'm twenty."

"And why don't you have anywhere to go? Are you on drugs? Running from the law? What's your story?"

"I've never done drugs or been in trouble with the law. I'm here because of bigoted, backwards parents that can't get with the times and accept their daughter was in a relationship with a black woman."

"Tell you what, I'll give you a job in a non-sexual capacity until you've had a complete medical examination. The pay isn't great, but you'll have a place to sleep. Assuming everything comes back clean you can go to work making real money or you can find employment elsewhere, but take it from someone that's lived in this town all her life, there isn't much that earn you more than minimum wage outside of the brothel."

"True story," Kyle said.

"You obviously make enough to afford a prostitute," I pointed out.

"I'm also here from Reno where prostitution is still illegal." Turning back to the woman at the counter, he continued. "Mind if I wait around until one of the girls is free?"

"Of course. Feel free to take a seat anywhere and I'll let you know just as soon as one is available." Waiting for him to walk away, she continued. "So, you want the job?"

"What do you mean by non-sexual and how much does it pay?"

"Mostly cleaning the rooms and doing laundry and I'll pay you fifteen dollars an hour cash."

It was more money than I ever expected to make and would go a long way to keeping me afloat while I looked for something better. "I'll take it."

"Great. Since it's late I'll show you to your room so you can settle in for the night and we'll get you checked out by Doctor Shafer in the morning. You'll start working after that."

"Sounds good, Mrs..."

"Madam Rose. Sit tight, Kyle, I'll be back in a few minutes."

I put all the blame for what came out of my mouth next on being tired as much as out of control hormones. "If he wants to help me christen my new room I won't say no. I mean...um..."

"See, you have a free girl after all," Kyle said as he got to his feet and walked over to me.

"She isn't on the payroll which means I cannot guarantee she's clean."

"I've only ever had three partners in my life and I've been faithful each time. If I had a disease of any kind I sure as hell wouldn't agree to work at a place where I would be guaranteed to spread it around."

"That's all well and good and I really want to believe you, but I will not be convinced until I see the medical records. To that end, I will not stop you from making a little extra money on the side. And as for you," she said turning to Kyle "I cannot and will not guarantee she's clean."

"I'll take the chance. Besides, I always wear a condom."

"Then follow us."

"Um, Please forgive my ignorance as I'm new to all of this, but how much will I be paid?"

“That all depends on what Kyle wants to do and how long he wants to do it. When you’re actually on the payroll you’ll do daily bookings so you know exactly how many clients you’ll be meeting each day and how much you’ll make.”

“Seeing as how this is her first night I think I’ll book the entire evening,” Kyle said.

“I appreciate that, but I’m really exhausted and don’t want to disappoint. If I can get a shower I might be able to give you two, maybe three hours tops, but no more than that.”

“Three hours it is. And I’ll pay for the works.”

“The works? What are the works?”

“The works means he’s paying to have three hours of no limits sex with you,” Madam Rose explained. “If you accept you’ll be required to do any and everything he wants. It also means that if you refuse you lose all the money you would have made from him.”

“Which is how much exactly?”

“The works pays three thousand per hour and the house takes forty percent meaning you’ll make fifty-four hundred. If you accept, that is.”

“Can you give me an example of what I can expect?”

“I am going to spend the next three hours dominating you,” Kyle replied. “Holes will be filled. Your very sexy behind will be paddled, breasts flogged. There may be hot wax, needles and golden showers involved, but I can neither confirm nor deny that claim until the fun begins.”

“I’m not into any of that, but for five grand I’ll do it with a smile.”

“So you accept?” Madam Rose asked.

“I accept.”

“You need to know that for everyone’s protection this lobby and all of the rooms are wired with cameras. Everything you do in your room will be recorded. While the house stores a copy for as long as you work here plus ten years, you are free to do whatever you want with it. Some girls have made a decent side income selling it on the internet, but you must have the client’s permission to do so.”

“You have my blessing to post whatever we do together,” Kyle said.

“Thanks, but I’d rather not have the entire world knowing what I just started doing for a living. Besides, I wouldn’t even know where to begin selling it.”

“There are a few girls that can help you with that should you change your mind. Anyways, since you’re going to be her first client I’ll go ahead and collect your money now and your time will start when I leave her room.”

“Sounds like a plan.”