

For Rent

Emily Sinclair

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For Rent

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Had I known what a manipulative, two-faced cheating son of a bitch Jerry was I would have taken everyone's advice and ran away before we ever got serious, but he was nothing but charming, loving and attentive the entire time we dated and into the first three years of marriage. We bought a new house, cars and started our family. I was, without a doubt, the happiest woman alive. Until I walked in on him in bed with not one, but two younger women. It was then the persona he had carefully crafted for me began to crumble and I saw the man everyone warned me of. Unfortunately for me, it was too little, too late.

The divorce was nasty as he attempted to paint me as an unfit mother incapable of taking care of herself let alone our three kids. In the court he produced more than a hundred thousand dollars in credit card debt in my name – credit card debt I had no knowledge of and the bills of which were eventually traced back to a post office box in his name. The divorce was eventually settled in my favor with me getting the house, my car and all three kids as well as alimony and child support I would never see. I also won the case of credit card fraud and identity theft and thought my nightmare was finally over.

Fast forward four years and a trip to a bank to get a small loan to get me through a rough patch only to be denied on the bases of too much outstanding debt. Since my divorce I had only one credit card in my name and I had not missed or been late on a payment in three years so color me surprised when I discovered I have more than forty-thousand dollars in outstanding debt on cancelled cards I never opened. It was the divorce all over again and I was absolutely convinced my ex-husband had screwed me over again. I was in a desperate spot and needed money fast. Unfortunately, all legal route were closed thanks to a bastard hell-bent on ruining me.

I had a job. A good one at that. When there were two of us splitting everything, life was easy and we were on our way to building a nest egg, but now that I was alone to pay for everything I was lucky to have twenty bucks to spare at the end of the week. So when the roof started leaking and insurance would not cover it I found myself in a very desperate situation – a situation no one was willing to help me with. My oldest daughter Halie had been working for over two years and offered the nearly four grand she had been able to save, but I still fell more than ten grand short. With no solution in sight I paid to have the roof tarped and moved on with my life.

Four months later, Halie and I were watching a late movie while my other two kids were spending the night with friends. Out of nowhere, Halie paused the movie and turned to me. "I think I have a way for you to pay for the roof."

"I'm still not robbing a bank," I replied. "And I'm not taking your life savings."

"I would never ask you to do anything illegal mom. Um, you're going to be completely pissed at me, but I think it's time to come clean on the sort of work I really do. Or rather what I've been doing since I turned eighteen anyways."

"It is legal?"

"Of course it's legal."

"Then as long as it makes you happy I don't care what you do for a living."

"I'm a stripper, mom."

"Oh for the love of..."

"I thought you didn't care what I did for a living? Besides, it's through my job that you'll be able to get the money to pay for the roof and then some."

“I am not working as a stripper.”

“Not asking you to. Though to be completely honest you would make a killing shaking that sexy ass on stage.”

“HALIE!”

“What? It’s true. You’re gorgeous, mom, so why be all embarrassed about it? I have you to thank for my looks because they earn me an east eight-hundred a week.”

“Okay, even if I made the same it would still take me five months to pay for the roof and there’s no way in hell I can work a second fulltime job so it would take even longer.”

“If you were a dancer, yes, but that’s not where I’m going with this. One of my best customers has mentioned various ways for me to make more money – I’m talking on the order of hundreds, if not thousands per night.”

“I don’t think I want to hear where this is going Halie. Please tell me you’re not doing what I think you’re doing.”

“I can say in all honesty that I have never taken him up on the offers, but I may have shown him a few pictures of you and explained your situation and he’s very interested in working with you.”

“Absolutely not.”

“You don’t even know what it is and besides, if what he says is true you could make enough to fix the roof and then some in less than a month.”

“As what, a drug mule?”

“God, do you always have to think the worst of everyone? You know what, forget I said anything.”

“What would I have to do?”

“In the words of my best customer: rent yourself out.”

“We’re not in Vegas, Halie, prostitution is illegal and I can’t believe you would even entertain the idea.”

“Not prostitution mom. As he explains it, you would basically rent yourself to people looking for someone to have a bit of fun with.”

“So, sex for money. How is that anything but prostitution?”

“Prostitution is walking the streets in the hopes of picking up random men willing to pay you for sex. What my customer proposes is renting yourself to men and women he knows are drug and disease free. Remember when you rented that wallpaper steamer last year? Think of it like that with you being the tool rented. Could be an hour, four, all day or a week and the longer someone rents you, the more you’ll make.”

“Well, since you put it that way...yeah, it still sounds like prostitution to me.”

“Okay, fine, let’s just drop it and go back to the movie then.”

“If I could make so much money that quick then you should be able to make even more. Why haven’t you taken him up on the offer?”

“Because I’m not into the things I’d have to do and I don’t need the extra money. That being said, however, if you’re willing to do it then I’ll do it as well so we can earn the money all the faster.”

“Do I even want to know what I would have to do? Besides sex, I mean.”

“From what I gather they are into some very kinky shit and that’s what they will be renting you for.”

“Us, you mean.”

“Only if you do it and since you’ve already stated you have no interest I don’t see the point in continuing this conversation.”

“A month?”

“Or less depending on who rents you and for what. And even less if I do it as well.”

“What do you mean if? You said you would do it if I did.”

“Are you okay with your daughter being gang banged, dominated and god knows what else?”

“Are you okay with your mother doing the same? Not to say the idea appeals to me, but dammit, Halie, I don’t know what else to do with your damn father screwing me over again.”

“Sperm donor. He’s no father of mine. So, do you want me to call my customer or shall we go back to the movie?”

“Call him.”

“Are you absolutely certain?”

“No, but do it anyways.”

“I need you to be certain, mom, because he’s going to want proof.”

“What sort of proof?”

“He’ll be the first to rent us.”

“Us? Wait, he’s not going to make us have sex with each other is he? Because if that’s the case then there’s no way in hell I can consent to that.”

“I can assure you he will not make us do anything illegal.”

“Then call him. I have a job and reputation to uphold so it goes without saying that this must never be spoken of to anyone.”

“My lips are sealed. I’m gonna go call him now. Are you sure you want to do this, mom?”

“Like I said before, I don’t really have a choice in the matter. The roof isn’t going to fix itself and the tarps aren’t going to hold forever. Not to mention what an eyesore they are.”

“Then I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

My daughter left the living room and I started pacing back and forth double, triple and quadruple thinking my decision to rent myself out to complete strangers that would pay to do all manner of perverse things to me. It was the absolute last thing I wanted to do, but reasoned it away by telling myself I had no other options at my disposal. I was still pacing when Halie returned looking nervous. “What’s the matter? Did he say no?”

“No, but he wants proof you’re really willing to go through with it so he doesn’t waste his time coming over.”

“What proof does he need?”

“He wants a picture of you topless and holding a sign that says: for rent. He said you could hold the sign so that it covers your breasts, but you must be completely topless.”

“And what do you have to send him?”

“He knows me and knows I wouldn’t offer to do it if I weren’t serious. So, you willing to send him the pic?”

“Is it the only way?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll do it.”

“I’ll be right back. I have some white cardboard in my room we can use for the sign. Go ahead and take your shirt and bra off and I’ll go get it.”

Nervous as fuck, I did as my daughter asked as she ran back to her bedroom. She came back with a long piece of cardboard with FOR RENT written across it. Taking it from her, I held it in front of my breasts and she took several pictures with her phone. When I lowered it, she took more. "HEY!"

"What? Seeing your perfect perky breasts will get him all the more interested. Turn around. Let me get a few of your butt."

"I am not taking my pants off."

"Not asking you to, but it would help get him interested. Besides, you're agreeing to do all manner of perverse shit so what difference does it make if he sees your ass now or later?"

Taking a deep breath, I turned my back on my daughter. She took pictures and directed me into about a dozen different suggestive poses before finally sending the pictures off to her mysterious customer. Less than a minute later her phone went off and she grinned. She sent another text and quickly got a reply. Another text. Another reply. "Everything okay? Did he not like them?"

"Are you kidding me? He loved 'em. He'll be here in half an hour. Here, read his last text for yourself."

I took the phone from her hand and read it three times.

When I get there I want to see you and your mother butt naked, kneeling and holding identical signs. Leave the door unlocked. I will knock 3 times, pause, knock 2 times and then enter.

I handed the phone back to my daughter, sighed and then stripped out of the rest of my clothes. "You better go make another sign."