

# **Oldest Profession**

**Emily Sinclair**

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Breaking out her sexy clothes for the first time in years, Amelia put on her favorite little black dress and heels. Knowing she would no doubt have more than one glass of wine and a small part of her hoping things would go so well she would get a ride home, she called a taxi to take her to Trattoria Vaccaro for her first date since cancer took her husband nearly five years ago. Showing up a few minutes early, she was led to a table where she ordered a glass of red wine. Nibbling on breadsticks, one glass became two then three. Realizing halfway through her fourth glass that she had been stood up, she paid her bill and left the restaurant.

Home not too far away, she exhaled and began walking. She met Hayden the first day of high school. He was the extroverted handsome jock and she the shy nerdy girl that most people looked right past. It was love at first sight for both of them and by the end of the day she had her first boyfriend. Their relationship blossomed faster than either of them expected and by winter break of freshman year she discovered she was pregnant with their first child. Most fourteen year old boys would have ran away screaming at the thought of being a father at that age, but Hayden's parent's raised him right and he stuck by her side no matter what his friends and fellow students had to say about it.

Giving birth to a healthy baby girl they named Nicole, Amelia's parents put her on birth control and she managed to make it all the way to her junior year before becoming pregnant with her second child with her longtime boyfriend. Married after graduation, they both put off college to get whatever jobs they could to give their kids the lives they deserved.

Walking down the street deep in thought and struggling to stave off depression, she did not hear the first time the young man driving slowly next to her called out. "Hey babe." The words finally cut through and she turned to see a man of about eighteen or nineteen driving slowly next to her.

"Piss off kid," she snapped back, the anger of being stood up still very much eating her up inside.

"My girlfriend and I are looking for a sexy MILF to join us in a threesome," he said, completely unfazed by her rebuke. Stopping his Silverado, he got out and walked over to her. "And you're definitely sexy. I've got five hundred in my pocket and it's all yours but first..."

Taken by surprise, Amelia stared at the young man through wide eyes as he took her by the hand and pulled her in the direction of a narrow alley. Twenty feet in her hands were pressed against the rough brick wall of a furniture store as her hips were pulled back. But it was not until her dress was pushed up that it clicked what was about to happen. "I'm not a..." Before she could tell him she was not a prostitute it was too late and in a moment of humiliation she had been taken by only the second man in her life.

Leaving the alley fifteen minutes later completely embarrassed, short one skimpy, lacy garment and a hundred dollars richer, Amelia took a deep breath and for reasons she was still trying to figure out joined the young man in his pickup. "S-So, what's your name?"

"I'm Colton. And you?"

"A-Amelia. And that...what we just did...I'm not..."

"It was pretty fantastic. My girlfriend is going to love you."

"I'm not a prostitute."

"That's fine. I've got another four hundred in my pocket if you join us for the rest of the night and because I really like you I'll stop at the ATM and add another three hundred to that."

“W-What...what are you and your girlfriend going to do to me or have me do to you?” Amelia could hardly believe she was even entertaining the idea, but the handsome young man sitting to her left was well-built in more than one way and despite the age difference she found herself wanting him again.

“Nothing perverted if that’s what you’re worried about. Or at least not too perverted. We’ll just spend the night enjoying each other’s company and whatever happens, happens.”

“I’ve never been with another woman before.”

“Neither has my girlfriend but she’s looking forward to her first experience. So, am I taking you home, or to the motel where my girlfriend is waiting?”

Staring out the window, Amelia remained silent for a long moment. While there was the tiny glimmer of hope that her date would go so well that she took him home for a nightcap, being paid to do a threesome was about the last thing she imagined doing. And yet there she was giving it actual consideration. “Make it another five hundred on top of the four hundred and you can take me to the hotel, but I want paid up front before doing anything.”

“Deal.”

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A thousand dollars richer and visibly trembling, Amelia followed Colton across the motel parking lot and into room one-oh-nine. As far as motels rooms went it was actually surprisingly clean with a queen sized bed sitting against the wall, a closed door straight ahead which, from the sound of running water was a bathroom where Colton’s girlfriend was showering and a small kitchen to the right. A chair sat in front of a large heavily draped curtain. Hands on her hips causing her to flinch, Amelia resisted pulling away as the young man kissed the side of her neck. Her dress was unzipped and as the kisses continued dropped to the floor leaving her standing there in only her heels.

The bathroom door opened. Amelia’s eyes fell upon the naked body of a familiar looking dirty blonde as the young woman’s eyes fell on her. There were gasps of surprise and then both of them spoke in unison.

“MOM?”

“NICOLE?”

“Um, you two know each other?”

Scrambling to pick up her dress, Amelia bent over and felt Colton’s manhood slide into her from behind. “UHN!” But as good as it felt to once again be filled, she pulled off of him and took several steps towards the bed to get dressed.

“I said to find a hooker or something, not my mother!” Nicole said as she ran into the bathroom and returned with a towel wrapped around her body.

“Mother? Holy shit! Are you serious?”

“Yes,” Amelia replied. “Yes she is. What the hell is going on here Nicole? Nevermind. Get dressed right now. We’re going home. And you,” she said, turning to face the young man that had made her feel wanted for the first time in years “don’t you ever contact my daughter ever again.”

“MOM!”

“Don’t mom me. I said get dressed.”

“I’m eighteen now mom, you can’t boss me around anymore.”

“If you want a home to come back to you’ll do as you’re told. Now get dressed.”

“No. God, why do you have to be such a prude?”

“Prude? I don’t think you know your mother all that well,” Colton said as he put himself away. “I mean, would a prude...”

“Just shut up,” Amelia shouted before he could tell her daughter what they had done.

“Your mother let me take her into an alley where I made a deposit if you know what I mean,” Colton smirked. “Speaking of which, if you’re not staying then I want my nine hundred dollars back.”

“Um, yeah, no that’s not gonna happen. And I’m sure as hell not staying to have sex with my own daughter!” Zipping the back of her dress, she glared at her daughter. “Get dressed.”

“No. And if he paid you for sex then you should stay and give him what he paid for and I’ll wait for you at home. Wait, I thought you were out on a date. And you were out looking for a hooker to play with,” she said to her boyfriend. How in the hell did your paths even cross?”

“I can’t speak to her side of events, but I saw your gorgeous mother walking down the street looking very much what we were looking for. I stopped and told her I had some money as I took her into an alley for a sample. For the record she never once told me she wasn’t a prostitute until after the fact.”

“And you mom?”

Amelia remained silent for a long moment before saying anything. “Knowing I was going to be doing some drinking I took a taxi to the restaurant. It took me several glasses of wine to realize I was being stood up.” Stopping, she nervously chewed her lower lip for another long beat. “Home wasn’t far so I decided to walk. I made it maybe a quarter of a mile when your boyfriend got out of his truck and led me into an alley. I tried to tell him I wasn’t a prostitute but he pulled me into the alley and pushed me against the wall of a building before I could get all of the words out. He then...then he...we...he had sex with me. And yes, he made a deposit as he so eloquently put it.” Turning to face Colton, she continued. “I’m not on birth control by the way.”

“That makes you all the hotter,” the horny young man smirked.

“So, from what I’m hearing he offered you money for sex and led you in an alley for a sample and you let him have sex with you. I can sort of understand you not being able to get out that you’re not a prostitute at first but come on, mom, do you seriously expect me to believe you couldn’t talk the entire time? Wait, did he gag you? Because he love gagging me.”

“No, I didn’t gag her.” Colton answered his girlfriend. “Anyways, if you’re not going to give my money back I’ll call the police and tell them...”

“What? That you paid a woman for sex? Prostitution is illegal, remember? Now get out of my way.”

“Mom, give him his money back or stay and give him what he paid for. I mean, you already had sex with him once, right? What the hell is a second, third or tenth time going to hurt? If you don’t then I’ll pack my things and you’ll never hear from me again.”

“Really? And you’re going to pay for an apartment and all that comes with it, buy food, pay your own insurance and phone bill with what money exactly? I’m not a whore and I’ll be damn if I’m treated as one.”

“I would never treat you as anything other than the stunningly beautiful woman that you are,” Colton said as he walked towards the bed. “Unless you ask me too that is.” Gently caressing Amelia’s cheek he pulled her in for a kiss. Melting into his arms, she went with it for several glorious seconds before realizing her daughter was watching. “I...I will not be blackmailed into prostitution by my own daughter and her perverted boyfriend,” she said as she reluctantly broke contact with the young man in front of her.

“I’m not blackmailing you mom. I’m just telling you to be the same honest woman you taught me to be and do what you’ve been paid for. I’ll be at home.” Turning her attention to Colton, she smiled. “I’ll see you later babe.” And with that she pulled the door open and stepped out before realizing she was still just wearing a towel. Going back inside, she got dressed and then once again walked out. This time, however, she closed the door behind her on her way to her car.

In the motel room, Amelia and Colton stared each other down. Eyes going to her purse, she weighed her options. Going to college five years after high school, she went to college with the intent of majoring in medicine but after the first year switched to nursing in which she earned her BSN. Making around seventy-five thousand a year she was not exactly hurting for money, but at the same time a grand was a grand and as much as she did not want to take it for sex, she had to admit to herself that she would be foolish to pass it up. “Fine, I’ll do it. I’m yours to do with as you please until the sun comes up but only if you swear to never contact my daughter again.”

“No deal. I love Nicole more than anyone I’ve ever met and nothing you say or do will ever make me stop. Also, you should be careful what you agree to. I am the pervert here after all,” he smiled.

“Yeah, you love her so much you’re willing to cheat on her at a moment’s notice,” Amelia said as she reached back and unzipped her dress.

“Inviting a prostitute was her idea. That being said, it’s actually a pleasure meeting you Mrs. Duffy, and I sincerely hope this does not put a damper on us getting to know each other.”

“Let’s just get it over with.” Stepping out of her heels, Amelia got into bed where she would spend the rest of the night as his prostitute.

“There’s one more thing,” Colton said as he got into bed behind her. “Nicole and I put cameras in the room so no one could claim they were forced into anything against their will so if you’re getting any silly ideas, don’t. And no, I will not be turning them off.”

“Fine, whatever, just hurry up and get your money’s worth.”

“We have all night and I plan on taking my time to enjoy every minute of it.”