

Sapphire Lounge

Emily Sinclair

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“That’s it!” I heard my husband shout from across the room. “Get your lazy ass out of bed right now!”

“Fuck off.” Grabbing his pillow, I put it over my head and tried to ignore him, but he was not having it. I heard his footsteps stomping across the floor and then the pillow was yanked away along with the blankets. “God damn it! What’s your problem?”

“You’re my problem. I’m out there busting my ass every god damn day trying to keep a roof over our head and all you do is lay on your lazy ass spending money faster than I can make it.” No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a pile of papers flew out of his hand and spread out all over the bed. “What the hell did you spend forty-seven hundred dollars on last month? You know what, nevermind, I don’t want to know. What I do want to know, however, is how you intend on paying it all back.”

“Pay it back? You pay the bills, not me.”

“Yeah, and that ends right now. Until you get a job and start helping out around here you’re cut off.”

“When we got married you said I’d never have to work a day in my life,” I huffed, pissed he was suddenly making demands.

“That was before you started spending more money than I make. I’m serious. You have until the end of the month to get a job or else.”

“Or else what? You going to give me another talking to?”

“I’m not remaining married to a lazy gold-digger,” he said. Glaring at me for another second he turned and walked out of the room leaving me lying there in stunned silence. No chance in hell of me going back to sleep after that announcement, I reluctantly got out of bed and stripped out of my nightie and panties before heading into our private bathroom for a shower. Thankfully, by the time I was done and dressed my husband was gone. Too angry to eat breakfast, I paced back and forth for a good hour as I weighed my options. None of which were good.

Coming from a well-to-do family I was never required to work a day in my life and while I had a bachelor’s degree in psychology it was not enough to get me any sort of job in the field. And with no other skills my prospects rapidly dwindled. My mind going to what would most piss my husband off, I considered working fast food just so people would get the idea we were not as well off as we really were, but then I thought of something even better. Going back to the bedroom, I stripped out of my jeans and tee shirt and put on my skimpiest, sexiest dress and matching heels.

The wonderful thing about living in Nevada was that prostitution was legal in several counties including the one my husband and I lived in. Driving to the outskirts, I pulled into the parking lot of a three story mansion known as the Rosebud Ranch. Knowing there were all manner of precautions in place to ensure the ladies were disease and drug free, I never the less wanted to inquire about everything I would need to start working there. As I approached the door I was greeted by a barrel-chested black man wearing a well-tailored suit.

“Morning Ma’am,” he said as he opened the door for me.

“Morning and thank you,” I smiled in reply as I stepped inside a luxuriously decorated foyer with seven young scantily clad women standing around the large room while an eighth older woman sat at a desk in the far corner reading a book. Figuring she was the one in charge, I walked over to her. “

“Welcome to the Rosebud Ranch. How can I help you this morning?” she asked, making no attempt to hide the fact that she was checking me out.

“I would love to get a job here if you’re hiring.”

“We’re always looking for women, but there are a lot of hoops to jump through before you can start.”

“Understood. Just tell me what I need to do.”

“Once you fill out an application I’ll send you to our personal physician who will give you a thorough exam. Assuming the results come back clean I’ll give you a room and set you up with a few clients. One question before we begin. Do you have a significant other?”

“I’m married and he’ll be pissed I’m applying here but he only has himself to blame.”

“To minimize the risk of spreading diseases your husband will also be required to see Doctor Mercer. And you’ll both be required to do so once a month for as long as you’re married and you’re working here.”

“Um, I don’t think he’ll be willing to do that.”

“Then unfortunately you won’t be able to work here.”

“Then before I waste anymore of our time let me give my husband a call.”

“Take your time.”

“Thanks.” Stepping back outside in case the call turned into an argument, I dialed his number.

“I’m busy and no, you’re not getting the credit cards back,” my husband answered the phone. I had no idea they were even missing but I made a mental note to check my purse when I had a minute free.

“I only need a minute. I’m somewhere about to get a job as you demanded but in order to do so we both need to get thorough checkups before I start and then every month I work here.”

“Where the hell are you getting a job that requires you to have monthly medical exams?”

“The Rosebud Ranch. And before you open your mouth to say anything, remember this is all your damn fault.”

“I’m not having exams so that my wife can be a whore so find somewhere else.”

“Fuck you! You’re going to do it so I can work here or you can kiss my ass goodbye.”

“Then goodbye it is.”

“So you’d seriously rather lose half your money and the house than be put out a couple of hours every month?” I said, hitting him where I knew it would hurt most. “Or you can stop being a greedy asshole and I can go home and pretend none of this ever happened. Your choice but you had better make it fast because I don’t want to keep the Lady of the house waiting.”

“When I said for you to get a job I didn’t mean as a hooker and there’s no way in hell I’m staying married to one so if that’s what you want to do then the choice is made. You’ll be hearing from my attorney soon.”

Anger boiling up inside, I hung the phone up and squeezed it so hard I thought I felt the screen crack. Taking a moment to calm myself I walked back inside and up to the woman sitting at the desk. “My husband isn’t too keen on remaining married to a prostitute and just told me he’s filing for divorce.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. I wouldn’t normally do this but I really like your look so I’ll make you a onetime offer. You may stay here on condition that you wear a chastity belt at all times until the test results come back. If they’re clean you may begin working immediately and may sleep in your room until you’re able to afford a place of your own.”

“Thank you. I do have my own personal bank account with enough to probably get my by for a few months but seeing as how I’ve never had a job in my life it might take me some time to find a place.”

“Tell you what, after you fill out an application go see Doctor Mercer today and tell her to fit you with a chastity belt and when you’re done I’ll send you to see a realtor friend of mine that will get you set up with a new home for very little money down.”

“Thank you so much for helping me. I really appreciate it.”

“My pleasure. I’m Madam Bianca by the way. And you are?”

“Kaitlyn Roth.”

“Nice to meet you Kaitlyn. Go ahead and have a seat and we’ll get that application filled out.”

“Thank you.”