

Rebecca

By Scott Upper

Before knocking on the door of the 14th floor corner suite at the Fairmont Hotel, I pace outside the room for a minute, psyching myself up for the appointment.

Go for it, dude. Balls out.

I take a deep breath and knock three times.

Hotel rooms are tricky because they force hookers to think extra-fast. The door swings open and Joe takes a few slow steps back into the center of the room. He lands in a sunbeam that lights his bald head up like an orb. Standing at about 4'10", Joe wears a powder blue polyester leisure dress with big white buttons that snap down the front of his short, plump frame. His bright white stockings are neatly tucked into what appear to be brand new orthopedic shoes. Matching blue eye shadow, pink lipstick, and heavy blush complete the ensemble.

Wham! The heavy hotel door slams shut behind us and we stare at each other in awkward silence. "Hi" I say softly, the corners of my mouth turning upwards into smile that is a dangerously close to inappropriate laughter. I clamp down on my jaw and suppress it but the sides of my stomach jiggle with pressure and threaten to uncork a date-killing guffaw.

His outfit is, without a doubt, one of the best get-ups I'd ever scene but Joe had never indicated that this was going to be happy hour at the Copa Cabana.

Joe doesn't say a word. Clearly we are both in some sort of shock. Amateurs...

I rack my brain to recall his original contact letter and it comes to me in the nick of time. The letter didn't really say much. 35 year old banker from London in town on business with one non-negotiable request: I am to refer to him *only* as Rebecca.

Ok so now the name Rebecca is imprinted on my racing mind and suddenly I'm on Whose Line is it, Anyway? trying to come up with an improve scene that effectively uses the name.

Eureka! I've got it! I bound toward him – all 210 pounds, throw my arms out for an embrace and shout: “Rebecca! It’s so good to see you! I’ve missed you so much!”

Rebecca looks even more frightened now. Her hands remain at her sides. Her lip quivers and she says with the softest, most demure British accent “But...we’ve never met.”

She’s clearly NOT with me on this one so I lean down and gently whisper: “It’s a role play, Joe. I’m supposed to call you Rebecca, remember?”

“Oh, yes, yes, I’m sorry” Rebecca shakes her head from side to side, pearls tightly wedged into her earlobes.

“No worries” I sigh like an exasperated school teacher. “Let’s try again”.

Walking back to the door I turn around and shout “Rebecca!” I plow forward like a linebacker and stop about a foot in front of her.

She stands still – quiet as ever.

“Um...hi?” I ask.

Nothing.

I refuse to give up. With no chance of a reaction from Joe or Rebecca, I bring in another client’s fantasy talk into the room and ad lib to keep from going bonkers. “I sure did miss you when I was out at sea, baby!” I lead poor stiff-as-a-board Rebecca to the edge of the bed.

I unbutton the monstrous white discs of her blue dress. It falls away and now I am staring at some kind of old lady garter contraption. I certainly admire the effort but getting an erection for a frigid nurse librarian punk drag grandma is an entirely different matter. So I simply do what I know will work.

I whip out my dong, look into the mirror across the room, and nod at the hot sailor at sea. He nods back. I stroke my big cock. He strokes his.

Rebecca opens her mouth but not quite wide enough so it catches on the corner, stretching it like a rubber band. The head pops out to her cheek and smears pink lipstick down the side of her face.

“I missed you so much, baby” I say as I look back at the mirror and bust a nut onto her garter belt, “but I better get going now. Ships leaving at 0600 and I’m on it”.

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