**Chapter 1 -- The Suit**

I've had some weird requests before, but this one took the cake. He is dressed in a suit, an expensive one. Worth more money than I could make working a week.

"How efficient are you at *role-playing*?" The man asks again. He folds his hands together and looks over me behind a pair of expensive sunglasses.

"You mean dirty talk? That's extra." I say, fidgeting with my purse. I find my pack of cigarettes and begin to pull one out.

He stops me with a calm gesture. "That's not what I mean. And would you refrain from smoking while we talk?"

"Fine. Though I'm more reasonable when I have a smoke." I let out an annoyed huff and slip away the pack back into my purse. "Wait, role-play. You want me to pretend I'm a nurse or something? I did some acting in school."

"That's more in line with what I mean. Yes." The man nodded.

"Yeah. That'll cost a lot extra," I say, "especially if it's something weird like a baby fetish or somethin'."

"This is definitely an atypical fetish." The man chuckled.

"You're coy about it. Must be comfortable with yourself." I lean forward with a smile.

"Oh, it is not for me." He smiles like a snake in a bush. "I have a client that I am recruiting for."

"Oh I get it. Some big name too good to look for his own whores?" I laugh.

"Yes. Something like that." He pushed up his glasses high on his nose. "But as I said, this is a special case. It requires specific planning."

*I better shake this guy up a bit.* "Well since it's weird shit, I'll need a grand up front."

"Done." He said pulling out a wallet. " Cash is acceptable?"

"Yeah." I say, the smile falling off my face. "But that doesn't mean you get whatever just for shelling out some money."

"Completely understandable." He raised a hand, before pulling out ten crisp hundreds. "In fact, this thousand dollars, I only ask you to listen to my request. If it seems unfavorable, you will have made the easiest thousand dollars in your life. You will be free to leave if you find it unfavorable."

"Fine. I'll listen to you talk." I sigh.

"I require some privacy though, this is a touchy matter." He pushes the money towards me.

"There's a private room." I point a thumb at a door in the corner of the bar. "We can chat there."

"Excellent."  
 "Hey, for another thousand, I'll polish your gentleman's cane while I listen." I smile earnestly.

"Ah. A true business woman." He laughs, and his expression falls flat in a heartbeat. "I’ll pass."

The bar is quiet tonight, the suit the only real customer I have. Usually I can scrounge up a twenty five dollar hand job, or a polish for a hundred. Tonight however is painfully slow. We walk into the back room, with little more than a nod from Bruno, the Drippy Mug's tap man. He lets me work for free, well, without money. I give him a special here and there to make things even.

The suit walks in first, glances about at the steel walled room and the single table with a chair. Always looks like an interrogation room. But the wooden floor is easy on the knees.

"Take a seat. I'll remain standing." He says gesturing to the lone chair.

I take him up on it, and sit. Hard to remember the last time I sat in it, and rather than kneeling in front of it.

He snaps the door shut, and locks it. No skin off my nose. That's how things work. There's a panic button on the floor anyway. Bruno comes in with a pipe and sorts out the suit in some good ol' east coast justice.

"Soundproof. Handy." He pushes his glassed up and turns to me. "About my client. He has a domestication fetish."

"What? Like pet animals?"

"In a demented sort of way, you can say that." He shrugs one shoulder. "I need you to play a part, and see to it he remains amused."

I frown. *Two weird requests in one day.* "Go on. You paid me to listen."

"Yes." He straightens. "I need to hire you for a long term arrangement. This includes room and board, and other expenses.."

"What sort of expenses?" I lean in the chair.

"I will need you to get breast implants." He said evenly.

"I can't afford that crap." My eyes fall to my chest, never had much but never had complaints. Most guys looking for a prostitute wanted skill sets that had little to do with tits. My modest lady-bumps did their job, they jostled when they fucked me sure, but I barely need a bra.

"It will be paid for. It will not be a part of your payment, merely a term of the arrangement. If this is a problem, you have choices."

"So I can refuse." I say.

"That would mean our business concludes, and you are a thousand dollars richer." He smiles that snake smile again. "But, I mean to say, we can leave the door open to have them removed upon the termination of the contract."

"Go on with the details. Why would I need implants?"

"We need to paint the illusion that you are changing for the client." The man approached the table and rested a hand atop it. "Because what he wants is, strictly speaking, impossible. We need to improvise."

"Then why me?"

"Several reasons. One being, a low profile prostitute would not draw unwanted attention. Second, you have a few people that suggested I speak with you for your talents. Third, it seemed prudent to find someone in a dire financial situation." He pulled away from the table. "I paid off your debtor, by the way, I wanted to plant the seed of trust."

"What? But that was--"

"Seven thousand and five hundred dollars." The man in the suit said. "So even if you had refused to talk you stood to profit a great deal."

"So know I owe you that money? Is that what you're saying?" I tense.

"Not at all. It was paid it off in good faith. But I imagine you would love to make enough money to dwarf that piddling sum." The snake like smile returned. "Here is my offer. Meet my client, offer some degree of resistance to his presence. We are going to play a little game with him."

I nod and lean closer.

"I will approach him and suggest that he should drug you, a slow acting modification drug. A hormone of sorts. You need to feign an addiction to it and we will make slight modifications to your body, in the form of breast implants." He chuckled. "In his perspective it will be the drug."

"That drug isn't real is it?"

"A sugar pill. I assure you." He wagged a finger. "Though we will lead him to believe he has been scammed. We will not make any adjustments until the first week concludes."

"Oh I get it... Then you just want me to act like it was some sort of miracle. He sees me with giant yams and thinks he won the lottery." I squirm in place. "I'm not sure though, money's nice and all but those things can kill you. I don't really like the idea of being gigantic overnight. Plus there's no way he'd be dumb enough to think they're real."

"You're correct," he said, "that is why this is a long term process. The first adjustment would be slight. To simplify, a size larger. Enough that it would be noticeable, but easy to convince authenticity. Along with some acting on your part."

I pull on my bottom lip, considering. Given my line of work, making the push into higher profile customers, or the porn industry had left me to consider getting implants. This suit offered to do it for free. Even if he didn't pay a mint, that could be turned to profit.

"How much are you paying me?" I say.

"Ten Thousand for the first week." The man said, placing a hand on the table.

My eyes widen. More than enough to do some damage. "You said the first week right? So what if I don't want to keep up with this."

"You would be forfeiting the opportunity to make more money. But after the first week, you may opt to leave. Considering there would be a small matter of disappointment to address, I would have to reduce that to Eight Thousand if you insist on the removal of the implants." He smiles. "If you choose to stay and listen to the changes in approach, I will offer an additional thousand per briefing. We can negotiate further costs as they come.

"So you're saying I need to wait on this bozo hand and foot for a week.

"Oh no. You will live in comfort, a nearby hotel penthouse, and you will be expected to spend roughly three hours with the client a day."

"Three hours?" I raised a brow. "That's quite the pay rate. So sex then? I need to rock this guys wo--"

"Not exactly. If it comes to that, you will have intercourse with him at your leisure. Remember, we are not hiring you as a prostitute. You are being hired as a test subject."

I lean back in the chair and exhale. Every bit of the deal sounds sweet. I would be an idiot to say no.. "What happens if I want to bail after day one?"

"You would be released to your own vices and relieved of all room and board, no costs to speak of and a thousand dollars in your pocket." He tapped the table next to the ten bills.

"Fine. I'll do it." I say, pulling the money towards me. "All expenses paid? Clothes? Food?"

"All." The man said, "You can keep whatever you can carry out of the penthouse should you want to abort the arrangement."

"Then Mr. Jones. We have a deal."

**Chapter 2 -- The Client.**