Three years ago I bought a dress outside of my price range. The damn thing set me back three thousand dollars, and I let it rot in the closet of my shitty little one bedroom apartment. Boy did I get some weird looks paying for the damn thing in cash. Today, I feel like that purchase was completely justified. It's a red little number, something that matches my shoulder length brown hair perfectly, made by some French guy I can't hope to pronounce his name. It clings to my curves, what little I have at least, and shows them off with gusto. Even if my tits are covered, the dress doesn't leave much to the imagination, I had to go commando to push that point home.

I also love how it dips on the sides showing off my legs, my best feature, and gives just a taste of the smooth skin just above my honeypot. As much as I'm getting paid for this gig, I figure I should break out the heavy artillery.

Despite all that, I feel like a fifty cent piece in a wallet full of hundreds. The place is huge, the lobby bigger than some hotels I've seen. Two gaudy angel statues bookend the entryway and the old dude with the horseshoe hair and a thousand dollar suit, the one that saw me in, delegates a healthy dose of stink eye.

"What's wrong gramps? You never seen a prostitute before?"

He doesn't grace me with an answer.

Part of me wants to rile the doorman further, but he was content to lead me to his boss. I walk through hallway after hallway, I lose track after ten. No elevators, three flights of stairs, all of them up. I spot some paintings on the wall, some I probably should have recognize, but I'm not the most cultured of people. We finally come to a room and Jeeves waves me in. I flip him off before I push through the door.

The inside looks like a man lodge. Dead animals lining the walls, all of them stuffed into ferocious looking expressions and poses. A blast of warmth hits me in the face and I'm glad I dressed light. A fireplace rages at the edge of the room, but with a closer look, I realize it's just a LCD screen.

A chair, with who I assume is my client sitting in it, is turned away. It spins and I'm looking at a guy I would have never thought existed if 'Leave it to Beaver' hadn't gone on the air. The 50's sitcom, not the porno. He had fine styled black hair and is wearing a hideously ugly red robe with a cursive 'D' on the chest. The final kick in the stomach is the pipe dangling from the corner of his mouth.

I have to bring a hand to my mouth to cover the laugh.

"You must be Mira," he says, raising a brow.

"That's me." I say, glancing around the room. "This is usually the part where I lay down the rules, but fuck it. You're paying me so damn much, it's your show."

"Good to know." He laughs. Looking over him, he's not bad looking. I peg him for about late twenties. Playboy billionaire type. [i]*Bet he has a tiny cock though.* [/i]

"So. Here I am." I shrug. "You want me on all fours? Bark a little? I hear you like animals. I look hot in nothing but a collar."

"Nothing like that. Have a seat." He gestures to a chair before him.

I shrug and take him up on it. My ass has never felt better. The second I sit on it, I swear I just checked into heaven. I lean back, enjoying the softness, and deliberately broadcast my lack of panties to him briefly before crossing them in a lady like fashion.

He notices. That's a good sign at least.

He clears his throat, pulls away his pipe and sets it on the table. "You seem to have gotten the wrong idea. I've invited you for company, but not quite that sort."

"Oh well, I could always put some on if you have them lying around. You got a wife that'll lend me a pair?" I say coyly, "Or is that job up for grabs?"

"Haha... No. I'm not married, and perhaps," he says, "My name is Gerald Thoright but you probably know that."

[i]*Nope.* [/i]

"Probably on the cover of Real Businessman? December?" He pushes to a stand approaching a bottle of vino.

[i]*Nope.* [/i]

"Nothing special really. Just something to pass the time. I'm not very photogenic I'm afraid."

"Did you have your pants on for the shoot?" I say, leaning forward. I want him to see what I'm working with. If the suit that hired her was being honest, being small might be a plus for him.

He notices.

"I uhm..." He hesitates, holding two glasses of wine. The low light makes it harder to see, but one glass is darker than the other. The message the suit gave me, if true meant that was the game, I just had to wonder what angle I should play.

"It's fine. Hey. Mind if I smoke?" I say, "Nothing goes with a glass better."

"I'd rather you didn't." He said smiling sheepishly.

I give him a blank stare, eyeing his pipe.

"It's fake." He amends. "I just like the look."

I roll my eyes and accept my glass of wine. I frown down at it and wonder if he's panning to drug me, outside of the plan anyway. But this guy is too corny. He didn't have it in him.

"You don't need to get me drunk you know. I sort of prefer being sober. I work better that way at least."

"Just enjoy it. That's a special wine for a special occasion." He said taking a sip. "Ah. Yes. It's been a while. It's hard to track it down."

I take a sip and make a face. [u]Way[/u] too sweet. Sugar pills indeed. The bastard probably added three of em'. Guess he expects my tits to flop out of my dress. I drink it quickly to avoid the taste. "Seconds?"

He looks surprised, but brings the bottle close and fills it up. The second glass, I only take a small sip, and it is divine. Never had such a flavor in my mouth. I even let out a little moan of appreciation. I thought that only happens in movies... but here I am.

"This... is good stuff." I say.

"It's ten thousand dollars a bottle. I was surprised to see you down the first glass so quickly." He said smiling.

My second sip is much more deliberate. [i]*This twerp wastes a glass of this on that harebrained concoction?* [/i] "It's really good. I guess I couldn't control myself on the first one. I love how it makes my chest tingle."

"Oh?" He leans forward, intringued.

[i]*What an idiot. What kind of wine makes your chest tingle...? This guy has the sublety of a cat in a fish factory.* [/i]

"You know. As much as you're paying me. We could be having this conversation with me topless," I say, setting aside my glass, "I know some guys love the whole demure conversation... so I can keep that up while I ride you or whatever. Your buddy in the suit had me checked for rabies and everything."

"That really isn't needed. You look amazing in that dress as it is. I'm very easy to please." He smiles behind his next sip.

"So... you really are fine with just talking?"

"Yes." He nods.

"Jeez. You're making me feel bad." I say, shrugging. "You mind if I use the little girls room then? I have a pair of panties in my purse... if you really don't mind."

"Do what you need to." He waves me off. "It's behind the bear head over there."

"Thanks." I say, pulling to a stand. I stagger slightly, the wine packs a punch, even with a sugar blasted first glass and only a few sips. I feel all out of balance. Funny though, my head doesn't feel out of sorts.

I scoop up my purse and head to the bear, I settle in front of the mirror trimmed with gold. My makeup is nice an intact, not too much, but enough to highlight my high contrast grey eyes. I mewl over my hair a moment, thinking I should have styled it, but its thin enough that I don't really have to.

I set my purse on the corner of the sink to fish out my panties and catch a glance at my chest in the mirror and do a double take. My tits are larger, no doubt, pushing the red dress forward and erect nipples poking against fabric.

Two sizes, at least. I haven't bothered to check my size because I've been the same since I dropped out of high school. 32A. But now a perfect pair of C's dangle in front of me. I abandon my purse and check my profile, pressing the dress flat against my stomach. I look amazing and best part they're all mine.

I raise a hand to my lower lip and tug, considering. [i]*I don't think those were sugar pills at all.* [/i]