

A man with dark, wavy hair and a light beard, wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, and dark tie, is holding a single red rose in his right hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

Escort

GRAEME WATSON

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By G. A. Watson



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Chapter 1

At the age of 28, Ross McCloud seemed to have everything: almost 6 feet tall, great looks, a fine figure, although he wasn't athletic, a personality that had women swooning at his feet, a brain that had earned him a 2:1 at university without having to work too hard, a flat, a hefty mortgage, and a job. OK, the job wasn't brilliant. He worked as an accountant. Accountants were boring, except in Ross's case, it was only the job that was boring. It didn't pay as much as he would have liked. Most people felt that way about their jobs, but Ross felt he deserved better; felt that he wanted a job with more excitement without losing the security.

He had never married – why should he? With his good looks, he was never short of female company. It was often said that he could have any woman he wanted. And at university that was certainly true; he even had one woman he didn't really want – at first.

No one could honestly say that Jacqui Planter was ugly, but she wasn't exactly overendowed in the looks department. In many ways, she was the opposite of Ross; she lacked confidence, lacked a personality and she lacked partners. It came as no real surprise to her student friends that she was still a virgin at nineteen. What was, perhaps, a surprise was how much it grieved her. One evening, after a more than

customary intake of alcohol, her friends asked her what she would like most for her upcoming birthday; she said she wanted to wake up in the morning with a naked man in bed with her. When pressed if there was any particular man this fantasy applied to, she whispered Ross's name.

The chances that she would be whisked off by aliens for research purposes were more realistic. But some of her friends hatched a plan. Any one of them would be more than delighted to wake up beside a naked Ross; some of them already had, and would willingly repeat the process given the chance. Jacqui was a good friend to many of the girls. She was always willing to help them with their assignments, always had ideas about what clothes best suited them (although it didn't extend to her own choice of clothes) and was always there as a shoulder to cry on or just to listen to her friends' problems. Maybe there was something they could tempt Ross with so he would make Jacqui's birthday truly memorable.

"You've already said I can have any woman I want, so why would I want her?" he asked when the proposition was put to him. He would be making her birthday special; he would be doing her a really good deed; it would show he wasn't selfish, didn't just take what he wanted. "No, No, No," was his reply. Jacqui's friends withdrew to consider alternatives.

“After you’ve made her day, we will each submit to you for 24 hours; do whatever you want us to,” they offered. He was a bit more interested. They then offered him £10 from each of them, meaning he would receive £100 at least, money that was particularly welcome.

“If you can get Peachy Perkins to agree, you’ve got a deal. But I want her before Jacqui. I don’t want her changing her mind. And I want the money up front” Peachy was a particularly attractive student, but also a strongly religious person. So far, she had resisted all his advances.

It was a mystery to him how they had persuaded Peachy to agree, but she did. Ross had expected her to be a virgin too, but it turned out she was experienced and experimental. The 24 hours with her were an eye opener. But not as big an eye opener as his time with Jacqui.

She was as nervous as could be when he undressed her and first touched her, and was startled when he sucked a nipple into his hungry mouth. He told her to relax, that it would be less painful if she did. He ran his hands up the inside of her thighs and found she was already wet with anticipation. Determined that her first time should be pleasurable, at least until he tore her hymen, he brought her to a climax with his fingers. Some women climax noisily, some with little more than a sigh. She was one of the latter types. She kissed him passionately to thank him. It was an unpractised kiss.

Warning her that he was about to enter her, he positioned himself above her and eased himself inside. There was no resistance; he moved slowly but slipped easily in up to the hilt. As soon as he was safely inside her, she wrapped her legs round his waist and started bucking. It was not what he expected from a virgin. Inexperienced? Yes. A virgin? No.

She quickly adjusted her thrusts to coincide with his. She must be a quick learner, he told himself. Or her previous partners had been lousy. When he looked at her, she was smiling; and her smile grew with every deep thrust. Her breathing quickened as she neared her climax and he increased his pace. When she reached her climax, she screamed "Oh my God," several times and kept screaming as he her orgasm seemed to be never-ending. When he too reached his climax, he collapsed on top of her.

"Oh my God, that was fantastic," she cried after regaining her breath.

"But not your first time, was it?" he smiled. He wasn't annoyed that he hadn't been the one to take her cherry; he had enjoyed her reaction and participation enormously. She insisted it was the first time with a man, but she wanted to do it again as soon as possible.

Without waiting for him to respond, she slipped down the bed. "I understand this is the way to get a man ready for action again," she suggested as she took his semi-erect member into her mouth. In no time at all, he was rigid. To his

utter amazement, she took him in to his balls. She was one of the few women who had attempted to deep-throat him and one of the best.

"You can't tell me you've not done that before," he laughed as he enjoyed the pleasure she was giving.

"Do you like it?" she asked when she stopped temporarily.

"Like it? It's fantastic. But tell the truth, now, this isn't your first time, is it?" She insisted it was. "How did you learn to give a BJ like that then?" She rolled over to the side of the bed and opened a draw. What she pulled out had him laughing out loud.

"You learned to deep-throat by using a carrot?" Ok, it was a very thick and long one, and it was wrapped in cling-film.

"Yes," she blushed. "And I've read a lot of books and watched a few porn films. And I opened myself up with a carrot too. I didn't want it to hurt when a man made love to me. I wanted it to be perfect. And it was."

"You are an incredible woman. Would you care to finish what you started?"

"You won't tell anyone, about the carrot, will you?" she pleaded.

"Have you ever heard me tell anyone about any women I've been with?" She shook her head. "So do you want to finish what you started?" She nodded and took him in her mouth again, not letting him go until she had drained him.

"I enjoyed that," she told him. "What else can we do?"

She agreed to everything he suggested and kept asking what else they could do. He forgot about her looks and enjoyed the pleasure etched into her face at every new thing she attempted. When she woke in the morning, both of them naked, she wanted to do everything again. He was exhausted, but extremely satisfied. So satisfied that instead of leaving after breakfast as planned, he stayed the whole day and next night. It was obvious that she had done a lot of research beforehand as to how to satisfy a man. It taught him a lesson he never forgot. Pleasure is not defined by outward appearances, ego is. None of the other women gave him as much pleasure as Jacqui had.

And, it had changed Jacqui's personality. It was as if she had been liberated from a dark place. When people, especially men, realised Ross had not just completed the agreed time with her but had stayed an additional twenty-four hours, voluntarily, they began to suspect she was something special. She was no longer a virgin and she was no longer short of male company. And that increased her confidence. With increased confidence, she even looked more attractive.

Chapter 2

Naomi Hewstone was dreading the weekend. He younger daughter, Nicola, was getting married at the other end of the country, but her husband Fraser would be there with Alice, the thirty-year-old woman he had left her for. She could already hear the tongues clacking: poor Naomi, almost fifty, it's unlikely she'll find another man at her age; she must have been lacking in the bedroom department to make Fraser look elsewhere. And her two daughters weren't particularly sympathetic. Both liked Alice; both seemed to agree that it must have been their mother's fault that their father had strayed. If only there was a way to show them how wrong they all were. If only.

Naomi was a senior manager for the company Ross worked for. She was medium height, smartly dressed, hair always looking as if she'd just returned from the hairdresser, highly intelligent, good-looking for her age, but with a reserve that kept her at a distance from the rest of her staff. She still occupied the five bedroom family house; a house that seemed to echo with the emptiness, the loneliness of the last six months. When Ross knocked on her door, late on Monday afternoon on a cold January day, she had a sudden idea. She asked him to shut the door and sit down. And then she began to panic. Maybe it

wasn't such a good idea after all. But she felt she had no option.

"I have a problem," she began, then hesitated. "It's personal, but I need to talk to someone. Can I talk to you?" Naomi rarely talked to junior staff about anything, let alone anything personal. He was intrigued. He nodded. "Can I have your assurance that what I say will go no further than this office?" He gave that assurance. "Six months ago, my husband left me for a woman about your age. She has been welcomed into the family by both my daughters. This coming Saturday, my younger daughter is getting married. Of course I will be going to the wedding, but I'm dreading meeting this woman and feeling the odd one out. Because of my job, I don't have much opportunity to meet suitable men, but I know I'm going to feel dreadful being there on my own, while my husband is the centre of attention, introducing his new partner to all the relatives." She paused.

Ross was beginning to wonder where this was leading. Was she just wishing to unburden herself; looking for a friendly shoulder to cry on? Was she expecting him to offer suggestions? And why him? Had it just been an unhappy timing that he had gone into her office at that moment? He was still pondering these questions when she continued.

"This is where it gets embarrassing. Over Christmas, my daughter visited me and asked if I was bringing anyone to the wedding. It was asked

expecting me to say no. I panicked and said I might well be. Although my daughter pressed me, I gave no more details. I had thought of going to an escort agency, to find someone who would pretend to be my partner for a few days, but the idea of spending a weekend with a complete stranger, of trying to invent a story about how we met etc, was too frightening. You have given me your assurance that what is said will go no further than this office. In return, I give you my assurance that whatever your reaction is to my suggestion will in no way affect your employment here.” She paused, unable to look at him for what seemed like an age.

“If you are free this weekend, would you pretend to be my partner at the wedding?” she asked quietly. Ross was stunned. The look of disbelief on his face did not bode well for Naomi. “Of course, I’ll pay you for your time, in cash,” she added hurriedly. “And I’ll pay all expenses. There’ll be nothing for you to pay.” She was begging him. He hadn’t made any definite plans for the weekend. He rarely did until Thursday or even Friday. But this was something he would never have believed could happen. He still hesitated. “£300?” she whispered. That sort of money began to make him interested. As he hadn’t answered, she suggested £400 and finally £500.

“What would I have to do and for how long?” he finally answered. Relieved, Naomi responded.

“The wedding’s at 1:00pm, so we would have to leave Friday afternoon. I’m having the day off to have my hair done. If you book a half day, I’ll make sure it’s credited back to you in a couple of week’s time. I expect we’ll be back early Sunday evening. At the wedding, you’ll have to pretend to be my boyfriend, my toy-boy. They won’t be expecting me to have anyone even half as good-looking as you. I want to show my husband he isn’t the only one who can find a much younger partner and that mine is so much better looking than his.”

“That’s all? I have to pretend to be your lover?”

“That’s all. The more convincing you can make it look, the better.” After a few more questions, he agreed. She would pay him £100 tomorrow, another £150 on Friday before they set out and the balance when they returned on the Sunday. If she didn’t pay what was due, he would feel free to make the details of their agreement public. She assured him he would have the money.

Naomi drove north in her BMW. During the five or six hours they expected to be travelling, she had planned for them to learn as much about each other as possible, so they could answer the inevitable questions. The most obvious was how they had met. Naomi decided they had both gone to the same play, An Inspector Calls, but separately. Ross was with

two other friends, she was on her own. They exchanged a few words but nothing more until they were at work the next day when they chatted about the show and she told him why she was there on her own. She was surprised, but pleased, when he asked if she wanted to go to see another play that weekend – Shirley Valentine. Things developed from there.

The receptionist at the Glenleigh Hotel handed her the key, telling her the room was 115. Naomi arranged for the cases to be sent to the room while they went to the bar. Ross was taken aback. He had expected them to have separate rooms. “We’re supposed to be lovers,” she reminded him. “It would look strange if we had separate rooms. I feel in need of a stiff drink to help me sleep” She had three double vodka drinks in less than half an hour, while Ross had two pints of strong local real ale. They shared a bottle of wine at dinner. As Naomi was paying, Ross felt no compunction in having the most expensive meal on the menu – fillet steak with onion rings, mushroom and chips - which was also his favourite meal.

By half past ten, Naomi was feeling tired and suggested it was time to go to their room. “There’s something you ought to know about me,” she told him as she emerged from the bathroom wearing just her bra and a thong. “I have two tattoos. I’m certain someone, my daughter or even my husband, will ask about

them as a test to see if we really are lovers. She turned round to show him her buttocks. “You’d better have a good look at the detail. That’s the important bit.” He examined the tattoos closely and described to her what he saw. She was satisfied. Getting under the covers, she took off her bra and threw it aside. Ross undressed to his boxer shorts, got into bed and moved as far away from her as possible. They were like two book-ends, each at one side of the bed and facing away from each other.

A few minutes later, she turned round, moved towards him and put her arm round his waist, then moved it lower. “No,” he said suddenly. “That wasn’t part of the agreement.”

“How much would it cost to make it part of the agreement?” she asked, slightly drunk and very seductively. One reason he had faced away from her was that the sight of her almost naked body, which, he admitted to himself, wasn’t bad for someone her age, had aroused him. His erection had subsided since getting into bed, but her suggestion would have been tempting without the offer of more money. He suggested £100. “Per night?” she queried. “It had better be worth it.” Without waiting for a reply, her hand touched his rapidly rising member, then reached inside his boxer shorts and grabbed him.

In truth, he hadn’t expected to enjoy himself so much. She was paying him and yet she was the one who was taking the lead. But she seemed more than satisfied. She sat on top of him

and insisted he rubbed her breasts as she performed a rapid interpretation of a rising trot.

"Reckon you can go another round?" she asked when she had reached her climax. "I no longer feel tired. We could do it doggy style ... once I get you ready again."

After they had made love again, she declared she did need to sleep after all. She snuggled up to him, naked. The next morning she woke before him and initiated another session.

"That's something we won't have to pretend about," she giggled. She ordered breakfast in bed for them both.

Chapter 3

“So, how did you meet my wife?” Fraser asked while the photographs were being taken. Ross gave the agreed version of events. “Do you like the butterfly tattoo on my wife’s arse?” he asked.

“She doesn’t have a butterfly,” Ross replied, immediately spotting the trap Fraser was setting. “She has a small kingfisher on one cheek and a lion rampant on the other. And the lion has a hard on, which is what I get when I’m with Naomi, but she enjoys it immensely. While it lasts.” Fraser walked away, convinced that he had at least seen her naked.

Rachel, her elder daughter accused him outright of having been hired through an escort agency. It was a suggestion he was able to refute honestly. He had the distinct feeling she was jealous of her mother, or at least envious. “Why would a gorgeous man like you hook up with an older woman like my mother?” she asked.

“Your father left her for a woman not much older than me. What’s the difference?”

“Everything! Some women go for older men. It’s acceptable. It’s not the other way round.”

“And some men go for cougars. They have so much to offer and they’re keen to keep the men interested in them. While we enjoy each other, we will. And your mother is very

seductive. Very.” There were no further investigations by her family. Probably Rachel and her father had swapped what they had learned. When Naomi joined him, he slipped his arm round her waist, pulled her towards him and kissed her in full view of other guests. She had been interrogated by several of the other guests, all anxious to know where she’d found such a desirable man. The public kiss had confirmed to all but the most obtuse doubters that they were an item. They left the reception just before 11:00pm, saying they were tired.

“Is it OK if I spend another £100 tonight?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye. He offered to help her out of her dress, which she accepted. Once again, he was treated to quite amazing sex. From what he knew of her at work, he would never have guessed she was so adventurous or so flexible. She could almost do the splits.

“You’d better come in and collect your money,” she told him when they arrived back at her house. She counted the money: four hundred and fifty pounds. “Any chance I could make it a round £500?” she asked. “After all, I won’t get a full night’s pleasure, so maybe just £50?” She smiled seductively and counted out another £50.

“You were absolutely great,” she told him afterwards. “Fraser was angry because Alice had said she fancied you. Rachel asked if she could have you when you tired of me. And I suddenly

got a lot more respect from mutual friends and family when they saw what you looked like and how you treated me, especially 'that kiss'. It was money well spent. But I'm going to have to break my assurance to you. I said whatever your response was, it wouldn't affect your employment. I think you deserve something extra for helping me out. I suspect you might be getting a pay rise soon." Exhausted, he took a taxi back home and slept soundly.

But he dreamt. He dreamt that he had returned to his room in a hotel only to find that there was already a woman there. She was early fifties, well dressed and surprised to see him. He asked why she was in his room, but she didn't seem to know, or at least didn't answer. He walked to her, told her she could stay as long as she got rid of 'these'. He touched her breasts to indicate he meant her clothes. She smiled at him and told him it sounded like a good idea. He woke as he was removing her skirt. He tried to go back to sleep to resume the dream but it was no good.

The following morning, Naomi arrived for work a little later than usual but looking stunning in an outfit she hadn't worn for almost a year. She smiled at everyone and stopped and spoke to several, although not to Ross. "What's got into her?" asked one of his colleagues, surprised by the change in her.

"It's more a question of 'who'?" another colleague replied. "She's been tugged; well and

truly. Someone must have a good constitution,” he added.

“I don’t know,” the first colleague replied. “Looking like she does today, I certainly wouldn’t kick her out of bed. She looks great for her age.”

Chapter 4

Over the next three weeks he had the same, or a similar dream, four or five times, only it seemed the woman was always different. Once, he had fully undressed her before he woke. And then, a month after the wedding, Naomi approached him again. Nicola, her recently married daughter was returning from honeymoon and would be visiting her, staying just one night. Was there any chance he could play the part of the lover again? This time, it would be Saturday lunchtime to Sunday lunchtime. She was offering to pay £300 to include the extras, or £500 if he stayed Friday night as well. He accepted £300. She asked him to bring some of his things to leave in the bathroom and wardrobe to make it look as if stayed there regularly.

While waiting to have a haircut on the Saturday morning, he was reading a magazine. He saw an advert for male escorts and it had a local phone number. Having been paid handsomely for one weekend and about to get good money for just one day and night, it interested him. He'd had many one-night stands; in fact, most women lasted only a few nights as he craved variety. And the memory of Naomi was still strong. Maybe there were many more women out there who were able to spend good money for a few hours pleasure. Surreptitiously, he jotted down the number. He gave them a call

before he went to Naomi's and made an appointment for the following Tuesday at 7:00pm.

He performed the role of passionate lover while Nicola and her husband were at Naomi's house and again let Naomi take the lead once her daughter and son -in-law had left. It was every bit as good as at the wedding.

The offices of the escort agency were above a dry-cleaner's at the wrong end of the High Street. The door was controlled by an entry phone and a camera. The woman who opened the door to him was late forties, had probably once been quite attractive but middle aged spread and a diet of cigarettes and gin had not been kind to her. She spent nearly an hour determining why he wanted to be an escort, whether he would consider men and women or just men or just women. She explained there wasn't as much business when he said he was just interested in women, but with his good looks, he stood a good chance of being chosen by the few women they did have on their books. And then she asked him to pose for several photos for the portfolio from which clients would choose. In some, he was naked with only his hand or a small object covering his manhood. The woman seemed not to be interested in him and he was glad she didn't want to see what extras he might offer.

The agency charged clients £75 per hour and he was paid £40 of that. He was free to

negotiate any extras if the client requested them. The agency was not interested in anything other than the basic hourly rate. It was suggested that he should have a professional name; he chose Kyle, it was the first name that came into his head. He was also asked to provide a phone number and the name that would appear when the agency called him. As the woman's name was Nancy, that was what he tapped into his phone.

It took a few moments to remember who Nancy was when he received a text message a few days later. When he called, Nancy told him she'd had a request for his services for four hours, from 7:30 to 11:30 on the Friday night, if he was interested. The woman wanted an escort to go to a dinner, for which, obviously, she would pay. He hesitated briefly before accepting.

Jenny, as the woman wanted him to call her, was early forties, medium build, and blonde hair, probably dyed but with no roots showing, wearing a dress that was quite low-cut showing medium sized breasts. "You're very handsome, Kyle," she said, smiling pleasantly. "I hope we have a good time," she added with a wink. So, she was expecting some extras. He didn't mind. She was pleasant and not unattractive. He had expected they would be going to a function, maybe a dinner dance, but they went to a local mid-market French restaurant. He secretly prayed she wouldn't have too much garlic with her meal. Fortunately she didn't.

It was not even half-past nine when they had finished the meal. She suggested they went back to her house, where she felt she could relax more, as she was feeling nervous. She had never been to an escort agency before, but knew that if she wanted anything more than just his company, she would have to pay. He told her it would be £100 for an hour or £300 if he stayed the night. As it was only a little after nine thirty, she still had almost two hours of his time. Did the lower figure include an extension to 12:30 or did the extras finish as soon as the hour was up? This was something he hadn't considered. He told her she could have until 11:30 as planned.

Although Jenny had not taken the lead as Naomi had done, it was still an enjoyable experience. As he was about to leave, she asked if he was free in three weeks time, as she would like to book him from 7:30 for the whole night. Hopefully, he wouldn't need to involve the agency and she could a better deal. They agreed on £500. And then she surprised him. She wasn't booking him for herself, but for her daughter, who would be sixteen on the Thursday. She was a virgin and it was to be her surprise present to her daughter. "If she doesn't want to go though with it, or if she tells me to stop, I'll have to. I'm not going to be accused of rape. But I'll still expect to be paid." Jenny told him her daughter was unhappy at being a virgin. She was shy and hadn't had a boyfriend, but Jenny was convinced

he would make her feel a lot happier about herself.

The following Thursday he received another text from Nancy. He had a booking from 8:00 to midnight on the Saturday with a lady calling herself Louise. It was to a dinner-dance. Louise turned out to be mid-fifties, thin with small breasts and not overly attractive. Still, he could dance and she seemed pleased with him. Although the dance would end at midnight, Louise wanted to leave an hour earlier. She invited him in for a drink. She told him that she had been married thirty-two years and for every one of those years she'd had sex on her wedding anniversary, sometimes even with her husband, she laughed. She didn't want to break that tradition, so how much did he want? It wasn't a memorable experience at all, for him, and, he assumed, for her either. Still, he'd earned £260 for the evening.

A few days later, Naomi asked if he was interested in having a regular arrangement – once a month. If he said no, she might turn nasty at work. On the plus side, sex with her was always exhilarating and she was always a much easier person to deal with at work. The first night she suggested was the same night he had arranged to spend with Jenny's daughter. They arranged a date the following weekend.

Chapter 5

He arrived at Jenny's house feeling a little nervous. He hadn't expected anything like this. He didn't want to disappoint her but it could be painful the first time. And would Jenny stay in the house? If so, that would also make it awkward. But when he was let in, he was presented with a much bigger dilemma. Nikki, Jenny's daughter, was in a wheelchair. How could he make love to her? And then he remembered Jacqui. He wouldn't judge her until afterwards. Experience had taught him that the more he gave to a woman, the more he would get back. That night was going to put that philosophy to the test.

Jenny had opened a bottle of wine and Nikki had a glass. She was indeed shy and Ross assumed her mother was trying to release her inhibitions. She was dressed in a skirt and a loose top that had a scooped neckline. She was pretty, he thought, as she kept looking at him. Not in a concerned way but in a shy way suggesting she found him interesting. Jenny confirmed to her exactly what her present involved and asked if she wanted to go ahead with it. She nodded and smiled without looking up. He moved to sit beside her and took her hand.

"You do realise it might hurt?" he asked. She nodded. "If at any time you want me to stop,

you must tell me. Do you understand that?”

Again she nodded.

“Nikki knows all about sex,” Jenny told him. “And I want her to experience every aspect. She knows all about oral and anal sex. I’ve got the morning after pill for her, as she doesn’t want you to use a condom. If, for any reason she wants you to stop, I will be in my room. You can continue with me. I’ll bring you breakfast at 8:00. Now, if you could carry Nikki up to her room, I’ll leave you alone.”

When they were alone, he again asked her if this was what she wanted. Quietly, she told him it was the best present she could have had. Slowly, he undressed her, caressing her as he did so. When she was naked, he laid her on the bed and kissed her breasts, at the same time, stroking her inner thighs, gradually moving his hands upwards. He was surprised she was already wet. She shuddered as his fingers first touched her, but she pulled his head harder to her breast. His fingers explored inside her as he transferred his mouth to her other breast. She moaned quietly, but whether it was from what his fingers were doing, or his mouth, he couldn’t tell. It was a surprise too, when she had an orgasm only a minute or so after he had started to stroke her clitoris.

He liked her and felt a responsibility to make her first time memorable. One thing he had learned in life was that the more he concentrated on the pleasure he was giving, the more pleasure

he received in return. If he concentrated on his own pleasure, sex lost its magic. If taking her virginity was going to be painful for her, he wanted her to have more pleasurable moments beforehand for her to look back on. Jenny had wanted her daughter to experience oral and anal sex. Well, anal could be painful too, but he was hopeful she would enjoy oral, at least receiving it.

Jenny knocked on the door at almost exactly 8:00 and entered without waiting for a response. She set the breakfast tray on the table. “Did you enjoy your present?” she asked.

“It was great,” Nikki answered more animatedly than she had been all night. “It hardly hurt at all and I had three orgasms.”

“Lucky you.” Jenny was pleased for her daughter. “It was at least three years before I had my first orgasm.”

“Thank you mum. I couldn’t have wished for a better present.” It seemed as though Nikki had forgotten she was still naked and in bed with a man who until a few minutes ago had been making love to her.

“I think it’s Kyle you should really thank,” her mother told her. “I only wish I could afford him every week.” Suddenly, Nikki realised Kyle was in bed with her as she turned and shyly said thank you. “Don’t forget the morning after pill. It’s on the tray. And don’t forget you’ve got swimming at eleven.” And then she left.

After they'd eaten the toast and marmalade and drunk their coffee, Nikki tentatively put her hand under the bedclothes and touched his penis. It was still limp after their earlier lovemaking. "Can I do something else?" she asked quietly. He told her she could do whatever she wanted. He was certain that whatever she wanted to do would neither hurt nor disgust him. She wriggled down the bed and sucked in his limp penis. She had briefly done it earlier in the night, when it was already rigid. She was inexperienced, but that was only to be expected. Slowly he began to respond and as he did so, her enthusiasm for the task increased. After what seemed a lifetime, he approached an orgasm. Although he warned her of this, she kept him in her mouth until he was spent.

"That was my thank you," she smiled at him. "I've wanted to do that all night, but I also wanted to do everything else you did, except, you know, the anal bit. Now I'd better get ready for swimming. Thank you, Kyle. Thank you so much." And she kissed him on the cheek.

"Thank you, Nikki," he told her sincerely. "I've had a really lovely time. You're a sweet, attractive girl who deserves to have a boyfriend who appreciates you for who you are, not just for the wonderful sex you could have with him." He dressed, said goodbye to Jenny and departed.

Chapter 9

It was a Tuesday night a several weeks later when he received his next call from Nancy. Was he free the following evening from 7:00 to 10:00? The lady's name was Camilla and the address was in an upmarket part of town. When Camilla opened the door, he didn't know what to do.

Camilla was petite, less than five feet tall, very slim and immaculately dressed, with a hair-do that looked as if it had just been finished. She was undoubtedly attractive – for her age, for she must have been at least seventy five. “Come in, come in, Kyle,” she welcomed him. “I’ll be quite blunt. I’ve paid for three hours of your time, but I’m only interested if you will provide ‘extras’. So, how much will it cost?” He had not expected to be asked to make love to anyone of her age. And she looked so fragile, like fine bone china. The reply of £200 seemed acceptable to her and she immediately led him upstairs. Once again he had to prepare himself for something that he hadn't expected. And once again he remembered Jacqui, and he also remembered Nikki. Women were often unpredictable when it came to sex.

“My husband died nine years ago last month,” she began. “We had a very active and satisfactory marriage and I’ve missed that side of it. On Friday, I learned I’ve probably got a year to live, if I’m lucky. I intend to enjoy whatever

time I have left. My children would rather I didn't spend my money and left it to them. They'll get plenty anyway, but I intend to spend quite a lot doing what I want to do, whether they approve or not. You may think I'm delicate and fragile, but I assure you I'm capable of a lot more than you can imagine. So let's get on with it." At that she started to undress herself.

She was as good as her word; instigating different positions, performing fellatio expertly and showing considerable energy, stamina and flexibility even for a woman much younger than her age. The three hours passed quickly. As he dressed she told him she had enjoyed her evening far more than she had expected to. He was almost as good as her 'Henry', she told him. The biggest difference was in their performance of oral. Henry stayed down much longer and frequently brought her to an orgasm.

"I'd like to see you again," she told him. The agency charged me £225 for three hours. If we cut out the middleman, would you accept £200? Of course, any extras would be additional." Kyle said that was acceptable. "Phone me Tuesday evening between 6:00 and 7:00 in two weeks time, if you can. Sometimes I have bad days and I might not answer the phone. If you don't get an answer, phone the following Tuesday, same time. Continue for six weeks. If I haven't answered by then, you can assume the worst." Kyle told her he would like to see her again, too.

In the two weeks before he was to call Camilla again, he had a day and night with Naomi and a date with a woman almost his own age, but she only wanted him to go to a concert with her, nothing else.

When he rang Camilla, she said she would like to see him the following evening, from 7:00 to 10:00. As before, she ushered him in, but immediately said she didn't want any extras that day as she was feeling rather tired. She wanted to talk to him. She wanted to know how long he'd been working for the agency, how he had got into the job and whether he enjoyed the work. He answered as honestly as he could without identifying anyone. He did enjoy the work. He met some interesting people; people he perhaps wouldn't have met in other circumstances. He didn't mind the extras. He enjoyed sex, although he was sometimes surprised by the people who asked for it. He wouldn't have expected her to be one of them, but he enjoyed his time with her. He didn't judge people – most of the time. Sometimes he was saddened by the circumstances that caused people to seek someone like himself. It was sad that people were lonely.

She then told him about Henry. He was her second husband. Her first husband, Robert, had died at the age of 55 from a heart attack. She had a son and a daughter and they were appalled when she took up with Henry. He was only out

for her money, they warned her, but really they were concerned about their own inheritance. She had had sixteen happy years with Henry. The sex was better than with Robert. Henry didn't expect her to service him the way Robert did. She had her first orgasm with Henry, when he performed oral on her. Henry treated her with respect; as an equal. He died of a heart attack shortly after they'd made love the night of her birthday. He'd wanted it to the best yet, and it was.

Her children were relieved their inheritance was safe again. They even had some kind words to say about Henry when they realised he'd actually had quite a bit of money of his own. As he didn't have children, the money went to Camilla. And, of course, it would eventually go to them.. And then they talked of other matters unconnected with their history. When he left, they made the same arrangement for the Tuesday evening calls as before.

Chapter 11

It was almost a month later that Camilla asked him to call on her on the Wednesday. And again, she wanted to talk. Friday week was the anniversary of her marriage to Henry. She would like to spend the day at the seaside where he took her for their first night away together. She expected they would be away for ten hours, from 9:00 in the morning to 7:00 in the evening. She would pay him £700, if he was agreeable. It would mean him taking a day's leave, but he didn't mind that. He suggested that if anyone saw him, he would say she was his Grandma, Granny, Gran or Nan, whatever she preferred. She preferred Grandma. Just after ten, he left. It had been a pleasant evening, He felt guilty at taking £200 from her. The agency paid him £40 per hour; he would be happy to accept £50 from her but she insisted he was paid in full. There may be other women who he would charge £70 in similar circumstances.

The Friday was warm and with little breeze. It took almost three hours to reach their destination. Camilla wanted to walk along the beach and show him the guest house they had stayed in that first night together. They had signed in as Mr and Mrs Carmichael, with a fictitious address. They felt they were being very daring. Breakfast finished at 8:30 and the

landlady insisted they were out of their rooms by 9:30. Mrs Wilkins, for that was her name, was old-fashioned. She bemoaned to Henry and Camilla the youngsters who signed into her guest house with obviously false names; couples who were obviously not married to each other and were in their room before 10:00 at night. It was as much as Henry and Camilla could do not to laugh, but they did make a point of not going to bed until after the ten o'clock news.

Lunch was in the Pavilion restaurant, which had hardly changed since her first visit. Kyle made a great show of insisting on paying; "Let it be my treat, Grandma," he told her. "You keep your pension for when it gets cold." She smiled at him, but gave in gracefully. The tide was going out and they hired deckchairs and sat on the beach for a while before having a cream tea and heading home.

"I don't think I've enjoyed myself as much since Henry died," she told him as he drove back. Would you be kind enough to indulge your Grandma again today?" She grinned when she called herself his Grandma. Of course he would. It was a special day for her and he wanted it to be special. "Could I ask for more of your time and also some extras? We had wonderful sex on that first night and also on our wedding night. I know it won't be the same without Henry, but I would like to recreate as much of those days as possible." Kyle said she had already paid him well and he wouldn't charge her for his time or

for the ‘extras’. Naomi had only paid him £750 for two days and two nights. Although he liked her a lot, he wouldn’t do it for nothing, but he couldn’t fleece an old woman who was dying.

“You are a really kind man, Kyle,” she told him, “but I’m not a pauper. I’ve always paid for what I wanted and I don’t intend to stop now. “That first time, it cost me a little less than £500, so that is what I’ll pay now. Well have no arguing. Grandma knows best,” she added to confirm she was not offended by his offer. “I can well afford to pay. You can make a difference to other women just as you’ve made a difference to me. I suspect there are deserving women you might wish to offer extras to that can’t afford them. Maybe, if the situation arises, you can provide these extras at no charge. And if you choose to tell me about them, I’ll know my money has been well spent.”

“I do know of someone in just those circumstances,” he told her. And then he explained about Nikki, but without giving details that might enable anyone to identify her.

“It makes me feel our time together is extra special knowing that I can help an unfortunate child get the pleasure I’ve taken for granted.

He remembered what she’d told him about Henry being better than him at oral, so that night he made amends. It took a lot of time, but she had her orgasm. And then she returned the compliment. “I hated doing that when Robert

demanded it,” she told him, “but then he never did the same for me. With Henry, I loved it. You devote yourself to providing pleasure for your partner without really getting any yourself, other than knowing your partner loves it. And because of that, they return the pleasure. And I don’t know any other way that gets a man ready again so quickly.” And with that she began the task of bringing his limp penis back to life.

Chapter 12

Ross called on Jenny as arranged at 4:00pm on the Sunday. She had been surprised to hear from him and was intrigued when he asked if he could call round and see her, together with Nikki, but he said he didn't want to discuss things on the phone. That had worried her. Was something wrong? Had he discovered he had a sexual infection that he wanted to advise them about? He had used condoms when he was with her, but not with Nikki.

He enquired after both of them, seeming pleased they were both well. Then he concentrated his attention on Nikki. Did she have a boyfriend? Apparently she didn't. Did she regret her experience with him? Nikki was vehement in her denial and Jenny added that it was the best thing that had happened to her. Nikki's confidence had increased enormously. Would she repeat the experience, if she could? Undoubtedly, but as Jenny explained, she was a single mother and money was tight. There was no way she could afford to pay again.

"I know a very kind lady," he began, "who pays me to talk to her. You'd probably think she was old, but she is anything but. She is lonely as her husband died nine years ago. On Friday, I took her to the seaside; to places she'd been with her husband. Because I spent over 12 hours with her, she offered me far more than I

would normally expect. I tried to return a large portion of it but she insisted she could easily afford it. I still protested, so as a compromise, she suggested that I took the money and that someone else, someone who was deserving, should benefit free of charge. I immediately explained Nikki's circumstances, without giving any details of course, and she felt she was an excellent choice. So I'm here to ask if you would like to do it all again? For free."

Jenny looked at Nikki and her daughter's eyes widened with surprise and pleasure. "Could we do everything? Except the anal bit. I didn't like that. Would you stay the night again?" Nikki asked excitedly. He liked her enthusiasm; it made him feel good that he could bring pleasure to her.

"Why not?" he replied. Her next statement floored him.

"Can we include mum?" It was said with the same enthusiasm as before. He considered it.

"I'm not sure what you mean," he asked. "Do you mean will I make love to your mum as well? Or do you want her to be in the room with us?"

"That would be great. Mum never stops telling me how good you were when she tried you out, as if I didn't know myself. Watching you two would be a real turn-on." Jenny was appalled and embarrassed.

"Nikki, how dare you? Kyle is offering to spend the night with you, not with me. He

probably doesn't want an audience, or a threesome."

"Jenny, you told me you wanted Nikki to experience every aspect of sex. I've never had a threesome or knowingly had an audience, but if it makes Nikki happy, and if you're happy about it, I'll give it a go. But Nikki, you can't expect me to repeat the experience as often as the last time if I'm also making love to your mum. It will take me longer to recover each time. You do realise that, don't you?"

"Mum, can he come next Saturday for lunch and stay for Sunday lunch. That way we'll have more time." But Jenny wasn't sure. The lady might be generous but she surely wouldn't pay for twenty-four hours. It was unreasonable.

"I think that's an excellent idea, Nikki," he answered. "It's not just old ladies who can be generous. And providing me with two dinners, tea and breakfast seems like a good deal to me."

"Can you take this to the old lady, please?" Nikki asked when he arrived. The meal was not quite ready, so she asked what they could do while her mother finished cooking. It was Jenny's suggestion, eagerly adopted, that Nikki should take him into the lounge to show him how pleased she was to see him.

Jenny entered the lounge to announce dinner was ready just as Nikki was finishing fellatio "Dinner's ready. I hope you haven't spoiled your appetite young lady."

As before, Nikki didn't want him to use a condom, but he was surprised when Jenny said she had a morning after pill for both of them.

After that, there hardly seemed a moment when neither mother nor daughter were receiving pleasure. Jenny was far more relaxed and confident than she had been when she was trying Kyle out. Having two women anxious to please him was an enjoyable experience and he didn't ever feel embarrassed at being observed.

After lunch on Sunday, he again made love to Nikki. Both women seemed to have been well satisfied. Nikki was overjoyed that her mother had participated and experienced all that she had. Both thanked him effusively as he left.

Chapter 13

Camilla opened the letter and read it quietly, then handed it to him to read.

‘Dear kind lady,

Kyle says you paid for my mum and me to spend a whole day and night with him. It was very generous of you. My mum is a single mum and we don’t have a lot of money. Also, I spend most of my time in a wheelchair so don’t get out much and meet people. I’ve never had a boyfriend.

My mum asked me a long time ago what I wanted for my sixteenth birthday. Most of the girls I know had boyfriends and they were having sex. They said how great it was so I told my mum that was what I wanted. I never expected her to do anything about it but she knew how important it was to me. She had a little money saved for emergencies. She also wanted to be sure whoever she chose would be right for me. Kyle was the first man she tried and she says he was so nice she was sure I’d like him. And I did. I like him a lot. He was so kind and gentle and did everything I wanted. I wanted him to do it all again but we didn’t have the money.

And then he said you were paying. I couldn’t believe my good luck. I wanted mum to share in my pleasure and for Kyle to make her very happy too. He is coming for lunch and

staying until lunch tomorrow. And all because of you. Thank you. You are a very kind lady.

Nikki'

"Somehow I don't think you're cut out to be a businessman," she smiled. "You're too soft. First you try and return a lot of money you were entitled to and then you provide twenty-four hours to two women, very demanding women by the sound of it, for what you charged me for three hours. I should be annoyed, but I find myself admiring you."

Over the next few months, Ross continued with his monthly assignations with Naomi and Kyle saw a lot more of Camilla. She had increased the frequency of their meetings to weekly in early July, although she no longer requested any extras. And Kyle had insisted on reducing his charge to £40 per hour, exactly what he would have got through the agency. Towards the end of August, he insisted she didn't pay him at all. He had grown to like her, almost to regard her as his Grandma as they both jokingly referred to her. They talked non-stop during each three hour session, some of which would overrun by more than half an hour. The choice of subject matter was wide and varied but often would include Camilla telling him stories from her youth or two marriages. Sometimes they were hilarious, sometimes, poignant, sometimes painful in the telling and in the hearing about them. But to Camilla, having someone to tell

them to, was a release from the pain she was beginning to feel more frequently.

Towards the end of November, he called on her as usual. Except it wasn't as usual, at all. There was another man present. Camilla introduced him as William. He was a cousin of her 'Henry'. And he was a policeman, or to be more precise, a retired policeman; a superintendant. Kyle was very nervous at the mention of William being a policeman.

"Don't worry," Camilla smiled at him. "He hasn't come to arrest you. In fact, I've asked him to look after your interests when I'm gone." Kyle started to protest but she waved his protests away. "I won't have much time left and I need to ensure all my affairs are in order before I'm reunited with Henry. William knows all about our arrangement."

"And I admit I was surprised and concerned," William interrupted. "Camilla kept assuring me that you were honest, but, given the differences in your ages and situations, I was dubious. Three weeks ago you had a 'date' with a woman called Julia, didn't you?"

Kyle remembered Julia. She was an attractive dark haired woman, probably early thirties. She said she was a nurse; that she had bought tickets to a Halloween ball for herself and her boyfriend but the week before, he had left her for another woman. He had hired a skeleton costume to match hers. It had been a strange evening. Julia didn't want to talk about her ex;

didn't even mention his name. But she seemed very interested in Kyle and his role as an escort. Did he enjoy it? How did he cope with people he didn't get on with? What sort of places did he go with the women? Did he offer extras and how often did he provide them? He had told her he never offered extras. If a woman asked about them, he'd consider it, but he would never raise the subject first. She had told him she never had sex on a first date, but could she have his phone number in case she wanted to book him for another night? Again he disappointed her. He never provided a phone number. If the woman indicated she might like to make another booking, he could arrange to call her, but never the other way around. Alternatively, she could contact the agency again. Kyle had the vague impression that perhaps she was a newspaper reporter looking for a story, but he never said anything that wasn't the truth.

"Julia is my daughter," William continued. "There never was a boyfriend who deserted her; she is happily married. She was miked-up and everything you said was recorded. You were also photographed several times. I had to know what kind of person Camilla was involved with. Julia found you pleasant, fun, intelligent, discrete, good company and not in the least pushy. It was a good start. I also understand your need for some privacy of your own. We know Kyle is not your real name, but Camilla wanted to know who you really were. It's Ross

McCloud, isn't it?" Ross admitted as much but was still concerned at where all this was leading. "Tonight, I've been able to tell Camilla that I have found nothing about you that should cause her concern."

Camilla then took over. "I was promised a year at most. I wasn't, I'm not, afraid of dying; once we're born, it's the natural consequence. But I wasn't looking forward to waiting to die. I needed something to help me cope with that waiting. I don't know what I expected when I contacted the escort agency, but what I found far exceeded anything I could have hoped for. I found you tender, understanding, not in the least condescending and someone who fulfilled some dreams I never thought I'd experience again. And perhaps, most importantly, I found someone I liked. Sometimes I think I like you more than my own son. Apart from your fees, you never expected anything else from me. And you kept trying to reduce those fees. I felt you liked me, that you kept visiting me for that reason. I felt like a real Grandma to you. I came to love you as a grandson. That was the main reason I no longer asked for 'extras'. Making love to my grandson would have been unthinkable. And I remember your generous gesture to the young girl in the wheelchair. That was when I began to regard you as my grandson. I was proud of you, even though I'm still a little embarrassed by that part of your life. Apart from William, and to a lesser extent, Julia, I hope the origins of our relationship

remain secret. I am planning to change my will. Not massively, but I want to reward you. I am sure there will be some objections from my family, which is why William is here. He has witnessed that I have not been unduly influenced by you and that whatever decision I make has been made while I am still in full possession of all my faculties. He will accompany me to see my solicitor tomorrow and will make a statement to that effect. He will also ensure that any challenges my children might make are effectively rebutted.

“And there is a secondary reason for his presence. After I am gone, he will ensure that my intentions are carried out to the full. I still have the letter from the young lady in the wheelchair. Included in any bequest I make to you, will be a stipulation that half of it goes to the young lady and her mother. I cannot stipulate what they do with that money, but I will urge them to use it to improve their lives long-term, not just for a few hours of pleasure, if you know what I mean.” She smiled at him. “I will not ask you to betray their trust by asking for their names and address, so William will make sure that these ladies receive what is due to them. If, for any reason, William cannot do this, then Julia will. By the way, Julia is not a nurse. She followed in her father’s footsteps and is a detective inspector. That young girl’s letter will, from today, be in William’s possession, just so my children don’t find it and start asking awkward questions.”

“Have you anything to say?” William asked after a small pause.

“I’m just in shock,” Ross said slowly. “I’ve never wanted anything from Grandma. I started to call her that as a joke, but I quickly realised that was how I felt about her. She is a lovely lady who has been both blessed with a wonderful second husband in Henry, and had plenty of misfortune. I’ve loved hearing about her life. I can honestly say I’ve always enjoyed talking to her. All four of my grandparents are dead; she really has been a grandma to me. I’ve never wanted anything from her, apart from her company. I’m not sure I want anything from her, when she’s gone, apart from the happy memories I’ll always treasure. But thank you, Camilla, for thinking of me as a grandson. That means a great deal to me.”

Chapter 15

Kyle rang Camilla on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. There was no answer to his calls. She hadn't planned to be away. He rang on the Tuesday after Christmas and the first Tuesday of the New Year, both times without getting an answer. Their arrangement had always been that he would phone her six successive Tuesdays. If she hadn't answered by then, he was to expect the worst. He was already getting concerned. A third and fourth Tuesday came and passed without an answer. But on the fifth call, she answered. His relief was evident to her immediately. He was to visit her the following day as normal.

"Both my children suddenly had guilt complexes," she explained. "My daughter's husband came over Christmas Eve and insisted I spent Christmas with them. My son then insisted I spent New Year with him and his family. After that, I was shipped from one family member to another until they all decided they'd done their duty and that I wouldn't favour one over the other in my will. It was all too obvious, unfortunately. It's true what they say: you can choose your friends but you can't choose your family. In the end, I rang William and asked him to invite me for a few days, just so I could get home. I've missed you; missed our chats; missed having intelligent conversations. I didn't know

whether you'd count the Tuesday before Christmas as one of the six weeks or not. I was worried you might not get an answer and not ring again. Of course, now I know who you are, and William can find out where you live, I would have tried to contact you."

Chapter 16

It was the first week of March and another weekend with Naomi. Her enthusiasm for spending money on a night, or weekend, with him showed no signs of diminishing, nor did her enthusiasm for what they did. Ross's savings had already accumulated to over eight thousand from what he had earned from Naomi and the escort services and he had also spent quite a bit of money on improving his wardrobe. Hardly a week passed without at least one text or call from Nancy. Several, according to Nancy, were referrals from previous clients.

Naomi and Ross were in bed after another energetic bout of lovemaking when his mobile phone rang. Initially he ignored it, but it rang again after a couple of minutes. He didn't recognise the number, but when it rang for the third time, he answered it. William told him Camilla was in a hospice and fading fast. She was asking for him. He told Naomi his Grandma was dying and she was asking for him. William said there was a car outside waiting for him. He had five minutes to get ready. Without questioning how they knew his phone number or where he was, he dressed and ran downstairs and was whisked to the hospice in the waiting car.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" Camilla's son and daughter asked in unison. Camilla took his hand in hers and smiled

at him. She was content. In rasping breaths, she told her children that Ross (she used his real name for the first time) had been her strength in coping with the last year. He had taken her on trips, talked to her, listened to her moans and made her forget much of the pain she had experienced. And then she closed her eyes, gripped his hand and slipped away. For the first time in a long time, Ross cried.

‘This is the last will and testament of Camilla Elizabeth Butterfield. All other wills are hereby revoked and invalidated.’ The solicitor started to read the will. The only others present were her children.

‘It is undoubtedly the most difficult document I have ever had to write. When I started seeing Henry, my second husband, Christine and Dominic, my children, warned me he was only after me for my money. What they meant was that someone else in my life would reduce the potential of their eventual inheritance.’ Both children immediately protested that this was untrue, but the solicitor quieted them and continued. ‘Never have I been hurt so much and never have they been so wrong. Henry was a wonderful husband and I have missed him keenly these last ten years. As Henry was never accepted by either of my children, it is only proper that they do not accept any of the money he left me.

Henry left me with three hundred and ninety seven thousand, seven hundred and twenty

nine pounds. That amount has recently been deposited in a trust fund and will be administered by Chapman, Babcock and Hinchcliffe, my solicitors, who have instructions on who can and who cannot benefit from the fund.'

"It's that lad at her bedside, wasn't it? He's wriggled his way into her affections. We'll challenge it," Dominic interrupted. "Our mother had no other living relatives. The money, all of it, is rightly ours."

"Your mother anticipated this reaction," the solicitor replied. "She has deposited a sworn affidavit detailing many instances showing evidence of your dislike of Henry. She has also medical statements to the effect that she was fully in control of her faculties when making this will, and the affidavit, and that she was not under any outside influence in coming to this decision. Of course, if you wish to contest the will, that is your right, but your mother has gone to great lengths to ensure her wishes are the ones that will prevail."

Chapter 18

“Mum’s got a boyfriend,” Nikki gushed when Kyle arrived to see them. “She says it’s because of you.” Kyle was pleased for Jenny. In the year and a half since he had last seen her, she looked so much more at ease. When he’d first met Nikki, he’d thought she was pretty. Now, eighteen months after he’d last seen her, he honestly thought she was beautiful. Jenny smiled at her daughter’s pleasure in telling Kyle this. “Is the kind lady paying like last time?” Nikki continued.

“Not that, but the kind lady is the reason I’ve called to see you. But first, for reasons that will become clear later, there are a few details I need to establish and something I must tell you. Can you confirm, Jenny, that that is your real name? And can you tell me what your surname is?” She confirmed her name was Jennifer Wright. “Thank you. And my name is not Kyle. That is only the name I have used while working for the escort agency. My real name is Ross McCloud. Why, you may ask, is this information important? The name of the ‘kind’ lady Nikki referred to is, or rather was, Camilla. Sadly, Camilla died almost a year ago. Before she died, she told me she was leaving me something in her will. She also said that she was touched by the letter Nikki sent her. As she didn’t know your name or anything else about you, she asked me to

give half of whatever she left me with you. Now I know your name, I can write you a cheque for your half.”

“You must be joking,” Jenny gasped when Ross handed her the cheque. “Fifty thousand pounds? I don’t believe it.”

“Nor, frankly, did I. I thought she might leave me ten thousand pounds, giving you five. Last week, the money was deposited in my bank account, so I am giving you your share.” There was a pause while the information sank in.

“Does that mean,” Nikki began slowly, looking at her mother, “that we can afford Kyle, I mean Ross, at least once a month?”

“Sadly no,” Ross replied. “Firstly, I’ve given up working for the escort agency, and secondly, Camilla said she wanted you to use it for something more lasting. She said she didn’t want you frittering it away on a few hours of pleasure. Of course, now you have the money, it is for you decide how to spend it. If you want to spend it on someone else from the agency, Camilla can’t stop you.”

“Why?” Jenny asked, clearly perplexed. “Why would this Camilla give us so much money? She didn’t know us. People just don’t do things like that. We knew nothing about her, about her money. You didn’t need to say anything, didn’t need to come here. You could just have kept the money. Why didn’t you?”

“The second part is easy. Camilla and I became good friends. I would call her Grandma

and she would tell me ‘Grandma knows best’ or ‘Listen to what Grandma tells you.’ She was such a lovely person; someone I came to love and respect. She said she wanted me to give you half of whatever she left me. Because of my respect for her, I would never go against her wishes. As to why she left anything to you, I can only guess. She asked about you when Nikki wrote to her. Nikki’s letter left her in no doubt about our relationship. She sympathised with both your circumstances. I assume she wanted to help you. As I said, she hoped you would use it to make a permanent difference to your lives rather than waste it on me. I hope there is something you can spend the money on that would really make her happy.”

“Not immediately. It’s all been so sudden, and such a shock. We’ve never had that amount of money in our lives. You make plans for what you’d do if you won the lottery, but you never expect it to happen. Is there some way we could contact you to let you know what we decide?” Ross gave them his mobile number and assured them he would like to keep in contact as friends. Nikki was more than happy.

Life can be strange. Once he had decided to give up his escorting activities he was left with his monthly arrangement with Naomi. But almost immediately after his decision, she was promoted at work and would be transferring to the other side of the country. Their arrangement would be

coming to a natural end in a couple of months. He found he didn't mind the drop in income. The excitement of not knowing what the woman was like and whether she would want sex or not had dimmed some time ago. There were fewer and fewer woman he really enjoyed having sex with and those he really did enjoy he rarely saw a second time. He was beginning to desire something more permanent; someone he could feel strongly about. He wasn't going to become a monk, but neither did he feel the need for a different woman every weekend. And he felt certain he would find that someone special if he was patient.

It was ten days later that Jenny phoned him. "I've decided how I'm going to spend some of the money," she told him. "I'm getting a car, specially modified for people with mobility problems. It's not new, but it will make life so much easier for us both. And," she hesitated briefly, "As soon as I can get passports, I'm taking Nikki to America. There's a doctor near Miami who is doing marvellous things for people like Nikki. We're going to see if he can help her. And what the cost would be." Ross was pleased. Both, he felt, were things Camilla would have approved of.

Chapter 20

“Nikki’s feeling depressed, I’m afraid,” Jenny told Ross when they’d returned from America. “The doctor was confident that she was a suitable candidate for the treatment, but the cost was \$120,000, that’s £80,000. And on top of that, we’d have to pay air fares and accommodation for the month we’d be there. I didn’t realise it would be so expensive.” Pete, Jenny’s boyfriend, had five thousand which he was willing to give them if it would help. Ross suggested he took them all out for a meal, whatever Nikki’s favourite was. It wouldn’t stop her disappointment, but it was all he could think of.

Ross found Pete to be a pleasant, quite good looking man who obviously felt madly in love with Jenny. And he had never seen Jenny look so radiant. Nikki had chosen an American themed restaurant; she had liked the food while there. She was unusually, but understandably, quiet.

“You can’t do this,” Jenny told Ross a month or so before Nikki’s nineteenth birthday. Ross had invited her out for a coffee, alone; no Nikki and no Pete. “You can’t raise her hopes like this. It’s not fair to her. She’s had too much disappointment in her life already.” Ross pressed his case. It would do her and Pete good to have a few days alone together. And then it would be

like a family holiday. Reluctantly, and with grave misgivings, Jenny agreed.

“Sorry I missed your birthday,” Ross apologised to Nikki. “I had important business to attend to.” Nikki pressed him to tell her what that business was, but all he would say was that it was personal. “So I’m going to try and make up for it. Tonight we’re going to the American restaurant again. And you’d better take your passport just to convince people you’re over eighteen. And tomorrow, there’s a second treat. At least, I hope it’s a treat.” Nikki tried four different cocktails that evening and enjoyed every one of them.

“The lights are off. Where’s mum and Pete?” Nikki asked as the car drew up outside Nikki’s house.

“I suggested they might like to spend some time alone, together, so they’ve gone away for a couple of nights.”

“I’ve never been alone at night before,” she replied nervously.

“Well, there is an alternative. I could stay and look after you.” Her eyes lit up.

“But you said Camilla said we weren’t to waste the money on you.”

“And you won’t be. I told you, I’ve given up that part of my life. But it doesn’t stop me wanting to make love to a beautiful woman, if that’s what she wants. Or, I could sleep in the other room.”

“If you do, I’ll scream ‘Rape’ until someone calls the police. Now carry me upstairs and don’t waste any more time.” Ross explained that they had to leave for the second part of her treat at nine the next morning, so they would need to get some sleep as well. “That was the second best birthday present I’ve ever had,” Nikki beamed after they’d repeated the experiences of her sixteenth birthday.

“That was not part of your present,” he told her. “That was me, seeing a beautiful woman, and having my way with her.”

The second part of her birthday present was full of wonder to her. He drove them to the outskirts of London where he left the car and they took a taxi, with the wheelchair, to a posh hotel. There, he signed them into a double room as Mr McCloud and Miss Wright – no attempt at deception as to their status. After she had changed he took her out to lunch and then to the theatre to see ‘The Lion King’. She was amazed at the actors’ skills in depicting the various animals. After the performance, she was introduced to some of the actors. And then it was dinner at the hotel before an early night. Her birthday treat wasn’t yet complete and they had to be on their way to the next part by six in the morning.

“Mum, what are you doing here?” Nikki gasped seeing her mother and Pete at Heathrow airport.

“Hasn’t he told you?” Jenny responded surprised. It was obvious her daughter was still in total ignorance of the plan. “We’re all off to Florida for a week. Then Pete has to return, but we will all be staying on. You are going to have your operation a week on Monday. You will be able to walk again.” For once, Nikki was speechless.

“How?” she replied at last. “I thought it was too expensive. Where did you get the money?” Jenny looked at Ross. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

“Ross is paying. I thought he would have told you. He has given his half of Camilla’s money, plus some of the money saved from his escort days, so you could have the operation.” Tears welled in Nikki’s eyes.

“Why?” she appealed to him.

“Why not?” he replied. “Although you have never complained about your condition, I decided you deserved at least the opportunity to have the operation. There would be so many more opportunities open to you if you’re not confined to a wheelchair. And I saw how disappointed your mother was when you returned from America the last time. She wants you to have more opportunities too. It was money I never expected to have. And I felt Camilla would have approved. No more discussion. I want everyone to enjoy this break.”

It was like learning to walk all over again. The first steps were faltering; then she would cling onto objects to stop her falling until finally she had the confidence to walk unaided. The doctors were more than pleased with her progress. She would need to return to the hospital in three months time for more assessments before final discharge, but the future looked bright.

Nikki felt she owed everything to Ross and was determined to demonstrate her thanks in the only way she had known how. It was with considerable surprise that he seemed to be pushing her away from him. Surely, if he had spent so much money on paying for her operation, he had strong feelings for her, so why was he suggesting she went out and met someone her own age? She didn't want anyone but him, why couldn't he see that?

Ross had realised that although he had strong feelings for her, and had enjoyed their love making, she wasn't the woman he believed he was destined to spend the rest of his life with. Breaking with her was the hardest thing he had ever done.

Chapter 21

They had been back in Britain for a couple of months when Ross received a call from Detective Inspector Julia Kingston. She wouldn't say why she wanted them to meet, at least not over the phone. They met in a convenient café in the centre of town. For a long while, although Julia was very pleasant, he felt he was being interrogated. Why had he ceased working for the escort agency? Had he registered with any others? What about Naomi Hewstone? Was that relationship ongoing? And what about Nikki Wright? He had paid for her operation, Julia seemed to know that. What was his relationship with her now? This last question irritated him beyond his endurance. It was none of her business. And why, he asked, was she asking all these questions? Her answer took him by surprise.

"My father died a few months ago," she told him. "On his death, I became responsible for administering Camilla's trust fund," she continued. "You know about the £100,000 left to you by Camilla and that she expected you to share it with Nikki and Jenny. What you didn't know was what she intended should happen to the rest of the fund. My father and I have been following your progress. Not only have you carried out Camilla's request, but you have far exceeded her expectations. She believed in the

good in you, something that my father and I were not immediately convinced of. But I am now. Camilla set a series of tests that you were expected to meet; tests that you didn't even know existed. And yet, you have met all her tests." Ross asked what she meant by 'tests'.

"Firstly, that you did indeed share your inheritance with Nikki and her mother. Secondly, that you didn't frivolously spend your good fortune but used it wisely. Thirdly, that you ceased working for the escort agency and ended the relationship with Naomi. Finally, that you ended your previous philandering lifestyle. That was the most difficult to confirm. Having met all these tests, you were to receive a further inheritance of £150,000. I am here to tell you I have instructed the solicitors that they should release the second part of your inheritance."

"Second part?" he queried. "You mean there might be another part?" Julia smiled. There was indeed a final part, but she wasn't at liberty to say what conditions had to be satisfied before he received that.

He felt shocked at the news. Were there any stipulations as to how the spent the money? Anything he should or shouldn't do? Apparently not. He was free to spend the money how he liked. He looked at Julia. He had enjoyed the time they had spent at the Halloween Ball, even though he now knew she was checking him out. He would have liked to meet her again, but

remembered her father saying she was happily married.

“If you weren’t married, I would invite you out for dinner,” he told her. The sadness in her eyes immediately stopped him. Her husband had been killed a month after Camilla’s funeral. He was riding a motorcycle when a car came out of a side road and ran into him. The driver was twice over the drink-drive limit and received a two year prison sentence, with twelve months suspended. She was bitter about how small a sentence the driver received when hers was a life sentence.

“I’m so sorry. It was crass of me.” But she stopped him; there was no way he could possibly have known. If the offer was still available, she would be delighted to accept.

Six months later, Julia moved in with him. It was good for her to get away from the house that held so many memories of her husband. A year later, he proposed to her. She was reluctant to accept. She didn’t want him to think she had trapped him. Eventually he coaxed the truth from her. The final part of his inheritance from Camilla’s trust would be paid when he married a woman that Julia and her father approved of. Obviously, she wouldn’t marry him if she didn’t approve of him, but she didn’t want him to think she was only after his money. And, she hesitated before continuing, she didn’t want him to think she had got pregnant just to get him to propose.

The news stunned him. Julia had been on the pill, but apparently, even the pill wasn't 100% guaranteed. His proposal had been a coincidence. Although he was stunned, he was also delighted at the prospect of becoming a father. He wanted them to get married before the baby was born.

Seven months later, Camilla Elizabeth McCloud weighed in at 7lb 9oz.