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Feature Fiction  
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TEN BUCKS AN INCH...

CONFESSIONS OF A REAL AMERICAN GIGOLO

BY JACK FRITSCHER

You guys reading this for hot tips on how to cash in on your face, your body, your tool, or your cool company. The most I can tell you about hustling the little ladies is: "Some guys have IT, and make IT pay; others guys can't even give IT away!" You might have the come-on lines, the clothes, the moves, the car, the apartment. But unless you got IT, turned out the way women want IT, you're never going to have anything in your pants except a couple of plastic cards run up over your line of credit. I'm telling you true. If you don't have IT together the way the Chicklettes are willing to pay you for the pleasure of your company, then you end up paying for their company. One way or another.

One thing an All-American gigolo can tell you about all the business between prick and pussy is: if a stud doesn't straight upfront charge a cunt, she'll every which way including alimony charge the shit out of you! If you're going to fuck-for-cash, a man has to be available, be ballsy enough to figure his dick can be rented by the inch, his tongue by the lap, and his build by the pound. Otherwise, the lady will maneuver the top hand, and get you to put out to stud-service her for free.

No man, especially a hustler, should ever let a woman wrap his dick around her little finger.

Times have changed. Now that ladies are liberated they have as much attitude about their sex lives as about their careers. The careers we guys all know about. Twats getting promoted because they know how to wiggle their ass and then threatening discrimination suits if they get pinched. The only way to shut them up is promote the conniving slits. The point of all this is not contempt for career

women. The point is that career women, who aren't just cunts suffering a bad case of penis envy, are deserving of some purchaseable sexual satisfaction. Men who work hard have long gotten their hards off paying women for IT. So now liberation has switched the cash from your wallet to her purse. But you still have the dick. And dick is the most saleable item in America. Everyone wants a cock. All men want their own. All women want some man's. If you have a dick between your legs, and if you don't look like the Son of Godzilla, you might just be eligible for opening your own small--or large, depending how you're hung--business.

I know. I'm not bragging. Just explaining. How to take an average endowment and turn it into a multi-thousand-dollar-a-year-non-taxable-recession-proof business. Your McDick is to the arch at the top of your legs what the Big Mac is to the Golden Arches. And ladies, liberated career women, for openers, are your best, easiest, and most affluent market. Think about how women like to hang around the supermarket meat counter and gab with the butcher.

Career women! Ah. Career women. Cassandra Remick is a good example. What a lady! What a night! As the song goes. Sandy works long hours in a high-powered law office. In fact, Sandy's name is second in line of all the partners in the gilt-leaf on the frosted-glass door. Sandy's a great looker. She could have a husband, house, kids, the whole nine yards. But she wants her career. That's her first need. Her second need: D-I-C-K and T-O-N-G-U-E. After a hard day's work, Sandy needs to come down from her head to her crotch.

That's where a guy like me, and maybe a guy like you, comes in!

There's a loose circle of affluent women in any large city. They shoot the sex-shit over business lunches the same as guys. The figures those ladies toss around over their slenderella salads are two-thirds Dow Jones averages, and one-third gigolo endowment averages. And it's not all prick. Straight missionary fucking doesn't often interest these ladies that much. Some of them are sophisticated enough to want a guy for oral sex only. Oral sex with these wo men means you getting paid to eat their pussies while they lie back

and unwind from a hard day at the office.

Cassandra Remick taught me all about what high-toned broads really want. A guy figures a woman always wants to get fucked. Ain't so. Ain't true. Only your lower-class secretaries go in for cock-to-cunt fucking. It's a hang-up they have left over from all the husband-wife marriage fantasies they have from reading too many bridal magazines on coffee breaks. Don't get me wrong. Women like Cassandra like to get it on with a good fuck, particularly on weekends, but for weeknight calls, I find that the request I most often get is to munch a little hair pie.

Cassandra explained that on weeknights she's low energy. She's spent most of her day putting out at her law firm. At night she just wants to lie back, relax, hit a jay, sip a glass of Lambrusco, and feel a man's tongue warm its way around her clit, stirring it up, moving down her cuntlips, tipping on into her tight, hot, and willing liberated twat.

Sure. She's on a power trip. Money is power. And money is definitely involved when a man is a sexual gigolo. You don't get hired to be a witty talker. (Career women always have a fag friend for that bit.) So anyway, Cassandra's laid back, feeling like the Queen of the Stardust Ballroom, while I'm munching away on her sweet-smelling pussy. She feels in command. After all, she's called my number, told me what she wants, and agreed to my going-rate. The money changing hands relieves her of any further energy expenditure; she gets the sexual staisfaction, and I get the cash and the gash. (You don't for a fucking minute think I'd do a job like this if I didn't have a real love and, well, a taste for the work?)

Shit. When I take this "job" and shove IT, the lady and I both have a pretty good time. A gigolo can say that because when you're a male hustler, you get your nightly ratings back faster than a Nielson network survey. First of all: satisfied career ladies are very big tippers. Second of all: the next afternoon,

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after the next business lunch, your phone rings if the reviews of your performance the night before are enthusiastic enough. That, to be truthful, is one of the pitfalls that can become a pratfall if you're not careful; these babes trade such intimate notes about a stud-for-hire's action that a guy can be made or broken if he doesn't carefully cater to each lady's highly individual ego and sexstyle.

Nobody ever said male-hustling was going to be easy! Working for women is hard work. That's why I caution would-be studs to be careful not to let the bitches get the upper-hand while you let them think they've got the upper hand. My sour definition of marriage is that it's a disarrangement in which the woman ties a man's dick in a knot, and slips a ring over his finger so tight that it cuts off his circulation in more ways than one. A gigolo has to keep quiet. When a man turns lady-tricks, he can bet for sure they're going to compare notes.

Loose lips may be great for blowing up inside a pussy and sucking out the sweetest aroma this side of heaven, but loose lips will break your bank book, and destroy your credit line at some of the best men's stores. If I spill the beans that Cassandra Remick likes to have her wrists tied to the bedpost while I "force-spread" her legs and chew her out, I'm going to lose my credit at Wilkes-Bashford. I like the fact that Cassandra Remick, Attorney-at-Law, special advocate to women's discrimination cases, pays the Wilkes account I run up, pays me cold hard cash, and passes on to her women-friends that she's found a man who submits to everything her little pussy, clit, and tits could ever want to do.

So who gets the last laugh? Sandy gets the pleasure she wants, and I get a certain well-mixed pleasure that I want. Sure. I like the money. Fifty bucks for about ninety minutes of eating pussy and ass. Lots of these women don't know exactly all that they're going to like, so it's part of a gigolo's gig

to teach them a new bag of tricks. (Incidentally, you now know where the term gig comes from, as in, one woman bragging in code to another, "You should have seen the gig I played last night." Sooner or later, all language comes back to sex; just like the word jazz originally meant fuck.) Anyway, in a play-for-pay lay, who the fuck's getting used, as long as both parties know the rules. Believe me, when a woman pays a man, the night gets very uncomplicated, and very loose.

Ain't a buyer of anything, especially of sex, who doesn't want to get as much as they can for their money. That being the case you can just figure that a lady with a checkbook is not, repeat not, going to be afraid to demand exactly the kind of sexual service she has wanted and fantasized about all her life, And then some. To what she wants and fantasizes about, a gentleman, who knows how to ~~drive a lady~~ the way he instinctively knows how to drive an expensive car, adds certain perks that blow the lady's silk stockings off.

I mean things missionaries don't do: getting a little bit kinky with clothes, like starting out the hour sniffing her nylon panties, licking the curls of hair pressed so fine under the nylon, teasing the hot little mound of her clit through the panties, biting a small hole into the nylon juicing up over her blossoming pussy, tongueing through the tear in the nylon to get at the sweet folds of flesh throbbing against the nylon, then plunging your tongue full-bore deep into her sticky crotch. All the time your dick is rockhard and your balls are turning blue. Fuck, man, you get the picture?

I never play around with any bitch, no matter how rich, if I figure I wouldn't want to fuck around with her for free. That's where being a "pro" comes in. A man peddling his meat cannot let his urge to cum get in the way of the lady's enjoyment. It's her money. It's her game. It's therefore her pleasure. You're kneeling there between her wide-spread honey thighs with your nose sniffing, with your lips sucking, with your teeth teasing, with your tongue digging all around in that honeysuckle pussy that plays and pays.

Some of these foxes drive me crazy. I want to have my pleasure with them. But a gigolo always remembers that he exists, EXISTS, to service women. Now that's a special calling in life. Some guys I know pursue their regular conquests that way. They go to singles bars and pick up women in order to service them for hours with a little french action or a little greek action. Not all guys want to do the classic fuck scene. Not all broads want to get screwed in the cunt every time out. Some of them are greek enough to want some good solid male meat creaming up their fresh-douched buttoles. Cornholing the little ladies is one of my specialties. It seems, one of them said, "so nasty." Now frankly I'm a fudgepacker from way back, so it seems okay to greek a lady to me. But the key to hustling women for sex is that the gigolo can be expected to do the very things that these ladies, most of them raised real straight-laced, were taught never to do. Never. Never. Never ever.

But when a cunt is hot and horny, it's no different from a hard prick. There just ain't no never. Especially when a chick wants to be "perverse" enough to do all the things her mother warned her never to do. So what's a hustler like me supposed to do? When a woman writes a blank check, I get to fill in what counts: the hot and heavy action.

That's the trip of servicing women who want you to lay 'em out flat on the floor: fuck 'em till their teeth rattle, and fuck 'em till they beg for mercy, and fuck their faces till they've got tears of joy in their baby-blues, fuck 'em kneeling up dog-bitch style, and fuck 'em with their ankles back behind their ear-rings, and butt-fuck 'em face down with their big tits squashing into the designer sheets.

Feed 'em dick, and you can't go wrong.

And especially: talk nasty. Don't whisper sweet nothings in their ears. My ladies have heard every line ever thought up by every nerd in every fern bar in America. Once women go from being swingers-for-free listening to asshole di-

alog to paying for it, they want to be told, yeah, honey, you're beautiful; but more they want to hear what rotten filthy sluts they are. Now, let me explain that need: after three years of being a professional male whore, I know a couple things for sure. One of them is that for the woman who wields power all day long around an office, because she's the Big Cheese, not only wants, but needs, at night to be put into her place. It's just a balance trip. If I make a cunt crawl across the bedroom floor on her hands and knees to worship my dick from 9:00 to 10:30 PM, you can bet she's going to bounce on into her office the next AM with her shit all put back together and ready to take on another day's cage full of liars, tigers, and bores.

Just as sure as Jane Fonda wears her stardom like a goddam merit badge, I'd like to see her get Lily and Dolly behind a real "9 to 5" that told the real truth about the overheated and underventilated sexual needs that women bring home from the office.

The trips women want are as varied as the ladies themselves. I'll do anything for a buck. Except hurt someone or hurt myself. Even sex for money, as every guy knows, can be conducted with dignity. How I started earning cold cash for hot dick was sort of an accident. I was trying to sell insurance, not very successfully, when one evening at this big condo in Los Angeles I had an appointment with a woman who turned out not to be in need of insurance so much as insertion. In short: she was hot to trot, and afraid to go out at night because of all the kooks. She sort of moved in closer when we got down to reading the policy, and she turned out to be finer than the fine print.

She had those ample, full breasts that hands were created to hold. She had a mouth that said yes to everything I suggested about the policy that I thought was right for her. She had eyes that stared straight into mine. She had ears that weren't listening to a thing I had to say. She had a back that leaned forward in a silk blouse that made my arms sort of want to wrap tight

around her warm shoulders and tits, so I could move my hands down and palm her butt. She had one of those skirts slit up the thigh. And she had incredibly sexy silk hose that kind of rustled and whistled when she lifted one of her legs to cross the other, pulling open the slit, revealing more of her luscious figure. She had high heels: the kind that with a little flick of the buckle on the tiny strap around the ankle come off so easy that you know that's first base and you're heading toward second.

I was figuring this is nice work if you can get it!

She reached over to point at a small line-item on the policy I was balancing on my knees; but her finger traced slowly across the line and off the page on to my knee and up my thigh and opened up to fullhand grope of the inseam of my suit. I didn't stop her. She said nothing. Just swung down on her knees between my legs, threw the insurance policy aside on the couch, and unzipped my fly. Now, I confess, I'm just hung on the enthusiastic side of average; but when she fingered on into my jockey shorts and worked my tool out, she was like a lady who knew her way around a Black and Decker. I said something stupid like, "Are you sure we ought to be doing this?"

She looked straight up into my face with my peter pointing right at the pearly gates of her red lips and white teeth and said, "You're a salesman, aren't you?" And she put the tip of her tongue on the tip of my rod. "So let's see what you've got for sale." She slipped her whole warm tiny palm around my cock and did the old up-n-down a couple times. "I've got this thing," she said, for this thing you've got." Her lips nibbled at the end of my dick. "I've got this thing. This problem, you might say." She wiped her tongue around the knob head of my blue-veiner. "I like to, you know, pay for it." She tasted my dick, head first, and then slid the whole fucking shaft down her throat, like she was the apple-bobbing queen at some fraternity party. She worked it around giving me a chance to change vocations, to change jobs, to find, well, a new profession. When she came sliding up for air, she looked me straight in the

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eye. My hardon rose up out of her hand like a rocket. "With meat like yours," she said, "nice and hard and just the right size to fit a woman's delicate throat, you ought to, you know, accommodate me. You know," she said, stroking me up and down like some milkmaid, "I want to jerk and suck your load and eat it." She wet her other hand, and holding my shaft tight in one fist, palmed my hot dickhead with the slick warm wet from her mouth. "But these days, you know, when a lady eats out, she's used to paying for it." Her double handjob was making me forget about insurance. "You really ought to," she said, and she meant it, "charge for it."

I kind of choked and swallowed and tried to make it not sound like the first time I ever said: "I do."

"How much?" she asked, tonguing around the head until I wanted nothing more than to cram it down her gorgeous throat.

"Whatever you figure it's worth," I said.

So right there on the floor, with a picture of her executive-type husband, who was obviously a decade too old for her, staring down at us like the perfect chairman of the board, we tore at each other.

Afterwards, she said she liked the idea of sex and money and power. They were all one and the same for her. She laid a hundred dollar bill on top of my insurance briefcase. I figured maybe she'd been shitting me about paying for it. "Don't worry," she said, "I married for money. I get a hell of a lot more than a C-note for the little bit of fucking I have to put out for my very swell husband. And I'm sure he pays plenty for the cuties he balls with on the side. With enthusiasm like yours, you might just as well join the rest of us grownups, and make some bucks off your goodlooking prick."

Honestly, once I started to believe her, I figured I hadn't heard seductive logic like that since Mrs. Robinson went after Dustin Hoffman in The Graduate. And the broad was right. The next day at the insurance office my phone rang; it was a ladyfriend of hers who wanted a little servicing. I didn't just walk

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on in and tell my boss I was quitting. But I did start taking afternoon-delight calls; that's when most married women are available. After a couple months of being referred around that circuit of well-heeled wives, I gave up peddling insurance and took up peddling flesh. My income doubled. My work hours went down. I was earning nontaxable bucks. I got as much pleasure as I wanted. I found out I could handle about three gigs in any twenty-four-hour period, because not all my clients cared if I came; they only cared if they came. And the more I got into it, the wider the circle of referrals grew. I joined the YMCA, built my self up a good set of nonthreatening muscles, took some extra care on my grooming as I figured out the kind of healthy male-look these women with the bucks preferred, and found myself on all-expense paid cruises in the Caribbean, on tours of Japan, you name it!

Anthony Newley sang it all right once: "O give me half a chance in the south of France with some rich bitch, and I'll be filthy rotten stinkin' rich!"

Not to give away trade secrets, but the best cities for hustling dames are LA, Phoenix, Houston, Dallas, New Orleans, New York, and San Francisco. Atlanta isn't bad; but Chicago sucks worse than St. Louis. I'm only into American pussy. Foreign snatch somehow just doesn't do it for me. One of my hustling buddies can't get enough servicing exotic European and Asian women. So we never fight over our tricks. He likes women driven by chauffeurs. I prefer women who drive their own Ferrari's. He'll take on a broad at any age; but his fee-scale goes up per hour something like twenty bucks for every year over forty. The oldest I ever spent time with was eighty-three, and I don't talk about it; I mean she was a together lady, for her age, and mostly I just talked dirty to her while she got herself off. That was the only disgusting thing I ever had to do, and I guess it wasn't that disgusting, because I figure everybody, even a gigolo ought to do a charity fuck every once in awhile just to keep their karma good. Besides, she paid me with two Kruggerrands that she had hanging around her neck, down between her sagging old tits. She said she didn't like them anymore, like they were some kind of junk jewelry. So I said