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Tasting Night

"Here you go, this your key, and it's room 324. The restaurant is open until 10 pm and the gym until midnight."

"Thank you."

This hotel located in the nicest part of the city was great, and the way the staff had treated me made me feel like a VIP. It would be nice if my real life were like that every day. After putting my wallet back in my small carry-on on wheels, I headed toward the elevator. There were different amenities on my left and right, but I would not use any of them.

The restaurant door was right next to where I was going, so I stopped by just to look at the menu for fun.

"Oh wow... That's expensive... I won't eat here today. Haha. It smells so good, though..."

I wasn't offended the slightest by those high prices because it was a luxury hotel, and I knew I wasn't the target client. I was lucky when I could make more than forty thousand dollars a year. I was just a modest administrative assistant, after all. But still, I loved food and would have loved to treat myself with one of those fancy meals cooked by a real chef. Perhaps one day, I would save enough and come back here and eat the delicious food without guilt.

Trying to control my drooling, I called the elevator to go to my room. As I was going up and appreciated that even the elevator felt luxurious, I couldn't stop being grateful for my friend who had gifted me this free night. Her husband worked here, and she thought it would be a nice Christmas present for me since I couldn't generally afford to go on a trip or stay in fancy hotels like this one. A husband like hers would have been nice to have, but I was single, so everything was a bit more inaccessible. It just meant that when people gave me nice things, I tended to appreciate them more and made the best out of those unique experiences.

I followed the long ultra-cushioned hallway until I reached my room. Not used to this, I swiped my keycard in the reader, and the lock disengaged, allowing me to push the door open and revealing what the room looked like at the same time.

"Woow! This is so niice. What an awesome gift. It's so big."

It was indeed a large room compared to the ones I've been to in the past. All the walls, carpet, and furniture were all black and dark red, giving the place a luxurious feeling with a modernity hint. The giant king bed with a padded backrest looked comfy as hell, and the fully tiled bathroom made me want to live in it.

"So nice!"

Needless to say that I was very happy this evening and would probably stay in this great mood until I have to leave tomorrow morning.

Since I came here directly from work, the first thing I decided to do was to strip naked and have a nice warm shower. I kind of got scared when I saw this naked woman walking toward me, but that was until I realized it was just a gigantic bathroom mirror. Not having the opportunity to look at my whole self often, I took a minute to observe the creature I was.

I wasn't skinny, but I wasn't fat either. That said, surviving a few days without food wouldn't be an issue for me. Plus, this little layer of fat just made my boobs bigger. Seriously, who wouldn't want bigger boobs? I gave them a good squeeze for good measure.

My shoulder-length hair was naturally light and blonde. I've never been sure if I liked it or not, but many people kept telling me how jealous they were, so I couldn't complain about it out of respect for people who had terrible hair.

And that was about it... my face was mine, so there was not much I could say about it. I had no interest in having it replaced.

I turned on the shower and jumped in it after identifying and smelling the gazillion of small shampoo and soap samples to make sure I wouldn't smell like a demon all night. When the hot water hit my back, I automatically started singing. I loved singing in my shower, but in this one, the acoustic made me feel like a pro.

"o/~ IIII caaaan't stooooop looooooving youuuuu... I maaaade up my miiiiind... o/~"

After my amazing shower and abusing this overly soft bath towel, I laid flat on the king bed with my tablet and opened my favorite fetish forum. I created a new post and copied in it a message I had already prepared.

Hello,

Whiskey night!

Come have a drink with me tonight at the Grand Class Hotel in Ottawa. Room #324. Here are the rules.

- *Be nice! Be gentle;*
- *Bring a bottle of your favorite whiskey;*
- *When you get to the room, if the door is cracked open, come on in. If it's closed, wait for your turn;*
- *Don't talk;*
- *Make me taste your whiskey (just one glass);*
- *Fuck me using a condom. I'm delicate and not into pain, so don't hurt me;*
- *Don't stick around. Leave the room after you cum, and leave the door cracked open for the next person. Be respectful and don't disturb the other clients of the hotel;*

- *Don't show up after 3 am. If you think you are the last one, please close the door and hang the do not disturb sign.*

I'm looking forward to having a good time with you guys!

WhiskeyGirl28

I posted the message and giggled. It was impossible to know if anybody would take action on this or not or how many people would show up, but it didn't matter. No matter what would happen, I would have a good time anyway.

The clock indicated 6:24 pm. It would certainly take a bit of time before someone showed up, probably an hour or so. But I still needed to get ready not to get caught with my pants down.

I placed my carry-on luggage on the bed and unzipped it. The first thing I needed was my sandwich. As much as I would have loved to eat at the restaurant downstairs, I couldn't afford it. I would eat my egg sandwich pretending it was a moules-frites. What can a girl do?

Sitting on the corner of my bed and alternating between my sandwich and juice, I wasn't even nervous about what might happen next. Surprisingly enough, this was the first time I was doing something like this, and I didn't even have a lot of sexual experience in the past. I didn't know why... I was just happy and wanted to have fun, and fun was not supposed to be stressful. It was as if I had made the decision to do this and had fully accepted the possible consequences. Maybe something was broken in my head for being so positive.

Just as I put the last piece of sandwich in my mouth, my bedroom door opened. I had already put the stopper to keep it open, but I had honestly not expected someone to show up within fifteen minutes; that was crazy.

The expression on this young guy's face was priceless. I was pretty sure he had not expected to find a naked girl casually eating an egg sandwich on the corner of her bed.

"... I'm... sorry. Am I too early?"

"Haha. You were very quick, yes, but it's okay. Come on in."

"You sure?"

"Oh, yeah. No big deal. I'm done eating. I just have to dress up, and then you can have your fun with me."

"... O... okay... I brought some whiskey for you... Glenfiddich 12. Do you like it?"

"Oh yeah. I love that one. But how in the world did you have time to read my post, buy a bottle of whiskey, and show up at my door? Are you Superman or what?"

"Ah, no. It's because I work at the liquor store across the street, and I finished working fifteen minutes ago when you posted your message. It was just perfect timing."

"That explains everything. Haha."

I rummaged in my bag and pulled out a bunch of small glasses that I placed on the table for people to use.

With my lunch done, the next thing I needed to do was to dress up to look more fuckable. My costume would be kinky but still pretty simple. It would be all made of shiny black latex; a pair of panties with an open crotch, a fun bra with nipple holes, stockings, opera gloves, and knee-high boots. That should be enough to turn on whoever would show up to have fun with me.

As I was putting on those items, my first visitor poured us a glass of whiskey and waited for me to finish lacing my boots. Maybe he would like to participate?

"Do you want to lace my left boot?"

"... S... sure..."

"Hey, don't be shy. I want you to fuck me with confidence. That way, we will have more fun. Right?"

"Yes... It's just... I've never done this kind of thing... so..."

"Me neither... It's the first time I've done something like this."

"Really?"

"Yes... I've never had sex with strangers before, only legit boyfriends. But I'm super looking forward to it. I'm having fun already."

"I can tell..."

He looked a bit younger than me and was quite cute. I couldn't wait to find out how it will feel to have his cock between my legs.

Once my boots were on, he handed me my whiskey glass, but that was not exactly how I had planned this to go, so I told him to wait.

"No. Just one sec. Look."

From my bag, I retrieved three condom boxes of various sizes and placed them on the table. And the last thing I did was put a funnel next to the condom and write a note with a permanent marker.

Use the funnel to make me drink your whiskey. (and only whiskey)

"Uh? Why the funnel?"

"Oh, because of THIS! Hahaha!"

All proud and excited, I pulled a thick latex hood from my bag. It was the last thing I needed for my setup. Before he could even question what I was doing, I squeezed my head inside the cold stretchy material and pulled down the zipper at the back of my neck.

This rubber hood had no eye or nose holes, only a small tube for breathing through my mouth. Plunged in the dark, I would never see this guy ever again, and very soon, he wouldn't even remember what I looked like either.

Giggling inside my hood, I laid down on the bed and opened my legs sexily. From this point on, someone else would have to do all the work. I had turned into a mere body available for whoever wanted to fuck it. Getting free whiskey in return would be well worth it.

For a moment, probably longer than necessary, nothing happened. The poor guy probably wondered if that was it, if it had been the end of our social encounter. It didn't stop me from acting like a cat in heat on top of the warm comforter, which seemed to work because I finally felt a presence next to me. When he grabbed my mouth tube, I knew what would happen next, so I braced for the incoming whiskey. I had left no instruction about how to make me drink, leaving this up to the visitors to decide. Maybe he would pour the whole glass in one shot, or perhaps he would make me sip it slowly. Who knew? I guess this could go hand in hand with how experienced they were at drinking whiskey.

The answer arrived quite rapidly, and it was in-between my two expectations. It was more than a sip but less than a full gulp. I had also left no instruction regarding the size of a glass. I had no idea how much he would make me drink... All I knew was that I loved whiskey and that it was delicious.

The potent liquid heated my throat and kind of turned me on at the same time, so I extended my arm to reach for his crotch with my fingers. He was already hard as a rock and seemed to be a good size too. As more whiskey entered my mouth, I knew that hosting this small event tonight had been the right decision.

The amount he made me drink was about what I would have expected, low to moderate, so it was a perfect start. My goal was to get an opportunity to taste different kinds of whiskey, but not necessarily get drunk, even though that could happen too.

I had no idea if my hood was going to be disappointing to those potential men. I wouldn't be able to give them blowjobs, so they would only be able to use my pussy. Well, too bad for them. My throat, my rules.

It was reassuring to hear him getting rid of his pants because it meant that he was okay with my modest vaginal offer. It was so exciting when he crawled over me. He wasn't a big guy, but I was not huge either with my five-foot-seven. I was wondering if I would get to experience the feeling of physical domination at some point tonight. If a huge guy were to easily manipulate my body while fucking me like a beast, it could be quite a thrill.

With my hand, I reached his rock-solid cock and noticed that he had put a condom on, which I had almost forgotten. I rubbed my already swollen clitoris with his cock head and then guided him inside of me.

A stranger was penetrating me... and it felt AWESOME! I've always been a natural moaner, so right away, he knew he wasn't doing anything wrong. Hopefully it would help him to get rid of his nervousness. When he started pumping inside me, my gloved hands automatically wrapped around his torso. We had barely begun, and I already wanted more. I knew I was just a sex toy tonight, but there was nothing wrong with that if I could get a lot of pleasure out of it.

He didn't seem very experienced, but he was still doing a good job. Men loved boobs. His hand grabbed my breast, and he pinched my nipple lightly as if he remembered what I had mentioned in my internet post, to be gentle. The way he was doing it was just perfect. Perhaps I would be lucky later, and someone would suck on them. I would love that a lot.

For the next few minutes, he used me to pleasure himself. The whorish girl I was had really turned him on because he had an intense orgasm and probably filled his condom quite a bit. As he was recovering, I gently rubbed his neck. I would have liked to tell him he did great, but I couldn't talk anymore with this mouth tube; it would just have sounded silly.

I felt him crawling down my body, and then his tongue reached for my clitoris. That was against the rule. After his orgasm, he was not supposed to stick around, so I gently pushed him away, hoping he would listen.

He fortunately did and got off the bed. I heard him put his pants back on, but then something unexpected happened. Something gently tugged in the middle of my bra. It didn't seem threatening, so I let him do whatever he was doing. As if that had not been enough, he then extended my arm, and I felt something coldish crawling on my skin. Again, nothing that felt dangerous. I was pretty sure he was writing something, maybe using my marker.

After that, he left the room, and I heard the door bumping on the stopper. I was confident that everything was set for the next visitor. I told myself that I wouldn't remove my latex hood until tomorrow morning to enhance my experience.

As I waited to get fucked again by another stranger, I daydreamed a little. How many orgasms would I get tonight? This first experience had provided me with a lot of pleasure, but not enough to cum. If he had been wiser, he would have licked me before fucking me. I'm sure he would remember that for the next time.

Then I remember the little tug of my bra. The writing on my arm had made me forget about it, so I checked my chest with my gloved hand and felt something weird tied between my bra cups.

"Uh?"

GENIUS! He had tied his used condom to my underwear. How degrading! It was perfect! I should have thought about doing something perverted like this during my planning. Hopefully, the other males

will notice it and understand that they should do the same. It would be an easy way to track how many people had ejaculated inside of me.

Something pulled me out of my little world; I heard the door opening and then closing shut. I couldn't believe it. My second stranger had just shown up, and this time I wouldn't get to see him. I listened to him walking in and also heard the familiar noise of a bottle being placed on the table.

It didn't take long before he opened the bottle and poured some into the glasses. Following that, he crawled on the bed and made me sit up, so my back rested on the headboard. A faint whisper reached my ears.

"Sorry, I know you don't want me to talk, but this whiskey is strong. 47%, so let's go slow, okay?"
"Uh-hu."

Awww! How nice of him. He didn't want me to have a bad experience. I felt him attaching the funnel to my mouth tube, and then he poured a tiny bit of whiskey in it. When it hit my tongue, my brain exploded. It was SO good! I had to let him know.

"HMMMM! ... OOOORRR!"
"... More?"
"Uh-hu!"

Little by little, he kept me VERY happy and gave me a generous portion. It was my second drink of the night, so even if far from being drunk, I could feel the good relaxing feeling working its way throughout my body. With such a delicious taste lingering in my mouth, more than ever, I wanted to get fucked again, so I reached his crotch with my hand, just to discover he was already naked and hard. That was a great surprise to stroke.

This one was smart because he pulled on my legs to make me lie down on the bed, and he started licking me. That was incredible. I couldn't help but moan like a whore. He was waaay stronger than me, and he just wouldn't stop licking. He forcefully pushed me to my first powerful orgasm of the night. Before I could even recover, he plunged his dick deep inside me. Because of my first fuck, I was already ready to receive all sizes and shapes.

What stamina... He fucked me so hard for so long, probably five times longer than the first guy. He was the same quality as his whiskey. When he fucked me from behind while pushing my face on the mattress, I came a second time, almost harder than the first time.

Best night ever so far.

After he finally came, he didn't try anything else, but a hidden smile appeared on my face when I felt the same kind of tugging on my bra, hoping he was tying his used condom to it. Then I felt him write something on my other arm. I still couldn't figure out what they had written.

And then he left, without a word. That was an excellent fuck that I wanted to let sink in, but as soon as he left, the door reopened immediately. Was that even possible? Were there that many bold guys who answered the suspicious calling of a horny internet girl? Apparently so, because I heard a cork popping out of a bottle, and two more glasses were filled.

This time I sat up myself and waited for my treat to arrive. The previous drink would be hard to beat. I really wished I had a way to know what it was.

I felt the funnel getting attached to my mouth tube and braced for the incoming liquid. Good thing I was ready this time because this guy didn't get it AT ALL. He poured a large amount of whiskey in the funnel and waited for me to swallow it all. I didn't think he had done that on purpose, though. He was more than likely uneducated and didn't know what whiskey was before coming here to fuck me. This stuff was strong and not meant to be absorbed in large amounts.

It was not bad tasting, but it took me a moment to slowly drink it all. My tongue was numb by the time I finished. At least he didn't try to give me more, or I would have had to stop him, which I hoped I wouldn't have to do. I didn't want those men to feel bad for having done something stupid. Part of my pleasure was to know they were happy. But I wouldn't let them abuse the situation either.

Not having an ounce of romanticism, this new guy just treated me like a sex toy, which was a different experience. He got to the fucking right away and kept his hand around my neck, not very tightly, though. It was probably his thing to choke his partners, but I could feel that he was holding himself back with me. While he was pounding me like a fleshlight, the large dose of whiskey he had me ingested hit me like a truck. To use a valid metric, he had made me drink the equivalent of three good fucks, and I hoped I would get a small break once he would be gone.

For now, to turn him on some more, I pretended that I had difficulty breathing because of his choking, and that really worked well for him. I became the embodiment of his porn dream, and he began fucking me twice as hard, fully immersed in his fantasy and convinced that harder was better.

From my perspective, making love like that was a bit ridiculous, but then I changed my mind a bit when out of nowhere, I started to build an orgasm. There was something about being treated like a porn object that had triggered something special inside me... I wanted... more...

I surprised myself when my two hands gripped his wrist and pulled on him to make him understand what I wanted to try. His strong fingers dug in my neck a bit more, and this time it was true, my breathing got a bit restricted... Why was I asking him to do that? When did I become a fan of this kind of breathplay?

It didn't last too long because my orgasm hit me like a ton of brick. I almost blacked out on that one. My back arched uncontrollably, and my pussy convulsed like mad. I must have been very noisy, so I hoped my neighbors wouldn't complain.

I collapsed on the mattress, panting like a dog in heat, and noticed that he wasn't fucking me anymore. He wasn't even inside of me. Did he cum at the same time as I did? He must have been because I felt a slight tug on my panties, and then he wrote something on my leg. It was not obvious to me yet if all those guys had understood the original concept.

At least when he left, nobody else walked into the room. My head was spinning, and my liver was doing its best to help me process the alcohol.

I must have fallen asleep for a moment because when I woke up, I had no clue where I was, and I had a dick pumping between my legs—what a pleasant way to wake up. But the weird part was that when I surfaced, he was pretty much done already and came hard inside me.

It was so odd. Did he make me drink whiskey while I was asleep? Did he even notice I was asleep? Or maybe he just thought I was roleplaying an inanimate sex doll? I had no answer to those questions. Perhaps the only hint I got was that I didn't feel as drunk as I was before my nap, so some time had passed.

A little tug on my panties, a bit of writing, and he was gone. Well, that last one wouldn't be very memorable, but I was glad he had fun using my inert body. That was my purpose tonight, after all.

After that one, it was madness. FIVE more guys in a row showed up to share their whiskey and have a good time. I wasn't able to take a single break between the services. Four of them were AWESOME, but one of them failed at life because he made me drink rum instead of whiskey. I almost puked when that happened, and I let him know about it. He apologized. It was an honest mistake, but seriously, read the post properly next time.

I forgave him because he fucked me good, and at least this man spent a lot of time sucking on my nipples, which was maybe my favorite erogenous zone. I just loved it when guys did that.

But after those five guys, I was definitely smashed. I had no idea what time it was or how many guys had fucked me so far. All I knew was that I was extremely happy and thought this had been an amazing experience so far. Those lubricated condoms had done an excellent job at preserving my vagina's functionality.

I closed my eyes behind my hood and passed out again. Too much whiskey.

The rest of the night was weird. I was slightly aware that some more guys sporadically showed up at different times, but I didn't know how many had used me. What I did know for sure was that not all of them gave me whiskey. They probably had noticed my advanced state and had made a judgment call not to give me more.

The rest of my night had been a mix of fun and pleasure inside a world of reduced awareness. I knew I had a lot of fun, but what went on around me had been a mystery. Over time, with dicks moving in and out of me, I ended up passing out for good.

Much later, when I woke up from my crazy night, something felt different. I noticed that my drunkenness had gone down considerably, which meant it was probably morning... but something was not right. An arm... a leg... someone was asleep in my bed and hugged me like a body pillow. Even worse, I had a couple of fingers inside my vagina. Did someone fall asleep while playing with me?

It was... hot.

I didn't want to freak out and get mad at someone who had done nothing wrong. This event went on until 3 am, so the last person was probably exhausted and just passed out next to me. Compassion was more present in my soul than anger, and having those fingers inserted in me made me feel all tingly. I was wondering if, maybe, it would be a good idea to remove my latex hood and have a more normal fuck before asking him to leave.

The curiosity assaulted me. If i were to look at him, would he be ugly? Would he be cute? Would he be nice? Would he be rude? Would he be black, white, brown? The only thing I didn't want was to find out he was dead, but that was unlikely because I could feel his breathing and his warmth. From the little I could tell, he seemed to be rather delicate and soft. I was comfortable next to him.

That was it... No matter who he was, I needed to fuck him. This time we would kiss, I would give him a real hot blowjob, and I would let him do whatever he wanted to me. That would be an extremely pleasant way to finish a perfect adventure.

Very carefully, I unzipped my hood and pulled it off my head. I slowly blinked my eyes open, but everything was blurry. I would definitely need some water to rinse down all the whiskey and replenish all those sex fluids I had lost overnight.

I then placed my hand on his hairless arm and...

.... Hairless arm?

Delicate... hairless arm...?

I followed the limb toward the shoulder and, crushed on me, a snow-white boob. Turning my head toward what was resting on my shoulder didn't lead to something I had remotely expected.

It was a young woman... with an angelic sleepy face. She had bright pink hair, possibly betraying her kinkiness, and she was drooling a little. Of all the scenarios I had constructed in my head while planning this little adventure, this was not one of them. I had not expected that a woman would heed the call of a

sexual whiskey lover gal. I felt like an idiot for not having thought about that possibility. Since I had not mentioned anything about genders, she probably had decided that it was okay to get some fun too.

I carefully pulled her fingers out of my vagina and crawled away, making sure not to wake her up.

Using my alcohol-weakened muscles, I wobbled to my bag and to get my smartphone. The overly bright screen showed 9:37 am. It was definitely morning, and I needed hydration. So I kept wobbling to the bathroom.

When I turned on the light, I almost yelped at the creature in the mirror. Not only was my hair a mess, but my entire body was covered in black writings. The most disturbing thing was the countless cum-filled condoms attached to my bra and panties. Some of them were really full. I was a Christmas tree of perversion. I looked like the greatest whore in town.

Out of curiosity, I located the writing that my first fuck had left on my right arm. I had three entries on that one, but I quickly identified his. It was easy.

JackLatex

Fuck #1

Glenfiddich 12

My mind exploded again when I understood what it meant. It was his forum name, his position in the fuck queue, and what whiskey he had shared with me.

I read the other markings, and they were all different. All the other men had continued this spontaneous bookkeeping and left the same information all over my body... Arms, belly, legs, chest... they were everywhere. But the worse was when I tried to find the highest fuck number... 9... 10... 12...15...

It couldn't be. Did that many men fucked me in only one night? Could I even remember some of them? It was so confusing. But another thing caught my eye... Some of the men had also written their fuck number on their condom to let me know what cum belonged to who. Were those invitations for me to get fucked by them again in the future?

Then I froze. In the mirror, a woman with bright pink hair approached me from behind and wrapped her arms around my waist.

"So whorish... and so pretty."

"..."

Without worrying about anything, she slid her hand down in my panties and started fingering me.

"Aaaaah!"

"Feels good, uh? I bet you are very sensitive after so many men fucked you like a piece of meat. Did you enjoy it? You were pretty smashed when it was my turn. I'm number 21... the last one."

"TWENTY-ONE!?"

"Yes... There was quite a lineup at some point. After they fucked you, some of them also fucked me. It was such a great night. Then they all left, and you were mine alone for hours."

"We... we had sex?"

"Oh yeah. A lot of it. You really can't remember? Believe me or not, but you enjoyed it a lot."

"N... no."

"Come with me. I'll show you something cool."

"... Okay."

She was undoubtedly deviant, but she was very friendly and even gave me some water before going back to the room. Her cuteness was hard to deny. Sleeping with my first woman could have been a much worse experience than that.

"Look, everybody left their whiskey bottles for you... There is a bottle of rum too, not sure what idiot brought that here."

"Oh... yeah. I remember that one. Believe me. But, hey, that is very generous. Look at all those good bottles. They are not cheap."

"Yep, but that's not all... look at your bed."

"My... bed?"

When I saw what she was talking about, I gasped. There was paper money everywhere on the sheets. How did that even happen? Why? I never asked for money. I was not a prostitute. I just wanted everybody to have a good time with my body.

"Where does that money come from?"

"I guess some of the guys thought you were a prostitute or something, so they left money. I'm sure there are a couple of hundred dollars."

"... Unbelievable..."

"Well, it depends how you look at it, WhiskeyGirl. If you received two hundred dollars, and twenty guys fucked you, it means that you are a ten dollars prostitute... Not very flattering if you ask me."

"... ugh!"

"Alright, let's go back to bed. I want to make love to you again."

"Well... I never had sex with a woman before."

"Yes, you did. Hahaha. You just can't remember it."

"... I suppose I can try... again."

That was all I had to say to make it happen. The cute pink-haired girl pushed me on the bed and climbed on top of me to kiss me deeply.

Maybe I was repeating myself, but what a great adventure.

The pink girl helped me collect all the money and even found a big box from the hotel staff for all my gifted whiskey bottles. I wasn't too sure why I listened to her, but she said that I couldn't take off my used condom-decorated underwear until I got back home. She said it made me feel and look like a slut and that it was attractive. If I were to drive back home and have a car accident and be hauled to the hospital, the doctors would have something to talk about for years to come.

After dropping my belongings in my car's trunk, we kissed some more, and she even finger-fucked me some more in front of the passing cars. This underground garage under the hotel was now as corrupted as my bedroom.

"Hey, Twenty-one..."

"Oh, is that my name now?"

"Yes... Would you like to have lunch here with me?"

"Hum... this restaurant costs a fortune."

"Oh, I know. We will use my accidental-prostitution money. It's on me."

"Thank you, Miss Degraded. I'm in then. But there is one condition."

"What is it?"

"Can we date for a while? I kind of like you... a lot..."

"..."

"Sorry... forget it. It's too soon. I'm an idiot. You obviously like to sleep with everything with a pulse. I'm not that special."

"No... you know what, Twenty-one. Let's do it... I enjoyed making love to you. Let's try it for a while and see where it leads."

"Really? Cool! We can have sex all weekend and also drink all your used condoms together! It will be like whiskey tasting!"

".... !!!"

"I'm KIDDING! Hahaha! Let's go eat using the fruits of your depravation."

What a cute little thing.

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