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The cold blistering winter rain smacks down on my tired back and heavy legs like a bulldozer attempting to destroy an old tenement. The street is dark and cold as I look in both directions for any sign of a trick. I walk against the 30 mile per hour winds with all my might. As exhausted as I am, I have to keep going. I know if I try to leave the corner, I won't be able to leave that atrocious hotel I'm forced to sleep in, and I can't take staying there another night! So I head back up the deserted cold block. The buildings are old and worn. The broken windows tell a million stories of hard living and years of drug abuse. The bricks are crumbling to the ground as debris dances in the street to the sound of the wind.

As I impatiently pace up and down the ruined block, a whine-o shouts his obscenities at me. "Hey sexy bitch, how about a lil free bee babe."

I turn my head in disgust at the drunk talking to me. "Ugh, I don't think so. Xstasy doesn't give free bee's, especially to drunks." I cruelly say.

"Seeing as though no one else seems to be interested, I thought I would help you out. At least you wouldn't be walking the streets and not getting fucked! You \$2 dollar Whore hahahaha."

"I can't stand silly ass bums who sit on the corner all night doing nothing but getting mad because I'm trying and their drunk asses ain't."

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"Like I said, by the looks of it, you're not getting paid at all tonight." The bum says as he points and laughs in my direction.

Of all the horrible bullshit I've endured these past few weeks, this just tops it all. Having to stroll where the drunks are just makes my life terrific! All alcoholics want to do is fuck for free, and talk shit to you. But I tell you what, if his drunken ass had some money, I sure would fuck him. Right where his slobbery ass is standing. I'll lick his sweaty nuts with the quickness if it meant I could leave this hellhole, and return to my once comfortable life. Never turn down the green. I've got money to make. Because there's no way I can continue on in this place. "This shit is beneath me." I repeat to myself as I continue my search for a date.

"C'mon trick, where are you hiding?" I say to myself as I shift my cold, exhausted body from left to right trying to stay warm. My toes are freezing from the inside out. They're so cold I can't move them. I need to stand still to ease the pain of the cold, but I have to keep moving to find me a customer. I'm so cold and wet; it feels like someone has drenched me from head to toe with a bucket

full of freezing water. Like I've been thrown into a pool of ice, when it's twenty below. "I have to keep moving."

My eyes begin to close in on a set of headlights coming my way. My heart begins to beat faster as the vehicle gets closer. I take my position ready to make that sale. The car pulls over and I know I've got a customer. "It's about time." I mumble.

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As the tan and brown station wagon pulls to the curb, the passenger window slowly rolls down. The chubby driver leans over and flashes his permanently damaged, rotten yellow teeth.

"Want a date sexy?" I say to the disgusting creature parked before me.

"How much you charging for a blow, pretty mama?"

"Well for you, I'll give you my discount of \$50 for a blow. Only because you're so fine."

"\$50 for a blow? How about a little anal on the side?"

"So you want to party huh daddy? It's \$70 for anal and \$50 for a blow. If you want half and half it's \$80, so what's it gonna be sexy?"

"Slide that sexy caramel body into my love machine and let me take you for a ride." The disgusting little fat man says as he rubs his little dick. As I open the car door, the feeling of pure disgust rains over my entire body. The thought of having to put his dick in my mouth and smell his musty nuts makes me want to vomit. I hope he doesn't have crabs. The thought of my face being that close to those irritating critters makes me ill. Not to mention, I have to give him my ass and feel his sweaty stomach on my body. This is the worst part of being BROKE and SELF-EMPLOYED. You have to take the money no matter where it comes from. I don't have any options but to get in and give him whatever he wants. "I hope this doesn't take long." I whisper to myself as I think about my ass, and hope that it's healed enough to handle this.

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As I lean my head down into the trick's crotch and grab his penis, the smell of a hard day's work with a mixture of hot urine, smacks me directly in the face. The hot sweaty smell of must and urine grabs my stomach and turns it inside out. But, he's paying, so I must oblige. I put on the role of an anxious, wanting woman, and seduce the horny fat man with all that I can muster. In and out, round and round, I slide the little piece of nothing in and out of my mouth. The trick is moaning like it's the best piece of head he's ever gotten.

"Ooh mama, suck that big dick, you know you want it. Suck it faster baby, suck it."

Faster and faster I go trying to get this horrible act over with as soon as possible. I know the smell of the trick's nuts is going to be all over my mouth.

Every time I go down, the smell hits me harder and stronger in my face. I can't take it any longer. I have to get from down here.

"Umm sexy don't you want this big ass now? I know you want this big juicy ass on that big dick." I say to the trick, hoping to convince the gross fat man to relieve me of my oral duty.

"Yea mama, I want to make you scream like never before. Get on your knees and stick that big ass in the air."

"Ooh sexy, take this ass for your own." As I gladly jump at the chance to escape the smell of his sweaty nuts. I raise my mini and quickly bend over. I hope this will be over just as fast as it began. Men can't seem to last when it comes to this juicy ass of mine. From the CEO's to the blue-collar worker, I know my shit is good! I think to myself.

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Confidence reigns over me, as the thought of another quick buck about to be earned, from what seems to be my greatest physical attribute, fills my mind.

"Yeaah, spread your ass so I can come right in." My mind jolts and I go back to that horrible night. I'm scared to let him enter, but I have to make this money.

I swallow my pride and shine it on. "You want to take this ass baby? You think you can handle all of this? Show me what you got daddy." As soon as I spread my ass in the air, the fat trick rams his little dick right into my ass, causing me to slip. "Damn baby, don't be so rough with the ass. Let me help you out." I wanted to slit his pudgy throat. I really could have killed him at that moment, after what I've just gone through. Him man-handling me that way just infuriated me. Still, I keep on my money making face; it's all about the dollars, nothing personal.

"Shut up! I paid for this ass, I'll do what I want to do to it."

"Don't get mad daddy, take it and have your way with it. This ass is for you." I say meekly to keep him cool and keep him paying.

I hate how the tricks turn on you so fast. It never fails, as soon as they get the ass, they all become mean and aggressive. From the lowlifes to the bigwigs, they all begin to treat you bad. I hate having to accept this, but I have to make this money, or I'll be trapped in this fucked up place. I have to get back to what I know by any means necessary.

"You like the way it wiggles when you hit it, don't you daddy?" I say, feeling his motions getting faster and more

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awkward, he's about to cum. "Yeah baby, OOOWHEE!" he moans as I feel his little dick go from a stiff twig to a small gummy worm between my ass cheeks.

This trick came as fast as he entered, which was good for me. I could finally leave.

“Are you here all the time? What’s your name lil mama?” He asked.

I turn and look at the disgusting man and force an inviting smile. “My name is Xstasy, I’m here all the time.” I say as I get out of the raggedy station wagon.

As I walk down the street in search of my next victim, I feel a load of wetness fall out of my ass. “What the hell is this? I know this isn’t cum.” I run to the diner across the street and head for the restroom. I’m pissed, because I know I put a condom on his penis. I take the tissue and wipe myself as the cum slowly slides down to my pussy. The sight of this sickens me and the thought of what I just had to do makes me want to cut my own wrists.

“That fat nasty trick! He took the condom off.” I’m nervous now, because I always wear condoms. I don’t know this man from a rock, and I have his cum falling out of my ass. I take my wipes and clean myself up before heading back to the corner.

Outside, the freezing wind whirls between my thighs as I shift them back and forth, trying to stay warm. I look down the desolate street for any sign of a prospect. As I began singing to myself, the boys in blue swamp in on me. I try to run, but the wind is too strong to run against.

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“Hold it! Don’t move! You are under arrest for solicitation of sex.” The cop says as he snatches me by the arm to handcuff me.

“What, no you got it wrong. I’m not prostituting officer; I’m waiting on my ride to pick me up from work. I work right here at the diner. I’m a waitress.”

“Shut it up. We’ve been watching this corner for the past two months. We have all of you so called ‘women of the night’ on tape getting in and out of cars. It’s nothing you can say. Everything you say, can and will be used against you in a court of law.” He wasn’t falling for it.

As I’m riding to the station, I think about Justine, and how she warned me about so many things. And now I’ve seemed to mess everything up. I think about my parents, and how bad I wish now I was home with them. I think about the *choices* I’ve made, and want to smack myself.

We arrive at the station and the cops are yelling obscenities at me as I pass. The officers try to intimidate me, but I make it a point to keep my mouth closed. I’m scared, nervous, and shaking as they usher me to lock-up like a convicted murderer. I maintain my composure though, but what shakes me to my core, are the detectives and what they may use to keep me here. How did I get here, what am I going to do? I think to myself as my thoughts become clouded and chaotic from fear and uncertainty.

"So Xstasy, what were you doing on the street corner at this time of night?"
The sarcastic cop ask.

"Can I make my phone call?" I nervously ask.

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"You'll get your phone call after I'm done with my questions. Have you ever been picked up before for prostitution?"

"I wasn't prostituting, I don't know what you're talking about. I was waiting for my ride to pick me up." I can tell from the look the officer is giving me that he's getting upset. I know my rights and he's not going to intimidate me. I may be a little scared, but I'm not about to fold....not yet. "Look, you can give me my phone call, or let me go. You have nothing on me." I confidently say.

The officer chuckles as he slides his pen onto the desk. "Well for your sake, you better hope nothing else comes up, because this tape is all we need."

"Can I have my phone call please? I don't have anything to say."

"You might want to save that phone call. Once I pull up your record and after the test comes back, you just might be staying with us, hahahahaha."

I know he's trying to scare me, but I'm going to keep my cool. If I don't say anything, then they don't have anything. And plus, this was my first night in that area. How much footage could they possibly have?

The officers continue their cackling as I'm escorted into a holding cell. The women inside are staring me up and down. This is my first time ever in jail, and I know I have to watch my ass in here. One of these bitches may try to pull it. I scan the room in hopes of a comforting face. No one catches my eye. My demeanor is strong and confident, combined with extreme attitude. I know it's key to always

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be strong and confident. Being weak could cost you dearly in a place like this.

I spot the bad ass of the bunch and make strong eye contact with her. She's the one that's going to try me, I just know it. My stomach turns and twists in knots as the blood rushes through my body from the fear of the unknown. By the looks of it, she's already made some friends. I better swallow this fear and stand my ground, or I'll be wrapped up in the corner, naked and battered. I just took one beating, and I'm not about to take another one. I know what I must do. I walk over to where the bitches are sitting, and I sit in between the four of them. I know some shit is about to kick up, but I have to show them my nuts, or risk getting my ass whooped in here.

"Did someone invite you to sit over here bitch? Get your ass out of my space or I'm going to move you." I look at the rough looking he-bitch standing before me. Her face tells the story of her life. I can tell from the numerous scars and tats, that she lives for the streets. The pitchforks emblazoned on her forearm

stands out especially though, because it let me know right away that she was plugged with the thugs. From her demeanor, I take it she's the leader of these hood rats, and that she loves to scrap.

I jump in the face of the he-bitch and angrily snap. "Bitch, did I ask you to say something to me? If you don't want me to shove your rough looking ass through them bars, you better get the fuck out of my face! You and your little tag-a-longs!" I keep my eye contact with her, as my fists clench tighter and tighter ready to strike. She stares in my

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eyes looking for a sign of weakness, but finds none. At that instance she slowly backs away and moves to the other side of the cell. Her rats look at me, then obediently strut away behind her. I feel the blood run through my body as I take my seat. It always works for me when I'm scared. I have to push the fear away in order to protect myself. If I don't, I'll get my ass beat down every time.

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"Brooke Lenore, get your things and come with me." The officer says as I jump from the shock at the deep, barreling tone of his voice. He jiggles the keys impatiently, teasing the rest of the women with the possibility of freedom as they look longingly at him with begging eyes. It's amazing how much power the police have at that point. Even the toughest and strongest prisoners crumple to the authority of the officers, if it meant letting them go.

"Finally, I can leave." I eagerly say as I gather my things. I pass one more look at the he-bitch and her rats as I walk out of the cell. The officer studies my body, looking me up and down. I can see in his eyes that he wishes he could get a taste of this. After doing this for a while, you kind of start to know if a man is a potential customer, and I mean any man. He could taste all of me, for a price. Like I say, never turn down the green, only right now he's the enemy, not a willing trick.

"So can I leave now?" I ask.

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"Who said you were leaving? Your prints came back; it seems we've been searching for you. Thanks for making our job easy hahahahah." He laughs, lustfully molesting me with his eyes. "You did us a favor, now we don't have to waist time looking for you." He snaps his fingers. "Get your things, you're being transferred to another cell, then on Tuesday you see the judge." He snarls with glee as I look back at him with the nastiest expression I can fix upon my face. "Are you trying to say something to me bitch? I'll smack those pretty eyes

out of your head." I ignore him as we walk to my new home for the next few days. He opens the cell door and gives me a sinister smile. "Welcome to your new home, hahaha."

I confidently walk into the cell as the door slams behind me. My body jerk's from the sound of the steel slamming together. It's all too real. I look around the tiny 6 x 8 box and sigh in anger. "Might as well try to make the best of it. I know I'm going to have to hustle ten times harder to make up all of the money I'm losing being in here."

I look around the tiny space, and it's cold, filthy and depressing. Even the hotel I'm staying in isn't as depressing as this place. I knew the days ahead were going to be long and extremely nerve wrecking. "How am I going to get out of this?" I say to myself.

As the hours slowly drag on, I begin to think about my parents. Oh how I wish I were home lying in my comfortable bed. I would kill to have my mother chastising me right now.

"I want to go home." I say as I coddle myself.

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"Well too bad, looks like this has become your home. Hahahaha." I look up and the same ass hole officer is standing at the cell watching my every move, as he undresses and rapes me with his eyes.

"Nasty bastard, you'll never get to touch this. You're just mad you can't have a taste." I say under my breath.

As the officer walks away laughing, I suddenly feel ashamed and embarrassed. I don't understand why, but something about him makes me uneasy. Maybe it's the way he looks at me. Maybe it's the way he treats me. I don't know what it is, but I know I don't like it.

My uneasiness jolts my mind back to a time when I would turn my nose in disgust at women who live like I presently live. A time when all was right in my life and I had no worries. A time when I was the star everybody wanted to be like. It now seems like another lifetime, somebody else's book.

It's hard to believe it was less than 6 months ago.