

Just Kidding

by Katie Moore

The Man slowed, but didn't stop, forcing the girl with fake hair as red as her patent platforms to canter beside his car while he assessed her bouncing body. When he finally halted, sharply, with a screech, she was panting.

You can call me Sweetness, baby. What you need tonight, baby?

He tipped his tinted glasses down his nose and peered over the rims.

Is that your name, Sweetness?

Sure, baby. I'll be sweet for you, baby.

Is that your real name?

Nah, baby. But you just call me Sweetness, baby.

You aren't a chick with a dick, are you...Sweetness?

Nah, baby!

The Man smiled with one corner of his thin mouth as she yanked up her skirt, crooked a leg, and thrust her pelvis forward.

You see this cunny? This is 100% bitch pussy. You see it? You want it, baby?

How much?

Now you with it, baby! It's \$100 for an hour with this pussy, or till you cum. \$50 for the mouth. Backdoor gonna cost ya. Anything freaky is extra.

Get in.

The Man cracked his knuckles and gripped the steering wheel, eyes darting around for possible witnesses while she checked her face in the side mirror and slammed the door.

Put the top up, baby. This hair ain't cheap.

You're picky for a whore.

I'm a classy girl, baby! What I do is a public service!

He hated her sharp tin laugh.

Oh, how's that?

Well, men like you might go 'round raping little girls if it wasn't for classy bitches like me.

I guess we might.

This car sure can scoot on down the highway. Where we goin', baby?

My place.

Your place is extra.

No it isn't.

It is, baby.

The man was as aroused by her discomfort as he had been annoyed by her laugh. She wasn't laughing now.

I'm not paying you at all.

Baby, I don't do this gratis.

I'm not going to be paying you because after I fuck you, however I want, I'm going to cut you up into a million tiny pieces starting with your toes while you watch.

Muthafucka, no you ain't!

He noticed her long-nailed hand clutching at the door handle. He couldn't have her jumping out when they were so close.

Kidding.

Kidding? Fucking kidding? Asshole. You better watch that shit, a whore don't like a kidder.

I thought you were a classy girl.

A classy girl don't like no kidder, either.

The Man put his hand on her thigh.

We're almost there. I want you to put this hood over your face so you don't...

Yeah, yeah, so I don't know how to find my way back to your neighborhood while your wife and kids are home. I know the drill.

I don't have a wife or kids, but yeah, something like that.

Alright. I can't see nothin'.

He grinned wide with crisp white teeth, filed to points.

Good.

How much longer, baby. It's hot in here. A girl gotta breathe to perform, you know.

We're here. I'll let you out.

The Man pulled her, by the shoulders, out of the car. Placing his hand in the middle of her back he gave her a push up the walkway toward the door.

Hold my hand baby, don't shove. These shoes aren't easy even with eyes

He used her elbow as a handle.

Step up now, and again. One more step.

We in?

The Man closed the door, turned the lock, and armed his security system with a few well practiced button pushes.

Don't move, just have to tighten...

Tighten what ba-

The Man dropped her to the floor and knelt down, loosening the rope he'd twisted around her neck. He bent close to her hooded face

and waited for the first ragged breath that signaled foggy consciousness.

See, I was kidding before, but just a little. I don't really want to fuck you.

