

# Gentleman Freddy

*by* Robert Crisman

Roanne, just out of jail, went to cop. That is, she went to beg fat little Freddy the dopeman to front her once more. She'd have to fuck Freddy, of course, but, well, maybe he'd wait until after this time.

Likely not though...

Whatever. You do what you have to do. No Hope Without Dope.

Freddy fucked her and only then fixed her up with the quarter she'd begged for. It was, in his mind, a straight-across trade. His ethic: value for value, as long as he set the value.

When a man drops his load his spirit expands. Freddy let Roanne shower, a hot, steamy long one. And when she finished he had a surprise: fresh clothes she could wear when she left the hotel. Girls came to Freddy to cop, a lot of them boosters it looked like. He had, scattered and piled in his room, women's clothes of all sorts and shades. Blouses, shirts, jeans, lingerie--even shoes! All different sizes and all, by God, *clean*. Some of the items still carried price tags. Roanne could have cried.

She slipped into new jeans and a blouse, and a pink thong and bra. Freddy, giggling, told her to try on those black fuck-me pumps by the foot of the bed. She did and they fit...

Freddy said, "You *sexy* now, baby!" and giggled once more.

He smiled his hidden-eyes smile and walked Roanne to the door. At the door he kissed her lips chastely, no tonguework at all. It still had the feel of a porno cartoon.

Giggling again, he opened the door and told her goodbye.

Gentleman Freddy. Til next time...

