

# **Like Mother, Like Daughters**

**Emily Sinclair**

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Opening the door, Ashlyn found herself staring at the most stunningly gorgeous young woman she had ever laid eyes on. Tall. Curves in all the right places. Long brown hair curled to perfection. And a step behind her was an even taller, well-built, handsome man in his mid-twenties. Clean cut, wearing a tailored suit, his face was an expressionless mask. “You must be Hailey, but who is the man with you?”

Greeted by one of the hottest older women she had ever laid eyes on, Hailey smiled. “He’s my bodyguard, Spencer, and were I go, he goes. If that’s going to be a problem...”

“No problem at all. Please, come in.”

“When I say he goes where I go, I mean it. No matter what room we’re in he’ll be there watching over me. He’ll remain silent and out of the way unless given a reason to intervene. He will also not participate in any activities we may engage in. Speaking of activities, we both know exactly why I’m here and I’m fairly open-minded, sexually but I do have my limits. There will be no fisting, over-sized toys, piss or shit play, or any form of body modification. While I don’t see any at the moment, and as disturbing as it may sound, but animals are a no go as well.”

“Animals? Is that a request you get often?”

“You’d be surprised how many perverts out there want to see it. That being said, if you’re okay with my limits then our time together begins now.”

“I have no problem with your limits. Since I have you for the entire night, can I get either of you something to drink?”

“As long as it’s a sealed bottle or can,” Hailey replied. “Sorry to sound paranoid, but you can never be too careful in my line of work.”

“Completely understandable. I was the same way when I was your age.”

“You were an escort?”

“It’s how I paid my way through college and med school. It’s how I learned I was a pervert at heart with very few limits. Name it and I’ve probably done it at least a hundred times. Including a few things you’ve mentioned as limits. Anyway, I have water, tea, coke, root beer, and sprite in the fridge. Since you’ll both be here all night you may help yourselves, but I’ll get whatever you want right now.”

“I’ll have a root beer,” Spencer replied.

“Water for me, please.”

“Coming right up.” Going to the kitchen, Ashlyn grabbed a bottle of tea, water, and a can of root beer and carried them into the living room where she gave them to her guests. Opening her tea, she took a long drink. “If you were to pick three sexual acts to be your favorite what would they be? I understand you’re the strong silent type, but feel free to answer if you want,” she said to Spencer.”

Giving the bottle a gentle squeeze to make sure nothing leaked out, Hailey opened it and took a drink of water while considering the question. “Hmm... if I could only perform three types of sex acts for the rest of my life they would be being spit-roasted, spanked, and creampie'd in that order. What about you? If you don’t mind me asking that is.”

“The first thing that comes to mind is dominating others, but that seems too broad so I’ll go with things I like done to me personally and my top three are being gang banged, double fisted, and spanked in that order. That being said, I’d like to clarify: when you say you don’t like fisting do you mean being fisted, fisting others, or both?”

“I’ll fist you if that’s what you want, but I don’t do it myself. Same with golden showers if I’m being honest. If that’s what you’re into I’ll pee on you or in your mouth, but I will not let you or anyone else do it to me.”

“That’s fair. Have you ever been gang banged?”

“Yes, but not for work. Speaking of which, while I’m perfectly content spending our time together talking, I’m ready for sex whenever you are.”

“We can head down to my playroom in a little bit, but first I’d like to get to know the woman I’ll be spending the night with and in the hopes of us actually hitting it off and doing this many more times to come I’d love for you to ask me any questions you might have. So, I know your name is Hailey, or at least that’s what you use at Dark Desires. You’re nineteen, five-nine, a hundred and twenty-five pounds and if you don’t mind me saying have an absolutely stunningly perfect body. I didn’t see anything in the profile pics, so can I ask if you have any tattoos or piercings other than your ears?”

“Since you’ll see them eventually, my nipples and hood are pierced and I have a tattoo on my right ass cheek that I didn’t get of my own free will.”

“Someone forced you to get tattooed?”

“They did.”

“Can I see it?”

Standing, Hailey turned around, raised her dress up over her hips, and then pulled the right side of her panties aside to show her client a paw tattoo with BREEDING BITCH written around it.

“Breeding bitch?” Ashlyn asked. “I guess since you like being creampie’d it makes some sort of sense. Though having it written around a puppy paw could certainly give the wrong impression.”

“Tell me about it. It’s one of the main reasons I now have to tell my clients I’m not into animals because holy crap to I get a lot of requests for it.”

“Not going to lie, I don’t have any tattoos and I still got requests to do it back in the day so I know the feeling. Can I ask why you don’t have it removed or covered up?”

“Getting it removed is time-consuming and expensive and getting it covered requires something even bigger.”

“Very true. Can I ask how they forced you to get tattooed?”

“I was tightly strapped to a stockade unable to free myself even a little when the guy put a penis gag in my mouth preventing me from saying anything to end the scene which was a huge red flag and why I hired Spencer to protect me from anything like that ever happening again.”

“Wise decision.”

“Unable to speak or get free I had no choice but to let him have his way with me. I won’t go into details, but I’m just glad he stopped at one tattoo.”

“Now I want to know the details.”

“Sorry, but that’s something I’ll take to my grave. So, what about you? I know your name is Ashlyn and you’re a doctor, but what about the rest? Height? Weight? Piercings?”

“I’m thirty-five, five-eight, and a hundred twenty-seven pounds. And like you my nipples and hood are pierced, but double in each.”

“Double?”

Horizontal and vertical barbells in nipples and currently double rings in hood which can easily be switched out for barbells when I’m in the mood to be shielded. What about you, Spencer? I know she said you’d remain silent but please feel free to chime in whenever you like.

Unless that's forbidden that is. Do you have any tattoos or piercings? Have you ever joined your boss with a client?"

"I have a few piercings and a full left arm sleeve tattoo that some people find disturbing which is why I typically why I wear suits when at work."

"Oh, now I'm interested. May I see them?"

"I'll show you the tattoo but not the piercings."

"That's fair. Can I assume they're in the crotch region?"

"They are."

"Nothing to be ashamed of."

"Oh, I'm not ashamed. I'm just not the client and try to maintain a certain level of professionalism," Spencer said as he unbuttoned his dark gray suit jacket.

"Understandable. May I ask what type of piercing?"

"I have a Jacob's ladder."

"Nice!"

Taking his jacket off and laying it over the arm of the couch, Spencer unbuttoned his dress shirt revealing a chiseled chest and muscular but not overly large arms – the left one covered from shoulder to wrist in the most hyperrealistic robotic tattoo Ashlyn had ever seen. Inked to perfection, it showed gears, pistons, wires, and sleek metal bones under what looked to be very realistically stretched and ripped skin.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"Like I said, some people find it disturbing," Spencer said as he pulled his shirt back on.

"Wait! I don't find it disturbing at all. In fact, I think it just might be the coolest tattoo I've ever seen in my life. Seriously, whoever did it is a freaking master. If you didn't tell me it was a tattoo I'd think you really had a bionic arm under your skin. That being said, I know you're not the client, and please feel free to decline, but I'll pay you a hundred dollars to see the Jacob's ladder."

"It's not that unusual for my clients to want him to join us or to see him naked, but the decision is always his to make," Hailey said.

"A hundred bucks just to see my dick?"

"I want an up-close look at the piercings and you have to keep it out for at least five minutes."

"Deal. Show me the money and I'll show you my piercings."

"Deal!" Ashlyn exclaimed. "So, just out of curiosity, how much to let me suck it to completion? Or better yet, how much to suck you until hard and then for you to creampie me?"

"I don't normally show or join as the majority of Hailey's clients are men, but seeing as how you are hands down one of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen, I'll give you her price of five hundred an hour."

"Can you keep going that long?"

"I can."

"He definitely can," Hailey confirmed.

"Okay, so here's the deal. I'll pay you five hundred dollars to have sex with me for an hour while I pleasure Haile with fingers and tongue. Then, we'll sixty-nine so she can lick me clean. Please, make yourselves comfortable and once I return with the money we'll head down to the playroom."

"Sounds good," Hailey replied.

Left alone in the living room, Hailey remained standing as she let her eyes drift to several really nice pieces of abstract art hanging on the walls. Joining her, Spencer let his eyes linger on one particular piece depicting a kneeling woman that suspiciously looked an awful lot like their client. "I didn't want to say anything while she was in the room, but the two of you kind of look alike. If I didn't know better you could pass for mother and daughter."

"Not gonna lie, I was thinking the same thing, but since my mother lives halfway across the country it's pure coincidence. Just remember, as far as she knows you're my employee so make sure not to slip up."

"I'm not an idiot."

"Never said you were, but the last thing we need is for her to find out you're my brother so try to keep the talking to a minimum while you duck her silly. And if you have to refer to me then call me Hailey or boss."

"I swear to god if you tell me this one more time I'll tell the whole fucking world we're screwing," Spencer shot back. "I'm not stupid and the fact you think it's necessary to tell me not to tell people we're siblings is beyond insulting. How would you like it if I told you the same bullshit five times a day for a dog damn year? It stops now or you can find another bodyguard."

"Sorry, I just can't risk it getting out that I'm fucking my brother. It won't happen again."

"I like my job and our relationship so please see that it doesn't."