

SECRETS OF A

Sex Siren

BY

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Prologue

My name is Vanessa Holden and I, am a man-eater. I'm not ashamed to admit it. I like a good lay. Hell, I like a good standing, sitting or cartwheeling fuck, come to mention it. It seems strange to say it, but by simply looking at me, you would never guess that I possess such a dark, kinky and erotically charged libido. If you were walking through the busy streets of London, you would never even be able to pick me out of a crowd. I'm not what you would call a classic or striking beauty, but boy, do I have sex appeal. My blonde hair, slim figure and six inch heels are nothing unusual in the city. I don't have stunning blue eyes, long and silky legs and nor do I possess breasts that could balance plates. So, what you may ask, do I have that makes me so desirable and attractive to the opposite sex? Confidence. Truck loads, mountains and heaps of the stuff. I walk down the streets of London like I own them, and with the money my parents plow into investments on my behalf, I could *very well* actually own some of them.

But money isn't what gives me that umph. That *je ne sais quoi*, comes from years of therapy, hard work and several failed attempts at relationships. It was only after being dumped by my boss, that I truly came to the conclusion that not all women are destined to be in a relationship. Must we endlessly wander the earth, searching for our life long partner? Is it imperative that we find that one person to hold us, care for us and make us feel that we're the most important person on the planet? I decided not.

There is and always will be, only one person who could truly give me those things in life...myself. Do I hate men? No. Do I feel he need to be with one for the rest of my life? No.

Love is a trick. It's a game invented to fool us into believing we can win at it. But in the end, we just play the damn game for the rest of our lives. We tirelessly make our way around the board of the monopoly of love, hoping that eventually, the bank will pay out and we find success, wealth, happiness and contentment. But it never comes. Someone, eventually, will always pull that wild card. I guess the only question then, is do we throw in the towel and drop our cards. Or do we take another turn and throw the dice. Personally, I chose to completely ignore and avoid the game at all. I was far too used to being the player holding none of the cards.

But I don't need a man to validate me or my lifestyle. It's probably why I was so damn successful. That doesn't stop jilted lovers, dumped girlfriends and weeping mistresses from becoming my daily bread and butter though and they all had one thing in common...they really thought he was different.

It always drives me crazy to hear women complain endlessly about their sex and romantic lives, or lack there of. There's always something to blame. He didn't like my strong personality. He was too short. I'm too tall, fat, thin, bossy...it makes my head want to spin around and my lunch to make a re-appearance! I have to physically restrain myself from slapping random women across the face and shaking them firmly by the shoulders and screaming "get a grip for goodness sakes!" I'm afraid the old line "it's not you, it's me" really doesn't wash with me. Honey, it is you.

You may by now be beginning to understand why I find myself with so few female friends. I associate with two, whom I have known for a considerable amount of time, but I simply cannot stand other women. Well, unless of course I have my legs wrapped around their necks. A warning, if you were feeling a little squeamish following that previous confession, I'd leave now and never look back. I don't get any cuter.

I'm sure you're wondering what possible reasons I could have for disliking women, but I do and here's why. They complain all the time! I can't help but feel sorry of the male species. No sooner do they feel they've mastered the game that is wooing the fairer sex, we up and move the goal posts and change the rules. Let's be honest ladies, we have no idea what we want. We want to be independent, but we want to be cared for too. We want to be seen as strong, equal and demand respect, but boy do we want that door held open for us too. Now, I'm not bashing my gender, far from it. I make it my life's mission to empower them! But before I can even begin to build a sister up, I feel it necessary to tear away that cloak of insecurity that she's been hiding behind for god only knows how many years.

'He's not that into you', is simply a myth or a slap in the face from every male that ever wanted to palm off the blame of a failed romance onto women. Here's the secret...he *is* in to you! He asked you out, you went on a date and he had sex with you, and he's not into you? Wake up buttercup, something went wrong. It happens over and over again. You meet a guy, you think he's prince charming and then, oh no, he turns into a frog at the break of dawn! But can we really blame them? After all, they're men. A millennia of instinct runs through their veins, urging them and driving them to seek and sniff out a virile and healthy female to mate with. He must spread his seed, hold meat in his hands, and by meat, I don't mean the ritualistic spank fest he engages in every Friday night while waiting for the next mate to pick up his calls.

If you want a guy to become interested and remain interested, I live by the following rules:

1. Don't be clingy. Calling him to make a date after you exchanged numbers screams desperate. Honey, put the phone down. He asked for your digits, he will call you.

2. Please, for the love of women everywhere, never talk about your ex, failed marriage, failed relationships and regretful flings. If you ever ask yourself what it was that was so wrong with you when he never calls again...this was it. Don't draw attention to the fact that another male has tossed you back in the pond. Naturally, he will wonder if it was the fish that was bad or the fisherman. Either way, it's not good.
3. If you're looking for prince charming, you're not likely to find him lying next to you the morning after your first hook up. It was sex, not stars colliding or the universe moving the earth for you. He got laid. He enjoyed it and you (hopefully) got at least a little fun out of it too. But don't expect him to profess his undying love for you. It's not a Disney movie and you're no Cinderella.
4. You're having sex and he's returning your calls. Hallelujah. But there is no need to constantly call him to check that he 'got your last message' when he doesn't reply within four seconds. He got that message along with the other fifty you sent in the past hour. Calm down and take a breath, you're kind of giving off that Glenn Close in Fatal Attraction vibe. Step away from the bunny and closer to the vibrator. Sex, even alone, can help calm those nerves and also keep those twitching texting fingers busy.

And finally, even if you play it cool, stay aloof and rock his world and he still dumps you, repeat after me...I CAN DO BETTER.

Coughing loudly beside me, Charlene raised an eyebrow. "That's your speech for this evening? Your motivational speech to the women's institute?"

Dropping my paper, I fisted my hands on my hips. "What the hell is wrong with it?"

Dana, who had been looking increasingly more uncomfortable with every line as she sat beside Charlene, cleared her throat and bit her bottom lip.

"It's just a little...intimidating. And it's also a little insulting."

I rolled my eyes. "Insulting? How?"

Charlene rose from her seat and picked up the scattered paper from the floor. Scanning the pages quickly she furrowed her brow.

"Sweetie, you're practically saying that women drive men away."

I nodded. "What's your point? They do. We do. We place unrealistic expectations on them and then become pissy and pretentious when they don't meet them. It's a woman thing."

Dana snorted a laugh. "No, it's a Ness thing."

Charlene nodded in agreement. "Just look at Adam and I, for example."

I scoffed and snatched my speech back from her. "Yes, lets. There you were with a slug of a man, about to get hitched because you were so hungry for the life that the media and your mother told you that you wanted, that all along, you missed the hunky doctor trying to slip you that sneaky physical. You were friends first. You got to skip the whole dating thing. You and Adam don't count."

Poking my tongue out at her, I swanned over to my sofa and sprawled myself across it. Shuffling across, Dana stroked my hair.

"Honey, maybe a seminar about finding love and relationship success just isn't your thing. I mean, you say it yourself all the time, you just don't get the need for it."

Looking up at her, I sighed. She was right. I had only been in love once in my entire life and it had taught me the only lesson I ever needed to know. Love sucks. It's a disease. It gets under your skin and infects you. You can't sleep, eat, think or function the way you used to. No, love was certainly not the game for me. Besides, there's very little opportunity for love when you're working every hour god sends. I have dozens of boyfriends. I have several husbands and even a few flings. Of course, none of them were my own. Not that I minded in the slightest. I mean, they were paying for the privilege after all. Looking at my friends, I smiled to myself. To them, I was a successful and much sought after stylist to the stars. But in reality, my job was far more rewarding, enjoyable and well paid. It's a great life when you're a London call girl.

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Chapter 1

"Naughty boy, Harry. Very naughty boy. What am I going to do with all of this mess?"

Looking up at me with his large blue eyes and cheeky smile, Harry cooed and giggled. Looking around the kitchen, I sighed and rolled my eyes. The sugar pot had been whipped from the table and its contents were now strewn across my cream tile floor. Ketchup, both the salt and pepper shakers had also been emptied and a plate of mashed potatoes and mushy peas were splattered across the entire room, not to mention, all over Harry himself too.

"Now we're going to have to miss half an hour's play time so that mummy can clean this up."

Rolling onto his back, Harry kicked, screamed and roared with displeasure. For many people, it would seem the most awful, weird and unusual thing in the world to behold the scene unfolding in my kitchen. But for me, it was simply Tuesday, and Tuesday meant an appointment with Harry. Harry, thirty five, married with two children. Likes dressing as a baby and having me play mummy for two hours. Dislikes sex toys and anything remotely sexual. Harry wasn't an unusual client, he simply opted for the no sex, no kink package.

Bending down, I reached for a towel and began wiping down his chest. Harry opted for the usual attire one would expect a baby to be wearing. A nappy and a bib. That was all he requested and that was all I would provide. Quieting his yells, Harry held his arms out to me.

"Cuggle," he whimpered at me.

Mentally sighing in frustration at what was coming next, I nodded and extended my arms out to him.

"Come to mummy, baby boy."

He cooed, giggled and bounced around on the floor excitedly as I began the arduous task of hauling his weight from the floor and into my arms. Harry always paid extra for that service. Insurance isn't an option when your job title is high class, high demand whore.

Waddling my way to the bathroom, I placed Harry on the floor and began running a warm bath, complete with rubber ducky and bubbles.

“Ducky! Ducky,” he yelled.

Smiling, I nodded and began removing his nappy. Great, it was wet, again. When you pay for the full baby experience, I give the full baby experience and that included disposing of urine soaked adult nappies. Thank god for the internet and bulk buy latex gloves!

Getting into the bath was something Harry always elected to do himself for fear of injury. Slippery floors and all.

Sponging down his back and taking care to give him a good and proper bath, I sighed.

“Oh, Harry. What am I going to do with you?”

The sound of a loud buzzing caught Harry’s attention and with a quick smile at me, he let out a long breath, stood and climbed out of the bath.

“Two hours up already. Where does the time go?” he smiled.

“You know what they say, time flies when you’re having fun.”

Taking my hand, he raised it to his lips and pressed a gentle kiss on my knuckles. “I always have fun with you, Jessica.”

Okay, so I never use my real name. That would be occupational suicide! Besides, it allowed me to keep my professional and my personal life very separate.

Handing Harry a towel, I shrugged. “You had better get dressed, you’ve got that meeting with the prime minister at twelve.”

Did I mention Harry was a member of the cabinet? Not that it made any difference to me. I never found myself caught up with musings about my client’s day jobs. I simply made their pleasure my privilege to provide. Handing me an envelope, as he did every Tuesday, Harry walked into the bedroom and began preparing himself for the real world once more. Following him, I sat at my vanity mirror and watched as he dried his light red hair and pulled on his designer suit. Opening the envelope, I counted the cash inside. Good old Harry. Always correct and prompt. £600 for playing mummy for two hours with one of the sweetest men in Britain made it a genuine pleasure to carry out such tasks every week. Glancing at myself in the mirror, I couldn’t help but smile. God, I love my job.

Standing beside me, Harry offered me his hand and naturally, I took it. Harry was a gentleman, a true British gem, he just happened to also have chronically terrible mummy issues. Escorting him to the door, I smiled as he opened the several locks and rolled his eyes.

“Safety first, as always,” I grinned.

He nodded in agreement before leaning in and kissing my cheek.

“Same time next week,” he said with a wink before glancing at his watch and hurrying out of my apartment. I closed the door behind him and rested my back against it. Taking a deep breath, I reached up and pulled off my least favourite wig. It was Harry’s thing to

have a deep black head of hair on his 'mummy', so of course I was happy to oblige but I really did dislike how pale it made me look. Pair it up with the red lipstick he always provided, and I was almost a china doll or geisha girl.

Looking across the hall at the clock, my breath caught in my chest and I darted for my bedroom.

Shit! My next client would be here in an hour! I know what you might be thinking, an hour is a long time, right? Wrong! Here's the run-down of the basic preparation for any good, professional call girl.

1. Shower. Nothing worse and unhygienic than having the smell of your last client and their activities on you for the next. It's a real turn off.
2. Outfit selection. This is crucial. Get it wrong, and the whole game is off. The theme, gimmick, colour, style, everything must be exact. It also enables you to charge the fantastic prices I do for my services.
3. Hair and Make-up. Never underestimate how important it is to be the right shade and style in both these areas. Last count, I own approximately three hundred and seventy nine wigs. Each one a different shade and style to suit all types of client. I also believe I am quite possibly the reason Max Factor and MAC will never go out of business.
4. Setting the scene. Every client is different. Some are purely there for sex. It's very wham, bam, thank you ma'am. Others opt for the girlfriend or wife package. This can range from a cup of tea and a slow and sensual massage that inevitably leads to sex, to a full dinner and sex across the dining table. It varies with each client. Then of course you have the specific fetish scenes. Dominatrix, for example, which involves me hauling out some very heavy and complicated contraptions. Some are designed to hold, some to cause pain and some to give pleasure, but in the end, they were all bloody heavy!

And finally, you must always appear to have been waiting all day, just to see them. They are your favourite part of the day. I mean, doesn't everyone want to feel special? That's the goal with every client. Making them happy and ensuring their every desire and fantasy is fulfilled.

Now, don't get me wrong, I have my limits. Not many, but a few. I don't do more than two male orgies. In my experience, it gets far too competitive. I also stay away from couples. It can get a little bit too complicated. It usually ends up with one partner having lots of fun and the other feeling a little left out. There is also a line to be drawn when it comes to bondage and such things associated with it. I mean, having your breasts clamped until they're as purple as a plum? I'll pass. But other than the few extreme's, I'll happily admit to being open minded.