

CLAIRE'S
Uptown Girls

Don Julian Winslow

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Claire's Uptown Girls
by Don Julian Winslow

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Dedicated with admiration to:
Sidney Biddle Barrows

Prologue

Alain cleared everything else off his desk, so he might give his full attention to the brown paper package that had just arrived by FedEx. His impatient fingers fumbled with the wrappings as he eagerly tore open the gift that the woman he knew only as Claire had sent to him: a handsome, leather-bound volume; the words *Livre des Beutes*, embossed in elegant gold leaf on the thickly-padded cover.

He lifted his prize gently, reverently, swept aside the wrappings, to place the book squarely on the desk. He thumbed through it before opening the cover and laying the big book out flat before him. Was it fate, that of all the pages in the book, he should open that limited edition portfolio to that very page where he found her: posed in that bold, almost defiant stance. Staring directly back at him was the most exquisite woman; proud, bare-breasted — a stunning, raven-haired beauty whose large eyes were shiny as black obsidian. Below the full-page black and white photo was a name, four bold letters: “Jade”.

The instant he laid eyes on that erotically-clad figure, a surge of lust powered up through the man. A deep lust, the ache of desire that rose up threatened to overwhelm him, left him with a mouth that was dry, and a penis that stirred expectantly, pressing hard against his pants as it strained to unfold into a full-blown erection.

He studied that striking face; the enticing body of the small-breasted, bold girl, with the lean sleek lines of a greyhound. His eyes took in her provocative stance: gloved hands on her hips, brazenly-set heels wide apart, one long and narrow leg thrust boldly forward. From the hips down her lean body was encased in gleaming leather. Skin-tight pants that seemed painted on rode low on her hips, smoothening the delicious lengths of her tapering thighs; tight leather streamlining feminine contours from slim hips to trim ankles. Beneath that aristocratic uplifted chin, a high leather collar banded her neck; otherwise Jade was bare-

ched. Leather gloves came halfway up akimbo arms, while wickedly high-heeled sandals, strapped on the model's bare feet, elongated the lines of those splendid legs. She was ravishing!

Her silent admirer could do no more than sit there enthralled: mesmerized by those dark eyes gleaming with such hard intensity as they faced the camera's lens squarely; unflinching eyes, daring all to look; welcoming their look with all her flaunting defiance.

Inevitably, his adoring gaze caressed the clean lines of the neck and shoulders, the slender chest, all left perfectly bare for the camera, to come to dwell upon the pair of comely breasts the girl let be displayed with such casual indifference. His eyes took in those taut-mounded handfuls; neat little breasts that sported nipples that were surprisingly large, their tips protruding with a jaunty, expectant air.

A second, more powerful upsurge of lust powered through the man, leaving him shaken, the dryness in his mouth; an odd tingling in his wrists. He had to reach down ease his tangled penis from his briefs. He had to have this woman! With his eyes staring back at hers, rubbed himself through his pants with one hand, while with the other he reached for his phone and thumbed in Claire's number.

Chapter One

Dianne's Daydream

Claire didn't say anything when I told her that I wanted a girl who could swing either way. There was just the slightest pause at the other end of the phone, long enough that I felt compelled to add: that it was something my wife and I had talked about, as though somehow that made it all quite respectable. Claire smoothly assured me that she understood perfectly; I'm sure she did.

That was one thing about Claire. She had seen it all. In her line of work, one soon learned to take such things in stride. Of course, she assured me in that cool professional tone of hers; it would certainly present no problem. And; 'When did I need the young lady's services?' I gave her the time and the name of the hotel, and it was done.

That was how it was — doing business with Claire. Things were always arranged quietly, competently, and with the utmost discretion. These qualities permeated the entire operation. That quiet competence was the hallmark of the stable of the bright, attractive, young women whom Claire employed.

You might see one of them on the streets of the city, making her way in her high heels with that brisk, purposeful stride of a city girl on her way somewhere, perhaps to some fine hotel, or some fashionable address on the East Side. A self-assured, confident woman, dressed in a sharply-tailored business suit, a briefcase clutched in one gloved hand, or a large bag slung rakishly over one shoulder, she might easily be a businesswoman hurrying to make some important luncheon meeting. She would turn a few heads, but she would excite no more interest than any other well-dressed, attractive girl on her way to the office. And if that case she carried so easily on her shoulder should be found to contain a wicked leather outfit, handcuffs, a pair of stiletto heels, there wouldn't be the slightest hint of that incongruous

cargo in the young woman's sober, business-like appearance.

Claire was the proprietor of the finest call girl service in the city, and it wasn't easy to get your name on her list of clients. You had to be referred to her, and then wait to be checked out before you were accepted as one of her clients. Once you had established yourself among her clientele however, your name (and your credit card number) remained on file with her, as though you had been granted lifetime membership in some very exclusive club.

And like any of the better clubs, membership might be revoked for conduct unbecoming a member. Claire was fiercely protective of her girls, and although she could supply a willing companion to satisfy the most peculiar, some would say even the kinkiest tastes, it was the girl herself who had the final say in the matter. Claire would never allow one of her girls to be coerced, or abused. Should one of her employees be threatened into doing something she was unwilling to do, the offending party's name was quietly dropped from Claire's list.

I had explained something about Claire to Susan, who, after seven years of marriage, suddenly appeared to have developed an insatiable curiosity about my sex life before I met her. One day, I had casually mentioned Claire. And for some reason it seemed to fascinate her — what it was like to be with a whore, a professional, someone exquisitely skilled in the art of making love. At first I didn't give it much thought, but then the idea began to take shape that possibly, just possibly, I could get Susan in bed with one of Claire's girls! The very thought thrilled me!

So I began to respond to Sue's tentative probes with increased enthusiasm, giving her detailed, and sometimes I must admit, embellished accounts of some of my more memorable moments with Claire's girls. The more I told her, the more she wanted. The woman was insatiable! She wanted details. What did each girl look like? What kind of

body did she have? What did she wear? What did she do. How did she use her hands, her mouth, her body. Did she cry out when she made love? My increasingly horny wife wanted it all, in detail. Even the tastes and the smells seemed to fascinate her. Everything! Clearly such pillow talk was turning Sue on. And since these talks always took place in bed, they naturally led to inevitable consequences. I would lay there, propped up against the headboard, describing some bit of afternoon delight, and in a short time, there would be this hand burrowing under the sheet, exploring fingers groping for my hardening prick. The lovemaking that followed was wildly passionate, with Sue throwing herself into it, her legs clamped around my waist, her hard body pounding against mine with an intensity that would take my breath away.

In time, I began to drop a few hints about how I found the thought of girl-on-girl love to be particularly appealing. It must have crossed *her* mind at some time? What it would be like to make it with another woman, a girlfriend, her former roommate, Kathy, perhaps? Sue lay with her head cradled in the hollow of my shoulder, snuggling close to me, not saying a thing, just listening for several long seconds. I held my breath, waiting for some reaction.

Well, never with Kathy, she finally allowed, but the thought had crossed her mind once or twice. Of course she was curious. She sometimes wondered what other women were like when they were in the grip of passionate arousal; when they orgasmed. There was a pause. My cock, recently depleted, began to swell up again. I snuggled closer, gently encouraged her to go on. Was there someone she sometimes thought of, like that? Slowly, hesitantly, in a slightly lowered voice, Susan confided to me that she really thought her friend Judy was really cute. When they worked out together at the spa, she couldn't help appreciating the little blonde's tight, athletic body. Once or twice, when they hit the showers after a workout, she admitted hesitantly,

she would sneak a look at her friend, admiring her nice legs, her neat little breasts, and that cute rounded bottom. After all, she was a pretty girl. And anyone could appreciate a pretty girl!

I slipped an arm around her, my hand dropping down to loosely cup her left breast. Susan had full, medium-sized breasts, softly warm, and juddery, with a nice bit of heft to them. I fondled her now, idly palming her tit as we talked, rubbing the pad of my thumb back and forth across the stiffening nipple. Her breathing deepened.

Did she ever think of making it with Judy? Perhaps approaching her about it? Susan abruptly pulled back to stare up at me, scanning my face to see if I were serious. No! Never! She answered most emphatically. It was out of the question!

I answered her indignant stare with an evil grin and, not moving, waited for her to settle down. And then, when she snuggled back into place, I gave her tit a friendly squeeze, and stretched down to nuzzle her neck, while my cock stiffened and pressed against her thigh.

After several weeks of this sort of thing, I tried again. Why not give a threesome a try, I suggested, more boldly now. Since she was so vehement that she would not even think of involving one of her friends (although personally, I thought hot little Judy would have been a superb choice), I suggested instead a stranger, a professional — one of Claire's girls. Susan, at first, rejected that idea too. Too risky, she said. She wasn't sure. Yet over time, she let herself be persuaded. In the end she made quite a show out of yielding with great reluctance, giving me one of those crooked smiles, the kind a bemused parent gives when humoring a demanding child — as though she were tolerating me, catering to some childish male whim. Which was only half true, of course.

And so now we found ourselves in that hotel suite with its spacious modern sitting room, comfortably furnished, a little sterile perhaps, yet not lacking in the amenities, like the convenient wet bar. I was worried and wondered if Susan was having second thoughts, and I gave her a reassuring smile as we waited for our guest. We sat across from each other, sipping gin-and- tonics, both of us nervous and little tense. I studied Susan's hair, admiring the way the dark brown waves, parted in the middle, swept back along each side, the scalloped edges looping up behind her ears to give her with a perky, youthful appearance.

Susan answered my encouraging smile with a little nervous one of her own; her dark eyes, hard and bright. She sat back, crossing and uncrossing her legs, trying to look more casual than she felt. I let my eyes travel over those long nyloned legs - 'nice legs,' I thought with genuine appreciation, and not for the first time.

Sue was dressed conservatively in a deep blue dress that fell straight to her knees. The dress had a shirt-like collar, with small black buttons down the front. A black, patent leather belt encircled her waist, and she wore high-heeled pumps. A necklace of flashing chunks of turquoise set in gold was her only jewelry.

The knock at the door came precisely at 1PM. I glanced at my watch, and then at Susan. She managed a tentative smile, as I got up to answer the door.

Before me stood a slightly-built young woman wrapped in a beige trenchcoat and wearing a large round hat, an airline bag slung over one shoulder. From under the downturned brim of the hat, a pair of pale blue eyes looked up at me through the wide circles of gold rimmed glasses.

"Dianne," the girl announced with a frank, professional smile, extending a slim elegant hand to me.

"John Smith," I answered, using the protocol that Claire recommended. I took that lovely hand in mind and ushered the girl in, introducing Susan as "Jane." Sue stood up with a

tight little smile of her, and the two women shook hands. It was all so absurdly formal.

As I helped our visitor off with her hat and coat, I caught a whiff of perfume, and got my first really good look at her. And it was a pleasing sight indeed! A slender girl of medium height, Dianne was smartly dressed in a tweed business suit, a creamy blouse with a soft pleated front. I scanned the clean lines of her pretty face: delicate features and high cheekbones. Her neatly etched lips, glossed in frosted pink, were set in a serious line, except when she smiled. Then her eyes sparkled, her lips widened and she revealed a row of perfect teeth: small, white and even. Behind the wide circles of glass those clear blue eyes were lively and alert, edged with delicate lashes, and arched by a finely-etched brows of tinted brown. The gray brown shade must have been the natural color of her hair, although the thicket of hair on her head, cropped short, in a boyish cut, was liberally streaked with the white gold of a bleached blonde.

I took her coat and, like the perfect host, invited her to be seated, offering to make her a drink as I did so. The girl crossed the room in an easy stride and took a seat on the couch, facing our chairs, knees pressed primly together. Her lips parted slightly, but she didn't say a thing. She just perched on the edge of the couch, alert and erect, looking brightly from one to the other with an amused, expectant smile.

At first the atmosphere was tense, definitely strained. I began by making small talk. I asked Dianne about some of the girls I had known at Claire's. I could tell Susan was edgy. Was she having second thoughts? She didn't say much, watching the two of us over the rim of the glass she brought to her lips with both hands. Even though I knew Susan pretty well, I wondered if, even now, she would want to call it off. I reached over and took her hand.

It took several drinks to loosen things up, but the gin was having its nice mellowing effect. The afternoon was still

young, and while we weren't drunk, we weren't exactly sober either. I realized that I had to get things started, or else these two women would just sit there eyeing each other up, and tossing down the gins till one or the other passed out! I proposed we might all be a little more comfortable if we took some clothes off.

Susan demurred. I looked at her, waiting. She stared at the floor, and finally stammered out that she wasn't ready. She wondered if Dianne wouldn't mind starting?

I asked Dianne if she'd get undressed, an absurd question to ask a call girl who's visiting your hotel room, but we had gotten off to such a formal start, somehow it seemed appropriate. Sue might have been an amateur at this sort of thing, but Dianne was the pro; she showed not the slightest hesitation. She smiled, shrugged nonchalantly, and got to her feet.

"Here, or in the bedroom?" she asked, matter-of-factly.

I looked at Susan, but suddenly shy, she sat with head lowered, avoiding my eyes. I thought that climbing into bed right off, might be a bit much for Susan. We had to take things slowly. So we would start off in the sitting room.

Dianne carefully removed her glasses and laid them on the table. Now her hands were sliding down the lapels of her jacket so she could peel the jacket back, twisting her shoulders free. She let the jacket slip down her arms behind her. Smiling just for me, she bent over, reaching down while bringing up each foot, keeping her eyes locked on mine, while she removed each shoe. In her stockinged feet, and without her jacket, the thin-framed girl seemed younger, somehow more vulnerable, without her glasses. I felt a familiar male urge to protect the slightly-built girl, to hold her, to wrap my arms around those fragile shoulders.

But I sat perfectly still. I kept a smile on my face as I watched her undo the catch at the side of the skirt; the zipper was opened, and the loosened skirt worked down over her slight hips. Leaning over, with knees pressed

closely together, the girl rode the skirt down to her ankles, lifted each foot to step free, and straightened up with the discarded skirt in her hands. She ignored us as she neatly folded, and then laid it on the couch — her movements slow and graceful, removing each item of clothing as if she were a woman undressing in the privacy of her bedroom.

Next, she turned her attention to her blouse, beginning at the cuffs, then undoing the buttons down the front, peeling the slippery blouse off and placing it neatly with the other clothes.

I glanced at Susan who was watching the strip show with rapt interest. I saw her tongue peek out to swipe her lips. When she caught me looking at her, she quickly looked away.

Dianne was now reduced to a peach slip that hung from spaghetti thin straps, and honey-colored nylons. I knew they would be thigh-high stockings, because Claire's girls did not normally wear pantyhose, unless of course the client made that request. The slip, a shiny metallic sheath, was trimmed with a wide hem of embroidered lace that ended just above the knee. Dianne bent forward and lifted up that hem, raising the slip to unveil her slender nyloned legs. Bunching it up, she tussled with it, finally managing to get it off over her head. As she straightened out the tangled slip and folded it carefully, I let my eyes caress that reedy body banded by a narrow, frilly bra and a pair of hip-hugger panties. Her underwear was of the same metallic peach satin as the slip I examined Dianne's deliciously feminine lingerie: the delicate brassiere, two small demi-cups trimmed in lace formed soft cups to hold their precious cargo, and the low-rise briefs, a front wedge of shiny satin edged in lace. The dusky stockings had wide lacy top bands that held them in place two thirds of the way up the girl's attractive young thighs, leaving exposed several inches of succulent thigh, smooth and white and inviting. Indifferent

to her small audience, Dianne was now turning her attention to her brassiere. It was then that I stepped in.

“No...wait!” She was reaching up behind her back, looking up at me expectantly, as her fingers froze in their search for the catch of the strap.

Turning to Susan I tried to sound casual, remarking in an offhanded way, that it didn’t seem hardly fair that our guest should be reduced to her underwear while we sat there fully clothed. I proposed we even the score.

Without waiting for a reply, I reached down to slip off my shoes and socks, and then stood up to unbuckle my pants. Susan still hadn’t moved, she just sat there with a sort of brittle smile on her face. Gently, I urged her to take her dress off; gave her my warmest, most encouraging smile.

At that Susan seemed to decide. She nodded. Setting her lips in a determined line, she polished off her gin in one big gulp, set her glass down quite deliberately, and rose, a little unsteadily, to her feet. She removed her necklace, and then, in a business-like manner, began unbuttoning the front of her dress, her head tilted down, watching her fingers work open each button, and carefully avoiding my gaze. Now that she was standing, I saw that Susan in her heels, towered over the smaller girl who was now in stockinged feet.

Once Susan’s dress was open to the waist, she wriggled her shoulders free and pushed it down her hips, letting it collapse to the floor to ring her ankles. Stepping deftly out of the crumpled heap, she reached down to gather it up, her movements brisk and efficient. This left my wife in her half-slip, a narrow champagne-colored sheath. Without prompting from me, her hands went immediately to the waistband and swiftly rode the metallic sheath down her legs in one quick motion. She stepped free of the fallen slip, bent to retrieve the silken scrap, and tossed it aside to add to the growing pile of discarded female clothing on the couch.