

We All Need Love

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She peered into the darkness. The blackness outside the window that was to be her immediate future laughed into her face as if she had no choice in the matter, which she did not. The hotel room window had collected the dust of hundreds of previous temporary residents never to be wiped down by a maid. The third floor room overlooked what was to be her new office at least for the night, the corner of Broad and Rosenberry. Just months before, she was too high class to set foot on either of those streets, but now it was to be her stomping ground.

Samantha turned from the window letting her soul soak in the vomitous atmosphere of the broken down hotel. A bed with stains that had dripped through the sheet and into the mattress, mold inching across the ceiling where water leaks had sprouted, and holes in the walls that could have been the scene of former violence all mingled together in their horrid desire to exist just to force her to accept the brutality of life.

Knowing that she was no better than any part of that room she disrobed. Exposing her flesh to the filth of her new world allowed her to receive that first breath of the sin. Samantha slid her short leather skirt over her hips, such a tight fit. The material stretched and squeaked as she fastened the buttons. She knelt, an action too feminine for a lowlife such as her, to retrieve her skin tight t-shirt which, once plastered to her body, left no part unmolded. Only her boots remained before she would be out the door to go find her mark.

Once she had her uniform on, she turned back to the window. Through the grime on the pane she peered back into the darkness. It was overwhelming, almost as powerful as the sense of worthlessness she felt tingling over her skin. One streetlight illuminated a small portion of the street

We All Need Love

corner almost as if there was a tinge of hope that could break through the abyss of humanity's depravity. The darkness was within her. A tonnage of pain and power manifested in her own ability to be a plague on mankind. The realization shook her equilibrium. She felt as though she was one with the evil that frightened so many others.

Samantha took a deep breath and began marching towards her fate. She quickly passed through the small shit stain of a room and was out in the hallway. Each step she took propelled her wafer thin body towards the stairwell. She rapped quickly on the next door as she trotted down the corridor to make sure Staunch knew she was heading out. Staunch would be listening through the walls to make sure things went down as they were supposed to, he would not allow things to get out of hand or he at least wouldn't let the victim get away, it was why he was there. He was only there for the pervert, no compassion for her exposed soul.

As she stepped down the stairwell she let her past adventures dance through her head bringing the only joy she could imagine at this point as if she was a little girl remembering the first time her father told her she was beautiful.

She missed the elegance of Manhattan, the Broadway shows, the late night delicatessens on every corner, and the view of the park from a fiftieth story flat on the upper east side. Turning tricks in New York City did not sound glamorous to most, but Samantha was not most people.

Her life was a stew of compliments and satisfactions. She knew that girls were not supposed to be the ones who used people. She understood that to be respectable she should guard her desires and fantasies, but that

was some other girl. She wanted to live out every pleasurable act known to man. She was the sinner of NYC at least she used to be.

She took each step slowly as she reminisced over her past triumphs. Every man she ever wanted, every guy who ever held back because of a relationship or his status would quickly give in to her. She would only have to come around a couple of times before they would want her. They would always shower her with compliments, be condemned to hell for their personal offense, and then pay her for forcing it upon them. The visions of her old capabilities allowed a grin to trace across her lips. It was a life she would never regain.

Stepping through the lobby Samantha pushed open the doors to expose her to another task. A task that she wanted to avoid, but there were no options anymore. As she stepped out into the single light on the corner of the road her mind berated her for giving in. She was born to deliver men to the devil, to obsess over power, and force people to experience deeds they would never allow themselves to on their own. But that was gone and she was a pawn now working for someone else. She had found herself in a bad situation and without submitting to the will of another she would have rotted away.

The scent of old fish dizzied her head as she leaned up against the ice cold street light. It had to be January she thought. This could not have happened in a warmer month when she could have enjoyed the skimpy clothing. She wished she had brought some cigarettes with her as it was the only thing she could do while she waited for a target to drive by.

We All Need Love

The sight was something of an obscurity. The most beautiful woman to ever stand on that corner did so without the elegance she wielded during the height of her career. She just stood with her back on the metal pole watching the frost arise from her breath.

It was not half an hour before a car pulled up next to her.

“Hey baby.” The man in the car pulled up his parking brake letting the clicks drown out his phrase.

Samantha was determined for this to be her man being too cold to be concerned about who it was she would be destroying. “Hey now.” She licked her lips sending her first signal to the unwitting man. He was average in every way, but status was no longer her concern.

“Wanna take a ride?”

“Sorry, just a little too dangerous to do that, but I got a room.” The man started to put the old Honda back into gear when Samantha let her normal conversation drool out of her throat not wanting to have to stand out in the cold any longer. “Just because I won’t fuck you in your car you’re gonna leave? Come on you are gonna get something upstairs that you will never forget.” The man squinted his eyes while he pondered sticking around.

Samantha kicked her foot up on the edge of the door exposing her unsheathed vagina to the man. The lack of underwear was frowned upon by Staunch, but she never worked unless she could feel the humiliation of the city in the most sensual of ways. All of the man’s fears of her being a cop dissipated and he turned off the car.

As she walked him upstairs her heart rate began to race, her vision became suddenly clear and she felt almost as if she was leaving her body.

Back up the stairs they went while she nibbled his ear and caressed his arms. She led him to her unsanitary lair feeling a pre-emptive remorse for his life. She guided his hands over her breasts and across her pussy as she opened the door with the other hand.

The two stepped into the hotel cube now free from the stench of fish, but engulfed by a new regurgitation odor that gagged the man.

“So... How does this work?” The man said as he forcefully squeezed her left breast.

She leaned into his ear and whispered. “Look, I am working with the police. They are listening right now. You will not get away. But they will not bust in here until you say you are paying for sex. So as long as you don’t say that, you will have the time of your life before you get arrested.” The hot breath across his earlobe sent them both into a physical uproar.

The man stumbled backwards in fear. He realized that he had just lost his life. His income and his respect in the city were soon to be past tense because he couldn’t pass up a beautiful skank on the streets. His leg crashed into the bed and he fell backwards onto the crusty mattress.

She threw herself at the man. Her tongue explored his body while she opened up every part of her to him. She attempted to fulfill every desire he held onto, but in the end she made him say it. He had demeaned her and himself while allowing his darkest dreams come to life regardless of what anyone else thought. So, when he said the words, “how much do I owe you?” he knew he deserved what was coming.

Staunch burst through the door and cuffed the naked twenty-something. The man would be put in a room with his clothes thrown at him

We All Need Love

until officer Staunch was ready to take him downtown. It was something that would take most of the night.

The police officer looked at the perfection that was Samantha and swallowed his desires. The girl was being let off the hook for giving them johns and he had to get her back on the street, it was the only night he had her.

“Good job, but you aren’t supposed to fuck them. Hell, that’s what got you in this situation in the first place. You need to get back out there.” Staunch watched as she redressed letting his imagination get the best of him if just for a few moments. He gnawed at the humiliation of her squeezing into her tiny apparel while he watched the bodily fluids of the arrested drip down her legs.

The routine repeated ten times that night. Samantha worked the corner on the edge of the darkness while Staunch sat in a blacked out room waiting to send the perverts to jail.

The second prey was a fat kid just eighteen years old. The guilt Samantha felt for him was severe. She saw a painful life behind him and potential in the future, but her desire for her own freedom forced her to lock him up. But again when she took him upstairs she warned him and degraded herself letting the boy treat her worse than he would a mosquito on his arm. It was abuse that gave her control. Just because she was allowing her body to be treated like road kill did not mean she was not reveling in the ability to force these men to go to jail.

The third arrest was the same depravity as before, but by that time Samantha had started to feel Staunch’s glares turn more licentious than

before. Each subsequent job allowed Staunch that extra glimpse into the world he had trouble avoiding. It was the world in which he would have inhabited had he not joined the law. The visions of Samantha's spine twisting as she readied herself for the next fuck caused arousal in Staunch that was unprecedented.

As the night wore on the darkness grew bleaker. Standing on the corner Samantha could no longer see any good in the world, even the light she stood below seemed to mate with the darkness and bore into her mind.

Man after man came into her room and forced themselves on her once she revealed their fate. Every desire from the first nine men was a stomach-churning demand. They inflicted activities that could create suicidal ideations in most people.

But it was the last job that affected her beyond her expectations. As the earliest signs of light began to vanquish the darkness she was approached by a man in his mid-forties. Just out of a twenty year marriage the man was destroyed. He walked up to her and simply asked "Can I?" and they made the trek upstairs.

Inside the room he would not let her talk. He would not let her warn him of what was to happen. Instead he held her, kissed her, and told her she was beautiful. He lost the sight of her and instead had the night with his wife that he had always dreamt of. He let the romance of his ideas overtake the reality of the moment and made love to Samantha touching her body in ways that only the greatest love affairs of history could manage. It was the first time she was not a whore. She wept as he held her after their passion if nothing else but for her own sins. She was going to hell, not for destroying

We All Need Love

all the men she had been with, but for destroying this man, the one who truly needed her.

As he put his pants on and reached for his cash she leaned into his ear and whispered to him. "I am with the cops. Keep your money and leave as quietly as possible. You don't deserve to be thrown in jail with all those fucked up assholes."

The man did as she told while she made sexual groans and thrashed upon the bed trying to mislead Staunch. The man got away. Samantha had given her only gift to the world and allowed the one man she could help, get away, but it did not save her from hell.

After Samantha was sure the man had gone she ceased her moans and began to put her clothes back on, but was interrupted by Staunch.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" His voice was violent, but in a deliberate way. She sunk down towards the floor worried about what was coming. "You let one go?" A crooked smirk emerged from his normal grimace. "Well I think you owe me an apology then."

He walked over Samantha still cowering near the floor. She looked up at the man and pleaded to him. "I am so sorry sir. I couldn't get him to say it. I am sorry." She had no escape. She was as helpless as all the men she had lured over the years.

Staunch unbuckled his pants and knelt down next the gorgeous woman. He thrust his hand between her legs and spit in her face. "You are just a filthy hoe. You have been prancing around in front of me all night, so I am gonna do what you have been asking for."

She reached up to wipe the saliva from her eye, but he grabbed her hand and told her she was not to do anything without his permission. The vision of their coitus was offensive, but was weak compared to the scent of their encounter. Her body reeked of sweat and semen while he embodied the perfume of the hotel, nothing but the stinging spice of body odor and vomit. It was a stink that personified the grotesque actions in the room.

She did what he said and it was no worse than other things she had done, but this was not voluntary. This was meant to destroy her instead of him. She ignored the vast amount of acts that she was to endure that night, but the trickle of his spit dripping down her face taunted her mind while the fear for safety if she reached up to wipe the fluid left her a victim, not only of her abuser, but of her past. It was a forced reality that she could not escape from.

Eventually it ended and she was told to redress and leave. “You can go, but you better not be caught fucking strangers for money again.” He said. “You won’t be so lucky next time. Unless this is what you wanted.”

As she dressed he came back for one more grope, one more feel of her cunt, one more spit on her soul. It was a feeling that would never leave her. The last entry into her body by Staunch’s soiled fingers, that pressure within her would never leave, but would be an everlasting reminder of her own sins. From that moment forward every time she looked out a window no matter the time of day she could only peer into the darkness.