

CALL GIRL

By Dana Girard



ILLUSTRATED BY VERONICA VINYL

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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“CALL GIRL”

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CHAPTER 1

“Hi honey, what are you doing home so early?”

Tiffany greeted her husband as he quietly closed the front door behind him. It was a little after 4:00 P.M. in the afternoon, and Jack’s shift at the Casino usually ran from noon to 8:00 p.m.

Jack just mumbled unintelligibly and headed for the liquor cabinet in the dining room.

Tiffany followed, “What’s wrong Jacky, why such a long face?”

After a long pause Jack sighed, “I just got laid off!”

“Oh no, not again. Damn! What’s that make it ... three ... no four jobs in the last two years?” There was great frustration and an unmistakable hint of annoyance building in her voice, “What was it this time?”

“Um ... uh ... nothing specific ... just cut backs and stuff ... um ... Mr. Harrison said something about summer revenues being down and...”

“Well Jacky, I don’t know what I can do for you this time. I had to call in a lot of favors to get you that job at Show World. I’m running out of contacts and quite frankly, you’re running out of casino’s to work at.”

“Don’t worry ... um ... I’ll find something.”

“Oh I’m not worried. With all the work I’ve got lined up in the next year, we won’t miss your measly little paycheck a bit...you’re content to sit on your ass all day, that really gets me steamed.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Jack incredulously.

“Don’t play dumb with me, you know exactly what I’m talking about. But I assure you, my dear, things are going to be different this time. You’re not just going to lay around all day drinking beer and watching Soaps. Oh no, not this time. Starting today, you’re going to make yourself useful around here, understand?”

“Yes dear,” responded Jack meekly.

“You can start by attacking that sink full of dirty dishes from last night.”

“Sure, as soon as I finish my drink.”

“How about right now!” she said firmly.

Tiffany's expression then changed dramatically as Jack recognized that devilish little grin beginning to form, "Oh, and when that's done I have a job tonight for my sexy little super model."

Just then Jack noticed the familiar Styrofoam heads with wigs pinned to them and Tiffany's ever present sketches laid out on the dining room table.

"Oh no, not again. You promised last time was ..."

* * *

Tiffany Gold and Jack Stenmark are both in their mid twenties and have been married for almost two years. They live in a brand new single family home in a small, but growing town in central New Jersey. Olinville has enjoyed quite a meteoric rise in recent years, being that it is equidistant from New York, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City. This is an ideal location for both of them.

Jack or Jacky as some call him, is a blackjack dealer, or at least was a blackjack dealer, in Atlantic City. Tiffany, an independent make-up artist, is seemingly always traveling between Philadelphia and New York for various jobs. Tiffany Gold is a very confident and aggressive woman, the kind that knows what she wants and where's she's going. When you combine these traits with her exceptional good looks, you've got one dynamite combination. To call her pretty is an understatement and just does not do her justice. Better to describe her as exotically enticing and bewitchingly sexy.

She possesses a triangular shaped face with high cheek bones and positively flawless velvety smooth skin. Her huge almond shaped eyes are striking, and very mysterious with a light green color, almost catlike. Her full sensuous lips, always glistening with an inviting shade of lipstick, have been known to make men weak in the knees. Tiffany's thick lustrous head of long chocolate brown hair is usually done up in some trendy, attention getting style. Even the bitchy little upturn to her thin, surgically altered nose, exudes an aura of sexuality.

And her body ... wow! Tiffany has a body that just won't quit, with knockout curves abundantly apparent throughout her 5 foot 9 inch frame. From her impressive 36 Cs, to her tiny waist, perfect ass, and long shapely legs, she is truly a goddess. And does she ever know it, and use it to her advantage!

Everything about her is alluring and sexy; very, very sexy. She talks sexy, walks sexy, acts sexy, dresses sexy. This may be the reason that she gets away with being such an unrepentant bitch. Many use the dreaded "b" word when referring to her, which she actually takes as a compliment. She has a bumper sticker on her red sports car that reads "0 TO BITCH IN UNDER 6 SECONDS".

Tiffany is very demanding and can come on so strong she often intimidates those around her. She's got to be the one calling the shots, her way or no way. That's why even though she has had numerous offers for permanent employment, she remains an independent contractor, controlling her own schedule and priorities. Even her name, still legally Ms. Tiffany Gold, is a sign of her total independence. A sure fire way to invoke her ire is to call her Mrs. Stenmark, or refer to her as Jack's wife. That mistake is

rarely made, but the reverse is not always true. Jack is frequently presented as 'Tiffany's husband', and quite often addressed as Mr. Gold.

Some mistake Tiffany's extreme confidence and sense of purpose, as being "stuck up" or aloof. But that is not true of the male gender, and there is a side to her that loves to have a good time. Get Tiffany in a social setting and the "ice princess" quickly transforms into the life of the party. Her motto is work hard and party harder! And when she's around her two best friends, Judy Ambromowitz and Stacey "Roxy" Roxborough, look out! The three Jersey ("Joysee") Girls, have been friends since grade school. They garnered quite the reputations growing up in a quiet suburban town, being called everything from the three sluts, to the three bitches, to the three bimbos. In a way, these gorgeous, sexy girls, earned these characterizations, leaving dozens of broken hearted guys, and a lot of pissed off wives and girlfriends, in their wakes. It therefore, came as quite a surprise when Tiffany announced her engagement to Jack Stenmark.

Tiffany and Jack met late one Saturday night at The Glitter Palace Hotel And Casino in Atlantic City. She had just had a fight with "the boyfriend of the month", the typical possessive, overbearing type that she seemed to attract. He had become jealous and furious over her friendliness, and outright flirting, with some of the guys there. After returning from a trip to the men's room, he found Tiffany at the Blackjack tables cavorting with a flock of eager suitors, who were giving her chips, buying her drinks, caressing her shoulders, etc. He exploded and Tiffany came right back at him, creating quite an ugly scene.

Later on when she was cooling down at the bar, she met Jack, who she recognized as the dealer at the table where the fight occurred. Tiffany apologized for all the commotion she had caused, and in the process, struck up a conversation. She soon found Jack to be the sweetest, most sensitive man she'd ever met, totally unlike the arrogant assholes she normally associated with. Jack was kind and understanding, and so easy to talk to, that she ended up spending the night with him. They got a room together at the hotel, and did nothing but talk all night. Tiffany found it quite refreshing to be with a guy whose entire focus was not on getting into her pants. She felt very comfortable with Jack and his non threatening, almost feminine, demeanor. In a way, it was like the 'sleepovers' she used to have with her girlfriends. His openness and honesty were amazing, and after only one night she felt she had known him for years.

Jack Stenmark was raised in Reno, Nevada with his single mother and older sister Susan. He grew up with the lie that his father had died in a car accident, but later learned that his mother had no idea who his father was,...it could've been any one of a dozen guys. He was practically raised by Susan, since his mother was never home much. She seemed to go through as many jobs as she did men. At various times, Gloria Stenmark was a showgirl, hostess, cocktail waitress, stripper, call girl, you name it. When she was home, she was often in a foul mood or high on drugs and alcohol. Little Jack, or Jacky as he was known, responded to this less than wholesome environment by developing a quiet, introverted personality.

With no father figure or strong male influence, he became very soft and passive. Combined with his slight build and small facial features, Jack was often teased and called 'sissy' or 'pretty boy'. He never did well in school and just kind of drifted through

life. He barely graduated high school and held mostly dead end jobs until his mother got him an interview at a casino where she was working. Jack enrolled in dealers school, and was soon making a decent wage as a Blackjack dealer. His lack of aggressiveness and work ethics, however, resulted in him losing his job in a down-sizing at the casino. Luckily, his mother helped get him another job at a new casino, The Glitter Palace, that opened in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

For the first time in his life Jack was truly on his own, over a thousand miles away from his mother and beloved sister Susan. He found the East Coast to be a cold and lonely place, filled with unfriendly, "cutthroat" types, out for only themselves. He had no real friends to speak of and a nonexistent social life, that is until he met Tiffany.

Jack considered himself to be the luckiest man in the world when he started dating Tiffany, his first real girlfriend. She was the most beautiful woman he ever met, but he was also attracted to her supreme confidence and self assurance. Tiffany soon became the sole focus of his life, as she filled the female presence that he had lacked since leaving home.

As Tiffany and Jack grew closer, her friends and family became more and more puzzled. Jack was a nice guy, but so unlike anybody Tiffany had dated, or had even shown any interest in. In high school, she had always been with the big strong athletic types, the captain of the football team, etc. As she matured, she gravitated, for the most part, towards executives or professional men, again, usually the tall, handsome, well built variety. Therefore, her interest in a thin, delicate, timid little Blackjack dealer, was quite a curiosity. Her friend Judy couldn't believe she was serious about such a wimp, and was doubtful Jack could satisfy Tiffany's voracious sexual appetite. Roxy, ever the gold digger, was more disappointed at the size of Jack's wallet, than his manliness. Her family, especially her father, was greatly dissatisfied with Jack's lack of education, drive, and work aspirations.

Tiffany had no response to the concerns of her family and friends. She too was initially surprised as she began to fall for Jack. Physically he wasn't her ideal man, although she and a lot of other women, found his cute, almost pretty face, attractive. Compared to the numerous studs she had slept with, Jack definitely came up short as a lover. She initially thought it was sweet that he was a virgin and had barely even kissed a girl. Later on, however, his lack of sexual prowess, specifically, his extremely small penis and premature ejaculation problems, became a source of frustration.

Everything about them appeared to be a complete mismatch. The tall, confident, aggressive, striking looking woman, and the quiet, unassuming, baby faced, little man. People, especially attractive men, would look on in disbelief when the two of them were out together. In bare feet Tiffany was a good three inches taller, and usually towered over him in her ever present, sky high, heels.

Despite all the differences, their relationship just seemed to work. They both felt natural together, like a nice old comfortable pair of jeans. Tiffany couldn't quite put it into words, but there was something about Jack that she found very appealing. It would be months into their marriage, before she realized that it was his submissive nature and dependence upon her, that made him so special. She liked being in charge,

and for the first time in her life, had found a man who seemed very comfortable accepting the passive role in a relationship.

* * * * *

“Hush up, I know what I said, but the show is casting a brothel and I need to try out some looks before Monday.”

Tiffany had recently been working on the television show *New York After Dark*, a new nighttime soap from the producers of *Montgomery Place*. She had used Jack before as a very reluctant practice dummy, often commenting that it was a shame God had given a man the face of a super model. “Why not practice on yourself?” asked Jack.

“We’ve been through this before. Its just not the same. I’ve got to have a live model to work on. Besides, we both know you love it.”

“I do not! I can’t stand it and you promised ...”

“Enough!” Tiffany interrupted. “We’ll talk about it later.”

After he finished the dishes, she sent her husband upstairs with instructions to shave his face very closely. Jack has never had anything more than a light blonde fuzz, and usually only has to shave once or twice a week.

For nearly three hours Tiffany used Jack as a model. She employed numerous combinations of wigs and cosmetics, trying each technique and look she had sketched out. Most of the emphasis was placed on differing hair styles and eye make-up.

She started by pinning down his lengthy hair, to make the wigs fit better, then covered his eyebrows with a peach colored putty, allowing her to create the illusion of graceful feminine arches with an eyebrow pencil. She applied a heavy liquid foundation with a sponge, along with a translucent powder, to even out his complexion, and give his skin a smooth polished look. Once this was done, Tiffany had essentially created a blank canvas with which to experiment.

“Ouuuch! that pinches,” Jack exclaimed as Tiffany clipped on large dangling earrings.

“If you’d let me pierce your other ear, we wouldn’t have this problem.”

Jack wore a small diamond stud in his left ear, having relented to one of Tiffany’s whims while they were in a shopping mall several months ago. Since then she had been pressuring him to get his right ear pierced as well.

“God, most women would kill for lashes this long and thick,” said Tiffany as she used an eyelash curler, prior to applying several coats of jet black mascara.

“It’s unbelievable ... you’re stunning ... gorgeous! You have better features than most of the real women I work on, and they’re professional actresses or high priced fashion models. Look at that bone structure ... these cheekbones ... it’s incredible. You could give Heather Anderson a run for her money.” Tiffany gushed as Jack sat on in mild embarrassment.

“Come on, knock it off. Its bad enough that I’ve got to put up with all of this.”

“Hey Jacky, I’m serious. Look at this mouth! Women in Hollywood spend a fortune on collagen or fat injections to get lips this full and sensuous. Take a look at yourself,” she said giving him a large hand mirror, “tell me you wouldn’t want to jump that chick’s bones, if you met her in a bar.”

“She’s right,” Jack thinks to himself as he purses the glossy pink lips of the sexpot in the mirror. He tries to fight it, but has to admit to himself, that he does indeed make a strikingly attractive woman. His heavily made up face reminds him of the times as a young boy, he would watch intently as his mother got ready for a job or a hot date. A strange feeling of forbidden excitement overcame him as he sat on in silence.

“You know something Jacky, its a real shame you weren't born a girl. And I don't just mean your face, you're build is even girlish. Do you ever wish you were a woman?”

“Are you crazy? Of course not!” Jack responded nervously. “Um ... are you done yet? I can't wait to scrub this crap off my face.”

“Almost, let me just try a darker color on your lips and then I'll let you go.”

As Tiffany was applying the dark red lipstick with a brush, to his full pouty lips, Jack noticed a huge diamond tennis bracelet dangling from her wrist. It was hard to keep track of all her jewelry, but he would have remembered such a magnificent piece.

“My God, where'd you get that bracelet? It must have cost a small fortune,” he exclaimed.

“Oh this little bauble, I've had it for years,” she responded casually.

Jack says nothing since her response was quite typical. Tiffany is extremely materialistic, and requires the best of everything; the latest styles, newest models, etc. She's always coming home with outrageously expensive items she couldn't possibly afford, such as jewelry, magnificent designer clothes, sexy lingerie, furs, rare French perfume, trips to exotic places. Sometimes, when pressed, she'll admit they're gifts from satisfied clients or business associates. For instance, she now wears a large gold cocktail ring with a monster sized diamond, given to her by a television producer. This ring has replaced the tiny, diamond chip engagement ring Jack gave her. Her fancy red sports car was yet another gift, from an Italian ad executive, for whom she did some work in Milan. This, along with the unexplained absences, and the inordinate amount of time she spends with her two single friends, sometimes makes Jack wonder.

His thoughts are interrupted by the entrance of Tiffany's friends Judy and Roxy. He was so overwhelmed by how scantily dressed they were!

“Oh Jacky I have a red leather mini at home that would look perfect on you. You'd drive the guys nuts.”

“Your hair is gorgeous. Is that your natural color?”

“Does she or doesn't she?”

After nearly twenty minutes of this torment, Tiffany finally returned, dressed to the nines. Her wild hair and make-up, skin tight mini dress, and sky-scraper pumps, elevate her look to the slutty level of her two friends.

“So guys, where are we headed tonight?” asks Tiffany.

“I figured we’d hit Partyrock first,” responded Roxy. “The guys from Amalgamated usually hang out there on Friday nights.”

“Yeah Tiff, maybe you’ll run into that hunk from last week ... what was his name ... uh ... Mike ... or was it Mark?” said Judy with a wink.

Tiffany quickly tried to change the subject, “so what do you guys think of Jacky here. He makes one hell of a sexy prostitute, doesn't he, or should I say she.”

“I’ll say, you ought’a take him into Times Square, he’d make mint.”

“Maybe we should bring him with us tonight. I bet he’d do real well,” said Judy.

“Speak for yourself honey, I don’t think I could stand all that competition,” said Roxy with a giggle.

Jack wondered what Judy meant by “do real well”, as the three of them gathered up their purses.

“Good night sweetheart. Don’t wait up, I’ll probably be real late. Oh, I almost forgot ... before bed tonight, you should use a lot of cold cream to remove all that make-up. There’s a big jar of it on my dresser. I know you wouldn’t want to do anything to jeopardize that lovely girlish complexion of yours. Bye bye,” said Tiffany after she removed her diamond ring and wedding band, and placed them in a covered candy dish on the coffee table.

