

never for money, only for love

by Thomas Hunt

"I'm going out with John again tonight." Candice said into her cell phone.

"That's great." Kip said.

"I know, I'm psyched, I think he really loves me."

"Think he'll propose?"

"Maybe. He said we're going out and he said he has a surprise for me."

"Could be anything."

"I know. I can't wait. I gotta go get ready."

Candice hung up the phone and walked over to her small mirrored closet. The door hung limply from its hinges and you had to be careful not to slam it, as the mirror might fall and Candice knew from personal experience that breaking a mirror was seven years bad luck. She'd broken one about eight years ago and she was still barely out of that bad streak. But she knew that it could all turn around tonight.

She looked at herself in the mirror, wearing only her bra and panties. She pushed her breasts together and then sighed. They were big, but not implant big and they didn't

stand up quite as well as they used to. But she still had her legs. From high heel to the tip of her ass, she had gorgeous legs. And she knew it. Usually she went out in fishnet stockings and everywhere she went she drew catcalls, whistles and jaw dropping looks from construction workers and stockbrokers alike.

But she wouldn't wear those tights tonight. Tonight was special. She looked through her wardrobe, it all seemed too slutty for a special evening with John. Then she saw it. It was in a plastic bag, back from when she used to get her all her clothes dry cleaned. It still had the tag on it. "Orchid Cleaners." She removed the bag and checked for moth holes and smelled the dress. It was a little old, but it seemed like the bag had protected it. It was perfect. A bright red dress with large bouquets on the shoulders and the skirt was short, to accentuate her legs.

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The doorbell rang. Candice smiled, John was always on time. She finished attaching her other earring, grabbed her coat and dashed to the door, almost tripping over her Everest heels.

"Hey baby, you ready to go?" John said.

"I sure am!" She leapt into his arms and gave him a

big kiss. They walked downstairs, arm in arm to the waiting cab. John opened the door for her, he was a perfect gentleman.

"Baby, I got sometum special for you tonite."

"Oh yeah, what's that?"

"To the Plaza, driver."

"We're going to the Plaza?"

"Sure are. Good surprise?"

"Does my dress look allright?"

"You look fine baby, you look damn fine."

The cab pulled up around seven thirty. The doorman opened the door. Candice had never seen such elegance. The lobby looked like a golden palace. John marched up to the desk clerk with Candice on his arm like a King with his Queen.

"Hi, my name is Johnson. I have a reservation."

"Yes sir." The clerk said, turning around to the board to grab the key. "Room 1015. Shall I ring the concierge?"

"No, no luggage. Thank you." John was so great, he even tipped the desk clerk when he gave him the key.

The elevator reached the tenth floor. The golden placard read "1015". John opened the door and carried her across the threshold and to the bed. He kissed her and

removed her coat. She reached for his fly and began unbuttoning the buttons of his shirt.

"Hold on a sec baby. I got one more surprise for you."

"Oh yeah?" She said rubbing her hands slowly over his crotch.

There was a knock at the door.

"There it is Baby." John walked to the door. He came back pushing a cart with a bucket of ice and a bottle of champagne.

"Oh Johnny, you got champagne!"

He popped the cork and poured two glasses. He sat on the bed, his legs dropped over the side. She kneeled in front of him, and he handed her a glass of champagne.

"Cheers Baby."

"Cheers." She said, swallowing the champagne in one gulp, setting the glass back on the cart. And unzipping his fly.

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She woke up early the next morning, naked and alone. John must've had to get to work early, she thought. She stood up and walked over to the window, watching the sunrise. She stared off into the distance at the rising sun and the awakening metropolis. She took a deep breath and gazed silently into her reflection in the window.

Behind her, she saw five hundred dollars sitting on the dresser.