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JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2010

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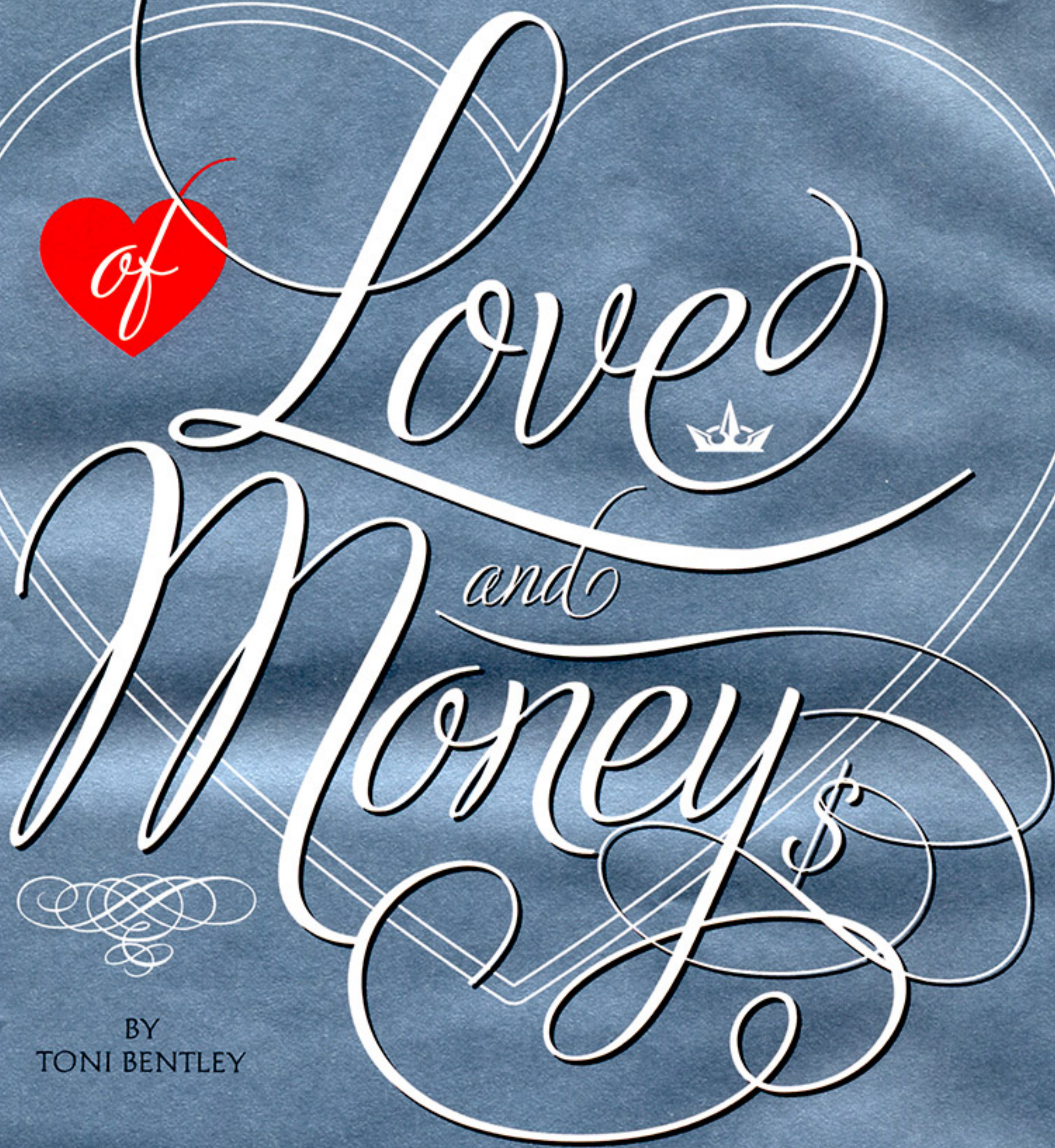
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Of Love and Money

BY
TONI BENTLEY

SHE'S A FORMER PROFESSIONAL BALLET DANCER AND AN ACCLAIMED WRITER. HE'S A HEDGE FUND MANAGER WITH A WALLET AS THICK AS A HENRY JAMES NOVEL. AT \$300 A GO, THEY GET ALONG JUST FINE

So there I was at a cocktail party, and a man came up rather boldly and introduced himself. He had been told I would be there. He was a hedge fund manager, and he had googled me. I couldn't get rid of him all evening. He talked an awful lot. He asked for my number and called the next day to ask me to dinner. Good Lord! This was how the books said you were supposed to date. He calls, he invites, he picks you up, he pays, he drops you off. I had never done this before. Seriously.

The hedge fund guy knew all about me. I had just published an erotic memoir called *The Surrender*, about a love affair with a man I call A-Man. Actually, it was a 224-page memoir about anal sex—"mind-boggling in its rawness," as one critic put it. It was excerpted in the pages of this magazine and translated into 15 languages.

I was really needing a rest after that affair. Something else. Someone else. I was just back from a Buddhist retreat

in England. That's how bad the pain was of giving up the best thing I knew, the absolute physical addiction to having this man—a young beautiful boy-man—two to four times a week, sometimes twice in a row. He might as well have been heroin, but I doubt heroin feels as good. Just a guess. This went on for almost four years. The pain-joy cycle had exhausted me. I needed a man who would give me a break. I knew less pain might involve less pleasure, but I took the leap of faith that there might be pleasures I did not yet know.

It seems to me now that I was caught inside some amazing erotic tunnel but eventually reached the other side of my masochism and said, Enough! I didn't say it; some internal voice, the gut voice did. So there I was at this cocktail party, trying to be "open" to people, anyone, not necessarily a new man. But just think what a new man was going to inherit! Not only memories of the best I'd ever had but now



"I'LL PAY YOU," HE SAID WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT. VANILLA SEX CAN GET REAL
KINKY REAL FAST WITH THREE WORDS LIKE THESE.

enshrined for posterity in a book.

Truth was, since I'd written it, men had been throwing themselves at me. The wackos came through my website, sending photos of themselves on their motorcycles, inside their boats and beside their planes—yes, you guys, beware the phallically obvious. One aerodynamic chap even offered to “fly in, fuck your ass and fly out again.” Hard to resist that romance.

So I was ready for the lucky guy who might follow in A-Man's footsteps. He'd need to be a brave one. As an old girlfriend of mine used to say with a lusty laugh, “May the best man win!”




The hedge fund guy rang my doorbell on the dot—and I mean the dot—of 7:30. I felt an eagerness from him that was annoying (what woman is ready on time?) but also a certain unfamiliar, though not unpleasant, sense of control. My control. Now, for the record, I hadn't “chased” A-Man. But

when you love the other more than yourself, you give up your control, your power and yourself. The less you love, the more control you retain. I had never done this—been in control. I was always a sucker for love, the dangerous things poets teach you.

I was in a pale blue silk bodice with white lace peeking out the top and a swathed satin pencil skirt so tight that even with the slit in the back I could barely get one foot in front of the other without testing the seams. No matter, my four-inch strappy stilettos didn't really call for wide strides anyway. Black thigh-high stockings with a wide lace band at the top. I knew I'd be safe with this eager man, safe enough to dress as I liked to dress. Besides, I didn't care what he or anyone else thought.

I climbed into his big black BMW, sparkling clean, smooth ride, stereo speakers oozing Norah Jones. He



brought me to a new elegant Asian (con)fusion restaurant with little waterfalls and ponds between the tables. I ordered a champagne cocktail—the most elegant drink in the world and young bartenders hardly know it anymore. They think you want champagne spiked with liquor. No, just the rosy bud of a sugar cube soaked in Angostura bitters at the bottom of the champagne flute with bubbles rising to the top in a steady sexy pink stream.

Warmed by the bubbles, I took a good look at my prey. He was in a dark suit, no tie, white shirt open at the neck, revealing the edge of what looked like a real rug. Nice unassuming face and a very jolly and frequent smile, though somewhat filled with self-delight. The smile of the rich. I imagined, as I always do with someone new, those lips on my pussy, a sort of test run.

He'd done a great deal more googling

since our first meeting six days earlier and was even more impressed. So I was impressed with his impression. After dinner, at my door, he tried a kiss. A kiss? I don't think so. I made this guy work. I was able to do this because I wasn't sure if I was interested. He might as well have been an alien, he was so unlike my type: in looks (attractive but not beautiful), height (medium, not tall), age (in his mid-40s, he was the oldest man I'd ever, er, dated), solvency (he was), profession (he had one). And he confessed to being a condom-carrying Catholic. And not at all artistic. Good. Those artist lovers will kill you.

So we did the dating thing. (Dr. Phil would have been proud.) He called, he invited, he picked me up, wined and dined me and dropped me off. After

the fourth outing I let him kiss me. On and on went the calls, the compliments, the consistency, the enthusiasm, the on-timeness. I'd never gone so long with someone without fucking them. But Mr. Persistence was not giving up.

A few conversations, a few suggestions, and we were soon into the lulling back-and-forth of vanilla sex. But, boy, could he eat pussy. Not elegantly or sensitively or with any charm or wit or panache or tease. Just plain old persistence. I came more predictably with this guy—every single solitary time—than with any other man I'd ever been with. Like a pugilist in the ring he didn't let my clit go until I'd blow. This would make him beam with pride. I started developing a real affection and respect for this man. But the rest of the sex, the fucking, well—you know, vanilla. I was grateful for the guaranteed orgasm, but after a few months I started to get irritable.

Then one day things got interesting. He had read my fourth book, *Sisters*

I WANTED TO SEXUALIZE THE MONEY. I WANTED HIM TO HAVE TO
HAVE IT, GIVE IT, SEE IT AND DEAL WITH IT EACH TIME HE
HAD A HARD-ON.

of Salome, about four fabulous women at the turn of the 19th century who used the femme fatale Salome, the original striptease gal, as an onstage-offstage identity. I was fascinated not with powerful Hillary-type women but with powerful sexual women. He said to me one day, not without insight, “I get that you identify with the women in your book, but there is one big difference.”

“What is that?” I asked.

Referring to supersexy horizontal agent Mata Hari, he said, “She was a courtesan. She was paid.”


“Well,” I said smiling sweetly, “I've been waiting for someone to offer.”

“I'll pay you,” he said without missing a beat.

Vanilla sex can get real kinky real fast with three words like these. I'd wanted to be a courtesan all my life.

“How much?”

(continued on page 181)



LOVE AND MONEY

(continued from page 138)

"Two thousand a month."

"Let me think about it."

Think I did, long and hard and excitedly. I called him 10 days later—I let him sweat—and asked him to come over at five that evening. And to bring me some Chanel No. 5. Yes, you got it; every submissive is a dominatrix in her spare time. But I'd been so submissive to A-Man that I didn't have any spare time. Now I had plenty. Nothing but.

When Mr. Hedge Fund arrived at five I was ready for him in a black velvet gown, low cut, stockings, garters, red-and-black shimmering snakeskin thong. But he didn't see the thong for a while. I opened my Neiman Marcus package with the Chanel. He had done well. He got me a nice size (not the smallest) of the eau de parfum (not the eau de toilette, which is cheaper) and body cream and powder as a bonus. I was genuinely thrilled. Sometimes a gal can ask for what she wants, get it and be just as happy as if he'd read her mind (which is what all women want, Dr. Freud, but never get).

I was starting to have fun. I led him into the bedroom and told him to strip down

to his undies. White, slightly stretched-out Jockeys were revealed. Not the worst but not good either. I told him to spread his legs and bend over the side of my bed, hands on the mattress, arms also spread. Wait there. I repaired to the bathroom, removed the velvet gown and picked up my black leather riding crop with the domed silver tip. I sauntered back into the bedroom in my fishnets and stilettos and one of those topless bras from Frederick's of Hollywood (a must-have item). He looked up from his obedient position. Mr. Hedge Fund seemed a little apprehensive, as though the market was about to crash. Given my anal infamy he had reason to worry. But I was only going to spank him.

I thanked him kindly for the perfume and then wafted my breasts by his face to give him a whiff. His education had begun. He didn't know Chanel from Charlie, beluga from lumpfish or Cristal from Korbel. But I never met a man so willing to learn. The gift of not too much pride. He had a mother who helped. Despite his worldly success and innate goodness, every time she saw him, he told me, right up to her dying day, she said the legs of his trousers were too short. Every time.

Parading around I gave him a couple of soft swipes with the crop. He didn't flinch,

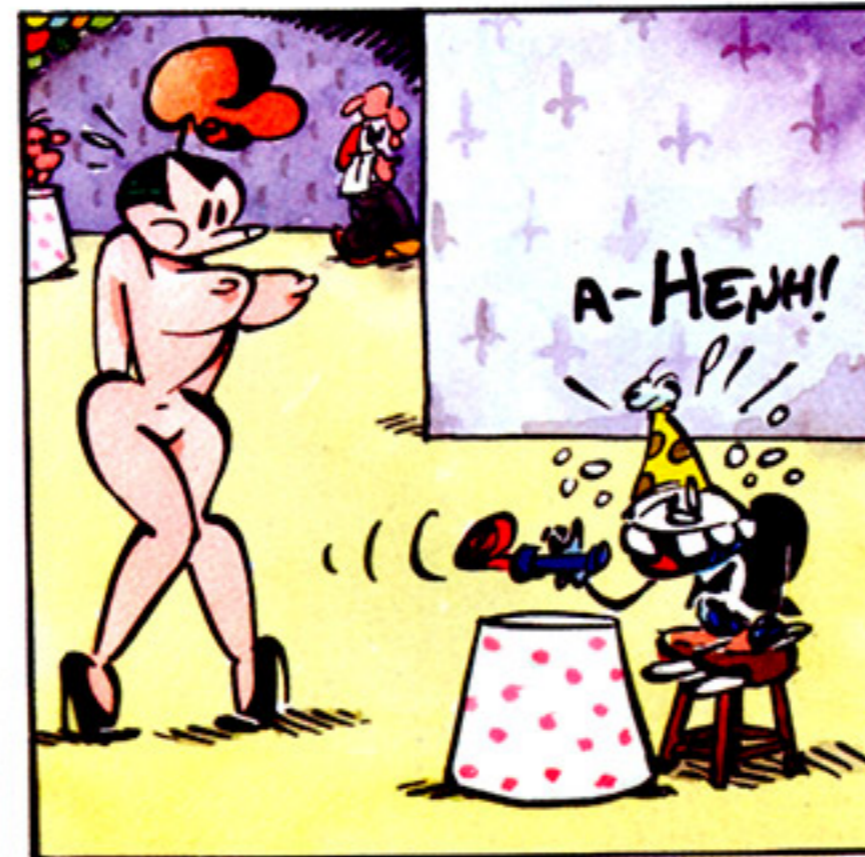
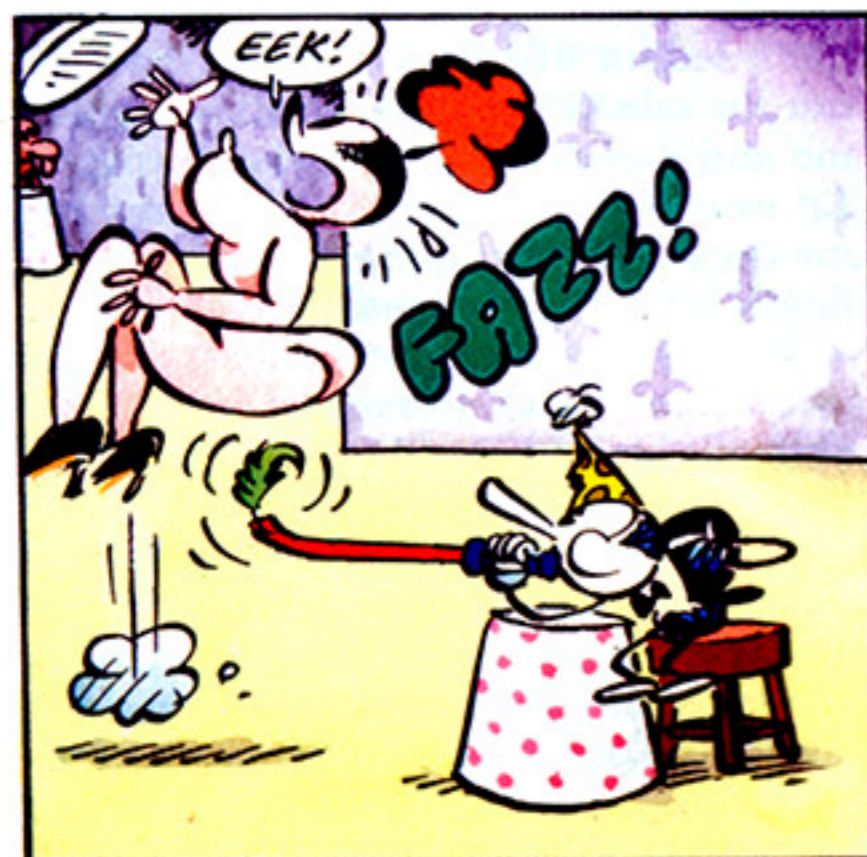
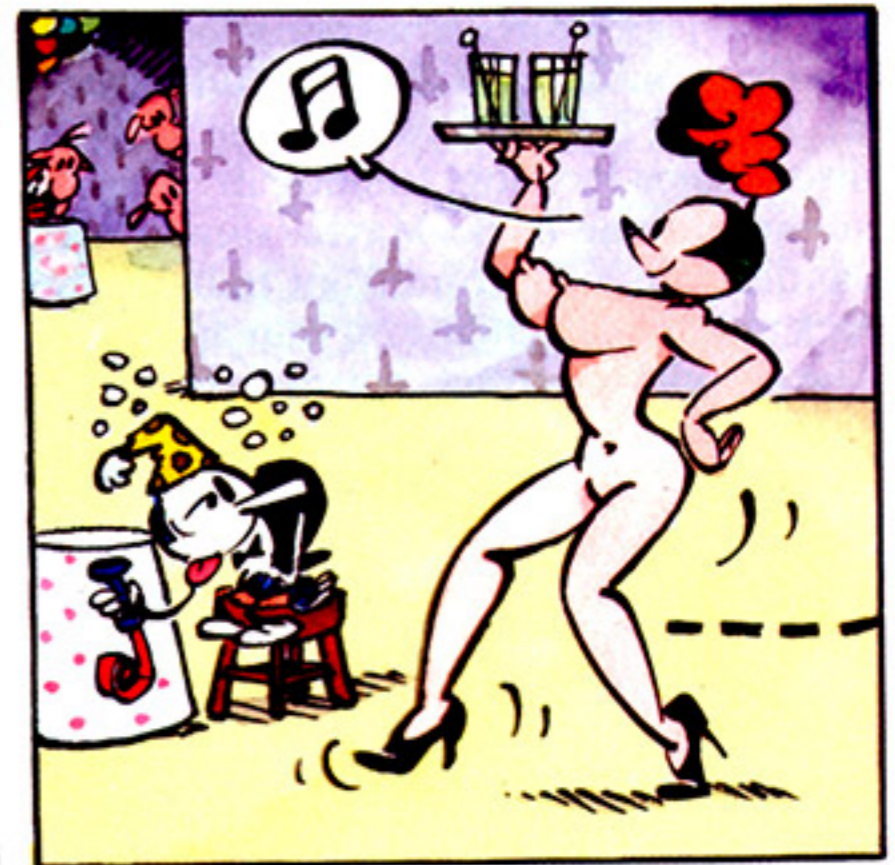
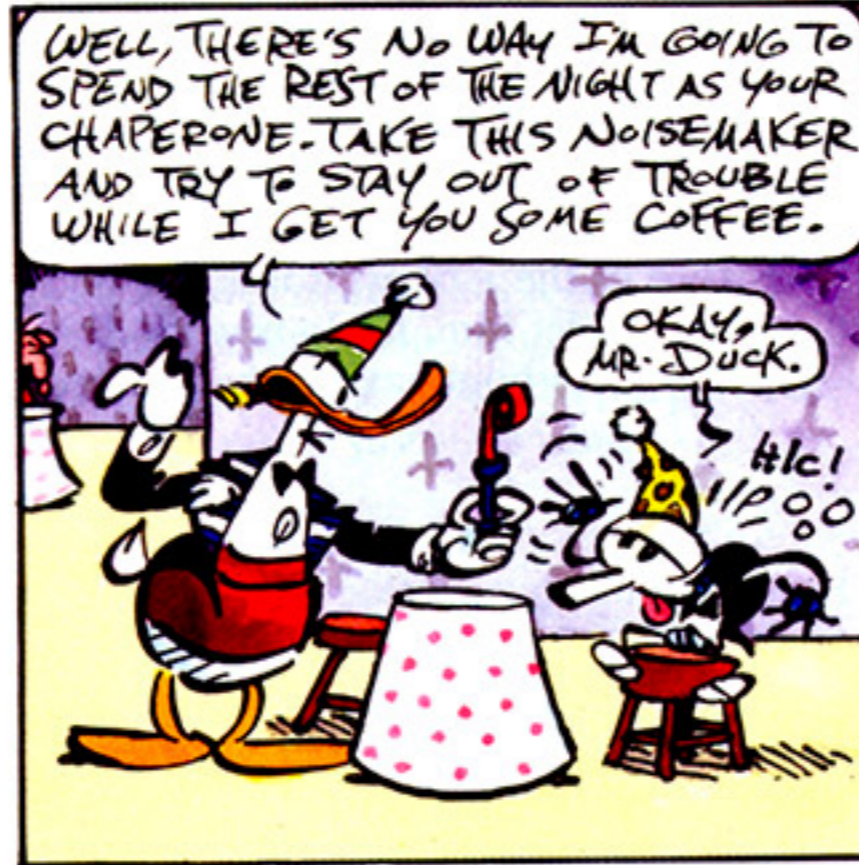
but he didn't look happy. I saw no rise in the front either. I had never spanked a man before. Got to try everything once—besides, so many of them need a good caning, though only a few actually want it. A few more lashes of the crop and we got to the meat of the matter.

How dare he, I said, offer me so little money. I was totally insulted. Bad, bad boy. But I had an alternate plan that I laid out as I paraded around the bedroom in my heels. I wanted to be paid each and every time we had sex—\$300. Cash. Having two grand wired into my bank account on the first of every month simply had no meaning, no appeal, no ritual, almost like nothing was even happening, like being a girlfriend.

I wanted to sexualize the money. I wanted him to have to have it, give it, see it and deal with it each time he had a hard-on and the prospect of fucking me. (I think this is where I'm starting to lose Dr. Phil. He, like feminists, thinks a woman should fuck for free. Whose side are they on?)

No need to think on his part. He agreed immediately and wanted to start right then and there. What a guy. Smart businessman, too. I'll never know if he did the math in that moment, but at the rate of one fuck a week, which we'd been having, I'd be making only \$1,200 a month, \$800 less than

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



what he'd offered me! But I would have the incentive he wanted me to have—to have more sex to make more money. Wow, this was really fun. But it had only just begun.

I became Bella the Whore and proceeded to have some of the hottest, most arousing sex of my life. You don't know what might turn you on until you try it, so buried and complex is one's sexual shadow.

So here's how it went. As before, he would call and make dates for dinner, and upon returning to my bordello, I'd invite him in, as if we had just met. "Would Mr. H. like a Cointreau, perhaps?" I'd lead him to the living room, provide him with a drink, erotic photo books or even some Shakespeare sonnets if he chose. (I don't think he ever cracked the Shakespeare.) I would then tell him when he could present himself at my boudoir door. Usually about 20 minutes. Until then, all evening, no kissing, no smooching, nada. We were companions, only I'd look very sexy and he'd look very ready. He couldn't touch until he had paid.

I would then prep. Love, love, love the prep. Already bathed and shaved and perfumed, I would light the frankincense candle, turn the dimmers down within an inch of off, select the music (Leonard, Bob, Tom or Johann) and slip into a slut outfit—of which I have a deliriously large and ever-growing collection. Sometimes the red combo—stringy, high-sided thong, bralette top and a sweet little skirt I tie up on one side, all of it in transparent lace. Sometimes the yoga-girl outfit: a torn T-shirt knotted above one breast and some short, up-the-ass blue-jean shorts. On special occasions the chain outfit: black leather studded collar around my neck, with three rows of silver chains hanging, framing my breasts, hooked in the back. Maybe some party panties with a slit from front to back—or back to front, depending on your approach. The chains keep things hot, and the metal,

being so cold, keeps my nipples hard. With all, the final touch: my Audrey Hepburn sunglasses. I like to watch my porn with a shaded, Holly Golightly POV. The movie was about to begin.

On the dot (I never could change that about him) he'd knock gently on the door, and I'd see the doorknob turn. He always closed the door behind him, sealing us in. The great moment had arrived. In his new sleek black Jockeys with an erection at half-mast, he would enter the room, and I would watch closely as he placed on my bureau three crisp \$100 bills in the small bowl with Klimt's depiction of Salome clutching John the Baptist's decapitated head in her clawed hand. I'd always light lots of white candles around the bowl, donations at the altar of Mary Magdalene. I wanted him to know I respected his Catholicism and even knew a little something about it. The candle flames also helped me see the money.

While he did this I began. Slowly. Sometimes curled sideways in a fetal position, I would turn and face upward as the bills were laid down and extend one of my long dancer's legs—always with some real good heels, on occasion even my toe shoes—up to my nose and give myself a good stretch, flashing him my pussy.

He would then take off his Jockeys, hard as a rock, and climb on the bed with me and have me as he wanted me. And I would give myself to him. Finally a man willing to pay. To pay the price to give me guiltless sex, lusty, uninhibited sex. The gypless fuck.

I loved the negotiating—a way for a woman, especially one as submissive as myself, to take a stand—and it made the sex with Mr. H. crazy hot. Go figure. I was also learning other attributes of bulldog behavior: He not only had pussy persistence but prick persistence. The most sexually reliable man I had ever known. This man knew how to close the deal in my hedge fund.

Because of the money, it was my job to allow him, to let him, to do him. So often I'd felt taken without having given permis-

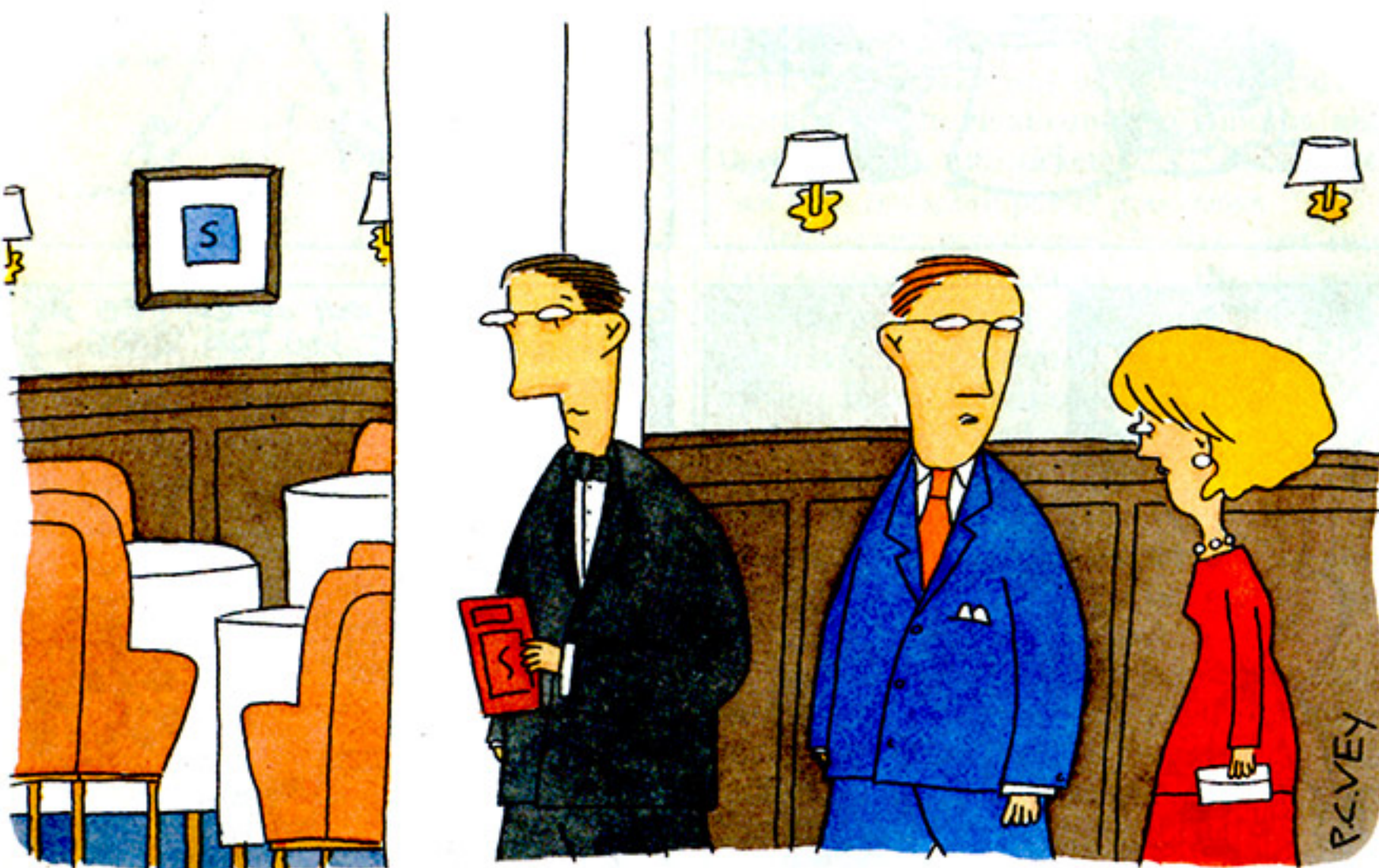
sion. The money bought me my freedom. Freedom from the slavery engendered by giving myself away for free so frequently. It is a great joy for a woman to be a slut—and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. But hard won. You see, I am a very good girl, the kind who always had her homework for Monday morning finished by five P.M. Friday. Being so good, so conscientious, translates into being a good whore. Only a good girl knows how to be really bad—she's earned it. Girls who are just bad miss the essential irony.

It's not like the negotiations ended there. He wanted to sleep over. But Bella would have none of it. Besides, I didn't know how to charge for that. My time, my solitude, my need to read are too valuable to sell. But when he took me on a nice trip, to Greece, say, or to a watery Hawaiian resort, then he could sleep with me. But I always required my own bathroom, and he obliged, though even in the fanciest places this can present a real booking challenge. He paid, of course, for everything on the trip, and the first time we planned one I could see this little glimmer in his eye that perhaps the sex would be included as part of the vacation. Oh no. He had to pay up as usual, but if there were two fucks in a night, because we were sleeping together, he got the second for only \$100.

In fact, at the end of the first year of Belladom, when I added up my pay log, I'd made less than the \$24,000 he had originally offered me in monthly installments! I made \$21,800 the first year (70 fucks plus an \$800 bonus—he gave his secretary a bonus, so Bella wanted a boner bonus). I gave him a freebie on his birthday. The second year I negotiated a raise to \$400. A couple of times I brought in some nice tight blonde pussy—I'm brunette, and I know guys like variety. For these side dishes he paid only an extra \$100. I'm quite embarrassed to admit what a cheap whore I was, but it was my first time out. I've since learned a lot about finance from Eliot Spitzer.

Once, Mr. H. didn't have cash and put a check down on the bureau. I let him fuck me but gave him hell the next day. He never did it again. Another time I let him give me a gazillion frequent-flier miles so I could always fly first-class, as befit my new status. I insisted on "don't ask, don't tell" so I could retain my sexual freedom. He wasn't buying that—it's not for sale. Strange, really, how he paid me and it ended up being the purest sex I'd ever had. Because of this I gave him my orgasm. It cost him not a penny. And finally, it didn't cost me either.

Epilogue: It ended, of course, after a few years. They all end. But it lasted longer than most—because of the money. Men don't understand how much it costs a woman to enjoy herself. The enormous price of letting that thing in. But Mr. H. never got in my ass. No one can afford that.



"This place is famous for its empty tables."

