



**TARA:
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**

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DEDICATION...

*To all you beautiful souls who struggle each day
to get out of bed.*

*There is light at the end of the tunnel
xx.*



PREFACE

I always found this story a little funny:

I had a gentleman ring up, asking how much a quickie blowjob would cost. It wasn't a booking I'd normally take, but he was almost pleading, saying it had to be immediately as he had to go to the doctor. I thought it was a little bit strange. I was going into town shortly so I fit him in. He turned up and wasn't interested in sex of any kind. He produced a little clear jar from the doctors, explaining he needed a semen sample. No, I didn't laugh, but I wanted to. We get it all. Gotta love it.

I will tell you now, giving someone a hand job is the easy part. Have you ever tried catching it in a jar when you can't bend it? We nearly lost the lot. I almost felt guilty taking his money, so much so that I only charged him a minimal fee.

He couldn't wait to get out of there; he thanked me and left.



CHAPTER ONE

John bought the vacant block next door a couple of years after we purchased ours. He moved in with caravan in tow and started planning his dream home.

The previous owner had lifted the ground level to cover all the volcanic rock and prepare a house pad, bringing in truckload after truckload of red dirt. The whole front of the block was raised: there was a lot of red dirt, a percentage of which drifted over my block. It was an awful dusty mess for over a week.

John started planting fruit trees: exotics, mangoes, avocado, mulberry, orange, lemon etc. I quite often smiled as I heard a ting followed by a string of obscenities, before he would move on to the next spot to try his luck again – a feeling I knew only too well. Eventually he had them all planted.

A couple of years later he met Bertha. They were a beautiful couple, late fifties at a guess. Bertha had been married previously so brought a ready-made family for

John who was the only member of his family to settle in this great country ... ready made with a couple of grandkids on the go.

Over time their little estate grew, and they always had one project or another on the go. A nice ground level block home made to a certain specification so they could choose to add another story later. Three of the sides had wide porches while the back section was a huge expanse leading out to an undercover barbecue area. Further down the yard was a shed complete with power and a mechanic's pit. A few garden sheds in uniform, a greenhouse, veggie gardens, chook pen, and – believe it or not – a pigpen. A child's high-rise cubby house with sandpit underneath. Everything they ever wanted.

Not long after completion was their wedding, a stunning outdoor event: paradise in their own back yard. It was a beautiful day.

Further down the track John received his cancer check kit in the mail. Devastating news followed, and within a year he had left this world. As time passed Bertha struggled to manage the upkeep of such a large block. One time at home on break, I was mowing my easement. Seeing how long Bertha's was I decided to just keep mowing, doing the both at once. Every little bit helps.

When I saw this perfect home up for sale I had to go over and enquire. I loved the house and all the love that was poured into it. I'd watched John build it, brick by brick, and knew it was as solid as a rock. As we

chatted away I told her about the day I mowed her easement. She smiled, 'Was that you? I asked everyone and nobody knew. I didn't think for a moment it would have been you – you are so rarely home'.

I went on to ask how much she was looking to sell for and whether she'd be willing to wait until the end of the financial year to see if I could secure a loan.

I had to organize extra shifts with Linnea and Nicky. I had to increase my income – a quarter of the year was already gone. It was time to work my ass off.

I was heading to Linnea's in two days to start my extended shifts and beginning to think this may come to fruit. We finished our coffee and I gave Bertha a hug.

'Fingers crossed', I said.

'Good luck Jane.'

It didn't take long for the two days to pass, and I was on the road again, heading for Linnea's. I always loved the drive, never knowing what I would see along the way. My first day turned out to be a pretty ordinary day. The night girls had started to show up for their shift. First two to arrive were Sissy and Laura, both in their early twenties. Sissy had arrived from Brazil a few days ago and Laura (from Ireland) had already been there around for a week. Sissy was around 5 foot 7, Laura 5 foot 5 – just a little shorter than me. Both were beautiful in completely different ways, and guys do love an accent. They were ready to start shift not long after they arrived, and another couple of local girls would come in the next couple

of hours. Shifts were staggered as it would get busy the further the night progressed and the more alcohol the clients had consumed – 'Dutch courage'.

Half an hour later I heard the rumble of a motorbike in the car park. I knew the sound – it was Trevor's bike. Trevor and I had enjoyed a few hours together. He was very nice and extremely good-looking: late thirties, solid build with huggable bits ... and very adventurous. The doorbell sounded. Next went the phone. Linnea's voice: 'Intro girls!'

Trevor

'Well, hello stranger. How have you been? All good I hope.'

'Great thanks, just looking for some fun.'

'Two hotties coming in next', I said, raising my eyebrows and smiling.

'Thanks.'

I turned and left the room. Back up in the lounge Sissy and Laura were out the back having a quick cigarette. I answered the phone.

'Tara darling, you have forty-five minutes with Trevor.'

'Thanks Linnea.' Yay! I had hoped for that. Collecting my things, I headed for the intro room to retrieve my client.

'Ready to rumble, naughty boy?' I gave him a light slap on his ass.

'Never a dull moment with you Tara, always.'

'Why thank you sir.'

'Come on, you know it too.'

‘Can’t get too cocky now can I?’ I said with a laugh.

We went back into my favorite room – love the four-poster bed. I gave him a bit of a tickle with his health check.

‘Into the shower with you! I’ll get the bed ready.’

Smiling, I pulled out the bed cover and sheet. I poured Trevor a glass of water and placed it on the bedside table, and waited in my lingerie at the foot of the bed. Men do appreciate the effort. He stopped in the doorway still half dripping wet, licked his lips and took it all in. You could almost see his mind working as he planned his next move. A look that makes it worth all the effort was spread across his face ... very sexy, with the water sliding down off his curls. It felt like a split second before he was in front of me. He put his hands on my hips and lifted me up. I grabbed onto the curtain rail around the bed, pulled myself up a little and wrapped my legs around his neck.

‘Fuck you Tara, you’re so darn naughty’, he said with a laugh. His hands supported my hips as his tongue slid around the edge of my underwear, searching for a way in. My pussy was starting to tingle with anticipation, with a hunger not being fulfilled. I pushed myself toward him. He held me with one hand and slid the other between my legs and pulled my panties to the side, giving his tongue full access. I tightened my legs around him, pulling him in closer. Removing one hand from the rail, I ran my fingers through his soft wet curls. It was so sexy. I released the rail altogether as Trevor lifted me down to the bed – or should I say dropped me on the bed, followed by a bit of a laugh before we both refocused.

He was standing at the side of the bed looking at me. A primal grunt escaped his lips and he pulled me by the legs

towards him. Then he threw both my legs over his shoulders and continued his onslaught on my pussy. Some guys just really know what they are doing in the downstairs department. My little man in the boat thought he was going to jump ship, it got that wild. When he came up for air, I wiggled back onto the bed comfortably. I reached for a condom, which I slid under the pillow.

‘Time to spoil you now, mister’, I purred as I patted the bed beside me. No hesitation on Trevor’s part at all. He lay on his back, all smiles, and waited for his turn.

Reaching for the lube I decided to mix it up a little from my usual routine. I squeezed it over the top of his now rock-hard penis and let it roll down the sides. A little heavy-handed maybe, but it worked, and I loved hearing his gasp as the cold thick liquid hit his tender sensitive skin. Time to clip my hair up. Things could get a little messy.

I ran my finger gently around the head of his penis so slowly and teasingly, spreading the lube as I went. Just lightly touching under the head with my fingers, my other hand pulling down firm at the base to take away the slack of the loose skin that sits just under the rim. Super sensitive for most guys once pulled taut.

I sensually rolled my fingers around the shaft, using my nails to help heighten the feeling. Again with the gasps, a sound I never tire of hearing. Trevor’s body was starting to get impatient. Wanting more yet not wanting to rush.

I gripped his penis firmly and started to work my hand in an upward stroke, and on the down stroke I grasped him more firmly. My body worked its way down in between his legs as I changed my hand position a little on his cock. I pointed it

more up toward him, then with my other hand brought his testicles up to my mouth, slowly licking then sucking them in gently, one at a time.

‘Harder Tara, harder.’ I held them firmly in my mouth, pushing my chin down a little to achieve the tension he was after, then prodding with my tongue. Reaching up with my left hand I squeezed his nipple.

‘Ohh, shit. Don’t stop.’ My right hand was still working on his penis. Releasing his balls, I moved back up his body, rubbing my breasts against him as I went. I reached for the condom and wiped some excess lube away. Opening the condom behind my back, I slid it into my mouth as I surrounded his vivacious cock with my hungry lips. He pushed the back of my head to make sure I would take it all. Trevor loved the sounds of gagging – it turned him on so much more. It certainly brought tears to my eyes, but I knew full well I could stop it at anytime with a slap of my hand on his thigh. The thrusting of his hips was getting more ferocious, his hands applying more pressure to the back of my head. When I’d had enough, I gave him the little slap. He released immediately and asked if I was okay. Which I was – I never let it get uncomfortable for me. Withdrawing his penis from my mouth, I gave his balls another quick lick before I proceeded up along his body. Crouching above him I asked, ‘May I?’

‘Hell yeah’, was his reply. I teased him as I lowered my body down. I took his penis in slowly, inch by inch, and then withdrew a little.

‘You’re a teasing bitch, Tara.’

‘... and you wouldn’t have it any other way.’

We had now found a synced rhythm for our bodies, both in tune with the others’ tempo. It was a symphony of sex movements; the rhythm, the beats all blending beautifully until Trevor broke rank. In a split second I was on my back, legs up around his head. Holding my ankles with a firm grip he just drove right in, like he was in a fucking frenzy. I tried not to laugh, but his facial expressions were so taut and awkward I had to turn away. I thought he was going to blow at any moment. He closed his eyes, dropped his head and slowed dramatically. It was like he retreated into a world of his own, his body moving in a slow swaying manner. It felt wicked – I could feel every little ripple, every stroke – not rushed but slow and sensual. He opened his eyes and watched as his penis disappeared inside my soaking wet pussy.

‘How good does that look? It certainly doesn’t get any better’, he said. I smiled and looked in the same direction.

‘Doggy.’ He said with a grin. I smiled an approving smile and flipped over to start again.

‘I love your ass.’

‘Don’t even think about it’, I countered.

He pulled me back towards him and rubbed himself down my ass crack.

‘Dream on, Trevor. Dream on.’

He slapped my ass and entered my pussy, his rhythm building again. One hand was holding my breast and pinching my nipple. I let out a little scream at the same time I felt his body shudder, then we both collapsed on the bed. I reached under my body and secured the condom. I was able to relax. That was one hell of a workout.

He slowly withdrew then painfully rolled onto the bed beside me.

‘You poor old bugger’, I laughed ... not showing any signs that I felt the same way. Yes, I was in agony too. I removed the condom knowing full well it was going to be super sensitive. I gave a little smirk as I slid the wet wipe over him. Yes, I got The Look. He pulled me down beside him, his heart still pounding in his chest. I barely got the words out to ask if he would like a massage before the phone rang.

‘Would you like a shower before you leave? I fairly well covered you in lube.’

‘I think that might be a good idea.’

I handed him the water I’d poured at the beginning of the booking. He smiled and drank it then headed to the shower. I bagged the used condom and wet wipes and slipped them in the sanitary bin. Trevor was out in minutes.

‘How about a drink one night?’ I slapped his thigh.

‘Nice try, you know I don’t mix business with pleasure – believe me it doesn’t work.’

‘Look Tara, here is my number. If you want to go out for a bite one night, give me a call.’ I put his number in my bag with the full intention of throwing it out. I gave him a peck on the cheek and a smile and he was gone.

I jumped in the shower then cleaned the room. Trevor was always one of my favorites. He often frequented the bordello and every time I was there he chose me.

I did make the mistake of calling him after shift one night. I met him at The Salt House on the pier. It was a really enjoyable evening: we ordered nibbles, he drank a beer and

I had a soda. It was a very relaxed atmosphere, just lying in his arms. We were there for a good hour and a half. I started to get tired so ended the evening. I say it was a mistake as I later went private and free sex was expected. So that meant I lost a client and had to block his number. Rules are in place for a reason. I try my best to stick to them.

Linnea was still on reception. I went out back and joined her for coffee. She asked me about the house, and replied, ‘Tara, don’t get greedy’.

It threw me, and sort of hurt a little. I never saw it as greed. I saw it as a business opportunity – one that may not have a long span for me – so I grabbed it with both hands. I had no stockpile of superannuation. However the upside was it was a profession I had quickly grown to love, with financial stability for now. With any other profession it would be classed as drive or ambition. Nonetheless, I think she understood where I was coming from and I know she was very proud of me. Maybe she was just watching my back. My dream of buying John and Bertha’s home seemed to be moving closer.

I kept to myself for the rest of that night and had a little power nap. Laura had a phone-in booking and Sissy had entered a booking while I was with Trevor. A couple more girls would be arriving around 8 pm. They were ever-changing apart from the few local ladies. There were the regular interstate ladies that came on a roster, usually for a couple of weeks every few months.

Skyler was one of my favorites. It was Skyler that first gave me the idea to go interstate. It was out of the question at the time because I couldn’t sit on a plane for more than two hours. There was still a little fear there.

I decided to try Langlee's again after Nicky's. They kept a higher number of girls on shift, but the clientele was also much larger, with many frequenting the establishment.

The next evening I was snuggled comfortably on the lounge with a ham roll and movie when Linnea came down with a phone enquiry: two young guys asking about a double booking with me. They were not interested in the younger girls and would be in around 8 pm if I accepted.

'He sounded like a nice young man, but it's up to you. Think about it, he will call back in twenty minutes.' What did I have to lose? Nothing, and I could add another experience to my ever-growing work portfolio.

'Okay Linnea, if it is legit and they turn up I will give it a whirl.'

'Who knows, Tara, you may even enjoy it!' I laughed at the thought. It could be someone just wasting time. Nothing was certain in this industry until the money was down. Even then it wasn't guaranteed. The house phone rang while Linnea was still with me.

'Hello Linnea speaking ... Yes darling, Tara will see you ... Yes darling, 8 pm ... See you then, bye.'

'Cool, just over an hour.' That gave me time to finish up dinner and set my room up. You never know what they might want. Hmmm, this could be interesting.

The night girls were starting to turn up. Giggling all the way to the dressing room with their stories of the day. I closed my eyes for a few minutes and thought about what lay ahead.

Thinking back on this booking, I was only six weeks into my new profession as a sex worker. I had never, anywhere in

my life, taken part in a sex double. It was very nerve-racking and a scary thought process trying to figure out what on earth I was going to do. 'Naughty little tart' crossed my mind.

I wondered how young they were. Not too young I hoped. It was all a bit scary – I wasn't knowledgeable about doubles and would have to play it by ear. I decided to change into my leather skirt, thigh-high black boots and red blouse with the black under-bust belt. I put the whip and cuffs on show in case they misbehaved. Time passed quickly and 8 pm rolled around. Linnea called to let me know they had paid for an hour and I could pick them up. Sissy had asked if it was an intro. I let her know it was a pre-booking.

'Two, you lucky thing, how long for?' I laughed and said for the hour.

'Damn; you go Tara.' Sissy was starting to grow on me. She had a wicked sense of humor.

Deano and Joe

'Okay, let's play!' was my thought as I headed down to pick up my tag team. I walked into the room, introduced myself, and the older looking one put out his hand.

'Hi Tara, I'm Deano and this is shy young Joe. We are doing a bit of bonding while over on holiday.' Both let out a giggle type of grunt.

I had a quick talk with them on the do's and don'ts of what goes on in the room. I let them know in no uncertain terms that double penetration was not on the table. (If you are unfamiliar with the term it's one in the pussy and one in the ass at the same time. Not my thing.) Thank god one was a

large build with a full beard, which helped add to his age. The other, well, let's just say I am glad they checked his ID. They were slapping each other and laughing as they followed me to the room.

Taking a deep breath for courage I went ahead with the health check on Dean. Once cleared he was off to the shower and Joe was next. Dean sauntered out of the bathroom holding his towel in front of him.

'A little shy, are we?' I said while slapping the side of the bed with my hand.

He threw his towel onto the love seat. 'What have you got for me sexy lady?'

'Hmmm'. Sounded like a bit of a challenge. I edged my skirt a little higher up my thigh and brought my boot onto the bed. His eyes were wide open in wonder as I reached for my whip. 'Who has been a naughty little tourist then?'

The biggest grin crossed his face. Next minute Joe was out, towel wrapped around him.

'Are you leaving the towel on Joe? I was just asking Dean if he was a naughty little tourist. Looks like I have two naughty tourists. Take off that towel and get on the bed. Now Joe, not later.'

They looked at each other with cheeky grins and both climbed on to the bed as I struggled to think of what to do next. I tried to bide a little time so I could think. I dragged the whip slowly over their bodies, smiling at them. You could see them struggling to keep apart – neither one wanted to get too close and touch the other while naked. Funny really, they came for the double yet were scared of casually touching one another.

I thought to myself: *Okay Tara, get it together.*

'Joe, move to that side of the bed, Dean you move over there. How can I work with you both when you're nearly sitting on top of each other?' They moved into their positions.

'That's much better', I said as I knelt in between them, teasing each with the whip. I placed the whip on the bed beside me, and moved my fingers around each of their navels, light little circles with a feather touch. I watched both bodies squirm a little with excitement, and then looked in to Dean's eyes then over to Joe's. Both of their eyes were on me. I moved my fingers up to their nipples and gave them both a flick. Dean reacted the most in favor, so I gave it a slight pinch. He let out a long groan. I leaned further forward on my knees, and reached over to Joe. I nibbled his neck while I pinched Dean's nipple some more. Joe lifted his chin to give me more access and Dean continued to squirm under my touch. I sat upright on my knees and gave them both a light slap across their faces. I knew I had their full attention and slowly unbuttoned my blouse. Both sets of eyes fixated on my breasts. I reached around to my back, undid my belt, and flung it to the floor. I lifted my breasts over the top over my bra, leaned into Dean and offered my right nipple.

'See anything you like Dean?'

Both hands were around my breast and my nipple was being almost eaten alive by a hungry mouth. I gave a light little slap to his cheek and straightened up.

'Don't you be a greedy little man!' I offered the other up for Joe who was a little more hesitant and gentle. I motioned for both to sit up, moved further up between them and offered them both a breast. My hands slid down between their

thighs, as I touched in and around their whole packages. Sighs escaped their lips, and their penises began to grow in length.

‘Hmmm, which will I suck first?’ I slid off the bed and unzipped my skirt. It fell to the floor, followed by my panties. I selected two condoms the same size and both pairs of cuffs before I positioned their hands above their heads and whispered in each of their ears.

‘Trust me’, followed by a bite of each of their nipples and licks up the side of their faces.

‘Holy fuck’, escaped Dean’s lips.

Joe’s heart was pounding. I let myself smile. I was really enjoying myself. I lubed up my fingers and started working on each penis. I sucked Joe while I continued pulling Dean’s cock. Both were responding deliciously. Then I asked Dean to turn around and showed him how far up the bed I wanted him. He didn’t take much coaxing; he was right on it, cuffs and all. I lowered myself cowgirl style down on to Dean’s raging cock. Slowly, then hard – just for a second. My legs were tucked under his, so I could reach down and suck Joe’s cock at the same time as I moved up and down in a forward motion on Dean. I tickled Dean’s balls and he was done. The phone rang. Joe voiced his concerns and I laughed at him.

‘Do you think I would send you out unfinished?’ I laughed again. I uncuffed Dean, gave him a quick clean up and sent him to the shower. My total focus turned to the naughty little tourist left on the bed. I crawled up his body and started licking his balls. From the sounds that came out of his mouth it was most definitely a first. I moved my way up and uncuffed him before I slid his penis inside me. I moved his hands to my

breasts as I leaned over him, and he started sucking them with a bit more gusto than previously. Dean came out the shower.

‘Wow man, that looks fucking hot.’ A few more pumps and Joe too was finished. He lay there motionless for a minute and caught his breath.

‘Water or a soft drink guys?’ They both opted for the water.

‘Oh man, that was the best time ever’, said Joe. They high fived each other as Dean agreed. Joe hopped in for his shower and I chatted with Dean.

‘Thanks. Joe recently broke up with his high school sweetheart. He needed a holiday to help move forward and this certainly will help him along.’

‘I had a great time myself thanks Dean. You guys enjoy the rest of your holiday.’

‘This certainly was a highlight’, Joe added as he came out of the shower. I gave them both a hug and they headed out the door, all smiles. Linnea rang just as they were leaving.

‘It’s okay; I was just making sure you were alright, but I just saw them leave. Almost skipped out the building.’ She laughed and so did I.