**Worth Every Shekel**

**Item Code: A-22 – Elona Yudin**

I came back from vacation straight into A’s arms.

Big mistake!

She’s worn out, tired.

It’s ‘cause of how she treats herself

doing ten men a day, if not more.

I asked if she could take time off, to relax

She barely answered – “I came to work,” she says.

Besides her good looks and good blow jobs

she’s got little to offer.

In her condition, there are way better girls here.

I rapped things up in the middle, hugged her,

suggested she take a weekend off, go to Eilat to rest,

and split.

I’m disappointed at myself for going to see her.

Now that the word’s out, clients will pack the place,

service will go to hell.

In short, a disaster.

You can, and should give it up.

Best,

M”P.

**I Love It – Paz Bernstein**

I close my eyes, imagining another place.

He grabs me by the hair and pulls me to his cock.

“Go ahead, suck, suck.”

My body’s operating on automatic.

He lies on me and tells me to look at him, he laughs.

“You know what I see in your eyes?

I see you’re suffering.

I love when you girls suffer.”

**A Pain in the Ass – Muli Asido**

I was there, was disappointed, paid back.

Good looks, nice ass, shit service.

I’ll explain what I mean by shit.

When I ask a working girl to stand

‘cause I want to see her ass,

I don’t want her trying to get me to come to bed, to her.

When I walk in with a nice “what’s up,”

I don’t want her giving me the “here comes another stupid Israeli” look, cursing me in Russian.

When I ask her to rub my balls the way I like it

she better not give me a look like

“how many assholes do I have to take care of today”

and curse again.

After I paid 400 shekels

I decided to pay her back how I know best

at least as much as she knows the ruble,

with painful, degrading sex, and I know how it’s done.

After the full 40 minutes,

of which at least 35 inside and painful,

there was some blood on the condom and tears on her face.

It was worth every shekel.

**Visiting Hunter – Erika Campton**

The evening starts early.

I start my evening of hunting.

There’re some girls in the street I really like.

Sometimes, I just stop to chat with them

or give them something to eat.

Masha is one of them.

She has a cane, after an accident.

A little money, some chocolates and I gave her a ride to where she was going.

There’s Genia.

A few months ago, told me about having a baby,

that she wants to get off the drugs, make money, I know…

raise the kid.

Hope she makes it. I wished her a safe and pleasant evening.

Another favorite, Shiran.

A real sweetie, one of my pets.

I stopped to chat a little and kept going

and then I spot Alina, a real looker, can’t miss her.

Tall, young, nice clothes,

showing off her long legs.

I took her to the parking lot. She got into the position I love,

so I can easily stick my fingers in while she blows me. Y’know what I mean?

She’s blowing me slowly, picks up speed,

you can tell she knows what she’s doing.

I stick my fingers under her panties, exploring.

I came in her mouth, and that’s how the night ended.

That’s Alina, you can find her almost every day,

from eleven into the night.

**Dirty Mouth – Adam Magrala**

I didn’t have a choice,

Went back to the bad fairytale.

Went into \*\*\* from the “Ugly Witch” tale.

Left my glasses in the car, went into her apartment,

closed the curtains,

switched off all the lights,

put her down in the toilet position.

Like a pissed-off plumber,

I unclogged the blockage in her throat with my sacred wand.

Didn’t stop for 40 minutes,

until her tonsils hit the floor.

The blockage was cleared,

and she could breathe again.

I saved another witch from suffocating to death.

**Role Play – Yael Solomonowitz**

I wasn’t blown away.

Still, a good fuck.

Skinny, big nipples, teeth in OK condition.

250 shekels and we’re in the room.

Took our clothes off,

Stroked my tits with his dick.

Then he sat on me and started moving a little.

After a minute or so, I grabbed the reigns,

and started fucking him right.

No guy doesn’t know how to give,

there’s a woman who doesn’t know how to take!

20 seconds later he said it hurt.

I reminded him that I paid for half-an-hour of sex,

not for a minute and a half fuck.

So I kept on going.

He didn’t even try to pretend enjoying it.

**Operating Instructions – Lara Boium**

For the romantic,

hugs and kisses, fondles and giggles,

plus “you’re such a sweetie.” Press One.

For wild, dirty sex, I spread my legs wide,

fuck me hard in any position, and make sounds like I’m enjoying it,

plus “yeah, what a man you are.”

Press Two.

To pee on me, slapping, father-daughter games,

plus “you’re my dirty bitch.”

Press Three.

Just for “Take your panties off and I’ll go in and out

not even pretending there’s another human being there.”

Press four.

For custom made programming. Press five.

**The Capital City of Prostitutes – Sarai Abergil, Guy Livnat, Noi Freeman**

Like the thunder

right after lightening, like sperm before ejaculating,

this is how we wait, wait in honor of the new prostitute,

a moment before the lustful act.

Don’t want to get up, won’t eat, won’t sleep,

no one will tell me what’s allowed, what’s not, what’s worthy, what’s right.

I am a man worthy of love and all I want

is to find a woman I’ll always be excited about.

I took the chocolates and the hay,"cash"

and went out to find a whore who’ll excite me.

I walked down prostitutes’ road,

in the capital city of prostitutes,

the door opened and Refreshing Rina stood before me:

big tits, sexy ass, the full package.

Great sex,

like clay in the potter’s hand,

like flour in the baker’s hand,

the desire between my legs explodes,

like the cookie monster.

“May He send rain and its crystal showers to revive us.”

I walked down prostitutes’ road,

in the capital city of prostitutes,

and I walked toward the brothel.

I walked down prostitutes’ road,

in the capital city of prostitutes,

the door opened and Refreshing Rina stood before me:

Big tits, sexy ass, the full package.

**Epilogue**

Let’s be honest,

Men feel like men if they’ve slept with lots of women.

Because a cock’s always looking for a hole, but a hole doesn’t always look for a cock.

That’s why the market’s flooded with cock’s looking for holes, and not holes looking for cocks.

And that’s why we pay for sex, and women don’t.

It’s a matter of supply and demand.

When will things change?

Maybe if we all pray hard to God in Heaven,

he’ll make women think like men,

then women will look for cock’s, and maybe we’ll offer them sex for pay.

And then I’ll become a millionaire.