

## **I Love You. You Pay My Rent.**

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I was on the prowl again last night, to the bars and clubs where I can pick the rich men. You can always tell that they are rich because they dress in designer suits, and wear the most expensive Rolex watches that they bought from the top city department stores. They used to love the fact I would wear my custom t-shirt, a baseball jersey where my pack of Camels were kept up my sleeve. When I have no money, I will survive on these married millionaires who will take me out to the top city posh restaurants, shopping and treat me to weekend away holidays. You can tell they are married by the way they dress and act. They also don't bother telling their friends about me. We share a secret.

Men with money are so powerful and superior that it does not matter where or how they earn their money, as long as I am wined, dined and treated like a proper gentleman. This may sound horrible, but I do not like the idea of having a scruffy working-class male idiot or someone who is on social offering me a glass of lemonade or water, a greasy hot dog smouldered in cheap relish from a street stand and a night out at where I would be persuaded to get down at some low down burger joint. I will boastfully tell you, that I already have other victims of my own.

There is David, who is a millionaire city trader. He regularly takes me out to fancy restaurants and drives a Ferrari car. I am his little secret, I am someone he meets when a deal goes well and I get presented with rewarding gifts. He thinks nothing of spending thousands of dollars on me. I smile when I think he probably gives his girlfriend some cheap bracelet from a high street thrift store. We share a secret. He invited me to a dinner party tonight, but I would rather be with my other beau Graham who owns Maple Night Club west of the city and drives a Porsche car. He doesn't have a girlfriend so there are no ties, but he is not out so to speak. His mates would not approve. Another secret I have to share. We are though going on a romantic skiing holiday, to Canada on First Class Endeavour Sky travel. He told me to buy skiing gear and sexy winter clothes but I asked him if he could buy it all for me and he will do it. I didn't want to spend all my cash reserves when he could easily pay the bills. I am very excited about my holiday and I cannot wait to have lovely time.

I have all these people, paying so much attention to me and this is so amazing because every time, I click my fingers, they jump and come to me. I am always in control, which is good.

Nevertheless, I am always watchful and aware of these rich men. I am one of the sensible gigolos who are sharp but it is very likely that he would want something in return. He is only after one thing. I always give in to him. I should be more careful but I never am. Lately I have been feeling more and more under the weather but I am so looking forward to this holiday, hopefully this irritable cough will go. I have started to notice various bumps and grazes on my arms and legs; perhaps I need some sun on them. I will ask Mr City Boy for a holiday in the sun. I am sure he will oblige.

A man always lusts after what he cannot have. If a weak person gives it to him on a plate, then he will take advantage of the situation and never see him again; but if he strings him along, (like I do sometimes) then he will come back all the time. Some men will get frustrated and move onto other young men because they are not getting anywhere. Others will never give up hoping they will get the end-result. My two victims David and Graham will be around for a number of years. I don't sleep with them all the time, I have many others for my sexual games but when I do I give in totally. This is all a game.

In this day in life, everybody uses everybody and that is a fact. I do not despise these men, I have respect for them because they are the perfect in-between whom are rough and ready for action and have plenty of cash with them. So what if I am a gold digger, it is men like me who are surviving the game, who take advantage of it and I will never settle for anything less.