



# The Journal of Josie (Confessions of a Call Girl #1)

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** Josie journals so she can look back later and remember. This is her latest entry about Hudson and James and the exquisite pleasure the two men bring her every time they visit.

Welcome to Confessions of a Call Girl.

Follow along with Josie, Cate, Andie, and Maya as they share their most exciting encounters . . . and maybe indulge in a few fantasies of your own.

**Total Pages (Source):** 5

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:16 am*

One

October 8, 2024

I was all settled in my bed, with a nice cup of jasmine tea on my nightstand. It has been a few nights since I last sat down to journal, but tonight was far too good to pass the opportunity to write it down so I can remember it years from now.

Nights like these are the ones I want to remember forever, which is why I got this journal in the first place.

Very often, the days at work are too long for me to catch the time to write, whether it is in the office or seeing my few select clients, who provide the pleasure that is enough to shatter me in the best way possible. But I am all relaxed and satisfied, now with a little bit of time to spend on this before I get some rest. I can barely feel my legs, but my hands are still functional enough to announce the big news.

Hudson came back to New York for a night.

I met Hudson before I opened Blush. Back then, I worked as a stripper at Champagne Charms, making far less for much more work, and I was sick of it. I was sick of my entire body aching, sick of sleazy men who tried to touch me without paying for it.

I had an idea I wanted to bring to life, but I had no idea where to start. After all, as my former boss had told me many times, I was just a dancer, not a businesswoman.

All of that changed when I met him. Hudson Trent was a trust fund baby who also,

surprisingly, worked for a living. He was one of the big guys in the finance world, and he wasn't scared to take risks. After his late business hours, Hudson often frequented Champagne Charms to release some of the tension built in the crazy finance world.

It wasn't long before he became a regular of mine, requesting to see me exclusively and paying damn good money for it.

That was only one of the things that drew me into him, though. He was attractive in the most conventional sense—tall, warm, with chocolate eyes and dark brown hair. His dashing smile made all the ladies weak at their knees, and I was no exception. He was a picture-perfect guy when it came to his appearance, with manners that made him the complete package.

At first, our encounters were limited to dances he paid me well for, but it wasn't long before they escalated into something more meaningful. A relationship that was both profitable and enjoyable.

He was the first person to support me when I decided to open Blush. He calculated the risks, helped me develop a business plan, and stood by my side as I made it all happen. Hudson had been there to back me in every way possible, willing to invest and trust in me when no one else did. It was one of the things I'd never forget.

Another detail that made him so great was that neither of us wanted monogamy. The chemistry was obviously there—it had been there from the moment we first saw each other—and we deeply cared about one another. There were no petty fights, no toxic behaviors—just fun and pleasure that we were both eager to find.

My lifestyle and job clashed with the concept of being tied to one guy, which would likely cause issues I wasn't too eager to put up with. Hudson, on the other hand, was bisexual. He opened up about it to me, but overall, it was a secret kept as down low

as he could because of the rather conservative world he worked in. All hell would've broken loose if his finance colleagues were to find out he was sleeping with his long-term male partner, who doubled as his administrative assistant, James. The two of them traveled around together a lot, so it didn't surprise me that their relationship became serious rapidly.

Still, his strong affection for me was still there. Whenever he was in town, he came to see me—both he and his partner, actually. And tonight was one of those encounters.

It was exactly what I needed.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:16 am*

Two

Hudson was a gentleman. He must have fucked me hundreds of times, yet he remained polite and kind every time he came in to see me. If you asked me, it was one of the biggest turn-ons about him. He was raised well, and he didn't let the world corrupt that part of him.

"Josie," he greeted me with a smile as I opened the door. He was in his usual attire—a navy blue suit with a gray button-up shirt, and in his left hand was my favorite iced latte. "I arrived in town this morning, so I figured I should come see you."

Hudson was one of the rare people who had my home address and was allowed to visit me at home. I loved it when he visited, actually. Leaning up, I placed a soft kiss on his cheek, genuinely delighted to see him.

"And bribe me with coffee?" I arched my brow, taking the iced latte from him. He always remembered my order. I took a sip, enjoying how the liquid rolled down my throat before trailing my tongue over my lips. Hudson's gaze dropped to my lips, lingering there. "What is it, now? You haven't come here just to chat, have you?"

He entered the hallway in a few short steps, shutting the door behind himself as his hands cupped my face and his mouth found mine. He kissed me slowly, sensually, making his claim as my knees buckled. No one could make me react quite like him.

"That smart little mouth of yours," Hudson murmured against my lips, earning a smile that quickly curved my mouth upward. "It's going to get you in a whole lot of

trouble someday.”

“Oh, yeah? What are you going to do about it, big boy?” I whispered, feeling the wild thud of my heart in my chest. Hudson pinned me against the wall, trailing his fingers up my smooth thigh. My attire for my evenings spent at home was simple—a red silk nightgown with no underwear, perfect for moments like this. His hand inched his way to my pussy, finding me already slick for him. There was no point in denying it; I’d rather always surrender to my desires.

Clumsily, I managed to place the coffee down on the hallway table before his other hand fisted into my hair, guiding me to my knees. He was careful with the way he moved me, but firm.

“I’m glad you asked,” he said once I was on my knees. “I’m going to shove my cock into your mouth until you can’t talk back anymore.” His cock was already hard, fighting against the restriction of his pants. “Unzip my pants, Josie. You know the drill.” With a mischievous smile on my lips, I unzipped the pants, pulling his cock out.

Hudson had, undoubtedly, one of the nicest cocks I had ever seen. It was thick and long, and he knew how to use it well. He knew how to fuck me to the point where I could barely think, and I couldn’t wait to have him inside me.

But, first things first...

I obeyed his demand.

There was something so insanely attractive about his demands. He didn’t have to try too hard like many other guys, and I didn’t have to pretend to submit to him. Both things came naturally.

My tongue trailed over his hard cock, swirling against his tip as I coated him in my saliva. It was one move that always drove him insane. Hudson tipped his head back, exhaling with pleasure.

“Just like that. You know how I like it.”

One of my hands reached for his balls, massaging gently to stimulate him further. My tongue slowly moved down one of the prominent veins on his shaft, all the way to his base, before I followed the same trail back up, taking him into my mouth.

Just the tip.

I wanted to keep the game going.

His hand fisted into my hair, lightly prompting me to suck him off. He guided me right where he wanted me, knowing I'd obey and be a good girl.

It was his way of pleading for it. He would never say the words; he would always show it with his actions.

A light squeak of the door that followed caught us both off guard. I pulled back from his cock, stumbling backward clumsily.

At my door stood James Shaffer. His administrative assistant and partner. Hudson didn't want to define them as partners, but they were just that, in every sense of the word. Their relationship was open, but I never wanted to cause any issues.

James was the same height as Hudson. His skin was much more tanned, his blonde hair curly, and his eyes were the deepest shade of blue, hiding behind his glasses. Like Hudson, he was very attractive—the kind of attractive that makes you give a guy your number.

The kind of attractive that has you thinking of him while you masturbate.

I felt a wave of arousal spread through me.

I'd slept with both of them before. James's cock was smaller, but God, was he durable. He could keep going for hours, not giving up until he had me drenching him in my juices.

"Don't stop on my accord," James said as he smiled, his eyes drifting between Hudson and me as he held a box of donuts. Sweet and good at fucking. What else could a girl ask for? "Though you may want to shut the door unless you want your neighbors to hear you sucking Hudson's cock." Stepping in, James shut the door behind him. "I don't mind it...but your neighbors may."

That lustful gaze remained present in his blue hues as he placed the box down, untying the tie around his neck. He was going to join us, and fun was about to begin.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:16 am*

Three

In a few steps, James was already next to us, unzipping his pants to release his cock. I was still on my knees, now in between the two of them. I directed my mouth toward James's cock, eager to give it some much-needed attention, while my left hand stroked Hudson in slow, long strokes.

Hudson grabbed James by his shirt, drawing him closer before their mouths connected. Still on my knees, I watched them kiss, with small, muffled sounds blending together. That alone was enough to make me throb, prompting me to quicken my pace. There was something so fucking hot about watching two guys—dominant in nature—kiss like this.

It was raw and passionate—everything I liked to watch.

A small moan vibrated against his cock as I began bobbing my head back and forth to get James off, with the salty taste of his precum filling my mouth already. His hand gently guided my hand back and forth, while Hudson thrust his hips against my hand, so I stroked him faster.

My grip on his shaft tightened to the point where it was getting increasingly more difficult for him to move. He liked that; I learned it early on in our relationship. Pulling my mouth back from James, I focused on Hudson again.

He greeted the presence of his cock in my mouth with a loud grunt, thrusting himself deep inside, until I could feel him hit the back of my throat, restricting my airflow. I gagged on his hard cock, my eyes teary, while my hand tirelessly stroked James's

cock.

“Just like that, Josie,” Hudson praised me, still kissing his partner. “You’re doing a good job, taking my cock like that...she’s good at this, isn’t she?”

James let out a low chuckle. Though the sexual energy in the air was undeniable, it did help ease my nerves—the two of them spent a lot of time together and had an actual future together. James seemed just as eager to play along as Hudson. I was someone they visited occasionally, under no illusion that it was anything more than that. And I was more than fine with it. I liked the lack of obligations that came with it, and I also liked knowing they shared the view.

“I’m not sure. I think I should double-check,” he commented. Almost in perfect sync, Hudson pulled himself out of my mouth, only for James to replace him in a second. My moan vibrated against his shaft as a shudder rolled through my body. “Mmm, she’s definitely good at it. Fuck.”

My entire body reacted to his words as he rocked his cock back and forth in my mouth. Slowly. Teasingly. It only lasted a few seconds before he pulled back entirely.

“Your turn. Fuck that pretty mouth of hers.”

James didn’t have to tell him twice. In a heartbeat, his thick cock returned to my mouth, and I choked on it. Hudson moved a little more roughly than James, but I liked it. He followed his partner’s lead, only letting himself stay buried in my mouth for a few seconds before he withdrew. It left me aching for that fullness in my mouth.

“I think we should fuck that needy little pussy of hers, too.” James looked at Hudson. I remained on my knees, eager for either of their cocks, as they spoke if I wasn’t even there. It would offend some women, but I enjoyed the game. I enjoyed knowing that they’d wreck me like their little whore.

“What hole do you want? Mouth or pussy?” Hudson asked. Like the true gentleman he was, he was letting James pick.

“I’ll take her mouth. I like being in control of the air she’s allowed to breathe.”

Oh, God.

Hudson must have shared my reaction because, in a heartbeat, he helped me up on my feet, guiding me back toward the bed. I plopped on the soft mattress, watching them as they undressed each other. Both of them were built like Greek gods, with flawless muscle covering most of their physique, right down to their cocks.

I was already throbbing for them; each second I spent without their cocks in either hole of mine was a second wasted.

Once he was undressed, Hudson grabbed me by my hips, flipping me around like I weighed nothing. I liked it when he was in charge; when he had his way with me and positioned me the way he wanted. I squealed in surprise, earning a slight slap on my ass, and then he rammed himself inside me in one hard thrust.

We both tensed as a wave of pleasure streamed through us. My eyes rolled back into my skull as his grip on my hips tightened. Hudson lingered inside me for a moment before pulling back and repeating the motion.

Fuck.

It felt so damn good.

Pleasure trickled through me, subtle and teasing at first but exponentially increasing with every hard thrust. Hudson firmly yanked me back every time he pushed himself in my pussy, reaching the furthest depths of me that had me tighten my inner muscles

around him.

James climbed on the bed in front of me, kneeling, so his cock was right in front of my face. He stroked it slowly, watching me expectantly. Not much needed to be said for me to know his cock needed to be in my mouth.

It was a game we'd played before, and each player knew their place. Right now, I was there to be used for their pleasure. To be wrecked until I couldn't breathe. To be fucked until I couldn't breathe.

I leaned forward, trailing my tongue around the head of his cock to tease him up, before I let him slip past my lips. With Hudson's wild thrusts from behind, the blowjob didn't require much moving on my end. Hudson's brute force forced me closer to James, sliding his cock deeper into my mouth.

Until it disappeared entirely, right to the base of his cock.

I couldn't breathe momentarily, but James didn't bulge. Like he said, he liked controlling the air I breathed. He gripped the back of my head, keeping his cock inside my mouth until he finally released me moments later. Perfectly tip-toeing along the line of pleasure and pain. We had a safe word, but it was never needed. Both of them were that good at reading my signals.

"Fuck, Josie," Hudson moaned behind me. The breathlessness lingering in the words only shot another round of arousal through me. "You feel so fucking good. Taking my cock like this, with James in your mouth." His palm collided against my ass, making me tense and shudder beneath him. The pain wasn't his choice of poison—not in the full sense, at least, but a dash of it here and there definitely intensified the pleasure. "You're our good little whore, aren't you?"

James's cock returned to my mouth, preventing me from responding in any way. A

smile fell over James as he watched me struggle against his cock, half-spoken words coming out muffled against his shaft.

“Josie, Josie... Hudson asked you something. Have you forgotten your manners?” He shoved himself deeper, making me choke once more before retreating his hips. “Answer him.”

“I am,” I managed to muster, gasping for breath. “I am your good whore.”

James began thrusting himself deeper into my mouth, to the point where I could barely catch a breath again, my eyes teary, smearing my make-up. I was full—so full of them—that the world blurred around me. Hudson grabbed my left leg, propping it up on the bed so he could fuck me deeper. Harder.

The angle was glorious.

My pussy throbbed around him, clenching his shaft like it never wanted him to leave. It was as if my body was on some kind of overdrive with everything that was happening. It was just too much pleasure for my mind to comprehend, too much sensation for my body to handle.

Before I could tell them that I was about to come, my orgasm shot up through every vein in my body. Accumulating at my spine, it dispersed to the most distant parts of my limbs in seconds.

Violently and mercilessly, it had my entire body quivering in between them. I couldn't think, let alone speak. Both from the intense pleasure and James's cock that remained in my mouth.

“You've made quite a mess, fuck.” Hudson chuckled behind me. His thrusts eased now, giving me a chance to recover. “My cock is soaked in you. You've got a greedy

little cunt, don't you? So eager to be filled up. We knew you needed someone to fuck you good. That's why I insisted we come to see you when we arrived." He was a gentleman outside the bedroom, but here, he had quite a filthy tongue. And that contrast was enough to drive me insane.

James also slowly slid his cock out of my mouth. I took a moment to attempt to recover before I dared to push them further. A small smile crossed my face as I looked back at Hudson over my shoulder.

"You think you know me well, don't you?"

Another slap of his palm against my bare ass. Harder this time, warning me to stay in my place. "I know I do. I know you're a whore for my cock, and I've got no complaints."

He was right. His cock set the standards for all the other guys I was seeing, and no one could ever compare. No one but him and James. It was a shame that they traveled around a lot, but whenever they did pop up, they made sure to leave me satisfied.

I could feel his cock twitch and throb inside me, showing that he liked this little game as much as I did.

I watched as James moved to stand behind Hudson with a smirk on his face, his cock in his hand as he toyed with it roughly. "You two," James said. "Always so damn chatty...it's about time we change that."

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:16 am*

Four

I could feel the exact moment James entered Hudson.

The movement prompted Hudson to slide deeper inside me, too, like all three of us were connected by the way James moved. My eyes closed, and I bit into my bottom lip. A loud groan broke from Hudson's mouth, making every cell in my body vibrate with arousal.

James was the more silent kind of a guy, but he made up for it with his heavy breathing as he tried to hold himself back.

"Mmm, yes..." I moaned, enjoying the slower, deeper pace. "God, this feels amazing." Behind me, both James and Hudson were getting more breathy, too. With James's thrusts getting harder, slapping against his partner, Hudson was forced to move further on top of me. With one hand, he supported his weight, his chest pressed against my back, while the other hand reached between my thighs, finding my clit. His sweat-coated, muscular body fit against the curve of mine perfectly. It left me very little room to move, with no other choice but to take his cock the way he wanted me to.

"You're so fucking wet, Josie," he murmured against the back of my ear, tickling my skin with his warm, heavy breath. "You fucking love this, don't you? Taking my cock like this while James fucks me."

"Yes. Oh, fuck, yes...I love it." There was no shame in admitting it. This arrangement benefited us all, and I loved it when we made it happen. James gave

Hudson one hard thrust, pushing him deeper into me. “Hudson...James...”

Another hard thrust.

At this point, Hudson didn't even need to move; James was doing all the work, but his movements were less frequent than what I needed.

“What do you want, Josie?” James asked behind Hudson, stilling in his movement entirely. He knew what I needed. I needed him to fuck our brains out. I needed him to leave me sore for the next few days. But he liked to hear me say it. “Tell us...and we'll make it happen.”

The teasing pace of the thrusts was driving me insane, especially as Hudson continued to toy with my clit. He knew all my weak spots, brushing against them until I was on the brink of insanity. I needed another release. I needed to come again. More than I needed anything else.

Coming just one time simply did not do it for me anymore.

“I want you to fuck Hudson like you mean it. I want you to fuck me through him, too. I want you to fuck us like you hate us. I want to come again. I need to come again.” I looked back at James, whose blue eyes were already on me, darkening in their stare. He enjoyed the magic words. “Please. Let me come.”

A small smile tugged at his lips.

Without warning, he pulled his hips back, slamming them against Hudson violently. We were both taken aback by the force of the movement, which had Hudson slide deep inside me. I let out a loud moan, clutching the bedsheets to anchor myself through the pleasure that followed.



Behind me, the sounds Hudson was leaving were almost animalistic. Low grunts mixed with heavy breathing, dancing between pleasure and pain. He moved his fingers against my clit harder, too, rubbing it mercilessly until the point I could barely handle it. I squirmed underneath him, feeling like the pleasure was too much for me to handle.

It was overwhelming me.

Consuming me.

Swallowing me whole.

Hudson pressed further against me, pinning me down with his weight.

“Stay in your fucking place, Josie,” he growled against my ear. “You wanted to be fucked like we hate you. Now take it like a good whore. You’re ours to fuck. Act like it.” Goosebumps rolled over my skin at his command. He was a gentleman, which only made it that much more enjoyable when his wilder side was unleashed like this. “Take my fucking cock—oh fuck...”

Our loud moans echoed through my room, the bed squeaking beneath us. The scent of sex and sweat was prominent in the air, charging the atmosphere with more arousal until my body gave in again.

Hudson hit the right spot, one last time, and then my orgasm released inside me. I convulsed beneath him. My pussy throbbed violently, my juices gushing all over my sheets as I came, which seemed to last forever. I was floating in heights I hadn’t reached for a while. It took a particular kind of man to help me get there; both were present in my bedroom tonight.

Fuck. It had been a while since the last time someone made me come so nicely.

Still buzzing from the wild pleasure, a moment later, I felt Hudson tense against me, in the way that he always did right before he was about to come. He shot his load inside me, filling me up while his cock remained buried inside me, his body going limp on top of mine as his teeth sunk into my bare shoulder to stifle any further noise.

Neither of us could move as James thrust into Hudson a few more times, finally reaching an orgasm of his own. He was more silent than Hudson, even when he came, though his breathing clearly indicated that this was a good fuck for him, too.

Once they found the strength to move, they plopped on the bed beside me to regain their composure. None of us was big on cuddling, but I enjoyed the silent moments we shared afterward.

“So, how long are you staying in town?” I asked once I was sure I could breathe properly. Hudson looked at me with a smile on his face.

“Our flight is later tonight. Just figured I should pop up and check up on you. It’s been a while.”

James rolled on his side, watching both of us. “He was about to come here without the doughnuts. What a freak.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. It was the honest kind, rumbling from the depths of my chest. “Doughnuts or not, I’m glad you came around,” I told them.

Hudson’s lips twitched as if he were holding back a smile before he finally forced himself to stand up, gathering his clothes, which were still tossed over my wooden floor.

“I’m sure you are,” he commented. James accompanied him, retrieving his clothes as well, while I remained on the bed. Satisfied. Filled up with his cum, which I didn’t

bother to clean up yet. “Why don’t you come around Chicago sometime? We’d be happy to show you around.”

“I can’t. Not right now. Blush is doing great, but there’s a whole lot of work that needs to be done. You know how it is. I’m a control freak. If you want something to be done around here, you’ve got to do it yourself.”

Hudson’s smile radiated pride. “I’m proud of you, Josie. I knew you could do it.”

I watched them as they returned to their usual attires—suits that fit them perfectly, and dashing smiles that wouldn’t have anyone suspect they had just fucked me together. Somehow, that only made the entire encounter that much sweeter.

“I do thank you for the sweet treat.”

“Anytime, sugar,” James replied. “We’ll see you around, all right?”

I nodded. We didn’t bother with kisses or goodbyes—not when we knew this would happen again. It was only a matter of when.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:16 am*

Five

I hadn't been this satisfied in a long time. Sure, I am able to pick and choose my own clients. With how well Blush is doing, I can allow myself the luxury of seeing only my favorite clients. It took me a long time to get there, but it was all worth it. I started from the bottom, and now I am at the top, owning one of the most influential escorting establishments in New York.

Still, nothing can beat Hudson, particularly when James joins him. Perhaps it is the nostalgia, or maybe he is just that good with his cock. I can't tell you. All I know is that something about him keeps pulling me toward them, and I'm not willing to resist it. Life is too damn short for it, anyway.

If there is one guy I always feel safe with, it is Hudson. From the moment we met when I worked as a stripper, he has never let me down. James has a similar personality—kind and non-threatening. My intuition tells me they are good, and intuition is everything in this line of work. I am lucky to have them, and even more lucky that they keep me satisfied.

After they left, it took me half an hour to finally force myself to get out of bed and into the shower. Hot water against my skin soothed every strained muscle, but my pussy continued to ache from the roughness of Hudson's movements...

I smiled, thinking of them again. The lingering feelings were present every time for a few days after they left, but I couldn't help myself, even if I didn't take them too seriously. I accepted the things for what they were, and I didn't mind it the slightest bit.

Once I was out of the shower, I contemplated fucking myself while my sheets still smelled like them, but I decided against it, settling to journal to keep this memory alive for as long as possible. Or until the next time they visit me, at least, and fill me with their cocks once more.

Hopefully, that fantasy will be satisfied sooner rather than later.

THE END