

Selling Sherri

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Selling Sherri

Copyright© 2016 by **Faye Valentine**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

“You wanted to see me Malcolm?” Sherri asked her step-father who was sitting in his favorite high-backed office chair. From the look on his face she could not tell if he was irritated, aggravated, or a combination of both, but she did know that she was in for a reaming and had a pretty good idea why. “Look, if this is about...”

“The seventy-five thousand dollar car you just put on my credit card?” Malcolm finished the sentence. “Yes, Sherri, it’s about that. What in the hell were you thinking? You had a perfectly running car, why did you go out and buy a new one?”

“The other one was three years old! You can expect me to drive around in junk!”

“Junk? Three years is not old for a car Sherri. You’re going to take the new one back to the dealer and get your old one back right now today!”

“I can’t. I didn’t trade it in.”

“Then where is it?”

“I called a junk yard to come take it away. I signed the title over and they hauled it off.”

“Are you out of your damn mind? Are you seriously going to stand there and tell me you scrapped a forty-thousand dollar car that had absolutely nothing wrong with it?”

“It was an old piece of shit. I don’t see you driving three year old cars!”

“No, my car is new every year because my company pays for them to be leased. The company I worked my ass off to build into something that affords you a comfortable life you obviously take for granted! Well, that changes here and now young lady! You need a healthy dose of reality and by god I’m going to give it to you.”

“You’re not giving me anything!”

“You’re right, I’m not. From this moment forward you’re cut off. No more unlimited credit cards at your disposal, no more seventy-five thousand dollar car to drive around town, or expensive rent and college tuition. If you think money grows on trees then go out and cut a few down and see how far you can make it.”

“You can’t cut me off like that!”

“I can and did.”

“I’ll just go to mom then!”

“Go right ahead. You’re trust fund is in my care sweetie and I’ve already made arrangements for it to be locked down tighter than Fort Knox. You want all those fancy toys? Go out and get a job and buy them with your own money.”

“But no one will hire me without experience! You can’t just toss me out on the street like that daddy!”

“Daddy? So its daddy now is it? Sixteen years I’ve been married to your mother and in all that time you refused to call me dad. But now that I’m cutting you off you think that’s going to soften my heart and make me cave in? Dear, you’ve got a lot to learn about life and I think it’s high time you got started. Your rent and tuition is paid for the rest of the year, but beyond that you’re on your own. And the car goes back to the lot today.”

“You can’t take it back, it’s in my name!”

“Bought with my money which you so carelessly used for your own gain. I didn’t give you the credit card to spend like a spoiled brat. I gave it to you for emergencies and sweetie, as hard as this is to believe, buying luxury cars is not an emergency.”

“How am I supposed to get a job or even finish college now that I don’t have transportation?”

“Take the bus. But if that car isn’t returned to the lot for a full refund back to my credit card you can kiss your trust fund goodbye for good. And as for a job, well, there’s always fast food and retail. Hell, with your looks I’m sure you could get a job at one of those gentlemen clubs scattered all across town. I hear they pay pretty well for hot pieces of ass like you.”

“You want me to be a stripper? Wait...what did you just say? Did you seriously sit there and call me a hot piece of ass?”

“I call ‘em as I see ‘em sweetie. And you’ve got a mighty fine ass.”

“That is fucked up on so many levels! You’re my father! Wait until I tell mom what you said!”

“Step-father, as you so frequently like to correct me. And go right ahead and tell your mother. She’ll agree that you have an incredibly sexy ass.”

“So that means I should get a job as a stripper? I suppose you’ll come to the club to see me shaking my sexy ass all over the stage for the enjoyment of all?”

“I just might. Hell, make it a fully nude club and I might even leave you a hefty tip,” Malcolm smirked.

“I’m sorry,” Sherri said so softly it was barely a whisper.

“Say that again. I couldn’t quite hear it.”

“I said I’m sorry. I promise I’ll never buy anything that expensive again.”

“Apology accepted. But you’re still not getting the card and free ride back. But I am not completely heartless. I left you three-thousand dollars in your checking account. Play your cards right and that should buy you groceries and pay your utilities for a few months until you get on your feet. You may go now.”

“I fucking hate you!” Sherri screamed at her step-father. On her way out of the room she picked his first-place golf trophy up off the shelf and threw it with full intention of putting an eye out, or worse. Unfortunately, it went wide and smashed through the office window instead.

“I’ll send you the bill for that,” Malcolm said, casually looking over his shoulder.

∞ ∞ ∞

Storming out of the house, Sherri made it to her car before the tears set in. Slamming the driver side door shut, she rooted through her purse for the keys and her cell phone. Grabbing both, she put the former in the ignition and used the latter to call her mother. “M-Mom we need to t-talk,” she sobbed into the phone.

“What’s wrong dear? Is everything okay?”

“No everything isn’t okay! Malcolm cut me off! He said I had to go get a job and provide for myself because he’s done paying my way! H-He...he s-said I...I should b-be-become a stripper!”

“Calm down and start at the beginning. What did you do to piss him off this time?”

“ME!? Why is it always my damn fault?”

“Honey, we both know that your step-father wouldn’t cut you off without good reason. Now what did you do?”

“Nothing to deserve this! I only bought a new car.”

“And did you ask his permission before making the purchase?”

“No!”

“How much was the car?”

“Seventy-five grand.”

“Seventy-five...for the love of god, Sherri are you out of your damn mind? What was wrong with the car you had?”

“It was old!”

“That car was only three years old, sweetie. That’s not old for a car.”

“Malcolm said the same thing! But I don’t see either of you driving around in anything that old!”

“Are you really that stupid? Your father and I drive new cars because his company pays for us to have a new car every year! You, on the other hand have been living Scott free for far too long.”

“MOM! Are you really taking his side over mine? He’s cutting me off! He left me three grand to live on and that’s it! How am I supposed to get a job and go to college if I don’t have a car?”

“But you just said you bought a new car.”

“He told me I had to return it.”

“Well, then you’ll have your old car back, so what’s the big deal?”

“I scrapped my old car.”

“You did what? You know what, nevermind, I don’t want to even hear what you were thinking when you did something so irresponsible. You’re step-father is right. It’s time you learn some responsibility for your actions. If he says to return the car, then you had better return the car. Take the bus, or call a taxi if you need to go somewhere until you earn enough to buy your own vehicle.”

“He said I should be a stripper! He said I was a hot piece ass and he would visit me at the club if he knew which one!”

“Well, he was right about that. You do have a sexy ass. You got that from me thank you very much. You’re twenty years old now Sherri, it’s time for you to stop mooching off of us and earn your own keep for once in your life. If that means getting a job as a stripper to pay your way through college, well, you wouldn’t be the first one to do it.”

“MOM!”

“Don’t mom me. Before I met Malcolm I was struggling to work two jobs to pay my way through medical school. And even after we dated and got married I still refused his money. And do you know why?”

“Because you’re fucking stupid?” Sherri yelled without stopping to think about what she was saying.

“No, I did it because I wasn’t with him for his money. I knew deep down that if I asked him for every penny I needed I’d become dependent on him no matter how far ahead I got. I refused his money because I knew, despite the hardships it may have caused us in the beginning, it would make me a stronger, better woman in the end. Now it’s your turn to learn that for yourself.”

“You can both go to hell!” Sherri cried. Hanging up the phone, she threw it against the passenger door and sped out of the driveway leaving long black skid marks on the concrete as she went.

∞ ∞ ∞

When Joyce got home from work, she found her husband lounging on the couch watching television – a habit she broke in her college days thanks to not being able to afford a new set when her old one finally kicked the bucket on her after nearly nine years of use. “Honey, I got a call from Sherri today,” she said, dropping her purse on the end table and kicking off her shoes. “She said you cut her off?”

“I did. And I will not change my mind until she’s learned her lesson so if…”

“I agree with you. She thought by calling and whining to me that I’d make you change your mind, but that’s not how it went at all. The only thing I ask is that you allow her to keep the car since it’s her only mode of reliable transportation. And I say this even after telling her to return it to the lot as you requested.”

“Then why change your mind now?”

“Because busses and taxis aren’t safe for a girl her age. And if it’s a sticking point then I’ll repay you for the car so our daughter...”

“Step-daughter,” Malcolm huffed. Not one in sixteen years of raising her as my own did she ever call me father so why should I call her my daughter?”

“Fine, whatever, I just don’t want this to become a point of contention any more than it has to. If you want to teach her a lesson then let her keep the car and have her make payments on it with the understanding that if she misses any it can be repossessed. Have her sign a contract to that effect so she knows you mean business. And did you really only leave her three grand in the bank?”

“I did.”

“The rent on her house is more than that.”

“I paid her rent and tuition for the rest of the school year so she should have plenty of money for utilities and food if she gets off her high horse and gets a job sooner rather than later. And fine, I’ll allow her to make payments on the car if it means that much to you.”

“Thank you. Believe it or not I’m on your side in this, but I don’t want to see her drop out of college and living on the streets because of us. Now, did you really call her a hot piece of ass and tell her to get a job as a stripper?”

“I did. And I meant every word of it. After all, if it was good enough for her mother then it’s certainly good enough for her.”

“You didn’t tell her I worked as a stripper and escort to pay my way through college did you? Because you swore you’d never tell a soul about that.”

“I never said a word about you other than you’d agree with me on her having a mighty fine ass. You did agree with me, right?”

“I did, but that’s beside the point.”

“That’s the whole point, dear. She has no job experience whatsoever and her only prospects right now are flipping burgers, retail or stripping and we both know the first two aren’t going to get her anywhere, so I took the practical route and suggested a job that would make her more than enough money to pay her own way through life. Now it’s up to her to humble herself and do it, or crash and burn. Either way, the ball’s in her court now.”

“Draw up a reasonable contract and I’ll call and let her know you’ve agreed to let her buy the car from you.”

“I’ll have something for her to read and sign first thing in the morning,” Malcolm said, his brain instantly going into attorney mode – his chosen profession for the last nineteen years.

∞ ∞ ∞

After ignoring seven calls from her mother, Sherri finally picked up on the eighth if only to make her stop calling. “What do you want?”

“Don’t take that attitude with me young lady. I talked to your step-father about what happened today and he’s agreed to let you keep the car, but as part of you learning a valuable life lesson you will be required to make payments on it until it’s paid off in full.”

“It’s already paid off in full!”

“To the car lot maybe, but your father and I still have to pay the credit card company. You keep the car and sign a contract stating you agree to make monthly payments. That’s the best deal you’re going to get so I suggest you accept it.”

“And how am I supposed to make payments when I don’t even have a damn job?”

“You have a car, go out and get one. Your step-father will have a contract for you to sign first thing in the morning. What do you have to say?”

“He’s still an asshole for cutting me off the way he did, and I will never forgive the way he’s treating me,” Sherri huffed “but thank you for at least talking him into letting me keep the car.”

“He’s not an asshole for cutting you off, sweetie. Trust me, you may not believe it now, but one day you’re going to look back and thank him for doing what he did.”

“I doubt that. Is there anything else?”

“Nope. And if you want to prove you’re taking this as seriously as he is I’d be here bright and early and keep the attitude in check unless you want to a permanent position on his shit list.