

Anything

By Christian "Nameless" Schimkowitsch

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Anything

Hi, pretty boy! You look at me? Want a bit of action?

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Yeah, I am good and pretty. We have good time.

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Talk? Why talk to you? I busy femme.

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Si, Senior. [Note: The rest of the conversation is in Spanish, but has been translated for the reader's (and the writer's) benefit.]

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Hmmm, it might be nice, but ... I'm here to earn money.

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Ten? Ok, I think I can spare you an hour or so. So, what do you want and why?

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A coke, please. Let's sit over there in the corner, it's a bit quieter.

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So, you do a study on us 'street' femmes. You want to hear why I'm sitting here, offering myself to you or any other fur for a little money?

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Ok, here's the sob story.

It started when I was in high school. Shortly after I turned sixteen, I went to a party that one of my class mates had organized. I drunk a little more than I should have... A male talked me into joining him for some private entertainment. I can't really say that he raped me, we had been hanging around each other from some time and I had been quite interested in him. He did not have to talk all that fast to convince me. Short version, a few weeks later I found out that I was pregnant.

Being good Catholics, me any my parents never really considered an abortion, I told the male that he had gotten me pregnant and that he should do the honorable thing and marry me. We talked about it several times in the next few days, he gave me the impression that he would do it and we even had sex together. Then he told me to forget about it. When I insisted, he warned that I would have an 'accident' if I persisted or tried to force him to pay for the 'brat'. His father had quite a few friends among the gangs and, if rumors were to be believed, also in the police in our area. The way he talked to me really scared me and convinced me that it would be very unhealthy for me to try to force him to support me. There was not really anything I could do, I could not prove anything. And who would want to help me anyway.

A few months later my daughter was born and I dropped out of school to care for her. My parents did their best to help me and things were kind of all right. When Felicita was old enough for me to leave in the care of my mother for a few hours, I found a part time job at a mall not far from out home. It was not a great job, just cleaning. But the workers there were with the union, I got only a little more than the minimum wage but I had some health benefits that even covered my daughter. With the little extra I got from social security, I was doing fine. I was living at my parent's place and we did not need a lot of money anyway.

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Yes, I resented her a lot, sometimes I still do. I hated my body for betraying me, for settling me with this responsibility that I did not want. But once I held her in my arms... She was so helpless, so totally dependent on me... She was mine... I could not help but love her. Sometimes I hate her, but mostly I love her. Sometimes I hate what she has done to my life. Still... I love my daughter more than anything. I would do anything for her. I am doing whatever I have to do for her.

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Anything

Yes, why else would I do that? There is just no other way I can raise the money I need for her drugs.

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Well, I have dated males every now and then, but frankly, most of them were trash. They only wanted to get into my pants and none of them wanted to care for a daughter that was not theirs. I broke up with most of them pretty soon, once I figured out their intentions.

Things began to go wrong shortly after Felicita's second birthday. She got a nasty rash and then she started sneezing and had trouble breathing. I took her to the doctor and he gave her some pills that made her better. He also ran some tests on her and we found out that she was allergic to several things, among them several foodstuffs. She also started getting asthma attacks every now and then. For several months her allergic reactions increased in intensity. After a few more tests he found a combination of drugs that would help her. They were expensive, but the health benefits from my job covered them. As long as she took the drugs and stayed away from certain foods she was all right. We had to spend more money on food for her to get her the things she needed while staying away from anything she was allergic to. My doctor told me that there was a treatment that would probably cure most of her problems. But she would have to be a little older before she could start it. It would be quite expensive but my health insurance would cover most of the costs. I started to save whatever money I could and prayed for the day to arrive when she could start the treatment and finally be cured of all these problems.

A few months later my parents died. I was at the doctor for one of Felicita's frequent checkups. I had to go there at least once a month so he could adjust the dosage of her drugs. There was an explosion and the small block of apartments we lived in collapsed like a house of cards and burned to the ground. None of the furs in it survived. The police said it was a terrorist bombing, but I can't believe it.

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Why? Come on, who would bomb one building like that in a poor part of town? I figure it was a gas explosion. A month earlier one of the furs at our block smelled gas in the cellar. She called the gas company and they sent a couple of furs to fix it. I guess they did not fix it properly and the pipe started leaking again. Besides, when I came back from the doctor, one of the newsfurs interviewed me. When I watched the news that evening, they showed part of my interview. The part where I bemoaned the loss of my parents. They did not show the part where I voiced my suspicions about the gas pipes. But they showed some other 'local' fur, someone I had never seen before. He talked about seeing some suspicious looking furs that he had never seen around here leaving the house. I figure he was a plant.

Anyway, my parents were dead. I found a tiny one-room apartment not too far away. Some of the femmes in the block were kind enough to take my daughter in and watch over her while I worked. Money was really tight now, after the costs for my parent's funeral and the down payment for the room, but I scraped by. Barely, but I still managed to save a few dollars every month. I got an extra job, working a few hours a week at a local burger joint. Between all that I still managed to spend a few hours every day with my daughter.

Not too long afterwards the owners of the mall decided to 'improve shareholder return' as they called it. They fired the whole cleaning department and outsourced the job to another company. That other company turned around and rehired some of us, at least those who had not been too involved with the union. I did the same work I had before, but now I got only minimum wage and I did not have any health benefits any more. Luckily social security picked up some of the slack. I increased the hours I worked at the burger joint. And every now and then I would get a little something from one of the charities active around here. I spent much less time with Felicita than I wanted, but I still managed.

Then I had a boyfriend for a while. His support helped a little, but he did not spend a lot of money on us, most of what he earned went into tuning his beloved car. I should have seen right away that he was an Asshole, that he was only interested in me for the sex we had. I think deep down I knew it even then, but I wanted to believe his honeyed words so much. I found out soon enough. We had been together for about three months when I found out that I was pregnant again. I actually felt elated. He had talked about marrying me, that we should just spend some more time together before we actually took that step. I thought that he would marry me now. When I told him, he even seemed pleased and very positive about marrying me. We had an incredibly intense night of lovemaking.

The next morning I woke up before him. He ran into the bathroom as soon as he woke up. I did not think anything about it until he came back out fully dressed. He picked up his haversack from the closet and threw it over his shoulder. He said 'Ciao, baby.' and was out of the door before I could even open

Anything

my muzzle. A few moments later I could hear the squeal of his car's tires. I never saw him again. He must have packed his things the day before, while I cooked dinner for us.

You can imagine how I felt. I think I would have killed myself if I did not have my daughter to care for. No matter how terrible I felt, I had to be there for her.

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No, I don't have any relatives who would help me. The last of my grandparents died when I was twelve, I don't have any siblings and none of my cousins wants to have anything to do with me.

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Why? Once I had a kit out of wedlock, associating with me would 'tarnish their reputation' as one of them put it.

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Yeah. That's what I think as well. Well, there's nothing I can do about it. There is also the fact that my daughter is a hybrid.

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No, she usually does not have any problems. I'm a Margay and her father was an Ocelot. The two species look quite similar anyway and her markings are very similar to mine, so very few furs notice that she is a hybrid. But of course all my relatives know about it.

So, I was alone again. At least he had not taken any of my things, not that I did have a lot for him to steal. After a lot of thought on the subject I decided to have an abortion.

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You don't have to tell me. I still feel like crying, every time I think about it. But there just was no way I could have managed. I barely made enough money to keep us fed, I could never feed another mouth. And I did not have any saved money that would take me through the time when I would not be able to work. I love my daughter so much, I was so happy with her, I wanted that child, I really did.

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Yes, even though his father was a complete bastard. I wanted that kit, but there just was not any way I could afford it. Finally I went and talked to my doctor. He tried to talk me out of it, but once I had explained everything to him, he did the procedure. He even did it without charging me for it. I felt like a murderess.

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Thank you. I went on as best as I could. I worked my arms off and I even managed to put away a little money.

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No. Don't think I did not try to find any work that would pay better. I had not even finished high school, do you think any fur would hire me for anything but the most menial jobs? And I still was not desperate enough to sell my body or something like that. Or try anything illegal like selling drugs.

I tried to watch the news as often as possible, which was not often. But when they started talking about supporting furs to take more self-responsibility for their health, I listened up. Social security was the only thing that kept my head above the water.

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Well, I was not the only fur on my block who relied heavily on support by the state. They had been cutting it again and again over the last few years. Several of the femmes who baby-sat my daughter also relied on it. So we did our best to keep up with the news. That was about two years ago. Then there was that terrorist bombing in Chicago and the department of 'fatherland protection' cried for even more funds. As I watched the news, the realization that I could no longer afford to reject anything that promised to pay better than the jobs I had slowly sunk in. I started looking around and I finally hired on as a waitress at this hole. I quit the cleaning job, and soon afterwards also the job at the burger joint. I did not really like this job, but it paid quite a bit better than the others. I had to wear a skimpy outfit like the other waitresses here and allow the patrons to fondle me and do my best to appear pleased by

Anything

it. They would hardly give us such nice tips if we did not. I don't know if you have noticed it, but most waitresses don't wear any panties under the miniskirts.

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Why? Most of them switch between waiting, dancing on the stage and other paid 'services' anyway, and it allows them to earn a nice tip every now and then. Initially, I refused to do it, but as I slowly got a little more used to all this, my resolve started to waver. When one male offered to give me a twenty, I finally gave in. My muzzle was glowing by the time he finally finished 'giving' me the tip.

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No, actually that kind of thing is considered to be part of the job. The owner gets a cut from all those tips, of course.

I did not like all the aspects of this job, but I worked shorter hours and I earned quite a bit more than I had before. And I really liked the fact that this job allowed me to spend more time with my daughter.

I was doing pretty well until the social security spending reductions kicked in. Suddenly I had to spend more than twice as much to keep my daughter medicated than I had before. The tax breaks did not amount to a whole lot of money since I did not earn enough to pay a whole lot of taxes anyway. And I got less from the various charities than before, their money was spread thinner than it used to be, since there were suddenly a lot more furs who needed support. I had managed to save a little money, but it would not have lasted for long.

So I finally gave in and accepted the offer to dance on the stage.

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Yes, the one over there. And strip in front of all the males. I did not like it, but I earned enough to keep me in the green most of the time. I was doing pretty well as far as tips went.

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Thank you. Well, males started offering money in return for some more private 'entertainment'. Initially I refused. By that time I had moved in with one of the other femmes working here.

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No. I don't swing that way. We just share the apartment. It saves me quite a bit on the rent and she even watches over my daughter. The apartment is more than twice as large as the one I had before but the rent is only a bit more, so now we have more space for less money. We get along pretty well. That's her, by the way, the desert rat femme over there.

Then my doctor hooked me up with a 'Christian' charity organization.

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He helps me from time to time.

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No, he does not expect any favors from me. I know that he is married. As far as I know, he works here because he wants to help the furs in such a poor part of the city. I'm sure he could much more money working somewhere else. He told me that he thinks I deserved better and that he wanted to help me. From time to time he had advanced me the money for Felicita's drugs when I could not pay for them. I paid him back as soon as I could raise any money, of course.

Anyway, I went to a 'counseling' session with them and they agreed to help me. Apparently they select some poor furs and then help them get back on their hind paws. Initially I did not tell them that my daughter was a hybrid and that I did not just work as a waitress but did strip dancing as well. They gave me a little money to help me pay for the medicines and enrolled me in a course so I could finish high school. They paid for the course and promised that if I did well there, they would support me further and help me get some higher education afterwards. I had to attend counseling session regularly and go to their church every Sunday.

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No, they did not force me to go to church. But they hinted that it was the right thing to do and that it would improve my chances to fulfill their criteria on getting further support. Besides, I did not really

Anything

mind doing it, I used to attend church regularly before trying to stay afloat stressed me out too much to do it any more. And, honestly, it gave me some peace of mind and I felt much better than I had before. Having a goal to reach gave me hope for a better future. I tried to do as little strip dancing as possible, but I was pretty popular with the patrons and the owner of this joint made it clear that he would be much happier if I danced more often. And he would be happier still if I did some private entertainment as well. He did not quite say that he would fire me, but several times he wondered aloud if he could not find some other femme that would earn him more money. And money would have been tight if I had only worked as a waitress, and things would have been really bad if he had really fired me. But I made it absolutely clear that I would not do any 'private entertainment' for anyone.

After some three months I finally trusted my counselor enough to tell her the truth about my daughter and about how I earned my money. She did not really react to it, so I thought it was fine with them. That Sunday, when I went there to attend Mass, my counselor confronted me in front of all the other furs and told me that I was no longer welcome and that they had canceled the course I was attending. I was completely shocked and as I walked away someone called me 'Slut'. I stumbled home in tears, my daughter was frantic and frightened because I could not stop to cry.

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Yes. I stayed home that day and something in me broke that night as I lay crying in my bed. I felt like I was damned anyway, so why should I care what anyone thought about me. Why not earn my money any way I could, whichever would pay the most. So why should I care if the rest of the world called me a whore and looked down their snout at me, they were already looking down at me anyway.

So, there you are. Several males had offered to pay me well to get into bed with them but until then I had always turned them down. The next day I decided to start my new career with a bang. After waiting on the guests for some time, once there was a nice crowd, I got up on the dancing stage. Wearing only my fur and holding a piece of cardboard that said 'Starting bid: \$10'. I kept dancing until the bidding finally stopped at \$720. Then I spent the rest of the night with the pair of males who had pooled their funds to get me.

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Well, it was ok, they were pretty decent. I had to do a few rather kinky things but nothing too bad. Do I enjoy doing this? Sometimes, there are a few males who treat me nicely, some of them even hire me more or less regularly. With most of the males it is not really pleasant, but not too bad either. Unfortunately there are not enough nice males that I can afford to tell the others to go to hell. Then there are a few who enjoy to hurt and humiliate me. Or any other fur into whose pants they can talk or buy their way, not that I can imagine any femme to spread their legs for them willingly. I usually don't take their money a second time. But there have been times when I was so desperate that I had to. Unfortunately there are some whom I can't afford to deny.

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I don't want to talk about it. Please.

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Ok, accepted.

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You can bet your ass. I'd stop doing this the second I found any other way to raise the money I need.

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No, I can't really take off a day or two. Who knows when there will be a slow day or two? And I need a lot of money for that treatment for my daughter. She is old enough now, but now I don't have any insurance that would cover the costs and I don't have enough money in the bank.

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How long. I don't know. A year, maybe two, it's difficult to tell. It might be shorter, if I have any luck and if I really push myself.

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Anything

Every now and then I get an offer that pays a lot more than the regular stuff. There are some furs who like to try some rather extreme things. They pay a lot of money, but just thinking about what I had to do makes me shudder. Sometimes I force myself to take up an offer like that, sometimes I just can't ...

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Thank you.

Well, that's about it, any more questions?

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Well, I guess it was nice talking to you.

Now, can I interest you in some entertainment?

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Well, look there. See the male rat at the end of the bar? I know that today is his payday, so he is usually in a mood to spend a little of his wealth. He's one of my most regular clients and he is looking in my direction. I think he wants to throw some cash my way, but he won't wait very long. So, make up your mind quickly, before he decides to look for some other company. ... Well?