

# Fashion Man 3

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*Rebecca returns with her sister, fun ensues.*

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AUTHOR'S NOTE AND DISCLAIMER: This story is a work of fiction containing adults in adult situations. The persons depicted do not exist nor have they existed to the author's knowledge. This story is not to be read by, read to, or printed and given to any minor under the age of, oh let's say 20. Situations may be portrayed which may be considered in bad taste, or downright illegal in some places and therefore should not be attempted unless you are a story character and not a real human being. If this piece of fiction offends you in any way, stop reading it and go back to watching Big Bird on TV. Feedback is appreciated both positive and negative, although I consider downright mean-spirited, nasty feedback by "Anonymous" people the work of genuine chicken-shits. It may not be, but that's the way I feel about it, so I ignore it as much as I can. The Wicked Doctor X FASHION MAN 3 BY: The Wicked Dr. X Welcome back to "Jackie's House of Fashion", the upscale fashion store for ladies of means who like to spend far too much cash on clothing in order to look better than their neighbors. I work here as a Fashion Consultant / photographer, male prostitute, (although that bit isn't actually on my resume' as a job title), and the only male employee in the store. That fact alone has its advantages when it comes to romancing the newest employees, which I've done with some success, but it also has advantages since I have my own private photography studio in the back of the store. In the studio I photograph the customers using the best lighting for the situation they feel they will be in while wearing the outfit I pick out for them, or that they pick. I just consult. The customer is the one making the decision. The photographs go directly to a computer, and I can then change outfits, or alter parts of the outfit so that... well, you get the idea. The customer ends up looking the best she can, and I get paid. A lot. A lot more than I expected when I started this job, but Jackie, the owner, has seen the value of my work and what I can bring to the "company", and so my salary is kept secret from even the store manager. The fact that Jackie and I had hooked up and done the horizontal hula back in my studio a few weeks ago didn't hurt my bottom line any either. The fact is that I have gotten the quiet reputation as a discrete and competent male whore, so many of my customers come in for "consultations" and leave with a happy smile on their faces along with a nice dress. Word of mouth

has been my only advertisement, but that's been enough. Hardly a week goes by that I don't dip my happy stick into some nice bit of pussy. Even the older customers are grateful for the attention, and I don't mind their usually large "tips" either. Even the ones that don't tip well provide me with enough influence to make it a wash. I do a little photography for art as a hobby and some of my work has sold well at the local galleries due to that influence. This morning was kind of slow in the store, only three customers, two of them "just looking". The third bought a nice sweater that I thought would look terrific covering the ample bosom she sported. Frankly I tried convincing her to try it on just to see it on her, but she declined. Sometimes it works, sometimes not. Just as I was about to give up and try doing some hobby photography, I notice that Miss Rebecca Halveston has parked her new Ferrari in our limited parking lot and is headed toward the store with a young girl in tow. The girl has a striking resemblance to Rebecca except that her hair leans more to red than the blonde that Rebecca is. The two women float into the store and I get a look of hard edged disdain from the younger woman and one of anticipation from Rebecca. "Hi Collin," says Rebecca in a breathless voice, a sexy smile spreading across her pretty face. "This is my sister, Anna. She's twenty, and has the fashion sense of a trailer-trash mother of four. Her idea of high fashion is designer jeans and a halter top. Dad is giving a fancy party for some big-shots next week-end and wants his whole family to attend. Needless to say, little Annie has nothing decent to wear. She needs help." From under her breath I can hear Anna say, "Get fucked." I'm a bit taken aback at Anna's attitude to her sister, but I don't know her so I say nothing while we stroll back to my studio, Rebecca chatting about the upcoming corporate party and how she can't wait to go. As soon as we enter the studio Rebecca shuts the door behind us and locks it, leaning against it as she twists the lock. "Take off your clothes and sit on the bench," Rebecca demands as I step behind the camera, and Anna begins stripping off the admittedly frumpy clothing she has on. "She thinks she's homely, Collin, and I've brought her to you in order for you to convince her otherwise. Of course, that is if you really think otherwise. Give her your honest opinion. See what we have to work with." Underneath the sweatshirt and jeans is a body to kill for. Anna crosses her arms and lifts the sweatshirt revealing a pair of perfect round breasts with beautiful pink nipples. No bra. Under the fashionably worn jeans are long, very well formed legs and a bottom that was as round and tight as her breasts. She wore a pair of lace panties in a pale pink that matched the color of her nipples. I took several photographs of Anna in different poses, vowing to keep duplicates in the separate folder I have for myself on the computer. From the photos I began adding clothing from the program of "in stock" dresses, looking for just the right dress for the occasion. "I only have one question," I said looking up at Anna from the screen. "What is the homely part of you? You have one of the most perfect bodies I have seen through this lens in a very long time. Not since Rebecca sat where you are," I added. "My tits are too small and my ass is too big and my legs are too skinny and I'm too short," she said without hesitation. "When was the last time you saw a model with fat legs, flat butt, and huge saggy tits? The short part has nothing to do with anything Anna, you're beautiful." She blushed a little at this, but I could see that she was pleased with an independent opinion. "You get paid to say that." "I get paid to photograph a subject and suggest clothing to enhance the woman's look. You only need to wear clothes to avoid arrest. Nothing I put on you could make you look better

than you do right now.” Anna blushed again. Her look softened a little, and she actually smiled for the first time, a smile that rivaled her sister’s in its beauty, and I told her so. Rebecca came back to look at what I had on the computer screen, leaning close to me as she looked. “She needs to get laid, too,” she whispered. “We both do, only she doesn’t know she needs it.” “Both of you?” I asked, hoping I wasn’t sounding too anxious. The opportunity to do two very beautiful sisters at the same time only comes around once or twice in a lifetime, and I didn’t want to fuck it up by sounding too anxious and scaring her off. Rebecca stood up and walked over to stand behind her sister. With a pretty smile on her face she began slowly shedding her clothing until she too had on nothing but a pair of panties that matched Anna’s. I began to smell a conspiracy, especially when Rebecca reached around her sister’s shoulders and gently grasped her breasts. Anna’s head leaned back. The hair that had been piled on top of her head in an unflattering pile suddenly fell loose in a cascade of golden reds and I stood like a stone watching as the sister’s lips met in a very unsisterly kiss. Anna’s hands caressed Rebecca’s face as they kissed and I have to say it was a very arousing sight to behold. The bulge in my pants attested to that! “Care to join us, Fashion Man?” asked Anna. “I think I’ve been set up,” I said, trying to sound offended, and pulling at the buttons of my shirt. “Stop trying to be coy, Collin, and get over here,” said Rebecca wiggling out of her panties and spreading her pussy lips slightly with her fingers. “You know we Halveston women are on a tight schedule.” “Sure you are, Rebecca,” I teased, “How long did you keep that client waiting the last time you were here?” “About an hour,” she smiled, “but he got over it.” “I’ll just bet he did,” I chided, easing out of my trousers, and boxers. “Very nice!” exclaimed Anna as she watched my cock spring upwards from the confines of my clothing. “A girl could get to like a thing like that!” “We aim to please our customers here at Jackie’s,” I said, kneeling down between her legs. I tugged the panties to one side and leaned my head between her thighs as she eagerly thrust her hips toward me. I spread the lips of her cunt apart gently, brushing aside the almost transparent patch of soft blonde pubic hair and shoved my tongue into the warm channel, tasting the heady sweetness of her. Immediately she grabbed the back of my head and pulled me closer, groaning softly, and leaning back on the bench. I eased my tongue to the base of her clit and teased the sensitive bud sending shivers of pleasure through her body. Her legs trembled and I felt them wrap around my back, stroking me, pulling at me, urging me closer to her while her hands stroked my head, the fingers raking through my hair. I was so intent on pleasing Anna that thoughts of her beautiful older sister had been pushed aside. Suddenly I felt hands pushing my legs apart, shoulders touching my calves. Rebecca took my cock in her hand and pulled it to her warm, wet mouth, suckling on the head of it, her tongue dancing lightly on the skin, probing the tip. I jammed my hips toward her and with a groan of delight she took all I gave her, her fingers circling my shaft, stroking what she couldn’t take into her mouth. Anna’s hips began to thrust harder at my mouth, her sweet heady juices flowing freely into my throat. I could feel the beginning of her orgasm in the insistent way she pulled at my head, in the fluttering of her vagina, the thrust of her hips, the moans that seemed to come from deep inside her begging for just a little more. Her hips had moved to the edge of the bench, her sweet ass just barely hanging on. I slid my hands under her tight bottom and pulled her off of the thinly padded bench, holding her up, and buried my tongue as deeply inside her

as I could get it, licking furiously at the walls of her cunt, lapping and drinking her sweet tasting fluids. Her legs spread wider, almost to her sides, opening her succulent pussy wider to my boring tongue while she groaned louder and thrashed about in orgasm. I love feeling a woman climax. It gives me a sense of having done a job well. I think only men get that feeling, knowing they have done the job they set out to do, and having done it flawlessly. Maybe women get that feeling too, but I doubt that it comes with sex so much since making a man climax is really quite simple. A woman takes more time and finesse, so if I can bring a woman to orgasm in a relatively short time I figure I've done a good job. Hence the feeling of accomplishment. Feeling Anna climax only added to my own rising passions and I thrust harder at the tender sucking mouth below me. Rebecca began kneading at my ball sack, her tongue swirling furiously around my cock as my hips rammed like a piston into her face. I didn't want to cum, not yet. I wanted to save it, wanted to shove my pole into the tender pussy that was dripping its sensual juices down my chin and spew my fluids inside of it. I wanted to feel the tightness of her vaginal walls, feel her pulling my cock deep inside her body as I pumped my seed into her, I wanted to feel..., but I didn't. I felt the swell inside of me, saw the exploding stars inside of my tightly closed eyes, felt the warm flush wash over me and my cum pumping deep into Rebecca's sucking mouth. It was hard holding Anna's hips to my face while my cock gushed cum into Rebecca's throat, and I'm not sure how I managed it, but I did somehow until I felt Anna stop thrashing about. I eased her back onto the bench and leaned back while Rebecca sucked the remaining drops of sticky fluids from the head of my now deflating cock. I looked down between my legs and into Rebecca's fiery eyes, watching her lick her lips, smile sweetly and mouth the word "Yummy" as the last of my cum trickled down her throat. Anna grabbed my shoulders, pulling me to her as she sat. Rebecca scooted back, got to her feet again, joining her sister on the bench. "Rebecca said you had a fantastic tongue," she said in a very sexy voice. "I don't think I've ever climaxed that hard before. She also says you have a very short recovery time. How would you like to be the one to fuck me for the first time?" "Excuse me?" I asked, more than a little shocked by the question. It took me a second or two to wrap my head around her question. "After what we just did you're going to tell me you're a virgin?" "Yes." She said it as if it were the obvious answer to a really stupid question. "It's not like I've never had an orgasm before. I do have fingers you know, and boyfriends that were willing to eat me in exchange for me sucking them off, which incidentally, I've been told I'm quite good at. In fact, I rather enjoy it. Almost as much as my sister seems to. It's just that I've never wanted a man inside of me before. I wanted to stay a virgin until my wedding night." "So what changed your mind, and why me?" I asked. "Last month my fiancé left me for a little whore he knew from college who had fucked him steady the previous weekend. He said he couldn't get enough of her and was leaving me until he did. I told him to keep the little slut until they fucked each other to death. They got married a week later. So much for saving myself for my husband. It seems as if all men want is to fuck. As to why you? Well, you can thank Rebecca for that. She said you were very good. Said you would be gentle and kind and also that you were discrete. That part's important to me too." "So, no love or anything like that, just a roll on the floor, a quick poke in the puss and you're good to go, is that about it?" I wasn't too happy about the way this was turning out. I don't mind taking over a broken hearted woman

whose lover has dumped her, but to deflower a virgin just for spite didn't seem right somehow.

"You're sure this is what you want to do?" "I know it sounds kind of impersonal, but yes. Right now all I can think of is having that big beautiful cock of yours rammed to the root in my pussy. I've had six orgasms from your tongue and now I'm so horny all I can see is that cock of yours, and I want it. I want to feel your arms around me and feel you slide inside of me while my sister watches. I want to be a slut too, Collin, like that little slut that stole my boy-friend. Hell, I'm offering you my virginity. Isn't that what men dream of, making a slut out of a sweet little virgin?" I had to admit that she was right there. Turning the sweet little virgin Anna into my own five foot one inch slut could be the icing on the cake, so to speak. Who knew what perversions she could be trained to enjoy or even suggest on her own? Fuck it! Now I want her too, just about as much as she seems to want me. I reach up and pull her head to mine, planting my mouth on hers, sliding my tongue into her, flicking at hers. Immediately she got the idea and began stroking my body, her hand sliding between my legs, gripping my cock softly and stroking it to rock hardness in a very short time. I felt her leaning back onto the bench and I followed her down, keeping my weight on my elbows and knees as we reclined, edging Rebecca out of the way. We continued to kiss and my dick continued to get harder as we did, thoughts of sliding into that virgin well doing nothing to hinder my erection. I stroked her head and she mine, squirming her taut body under me. She was starting to sweat and so was I, adding to the heat that was building quickly. Anna pulled away from my mouth, breaking the kiss. "Do it, Collin, do it now!" she begged in a whisper, her breath coming in short gasps. Rebecca had moved behind us and had heard her sister. I felt her grip my cock and position the tip at the entrance to Anna's pink treasure, sliding it up and down just inside the girl's slit. It's not like I needed the help, but her cool hand felt nice wrapped around my shaft and so I let her do it without protest. Anna groaned, spreading her legs wide across the bench, her heels dug into the edges. My first reaction was to ram myself into her and fuck her for all I was worth, but I didn't. This was her first time and I had to be the gentle and caring lover she needed. I had to make her want to do this again and lust after every stroke if she was going to be the slut she wanted to be, and frankly, the slut I wanted her to become. It occurred to me that maybe I could have this sweet piece of cheesecake for myself if I did this right. Then I began to wonder, what woman sets out to become a slut? That thought flashed across my mind for about a second as Rebecca let go of my prick and it slid into the incredible soft tightness of Anna's quivering vagina.

"Honey, when he first breaks you it's going to hurt just a little bit," said Rebecca, leaning close to her sister's ear. "The pain will go away quickly. Concentrate on the feeling of him inside of you rather than the pain. Feel how nice it is to have a man inside of you, filling you up. Feel the power you have over him, knowing how much he wants to be there, how much he wants you. Feel the power he has over you, producing that beautiful orgasm you crave. That's what sex is, an exchange of power between two lovers." By this time my cock was just touching the thin membrane that guarded Anna's virginity. I could feel it, and so could she and she gave a little grunt as the membrane stretched ever so little. I pulled back until I was almost out of her and slid back in again, getting her used to the feeling of me, opening her channel, relaxing her. "Please, Collin! Just do it! I don't need gentle! Fuck me!" With that, her hips thrust into me, hard, ripping away the precious membrane forever, tearing her virginity from

her body. She shuddered, wrapping her legs around me, squeezing, pulling me closer, her fingers raking my back as her body shook. I let her know it was alright, that the pain would go away and only pleasure would be in its place... "Tiny pain!" she said through gritted teeth. "It feels so fucking good! Deeper, put it in all the way! Please, I want to feel all of it inside of me!" You know me, never one to turn down a reasonable request from a woman in heat, so I thrust my hips forward and sank deep into Anna's quivering pussy, rocking forward as our hips ground together, putting pressure on her hard little clitoris, rubbing the little bud of lust, feeling her shudder, feeling her cunt contract inside squeezing my cock to within an inch of it's happy life. "Oh fuck!" she exclaimed as my hard cock rocked her hips with each drive into her aching body. "Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" she exclaimed with each thrust. Her fingers continued to rake my back, her nails leaving what I knew were going to be long red trails. Anna untangled her legs from around me, digging her heels into the bench again, her hips thrusting hard at mine, wrapped them around me again and ground into me as I jammed my cock as deep into her soft flesh as I could get. "Oh, Collin," she groaned, "Don't stop, don't ever stop! I want to feel you inside me forever! Please..." I felt her body stiffen, felt her pelvis squirming against mine, her legs tighten across my back and listened as primal sounds escaped her throat. Her cunt tightened around my boring cock pulling me deeper into her, gripping my shaft like a vice. "Oh god yes! I'm cuming! Harder! Fuck me harder!" she rasped into my ear. I slammed into her as hard as I could, knowing that I wouldn't last much longer at this pace, feeling the hot cum already boiling up inside me, urging to be released into this beautiful woman's body. I could feel the flash of orgasm beginning to spread inside my brain, warming every part of me. I could see the first of the stars exploding in my head and then felt the rush as I emptied myself into her, grunting like an animal, gushing like a loosened fire hose, my cum splashing against her cervix, filling her sucking cunt with my release. For at least another minute or so we ground ourselves against each other, sweating, stroking each other's body, our lips meeting, tongues darting and flicking. I made a move to rise off of her but she begged me not to, not yet. "Hold me, you feel so good inside me. Just a little while longer." I held my weight off of her for as long as I could, but finally slumped onto her body. I tried rolling off of her again. "Stay there," she whispered and began rocking her hips again. I could feel her vagina grip and release my softening shaft, pulling at it, pulling it back to hardness again as she milked the blood back into my softened organ. "I want to go again," she whispered. "I know you can do it. You know you still want my pussy." The little girl tone of her voice and the sucking of her vaginal muscles were taking its toll. My prick, with a joyous mind of its own, began to harden again, and my hips began to thrust into her. She needed to learn new things, I thought, and in a weak moment when she released her death-grip on me, I pulled out of her and quickly rose to my knees. "Rebecca, come and join us," I demanded, rolling Anna onto her stomach near the edge of the bench, spreading her legs wide. Rebecca smiled and quickly joined us, lying on top of her sister. I stood on the floor behind them, fucking first one succulent pussy and then the other as both women squirmed against me and each other until both of them were panting like dogs in heat. Roughly I pushed Rebecca away and gently slapped Anna's ass. "Eat your sister's pussy!" I demanded and Rebecca turned and smiled at me as she eased herself down in front of Anna's face, her overheated cunt an inch from the young

woman's mouth. "Do it!" I demanded, "Thank her for bringing you here to me." Anna's tongue extended from her lips and touched her sister's labia, and as I watched, her head bobbed up and down, her tongue gouging its way into Rebecca's cunt. Saliva dripped from her lips as she tongued her sister's clit. Rebecca pulled at Anna's hair forcing her hips at the girl's face while my cock slammed into her demanding cunt. I gripped her thighs tightly and she thrust back at me in perfect rhythm. "Collin, put it in her ass," said Rebecca with an evil look on her face. "Make a real slut out of her. Let her feel what a good ass fucking can be like. You do want to be a real slut, don't you Anna? A real slut likes a good ass fucking now and again. Tell me you want to be a good little slut, Anna!" Rebecca jerked her sister's head up by the hair. "Tell him you want it! Beg him for it, you little whore!" she demanded. "Yes! Please, Collin. Fuck me in the ass!" she begged, a little fear in her voice, tears escaping her eyes as her sister tugged roughly at her thick hair. This wasn't going to be as pleasant as being deflowered. Anna had wanted that, but she was being forced into this and it would have to be done right or her fear of anal sex would take a long time to get over, if ever. I had known several women who wouldn't even consider it after having had bad experiences before, so this would have to be done with finesse. "You don't have to do this, Anna," I said. I was hedging. I really didn't want this thing coming back to haunt me later. "Do it! I want to, just like Rebecca says. Hurry! Make me your slut, Collin! Fuck my ass! I want to feel it all." I slid my cock back into her sweet cunt, lubricating it once again with her slippery fluids, desperately wanting to ram it home inside of her and climax once again. After several lubricating strokes, I pulled out and pressed the tip of my pole against the young girl's puckered hole. I felt her stiffen, her body tightening in anticipation of the onslaught. "The more relaxed you are the easier this will be. Concentrate on it like you did before, feel the pleasure," I said. "Feel me inside of you, filling your body with mine. I want you, Anna; I want to feel my cock deep inside you." She began to tremble, to shudder ever so slightly as I eased my hips forward and my cock began to spread the tiny hole open. I felt her relax, heard her groan as her tongue again began lapping at her sister's pussy and Rebecca's fingers tightened in the reddish hair, pulling the pretty face closer to her out-thrust pelvis. Her body began to push back at me urging me on, letting me know that my attempts at gentleness were overcautious. I gripped my shaft, providing it with the stability it would need to skewer the depths of this virgin ass and leaned forward steadily, easing it into her slowly but steadily. A sharp shriek escaped her lips as my cock split her open wider than she had ever been. Anna squirmed and grunted, her fingers raking the fabric of the bench, and still she pushed back at me driving even more of my cock into her willing but trembling body. I could feel the flesh being pushed aside as my prick drove into her, the muscles of her anus relaxing, spreading open, and inviting the invasion. Pulling out of her to the tip, I felt her relax even more when I pushed into her again, deeper this time, and deeper the next. Her groans began to get louder and more primal when my hips met her firm ass cheeks. Gripping her thighs firmly, I ground into her hard, all but lifting her knees off of the bench with the force of my thrusts. Rebecca released her hold on the girl's hair. Anna was groaning and tossing her head, her sister's gushing pussy all but forgotten with the pain and pleasure of her anal ravaging. She put her head down, her face cradled in her hands, sweat beading from her beautiful back and gathering in a tiny rivulet at her spine. Suddenly her body

tensed again, and I listened to the muffled sound of her voice exclaiming that she was climaxing again, and then again, and again. Her squeals of delight and lust buried in the thin padding of the bench. "Rebecca, come up on the bench," I demanded, and directed her to stand astride her sister, facing me. I buried my tongue deep in her still moist cunt, lapping at the sweet juices that dripped from her canal. Concentrating on that sweet tasting pussy seemed to delay my own impending climax and I continued to slide into Anna's still tight ass, feeling her throb and squirm, happily impaled on my reaming cock. Rebecca gripped my head, drawing me close to her heaving pelvis, her moans now blending with Anna's in a sweet song of lust that drove me wild. My hips thrust harder into the tender body, Anna matching my movements, taking each stroke as though she lived for the feeling it produced. I too had begun to grunt like some kind of wild untamed beast, the beginnings of my own orgasm stirring deep in my groin. Rebecca's fingers gripped my hair tightly, twisting my head upwards, pulling my tongue deeper inside her trembling vagina while my teeth grazed the blonde's clitoris, driving her to orgasm after orgasm. I began to feel the all too familiar swell deep inside me, the hot rush of release, and I pulled Anna's thighs tightly to mine while stream after stream of hot cum erupted from my throbbing cock filling the sucking bowels of the beautiful redhead. My mouth, firmly attached to Rebecca's pussy, sucked hard at the heady juices that flowed from it mingling with a spurt of salty urine that escaped her. Both women climaxing, and making primal sounds of lust only added to the intensity of my own climax. I thought I would never stop emptying myself into Anna's buttery soft ass. It felt as if she were draining me of every drop of ejaculate, sucking it out of me, demanding it as though it were her life-giving elixir. It filled her, little streams of cum oozing past my pulsing cock as her anal muscles squeezed and pulled at it. My hips continued to grind and push at her tender body until finally I was drained, and her orgasms began to subside. Rebecca showed no sign of slowing down, her mound firmly planted in my mouth still throbbing with orgasm after orgasm. I could feel her long legs begin to tremble, her strength sapped by the climaxing cunt I was happily suckling. Her fingers still tangled in my hair, pulling my face tightly to her, the sweet juices of her mound leaking onto her sister's back and mingling with the sweat that still formed there. With a final climatic shriek Anna fell forward, my cock pulling free with a wet pop, a trail of my cum leaking out of her and wetting the bench with the sticky stuff. She stuffed a finger deep into her wet cunt and rolled over, sliding the wetted finger into her sister's anus, sending Rebecca into one final orgasm before she collapsed in a heap onto Anna's thighs. Several minutes passed while the three of us caught our breaths, me sitting on my haunches, my face dripping with the silky lubricating juices from Rebecca's vagina, Anna still leaking cum from her abused anus, and Rebecca hugging her breasts and sliding onto the floor, smiling with a satisfied look of requited lust on her angelic face. "We have to get back to work, Anna," said Rebecca, panting. "We have a meeting in an hour with the clients from Detroit and we shouldn't be late for this one." "Fuck 'em," said Anna dreamily. "I want to stay here with Collin." "Don't be ridiculous. We have a meeting to go to. Collin is sweet but he doesn't pay the bills." "You did what you set out to do, Rebecca. I want to be his whore. I'm officially a slut, and I like it." "Excuse me," I said, "But don't I have a say in this?" "No, you don't, Collin," replied Rebecca, wiping the wetness from her cunt with a soft towel. "I may have just screwed up here and I need to get Anna

back to reality.” “Put on your clothes. Let me take care of it,” I reply. Anna is still leaking fluids from her pretty ass and I offer to mop them up with another towel. I ease it between her legs and immediately her hips begin to thrust and grind at my hand, her hands covering mine pulling it tighter to her steaming pussy, a look of renewed lust forming on her face as she grinds her hips against my hand. “That’s not taking care of it, Collin!” exclaims Rebecca as she slides her skirt up her legs. “Leave him alone, he’s doing just fiiiiine!” squealed Anna, climaxing again. Clearly I wasn’t taking care of the problem as I had promised. “Go with Rebecca,” I whispered into her ear, “I get off work at six if you would care to join me for dinner and a night of fun at my place.” “It’s a deal,” she panted, rubbing herself dry with the towel and grabbing for her clothes, “I’ll be waiting for you. You’d better plan on being raped several times.” “So noted,” I replied, and then helping the two clean up a bit before leaving so they wouldn’t smell like sex as they left the store. The rest of the day dragged on with only a few more customers gracing our establishment, none of them requiring my specialized services, thankfully. The fact is that I wanted to be as fresh as I could be for Anna, and having another demanding session of consultation would prevent that from happening as you could well imagine. Six o’clock finally dragged its raggedy ass around and I closed up shop, looking eagerly for Anna to pop in. She didn’t and I began to think maybe she had thought better of the idea and had blown me off. I can’t say I blamed her for it. It’s not like I’m a powerhouse in the fashion industry. That is to say, I’m not rich. Anna and Rebecca and women like them need power. Power and money. It’s what makes their world tick, not mere sex. A stiff cock is cheap and easy to find for women like them, and if a guy has the cash and the power as well as the stiffy, well then, that’s the man for them. Not just a guy with a hard cock and a raging libido. Anyway, I grab my backpack, sling it over my shoulder and head out the back door of the store toward my car. Leaning against the door of my shiny ride, smoking a cigarette, wearing the shortest skirt above the highest heels and sexiest textured nylons and the slinkiest camisole I have ever had the distinct pleasure of seeing on any woman, was Anna. If any woman looked the part of a cheap prostitute it was her, and I loved it. “I thought you’d blown me off,” I said as I approached her. “Oh, I’m going to blow you all right,” she replied. “You might want to go back into the store and let them know you won’t be in to work tomorrow. I plan to take you apart slowly and put you back together again. By the time I get done with you you’re going to need time off to recuperate.” “You’re such a slut, Anna!” I said. “Yes I am, Collin, and it’s all your fault. Yours and my sister’s. Now get into this car and let’s get going before my cunt starts dripping on the pavement.” Just for the record, it took me three days to recuperate after the four days we spent fucking on every surface of my house.