Fashion Man

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Fashion consultant loves his clients, a lot!

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FASHION MAN

BY; The Wicked Doctor X

Being the only guy working in a primarily woman's fashion store can be both a blessing and a curse. Since my store is in an upscale neighborhood, the clientele tends to be a bit less trashy, but at the same time, I tend to see a lot of older women who still think they can turn heads. The problem is that the heads tend to turn away. The most pathetic ones are those that come in painted and stretched to the maximum with short skirts showing off those skinny legs that would be better stuffed into denim than shown for what they were; old and stringy. You don't dare tell them thy look like shit, at least not if you want to keep your job. Hell, it's hard enough pleasing them as it is without telling them the truth and loosing your job for it. Just last week Mrs. Uppercrust came in after a protracted absence and asked me what I thought of her new boob job. Her tits hadn't looked all that bad before, as long as she kept them tucked into those industrial bras she had been ordering. I guess that since her new

boobs didn’t hit the floor anymore, she must have thought her legs looked good too by default. They didn’t. Wrinkled thighs, knobby knees, and stringy calf muscles did absolutely nothing for the poor woman, but by the time she left the store I had made her feel like the Queen of Sheba. That’s what I do. Flatter them until they have spent far too much cash, and make them feel like queens. Now at first glance you’re going to think I’m as queer as a three-dollar coin. Far from it. Very far from it my friend.

I said I see a lot of those older women, which I do, but this store has more retail traffic than most local fashion stores, so I also see quite a lot of young, very hot, very wealthy, wives, daughters, and business women. All of who are what make my job such a fucking pleasure to come to. My title is Fashion Consultant. I may be the only straight fashion consultant in the free world, but there you are. It pays the rent, keeps me in steaks and a Corvette, and from time to time, gets me laid. A prime example of that happened last Tuesday. End of the day, around four thirty young Miss Rebecca Halveston comes gliding into the store dressed in her work-day finest, a gray business suit that any uptown hooker would have been proud to be seen in. The top was low cut and tight, forcing those beautiful breasts to push up and out into the open over the top of the lacey black bra that could just be seen if she bent forward a quarter of an inch. If the matching skirt were three inches shorter it would have qualified as a swimsuit. Black textured nylons were attached to a black lace garter belt that could be seen when she stretched, or sat down. Gray spike heels matched her suit as if they were made from the same material, and in fact were. Her naturally blond hair looked like she’d taken three hours to coif and it framed a perfect porcelain-skinned face set off by piercing blue eyes that fairly screamed Fuck Me!

Miss Rebecca Halveston works at her daddy’s high-tech electronics company as a product planner, or some such crap. She’s not one to talk about those kinds of things very much, and she’s not one to lord it over those of us who make substantially less in wages than she does either. She’s actually a very nice lady. Girl really, if I were to be honest about it. She’s only twenty-three but looks about seventeen, maybe. I proved her age the first time she came into the store and bought some of the sexiest underwear we sell, paying for it with a credit card. On the back where her signature should go it said to ask for ID, which I did and looked hard at her age. She grinned when I gave back her ID, I think she knew what I was looking at but she didn’t say anything. That grin about did me in. She has the prettiest smile I think I have ever seen, the kind of smile that would make a man walk a mile over broken glass in his bare feet to see. Maybe a mile is bit much, but you get the idea.

Anyway, back to last Tuesday. Rebecca glides in, gives me that smile and asks if I would give her a private consultation since she had a big charity “do” coming up soon and wanted to be looking her best for it. I wanted to tell her that she could wear what she had on and bring the place to a standstill, but I knew that’s not what she had in mind.

The store provides for these private consultations with a variety of services offered, including

photographs of the subject, which are downloaded to a computer and “dressed” in virtual clothing of various types until the client is satisfied with the basic style of dress. Then it’s just a matter of finding what works and the options to accompany it. The part I like the best is the photographing, and I’ve gotten pretty good at it. The best way to do it is for the client to be in her underclothes. With some clients, that can be a nightmare. With Rebecca, it was an hour of bliss. I posed her in several different positions, sometimes holding a bouquet of fake flowers, just sitting primly, or standing with her arms at her sides. A men’s magazine or a fashion magazine would have rejected not one of those photographs. She wanted a gown, and after running through the listings I had on file we finally found one she liked, and I pushed hard for her to get it. Frankly, it was the one I liked the most. I knew she would look great in it even though it wasn’t the most expensive thing we sold in the store. Most fashion consultants are expected to push the priciest frock they carry. That’s where the money is of course, so Rebecca was convinced of my sincerity when she saw that the price was right.

“Collin, do you have this in stock, or am I going to have to wait a week for it, get it fitted with barely time to look at it much less time to tweak it before the charity do?”

“Miss Rebecca Halveston? Off the rack?” I recoiled in mock horror, my hands to my face like a great poof and she began to laugh out loud.

“Oh cut it out, Collin. Just go get the damn thing and let’s see what it needs.”

It needed nothing. It fit like it was made for her alone. The gown had sewn-in bra cups, so Rebecca removed her black lace bra while I inserted thick but soft paper liners into the dress, for hygiene purposes. When I turned back to face her, I froze in my tracks. Dressed, Rebecca is incredibly sexy. In lace panties, garter belt, textured black nylons, and no bra, she’s indescribable. Those beautiful breasts that I always thought were being driven by push-up bras were as high and firm as they looked, tipped by nipples of the softest pink. Her waist trim and flat, legs that the classic sculptures wished they had. My breathing doubled its pace, and I’m sure my face looked like it was about to catch fire. The thoughts running through my mind shouldn’t have been there. She was a client, a customer, way the hell out of my league, and the most stunning creature I had ever laid my eyes on. I must have blurted out something stupid, something inane, or something inappropriate, because her face changed in a flash. The smile disappeared, replaced by a look of determination.

“Oh god, she’s going to make sure I’m fired!” I thought. “All this training and I’m never going to work in this business again.”

“I’m so sorry, Miss Halveston, I…”

“No you’re not, Collin,” she said coming closer to me, grabbing the gown from my hands, flinging it

aside. “At least I hope you’re not.” Her arms went around my neck and she pulled my face down to hers, her body folding neatly into mine as our lips met. Her mouth opened, her tongue sliding softly but insistently into mine. She moaned softly as we kissed.

Surprised, relieved, and supremely grateful to the lust gods for looking out for me, I slid my arms around her smooth naked back, sliding them lower and lower, pulling that perfectly round ass closer to my thighs. I felt her shiver as I thrust my hips into her pelvis, her kiss becoming more intense, her hands gripping my head firmly, stroking my hair. I felt one leg wrap around mine, and she began returning my thrusts. Suddenly she broke away from me and began tearing at my clothing.

“We should at least lock the door,” I suggested breathlessly.

“Collin, you’ll never have any fun in this world if you don’t grow a pair and have a little adventure in you. Leave it unlocked,” she said with a wicked look on her pretty face, and stepped out of those black lace panties and the garter belt. The nylons stayed on, and up. The hot garter belt was just for show. “I’ve wanted to do this for months!” she said breathlessly.

She gripped the top of my pants as I unbuttoned my dress-shirt, tugging them to the floor along with my briefs all in one fluid motion. I had the feeling she was not new to this sort of thing. I could imagine her in some stuffy boardroom, ripping the clothes off of some handsome exec and doing him on the conference table in order to secure a huge contract for her daddy’s company, or just because she liked his looks. I hated to think of Rebecca, as a company whore, fucking for the corporate bottom line, but screwing me wasn’t going to make her a dime, so I felt kind of privileged in that respect.

Finally I was naked. She even pulled the socks off of my feet. “A naked man with just socks on is really nasty looking,” she said grinning. “Damn, you look good enough to eat!”

I sincerely hoped she meant that, and in fact she did, lowering herself sensuously to the floor, licking at my chest as she went lower and lower, her fingers wrapping themselves around my twitching cock. Her tongue came out from between her lips and she began flicking at the tip of my prick while she stroked the shaft gently with her soft fingers. She leaned closer allowing the tip to enter the warmth of her mouth, that soft tongue swirling around the head of my cock as she sucked gently but firmly.

“Adventure, Collin, have some adventure!” she said suddenly.

I wasn’t exactly sure what she meant by that, it could have meant almost anything I supposed, but I took her advice anyway, at least as I saw it, and gripped the back of her blond head, pulled it closer and drove my cock deep into her mouth. Her hands left my rod and grabbed my ass cheeks, the fingernails digging deep into my flesh as she pulled us closer together, thrusting my prick into her

throat. While the blood pounded in my ears, I could hear her moaning with each long, slow stroke I made into her warm mouth.

Adventure, eh? Is that what Miss Rebecca Halveston wanted, or was that what she wanted from me. I wasn't sure yet, but I figured that if I did the unexpected, she would certainly approve, so I backed away from that incredible sucking mouth, pulled her to her feet once again and lifted her into my arms.

"Oh hell yes!" she breathed as her legs wrapped around my waist and she lowered herself gently onto my throbbing pole. I couldn't believe how firm she felt inside, and how soft and wet, and warm, and it all throbbed and sucked at my cock and… and …and!

"You feel so good inside of me, Collin," she breathed into my ear. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard, and long." But I didn't want to fuck her hard. I wanted to fuck her gently, and lovingly, and slowly, making her feel every bit of pleasure I could give her. I wanted to make her want me. I knew this was just a fling for her. A diversion in an otherwise high pressure day, but my brain kept telling me that maybe, just maybe I could have this choice woman for my own if I pleased her well enough. Maybe she would suddenly, after I had made her climax for the twentieth time, discover that I was the one she had been looking for all her life, this fashion consultant nobody. "Fuck me, Collin!" she begged again. I thrust deep into the recesses of that soft, firm pussy, the speed of my hips increasing steadily as I obeyed her request. I could feel her grip me tighter, her legs, and arms around my neck. I could actually feel her erect nipples scraping along my chest. Her breathing began to get heavier, her hip movements more frantic, jamming herself down onto my skewering prick. "More!" she whispered hoarsely, "Just a little more! Oh please, just a little… Shit! Oh please! Oh yes!"

I could feel her body tense, her vagina tighten around my thrusting cock. She began to shudder violently, squeezing me tightly as the orgasm began to wash over her. Throwing caution and better judgment to the wind, I released my hold on her letting her feet sink to the floor. I bent her body across the sturdy covered bench I used to sit my photography clients on, grasped her thighs and slid my cock back into the wet recesses of her still throbbing pussy, this time ramming myself almost unmercifully into her demanding body. Again she began to twitch violently, thrusting back at me as I pushed forward. Her head began to shake, destroying the perfectly made-up hairstyle. She reached back, grabbing for my hips and I pushed her hand away until she finally stopped shaking.

"Fuck me on the gown, Collin!" she begged.

"Put it on, Rebecca. Put the gown on!" I demanded.

Hurriedly she threw the expensive new gown on, her legs still twitching from orgasm, her bountiful

breasts spilling over the smallish bra cups. I hoisted the dress over her back and slowly slid my cock back into her, the incredible wetness of her cunt making a soft squishing sound as I entered. She arched her back, a sound of pleasure escaping her lips as she flung her head back, further destroying the perfect set of her hair. She was beginning to look more like a wild woman than a high-level businesswoman. She turned her head at one point and I could see the fiery look of unbridled lust in her half-closed eyes. I knew I was making her happy. I grabbed her hips pulling and pushing her body away from me until she got the message and began to do the work herself. It's not like she needed the workout. Not with that perfect body she didn't, but what the hell she started this!

Suddenly Rebecca rammed herself into me, grinding her ass into my hips, her body quivering, groaning out her orgasm. She tried reaching for her pussy to help intensify her climax but couldn't reach around the bulk of the gown. I pushed her hand away and reached around her thigh and began flicking a finger at her clit pushing the finger inside her next to my cock. I thought she was going to go nuts. She began thrashing about violently, grunting like some wild beast as the orgasms intensified and piled one on top of the other. Her lubricating juices dripped from her sweet cunt, splashing onto the fabric of the gown and it was all I could do to keep from pulling out of her and attaching my mouth to that succulent pussy. I wanted to taste her, wanted to drink from that pouting fountain of lust.

Adventure. Do the unexpected. That's what she had said. I pulled out of her incredible throbbing, sucking cunt and pulled her to her feet, sitting her on the model bench again. I threw the gown over my head and buried myself between her widespread legs. The customer's satisfaction may be the number one goal of this store, but nowhere in the mission statement did it say that I couldn't have some satisfaction as well, so long as the customer was being taken care of. Rebecca grabbed my head through the gown, pulling me tightly to her, thrusting her hips at my sucking mouth, and even through all of that silk and crinoline I could hear her moaning loudly. I flicked my tongue at the bud of her clit and I could feel her gripping my head tighter through the fabric of the gown. Hungrily I lapped at her soaking wet pussy, the sweet, salty, musky taste of her inflaming my senses further than I thought possible. Again and again I could feel her orgasm, felt the firm folds of her pussy quiver as I sank my tongue as deep into her as I could get, licking at the walls of her vaginal cave, pulling out and flicking at the very tip of her clitoris.

Rebecca let go of my head and began pulling at the gown until I was exposed. Without warning, she pushed me away and took my face in her hands, the wild look still in her eyes.

"You've done well, my sweet Collin," she said stroking my face tenderly, "and must be rewarded appropriately. Fuck me in the ass. Unless of course you don't want to, in which case, pick an alternative hole and fuck it until you climax. I hate to cut this short for you, but I have an important client to see in an hour and…"

“Hush, and turn over, Rebecca,” I interrupted.

She smiled a happy, wicked smile and pulled my face to hers as she slid off of the bench, kissing my slippery lips. “Hmmm,” she said, “I don’t taste too awfully bad, if I do say so myself.” She bent herself over the bench once again spreading her legs wide.

“You taste like candy, Rebecca,” I told her as I raised the gown over her back once more and positioned my cock at the entrance to her still soaking wet cunt. I slid easily inside her and stroked her glorious pussy very slowly, thoroughly wetting my pole with her juices. Pulling out, I repositioned myself at the dark, puckered hole. Pushing firmly, I entered her, my prick making a muffled pop as it pushed aside the firm muscle. Rebecca drew in her breath sharply.

“Fuck it! Fuck it hard, Collin! Oh damn, that feels so fucking goooood!” she groaned.

I couldn’t disagree with her on that point. She was so tight it almost hurt, but it was a good hurt, and I kept inching my way into her letting her get used to being violated. Maybe violated isn’t quite right. I mean she did ask for it, and as a matter of fact seemed to genuinely like it. A lot. She kept still until I was all of the way into her, and then she began to clench her anal muscles around me, drawing me as deep into her as I could get. She was good at this, I thought, and certainly no virgin to anal sex. Slowly I pulled out of her only to have her jam her hips back at me, taking me deep into her bowels again, clenching hard again and again. This was going to be good!

“I really hate to rush you, lover,” she blurted out, “but I do have that appointment...”

Well, what the fuck. The customer is always right they say, so I began to really bang the hell out of that sweet ass while Rebecca squealed from the abuse. At least that’s what she wanted me to believe, I’m sure. Just a few more of those deep, ass sucking strokes into that ultra sweet body and I could feel the light-headedness start to creep in on me. I began to see the stars exploding inside of my brain, and feel the swell of my cock just before I began squirting a huge load of cum into that buttery-soft ass. Rebecca ground her ass into my hips again, still clenching and releasing my spurting cock.

“Damn!” she said, “I can feel that hitting the back of my throat. You cum like a fire hose, Collin. It feels good!”

I figured she was bullshitting me, but I really didn’t care. Sometimes it’s nice when a woman lies to you. It took a few seconds for the both of us to catch our breath. I tried to be the good store employee and remove myself from Rebecca’s ass so that she could get to her meeting on time. I began to back away from her, but she followed my hips. “Just stay there for a while, Collin,” she whispered in that

sexy voice of hers, “You’re still hard, and it feels so damn good.”

“What about your appointment?”

“He can fucking well wait!”

“Works for me!” I said.

The nifty thing I found about fucking a very tight orifice is that if you stay inside, even after a really intense climax, sooner or later the lust returns and so does the firmness. Five minutes later I was pounding Rebecca’s tight ass again and she was loving every stroke.

Ten minutes later, I had shot another load of cum into her and this time she didn’t protest when I pulled out of her. A thick trail of my cum began running out of her, dripping onto the expensive gown, mingling with the drops of her own lubricating juices.

“I think we’ll have to get this dress cleaned for you, Miss Halveston,” I said in my most serious store voice.

“Don’t you dare,” she replied to my surprise. “I want to remember this afternoon, and those stains on the inside of this dress will be my hidden memories. Nobody is ever going to see them but me, unless I wear it back in here for you to fuck me on again,” she said with a devilish grin.

Maybe she wasn’t bullshitting me earlier. I think she missed her appointment with that client, or was at least late. She didn’t seem to care very much after she had climaxed for the fortieth time that afternoon. She dressed in her business suit, and fixed her hair well enough to pass for a “do” before kissing me quite passionately. “I’ll pick up the gown Thursday then?” she asked as we stepped through the door.

“That would be fine, Miss Halveston,” I replied, and she trotted out the front door after paying cash for the gown, and leaving a two hundred dollar tip for “the photographer guy”.

As I said earlier, working as the only man in an upscale fashion store can be a blessing, sometimes!

END