

Fashion Man 2

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The Fashion Man meets with his boss. He gets a raise.

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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 ever 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 true, but that's the way I feel about it, so I ignore as much of it as I can. I do have feelings though, damn it! I hope you enjoy it otherwise. The Wicked Doctor X Fashion Man 2 By: The Wicked Dr. X Jackie Tailor owns the store that I work in. It's an upscale ladies fashion store that specializes in making an otherwise plain looking woman into a vision of loveliness. My job is to photograph the ladies in the best lighting and backgrounds, and choose the clothing for the situation. Not to toot my own horn, but I'm good at it. It's kind of innovative, and to be honest a little silly, but it seems to be what the clients like. Plus it gives me a job, and it gets me laid about as often as I like. That's the part I like the most. I can pick and choose among the rich and influential as well as the downright beautiful. Jackie owns three other stores like this one, so it's rare for her to come in and spend any real time here. Last week she came in, all pissy and grumpy, ragging on the entire staff for no real reason other than the fact that she could. She ripped on the stock girls and the cashiers, and then she ripped on the store manager in front of the whole staff, reducing her to tears. It wasn't pretty. She saved me for last and I was fairly certain it wasn't going to be a pleasant meeting "You!" she barked, pointing a finger at me, "Into your office!" She said "office" as though it were some sort of evil thing to be avoided at all costs, almost spitting out the word. Things were going from bad to catastrophic in mere seconds. I expected to be unemployed by the end of this meeting. By this time I was pretty pissed off myself. Jackie didn't need to be such a bitch. The store was making money for her, and the

staff was always pleasant to the customers whether they deserved it or not. There were no problems among the staff members since we all liked each other, so this tirade from Jackie was uncalled for. . It had been rumored that she would do this sort of thing about once a year or so. Pick on a store and replace its entire staff for no good reason after ripping everyone a new asshole. It was her one business flaw. That was the rumor. I figured that if she was going to can my ass anyway I wasn't going out with my tail between my legs. I opened the door to my studio and held it for her with my head up and my fists clenched. Fight or die. I had nothing to lose at this point. She closed the door behind us a little harder than was necessary and flipped the lock. There really wasn't a lock on the door; it just flipped a little sign that said "Photography in progress. Please do not enter." Jackie plopped down on the divan I used for some of my photography work, and where I had screwed about thirty of her best clients. She let out a heavy sigh and stared at me as though I were some sort of disease-ridden rodent while I stood some ten feet away with my arms crossed, waiting for the attack. "Collin, I get so sick of people lying to me. Will you please tell me the truth? Will you do that for me before I have to seek professional help?" "I've never lied to you, Miss Taylor, you should know that by now." "I have it on good authority that you have been using this office to fuck my customers. Don't deny it, Collin, unless you care to call several very upstanding ladies liars." "I don't deny it," I answered. What the hell, I'd been rattled out by more of them than I figured and now I was going to lose my job for it. No use denying it. "In my defense, I don't initiate it. Not ever. I try to be professional at all times. Keep the customer happy, isn't that what you tell us?" A smile began to wash over Jackie's face, softening the hard-edged look she'd been carrying since she came into the store an hour earlier. Although I didn't notice it right away, Jackie had begun to undo the buttons on the jacket she wore. She edged forward on the couch and slipped the jacket off, letting it drop to the floor next to her. "Finally, a man who tells the truth," she said in a very sweet voice. I still wasn't convinced that she wasn't going to fire me. After all, I'm pretty sure orgasms weren't what she had in mind when she said to keep the customers happy. "I hear you're very good at what you do here. Sex as well as photography." Now I watched as her delicate hands began to casually unzip the side fastenings of her pants. Rising off of the couch, she pushed the trousers to the floor and stepped out of them, her eyes never leaving mine. "The thing is," she continued, "I have so little time for the fun things in life that sometimes the need for sex gets pushed down until it finally just explodes and I go a little crazy, like I did this morning. I don't mean to be such a raging cunt; I just need to get laid. That's where you come in, Collin." By this time Jackie stood about three feet away from me dressed only in a lacey red bra and textured pantyhose, her long black hair pulled loose from the tight bun she wore and draped over her shoulders. Her steel gray eyes softened so that she no longer looked like the hell on wheels boss she had been only minutes before. She had transformed into an exotic vision of wanton lust. "Please know that if you turn me down you won't lose your job, Collin, but I have the feeling you won't." I grabbed an X-acto knife from the table behind me and took a step forward. Getting down on my knees I took hold of the pantyhose underneath her crotch, pulling the fabric down. I could feel the wetness of her in the silky panty and heard her suck in her breath as I stabbed the fabric, cutting upwards, opening a gash in the hose. I replaced the knife to its proper spot on the

table and pulled her hips closer to my face. "Oh, hell yes!" I heard her say as my mouth came in contact with her dampened crotch. Lest you think that Jackie was some overweight, middle-aged matronly woman that couldn't get a date without paying for it, let me put you straight. Thirty-four, and five feet six inches tall, one hundred ten pounds. Her face softly rounded with a beautiful mouth and a pixy nose. Her breasts a bit smaller than I like them, but perfectly formed with suckable, soft pink nipples. What made her such a terror was the way she could transform into the screeching shrew as she was earlier from the vision of loveliness she usually was. I gripped her thighs and spread her legs apart, inserting my tongue into the gash I had made in the pantyhose, flicking at the outer lips of her hairless pussy. Her breathing got faster and deeper as I licked at her, my hands stroking up and down those well-formed legs. I love the feel of textured stockings and pantyhose, like the way they look too especially on a great pair of legs. Jackie made a move to take them off but I stopped her gently. I could feel my cock struggling to burst from my pants and I tried my best to ignore it. My first duty was to my client. The client comes first, is my motto. I felt Jackie take my head in both of her hands, pulling me closer to her and I knew what it was she wanted. "Not quite yet," I thought, and continued to tease her cunt lips with my tongue, dipping inside of her every so often, feeling her jerk her hips towards me when I did, trying to get that tongue to tease her clit. She gripped my hair, twisting my head back, still trying to force my tongue higher. I grinned to myself knowing I had her where I wanted her. A few more minutes of this and the whole staff would get a raise if I demanded it. I could feel her legs begin to tremble, could feel the rippling of her belly. I dipped my tongue between the lips of that succulent pussy and began to lap at her clit, lightly at first just touching it, then tracing the outline of it with the tip of my tongue, top to bottom. Her hips began to tremble and thrust at me. She gasped when I sank my tongue deep into her soaking wet slit. I remember now how good she tasted, slightly salty but silky sweet. I could hear her urging me on, telling me how close she was. Even her fingers were throbbing in my hair now as she thrust her hips roughly at my face. My fingers gripped her ass cheeks tightly and I shoved my tongue as deeply into her slit as it would go, licking at the walls of her inner canal, my teeth raking her clitoris. I began sucking at the juices that dripped from her sweet cunt, drinking at her like a fountain. Roughly she pulled my head away from her and shoved me backwards. Like some enraged animal Jackie began tearing at my clothing, the look on her face of pure lust began to almost scare me. I struggled to rid myself of my trousers, my eyes never leaving hers. Jackie tugged at my shorts, ripping them in her haste to remove them from me. Instantly my cock sprang free, hard and ready. Jackie straddled my hips and squatted down, spreading her pussy lips apart as she lowered her hips, impaling herself on my stiff cock. Her body trembled, her head shaking, hair flying, her fingers gripping at my chest. Her hips ground into mine, she rocked back and forth, tears forming in those big grey eyes as she began to climax. I slid my hands under that sexy red bra and grabbed her breasts in both hands gripping the nipples between my fingers, pulling at them. I pulled her hands away from my chest and pulled her breasts to my face sucking a nipple into my mouth, flicking at the hard tip as my hips slammed upwards meeting each thrust of her body. Jackie made almost no sounds as she climaxed, only a whimper or two which surprised me, but ever the businesswoman, I guess she didn't want the rest of the store knowing that she was getting her

attitude adjusted in a major way. "More, Collin!" she growled into my ear, "I need this so fucking bad and you feel so damn good inside of me. Fuck me hard! Please fuck me hard! Do wicked things to me, Collin. Make me do wicked things!" Hell, I thought I was! But if she wanted it rough, well then, rough was what she would get. I've learned that when you give the boss what she wants she's happier, and a happy boss is a forgiving boss. I waited until she had stopped climaxing, and then roughly pushed her off of me. From the bottom of my tote bag I pulled out a foot-long dildo that I kept in a bag for just such emergencies. Unwrapping the little monster I ordered Jackie to her knees. I grabbed her hair in one hand and pulled her head up, forcing her to look at me. "You want it rough, bitch? Suck this. Make it nice and wet." She opened her mouth wide and I slid the dildo between her ruby lips, twisting it as I pushed it toward her throat. I could see the sweat begin to form on her shoulders and back as I fucked her mouth with the firm plastic. There was almost a look of fear in her eyes, but I could see the pleasure too, the fear driving the lust. I watched a slim finger slide between her pussy lips even as she suckled at the plastic cock, a drop of lubricant falling to the floor from her reddened pussy. Roughly I pulled the dildo from her mouth and held it in front of her face as though examining it. "Very nice," I said in a sarcastic voice. "Now sit on it, but remember, whichever hole you put it in, I'm going to fuck the other." She grabbed the toy from my hand and without hesitation shoved it deep into her quivering cunt. Her legs spread wide, she fucked herself with the dildo, pushing it deeper with each thrust until it had all but disappeared inside her demanding body. Still facing her, I pushed my pulsing cock toward her smiling face. She opened her mouth wide and like the mean bastard she wanted fucking her, I stuffed her throat full of man-meat. I could feel her groan as my pelvic bone crushed her nose, felt her quiver again with another powerful orgasm, and I ground my hips into her face until she began to fight for air. "Amateur! A good whore wouldn't start fighting for air until a man filled her throat with cum," I said sarcastically. "Not too bad for a first try. Let's see how you take it in the ass. That's what you picked. You picked me fucking you in the ass, Jackie, didn't you?" "Yes," she said weakly. "Yes, what?" "Yes, I want you to fuck me in the ass." "Then you'll be my ass whore, won't you? Do you want to be my ass whore, you nasty little slut?" "Yes, I do. I want to be your ass whore, Collin. Please fuck me. Please cum inside my ass." I leaned close to her face and said quietly, "I'll cum wherever the fuck I want." She trembled again and I saw that finger flicking at her hard clit again. I eased behind her and spread her quivering ass cheeks apart with my thumbs, easing the grip of her sphincter. I grabbed my hard prick with one hand and pressed the tip at her slightly opened back hole, easing it inside her as gently as I could. I was surprised then, when she lunged back towards me ramming herself onto my pole, giving out a tiny shriek as our bodies met. Something wasn't quite right, and it took me a few seconds to figure out what it was. She was already lubricated! A quick glance at my shaft on the way out confirmed it. There was no doubt left as to what the refined and reserved Jackie Taylor liked when she wanted rough sex. That hot, pre-lubed ass told her dirty little secret. She was indeed an ass whore. So, with a grin on my silly face I rammed deep into her well-formed bottom as she whimpered and met each brutal thrust of my cock with an equal thrust of her hips. Our bodies slapped together like the applause at a concert, her groans becoming louder as she reached orgasm after orgasm, her fingernails ripping at the carpeting that surrounded

the divan. "You like being an ass whore, don't you?" I asked, grabbing a handful of her long hair and pulling her head back roughly. "It's your nasty little secret, being fucked in the ass and loving it so much, isn't it Jackie?" "Yes!" she said, "Yes, yes, yes, please just cum inside my ass, Collin! I love it so much! Oh, pleeeeeeease!" Her hand was between her legs, pulling and twisting at the big dildo buried deep in her gushing pussy. The sweat rolled up her back making a tiny pool between her shoulder blades as she rammed herself against my hips. She seemed to be having one long intense orgasm in anticipation of me emptying myself deep inside her. I rammed deep into her, pulling at her thigh with one hand and at that long thick hair with the other, grinding at her ass, jerking my hips up and down, feeling my cock getting bigger if that were possible. Now, those that know me will tell you that I do like to keep a woman happy, and keeping the woman who is my ultimate boss happy should rank right up there with the obvious things to do. You would think that, wouldn't you? Give her what she wants. I could feel the telltale urging deep in my belly, the swell in my overworked balls and knew I had mere seconds before I would begin to explode deep inside her. I let go of her and pushed her hips forward. Jackie fell flat on her belly and immediately began humping the dildo, keeping the orgasms going. I rolled her onto her back and with my fist gripping the base of my cock, knelt over her head. "Open! Now!" I demanded, pressing my bulging cock head at her lips. Like a good little whore her mouth opened wide and I slid the tip between her lips. At the same time, I bent forward and grabbed the big dildo from her throbbing cunt and roughly pulled it out of her, tossing it away, replacing it with my mouth, sliding a finger deep into her still opened puckered hole. Jackie's legs shot out to the sides and I rammed my tongue deep into her as I sucked hard on that beautiful soft pink flesh. I heard her grunt with pleasure one time before I began to fill her hungry sucking mouth with stream after stream of thick cum. I tried not to, but I couldn't help but fuck that sweet throat. She had swallowed once and I could feel her hands grip my ass cheeks, pulling me toward her. My hips dropped, sending my pole deep into her and I could feel my abdomen sliding over her face. It felt as though I would never stop climaxing. The cum poured out of me like never before, filling her belly with my seed. Still she pulled at my ass cheeks as though squeezing out as much of the stuff as was ever in me, her mouth and throat sucking hard on my cock, her tongue racing over it in every direction at once. As much as she was taking from me, she was giving back. Her hips thrust at my face, belly throbbing as her pussy filled my mouth with the sweet juices that I eagerly drank. Even the dribble of urine that I occasionally tasted was sweet nectar to be savored. I lapped at her clitoris, sucking the hard nub roughly as my tongue flicked at the tip of it until I felt her go limp beneath me, her fingers slipping from my ass cheeks. Her hips still moved against my mouth and I hated to give up the tasty morsel of her cunt, but the nagging thought that I may have gone a bit too far forced me to pull my still firm cock out of her throat. I heard her suck in huge breaths of air as my prick escaped her mouth with a distinct pop. I twisted around to look at her almost blue face. "How was that for an amateur?" she coughed. "I didn't think you would ever stop cumming." "I didn't think you would either. I'll pass you right into expert rating for that one," I said with a smile. She threw her arms around my neck and pulled my face to hers and she licked at my lips before our open mouths met, tongues wrestling in lust for each other. "I don't taste too damn bad," she said licking at my lips again, smiling. "I've never

had a wine that tasted better.” “You’re sweet,” she said. “I’m so tired, I could sleep for a week right here.” “Go ahead. I’ll tell the staff you’re not feeling well and asked to be left alone for a while. Shall I tell them you apologize?” “Yes. Apologize for my nasty behavior and beg for forgiveness for me. You might want to get some clothing on before you go out there though,” she said with a laugh, climbing back onto the couch and pulled a thin blanket over her naked body. “Don’t leave tonight, Collin,” she said softly, her eyes closing. “This time I want you to follow directions.” “I cum wherever the fuck I want,” I reminded her. “Mmmmm,” she replied simply and drifted off to sleep. I went to the sink and washed up enough to make myself look as presentable as possible before reentering the retail section of the store, hanging a “Closed” sign on my door as I pulled it shut. I made the appropriate apologies along with a thin excuse for Jackie’s poor behavior, blaming it on stress and lack of sleep. They bought it, grudgingly. “What a fucking cunt,” said Linda, the store manager, in disgust. “You have no idea,” I returned, too quietly for her to hear. END