

Craft Faire Love

by Dr. Paco Jones

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(M/fff, ff, Ff, cons, inc, Mother Daughter rom, Viol** (see notes)

Dr. Bobby does craft fairs to sell his wares. For the first show this season he hires Melinda to help him. Melinda brings a couple friends, Jessica and Hailey to help out. They continue through the entire season and beyond.

If you're looking for a stroker it's best you move along. This is a fantasy tale of true love, intrigue and romance with some serious sex thrown in.

****There is also some violence but it is in the periphery to the story and is not sexual in nature. It explains to the girls why Bobby and Sandy have many scars on their bodies. It relates to their time in military service and it is a depiction of a military style clandestine mission(s) gone terribly bad.**

Prologue

The show's promoters had provided for hotel accommodations at a very inexpensive rate for the show. Being the hopeful sort, I reserved a very large suite with a Jacuzzi tub, a huge shower area with multiple showerheads, and a round, oversized, king sized bed.

Being single, fairly wealthy, and hanging out in LA, one never knows when one may get lucky with a customer who's interested in a little extracurricular activity to go along with the customized garment they purchased or perhaps one may want to model some of the custom underwear I sell.

This show's promoter was a premier showman. He and his wife had set up five of the most prestigious craft fairs in Southern California, spaced far enough apart that it was easily possible for me to re-stock after each.

They actually catered to people that they personally detested. I'm not overly enamored with the "hoidy-toidy" crowd that frequented these shows, but LA is full of the "Rich Bitches" and the wannabe's that come in the attempt to be seen, and usually there was plenty of celebrity to be seen with.

Though I'm pretty wealthy, you would never know it by looking at me. Maybe looking at my rig, or my home you would notice that there might be a few bucks there, but I never flaunted what I had; it attracted too many greedheads.

I absolutely detest people who do flaunt their material assets! They think because they have a little money in the bank that everyone else needs to kiss their asses and lick their boots.

Then there are the "celebrity" that feel like everyone should notice who they are, and dote over them because they had a bit part in some "B" flick 20 years ago. Then they have the nerve to get indignant when they're treated like everyone else in the crowd. I go out of my way to humble their egotistical, arrogant asses.

I may lose a sale, but it's more fun to watch their eyes bug out when they're bluntly told their "talent" is massively less than Rin-Tin-Tin. You should see the look on their faces when I opine that with their expert talents they should be carrying a scoop behind the dog.

Walking away in a huff, they don't buy, but those in agreement with me do and it makes for some very entertaining conversations. I end up coming out on the positive side in the end.

I have absolutely no problem with my prices in those "neighborhoods." These are the kind of people who would pay top dollar for shit weed and because it was \$250 an eighth would be of the opinion it's the best weed around. If they ever smoked the real deal, it would probably knock them out.

Quality equates to price, so I have no issue with charging \$150 or more for a "custom" dyed T-shirt; or how about \$90 for a pair of novelty silk-screened thong skivvies? What surprises me to the most is that these ego-based people will pay it. Who am I to deprive someone of his or her stupidity?

Most times it's quite a bit less, but price is sometimes determined by attitude. I taught the girls how to recognize and adjust because our prices aren't displayed. Like at my Porsche dealer, if you have to ask you can't afford it.

Unfortunately I didn't get signed up for a premier booth for the first show. As you'll read, that situation changed dramatically. I really got to know the promoters very well after my arrival at the first show. They're great folks and they put on a super series, which I'm happy and proud to be part of.

Also, as it happened, I didn't need to "get lucky" to score a fantastic week of exceptional physical stimulation.

I couldn't believe my fortunes. Three knockout teens to help out with all of the fairs I'd planned on doing, but far beyond that, the whole experience would change my life forever.

Well, I guess I should start at the beginning.