

"Cynthia's Size"

A short story by Night Hawk
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"Hello Ken."

I didn't even have to turn around to see who knew me well enough to call me by my first name in the fanciest, classiest shoe store in town. I would have recognized that husky, sultry voice anywhere.

I first met Mrs. Brown two years ago after her husband bought one of our larger local companies, one that had been on the brink of bankruptcy. He'd managed to turn it around and saved a lot of local jobs.

"Have you got anything new to show me this week?" she asked.

I thought to myself, *it wouldn't matter anyway because what you really want is to show me the same old thing*, but I replied "Yes Ma'am, we received over half of our new Fall Line last week. Maybe you'll find something you like."

"Show me what you've got Ken, I feel an urge.... to spend."

"Well if you'll wait for just a minute, Mrs. Brown, I'll bring out samples of all of the new lines, they haven't even been put out on display yet." And with those words I rushed into the stock room.

"Remember Ken, I wear a 7AA," she called after me. How could I forget? Her shoe size is the same as my cock size when I have a hard on, which I did, as always, when Mrs. Brown comes shopping.

Mrs. Brown is what is commonly known as a flasher. The only difference is that, instead of running around in a raincoat, she goes shopping for shoes in a dress and she wears nothing underneath it.

Now don't get me wrong, Mrs. Brown really is a good customer. She is faithful to our store and spends lots of her husband's money here, and they have it to spend. Her hands are dripping with diamonds, and there must be a good ten pounds of gold wrapped around that milky white throat of hers. My only complaint is that she's a cock tease. Unlike flashers, who do it for shock value, Mrs. Brown does it just to tease. Every time she comes in to try on shoes, I spend the rest of the day with a permanent hard on!

What she does is not unusual. People would be surprised at how many rich women like to go pantyless. I guess it gives them some kind of thrill knowing that they're naked under their dresses and skirts. They also like to go braless and wear low cut blouses so that when they bend over, nothing is left to the imagination. I'll bet that in the six years

that I've been working at this expensive shoe store, I've seen more bare gash and tits than anybody in any other profession with the exception of doctors.

Anyway, the first time I met Mrs. Brown, I got a boner big enough to stretch my pants uncomfortably, and that was even before I found out that she likes to flash her gash. She stands about five foot four and probably tips the scales at about a hundred and twenty pounds. She's perfectly rounded in all the right places. Not one of the anorexic set, thankfully.

I couldn't say for sure, but comparing other experiences, I'd guess her measurements were about 34-24-32. As for the 34 part, it is definitely a C cup.

Her tits are about the size of grapefruits, and firm – hell, even if she didn't want to show them off, she still wouldn't need a bra!

Her nipples are usually stiff and the color of caramel. How do I know this? Well, when you sit on those little foot rests that the customers place their feet on when you are helping them with their shoes, and they bend over to check the fit, you get a bird's-eye view of everything they want you to see. Modest women always raise one hand to hold their tops tight to their chests.

Most of the women who like to flash would declare they never realized this and of course deny that they do it intentionally, but you know that they know by the secret smiles that they have on their faces.

The first time I laid my eyes on Mrs. Brown, I thought that I had died and gone to heaven. She didn't walk into a room - she glided. Long blonde hair with a natural wave, which frames that beautiful face. I know for a fact that, unlike so many of my other customers, she really is a natural blonde. Her skin is the color of milk with just enough tan to stop her from looking pale.

I introduced myself that first day, and after the first time she flashed me, she hasn't let any one else in the store wait on her. Oh, I thought of making a pass at her, but that's exactly what it remained, a thought. Having dealt with these rich flashers before, I know they want to tease - not please - the hired help, and yet she didn't treat me like the other flashers. She was friendly and polite, but as the saying goes, "once burned, twice shy."

The first time I waited on her, I asked to measure her feet, to which she replied, "Yes, I want you to, but I'm sure you'll find that I'm a 7AA."

Her dress that day was a pretty shade of pink that complimented her skin, and it was short enough to show off a perfect set of knees. Well, when I raised her foot to the stool to measure her it, her dress slid back to the top of her thighs and - God Almighty - I was staring right into the most beautiful pussy I have ever seen. I looked up into her pale blue eyes and saw she was smiling at me.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked innocently.

I looked down again, "No," I stammered, "nothing wrong at all." Oh Christ, what a beautiful golden triangle. It had just wisps of light blonde hair barely concealing the promise of the treasure that lay behind the veil.

As I stared, I saw that little clit of hers start to protrude and tiny droplets of her sex juices forming on her labia. That was it for me. I creamed myself. I shot a load of jism into the front of my pants so hard that I thought for sure that it would run down my pant legs.

I excused myself and hurried into the bathroom to clean up what seemed to be gallons of cum. When I returned I was carrying six boxes of shoes to hide my wet crotch, and tried to get my mind off of what I'd seen. The first pair she tried on, she didn't even stand up in them. She just bent over to feel them with her hands and that was my first look at those gorgeous breasts. Oh God, I thought, why are you doing this to me. It hasn't even been ten minutes and I'm hard as a rock again.

I didn't have to worry though about having another accident because she said, "These feel fine, I'll take them and come back next week for a few more."

I told her I'd be looking forward to it, and that it had been my pleasure meeting her and serving her.

She did return the next week, and after that she came in regularly about once every four to six weeks. Always in flasher mode. If she wasn't wearing a dress or skirt, it would be a baggy pair of tennis shorts with no panties, and then she would be forever opening and closing her legs so that I could catch glimpses of that which I desired so much. Many were the nights I lay in bed fantasizing about what I would do to that luscious body if I only had the chance. Then I would jack off and go to sleep wishing. Little was I to know that today my fondest dream would come true.

Today was different. I don't know why, but I could feel it in my bones ... and in my boner. She had a kind of glazed look in her eyes, and when she sat down in the chair, she sort of leaned back in it so that her ass slid forward. I took my position on the stool in front of her and held up a pair of open-toe pumps for her approval. She just smiled and said, "Do you think that you can fit me today Ken?"

Then she raised her leg to the stool and I watched as her dress slid back down her thigh, as usual, and I tried discreetly to sneak a glimpse of that beautiful cunt.

Holy shit! It was now as naked as her ass. She had shaved her entire twat. Fuck the job I thought! I just came right out and told her that I would do anything for a taste of her nectar.

That's when she really surprised me. She told me that it had originally started off as a game to her, but over the last year, she had started wanting me so bad that she had to

finger fuck herself after every visit to the store. She told me that she just couldn't seem to get me to make a play for her, and that she was going to stop at nothing to get me to say out loud what the bulge in my crotch had been telling for the last two years. She said her husband was out of town on a business trip, and that she had shaved her bush just for me!

"I want you to fit me Ken, but not with shoes this time. I want you to fit my pussy, a nice tight fit."

I might have been caught off guard, but I certainly was primed and ready. I told her to go home and that I would be there in less than an hour. I went and told the boss that I wasn't feeling well and that I needed to call it a day. He said, "You do look a little flushed, go home and rest, and we'll see you tomorrow."

I made it across town in record time, and after hiding my car from nosy neighbors, I made it to her house, if that's what you call a twenty-room villa.

I snuck around to the back of her house as we had arranged, and found her lounging by the side of the pool wearing a skimpy bikini.

"Mrs. Brown?" I said, cautiously, in case she had changed her mind.

"My name is Cynthia," she said as she stood up. "I think that if we're going to be lovers, we should be on a first name basis, don't you?"

I said "Hello Cynthia" and then walked over and kissed her. Softly at first, and then with the passion those months of lust had created. The time for the game playing was over, and there was no need for further talk. I pulled the strings on her bikini, and for the first time I was able to truly admire the body that previously I had only glimpsed. I stepped back to fully take in the beauty before me. The soft contours of her luscious body, the swelling breasts, and finally the slight rise of her public mound. It was time for action.

I dropped to my knees and started to kiss that freshly shaved pussy. I caressed it with my tongue and lips. I nibbled at it with my teeth, and with every stroke of my tongue, she spread her legs farther and farther. She started to moan, and I could taste her nectar flowing fast on my tongue, so I wrapped my lips around her clit and sucked it hard.

"Oh Jesus" she cried, and with that she exploded, spraying my face with her juices, and then she collapsed on me.

I lowered her gently to the towel where she had been laying and tore off my own clothes. With a hard on like I've never had before, I slipped my throbbing cock into her quivering gash. I was determined to make it last, but she was already coming again. As she did, she bit into my shoulder to stifle her screams of ecstasy. For every thrust inward, she thrust back, coming twice more before I let loose with a torrent that filled her with so much cum the excess dribbled out between us. We lay together in a soft embrace for a while, still joined, and then she rolled us both over and into the pool.

We spent the next four hours in the pool and beside it. In the water I held her up as I ate her delicious cunt again and again. She played 'bobbing for cock' as time and time again she would go under water and suck on my rod. We fucked in the water and out of the water in every position imaginable until we were both fucked out. We fell asleep cuddling each other, and when we woke up it was well after midnight.

Cynthia's husband is not due back for another ten days, and I have a week's vacation coming. Cynthia has asked that I spend my week with her. I said that nothing could please me more. I think that I'm going to have a great vacation. It seems that Cynthia and I have both found the perfect fit!

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