

Confessions of a Poodle Shaver

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I watched Melissa lead Molly around the show ring once more. Molly was clearly the best poodle in the ring. The crowd knew it. Melissa and I knew it. Molly knew it -- you could tell by the way she moved. Did the judge know it?

Then the judge, old man Caruthers, pointed to Molly and held up a single finger. I applauded. The crowd cheered. Molly had won her first Best of Breed at Westminster. As Melissa circled the ring once more, she gave me a look of pure lust. I knew how we'd celebrate this victory!

Call me a poodle shaver. I'm actually a groomer. I specialize in standard poodles; I'm one of the top five professional groomers of standard poodles in North America. Hey, what else do you do with a degree in medieval history? Melissa is one of the top handlers.

Now I hear you asking: Groomer? What kind of a job is that? Professional? Yes, professional; think of it as the fashion or modeling business. It's a high-stakes, fast-paced, jet-setting business. It pays pretty well, too. I have clients all over North America, clients that demand my attention every four to six weeks year round, and special attention just prior to and during shows. I travel a lot, racking up those miles, and anything over 3 hours is first class. The owner or handler pays for my time, travel and all expenses. Some say certain owners try and monopolize my time, but I think they'd all agree I don't favor any particular owner or animal; I work to present each animal at its individual best, and that's what it's all about.

Let me talk technical for a bit. First there's nomenclature: male animals are called dogs. Females are called bitches. A dog show has both, and is one of the few places where you can say out loud, "What a good looking bitch," and not get slapped silly. But if you walk up to an animal and its handler or owner and say, "Ooh, what a pretty doggy," while looking at a bitch, you may not get a pleasant reception.

Last season at the Westminster show I was putting the final touches on a really fine bitch when an idiot walked up and made what she thought was a complimentary remark. I was busy and remained quiet, having a comb in one hand, a brush in the other, and a pair of scissors between my teeth, but the animal's owner was standing right by me. He's an older gentleman, and always dresses quite formally on show days -- very upper class. He gave this woman a withering look and said, "This is a champion bitch, and you are an ignorant sow." She gasped and huffed off. He

received mild applause from other owners, groomers, and handlers nearby. If you're unsure as to the sex of the animal in question, you're safe saying, "What a fine animal."

But, this story started about eight months ago.

I'd worked with Melissa for a while; she's become one of the top handlers for the breed. She gave me a call a few weeks after a regional show; we had a good time. I groomed a couple of animals for that show, and Melissa showed one of them, winning best of breed, and best of show. The owners threw quite a party at their country estate, inviting most of the other owners and handlers. Melissa and I had a good time and started getting to know each other. It's hard for us to have much of a social life outside the dog world, with all the travel we do. She's based out of Dallas; I'm on the West Coast.

She gave me a call a while later; she wanted me to take on a new animal, a young bitch that she thought had the ability to take it all. I was hesitant at first; my dance card was pretty full. But we talked about the animal's breeding, and her owners. We were familiar with both. I'd received a letter from the owners a few months ago wanting me to take on their animal; I hadn't responded. It turned out though that the owners were quite wealthy, willing to spend whatever it took to make this animal a champion.

I still wasn't sure. Then Melissa told me I could come out for four days, all expenses paid, first class. We'd work with the animal for a few hours a day, and the rest of the time have the use of the guest house on the owner's estate. It was an invitation for a paid vacation, with her. How could I refuse? I asked how they convinced her to take on a new animal; she was at least as busy as I was. She answered with a laugh. "They bought me."

So a week and a half later we both flew into the large airport near the owner's home. When I got off the plane, Melissa and a limo driver were waiting for me at the gate. We picked up our baggage and headed off for the two hour drive.

When did things start getting interesting? It had to be that first day, late in the afternoon. Melissa and I were lounging around the pool; it was quite warm and humid out. We were both enjoying being able to rest and relax for a while. We had nothing to do for a few hours; we'd get a call for dinner.

I'd never seen her in a bikini before; she was breathtaking. Her bikini left very little to the imagination. She had a few wisps of curly hair peeking around the edges of her bikini bottom; I seem to remember some talk about that. I certainly remember seeing them. I was busy trying to keep my erection from showing.

We had dinner with the owners and their family in the main house. Dinner conversation was the usual: dog shows, dog show politics, and of course their Molly. We spent more time with Molly after dinner. Melissa put her on lead and took her around. I played the part of the gruff judge, prodding, poking, and handling her. I gave her another close look, still deciding on some aspects of her grooming, deciding what would show her the best. She responded very well for her age, both to Melissa and to my handling.

Melissa and I retired to the guest house for the night; the guest house had two bedrooms, two and a half bathrooms, a kitchen, living room, its own satellite dish, and was bigger than the place I lived in. We'd both bathed before dinner. I expected to read for a while, maybe watch some TV, and get to bed early.

I was sitting in the living room not really looking through the TV listings when Melissa came in, wearing a robe, a sly smile, and not much else.

"Where's your kit?" she asked.

I looked up confused. "What?"

She gave me a predatory smile. "You agreed to trim me, remember?"

I was taken aback momentarily; I didn't quite remember that. "Okay, I'll get my bag. Where do you want to do it?"

She smiled; another predatory look. She took a deep breath, and I saw her chest move under the robe. She shifted her weight a little. "How about on the bed in my room?" She had the larger of the two bedrooms, the one with the king size bed and the marble bathroom that was almost the size of my apartment.

I stood up. "Okay, get a pool towel and we'll get started. I'll be right back."

I got my bag. I haven't worked much on primates, mostly canines. I'd start with a medium clipper and trim up with the straight razor. Hmm... What's the job I'm doing here? I wasn't sure. Sounds like fun, though... Walking back to the large bedroom I was of two minds on this; well, one mind and one set of glands. Where was this going? How far was I willing to go? The part between my ears wasn't sure; the part between my legs was pretty enthusiastic, getting more enthusiastic with each step.

Melissa was bent over, her back to me, spreading a towel over the foot of the bed as I walked in -- what a nice view. I set my bag down and smiled. She looked a bit flushed, excited. I fished an extension cord out of my bag and plugged it into the wall.

"Do we have something to hold hot water?" I asked.

She gave me somewhat of an apprehensive look, but then nodded and left the room for a moment. She returned with a plastic container that would hold a few quarts of water.

I took it from her with a smile. "That will do nicely. Why don't you have a seat."

I walked into her bathroom, and running the hot water in the tub, filled the container. My usual approach was to have the water a little too hot -- it would cool enough by the time I needed it. I also grabbed a washcloth and a few small towels, dropping the washcloth into the hot water.

I sat on the floor at her feet. I probably had a smirk on my face. I tried to change to my professional demeanor. "Okay, shall we begin? What would you like?"

She blushed a bit, and took a deep breath. She gave me a smile, stood up a bit, and pulled up the robe, pulling it around her waist, leaving her top half covered.

I couldn't help but sigh. I looked up into her face -- we both chuckled.

"Melissa, you are beautiful. A little off around the edges?"

She sat down on the towel and shook her head, looking at me intently. "Nope, take it all off."

Somehow the professional had control still. I nodded. "Okay, why don't you lean back and spread your legs. I'll start with the clippers first."

She laughed a little as she flopped back on the bed, spreading her legs and giving me quite a view. I got out the electric clippers with a freshly polished set of blades. I plugged them in and turned them on.

Even though I hadn't touched her, she twitched on the bed. Okay, I know all about this. You need to acclimate the animal to the sound and the sensation of the clippers. I touched the hand not holding the clippers to the inside of her thigh. She jumped again.

"Now, we need to stay still for this. Do I need to put the collar on you?"

We use a grooming collar on the animals -- it's a wide collar so as not to mark or damage the coat. It gets hooked to the grooming stand, holding the animal's head in place. After a few grooming sessions, they get used to it, and settle right down when you put the collar on them. It becomes part of the ritual.

"Yes," she moaned from the bed.

"What?" I asked, a little surprised.

"Yes, put the collar on me, please," she practically whimpered.

I turned off the clippers and set them down. I looked in my bag. Yes, I did have a collar large enough -- one which had never been used -- probably for a mastiff, or some other large breed.

I got up and went around to her on the bed. She was looking a little wild eyed, but smiled. I reached down and put the collar around her pretty neck. She shivered a bit at the touch. I don't think she was cold. I clipped a strap on the collar's ring, and put the other end of the strap in her hand.

Looking into her blue eyes, I said, "Hold on to the strap and see if you can help keep our girl steady." She nodded, giggling a little.

I sat down again, and picked up the clippers, turning them on. Holding them in my right hand, I placed the knuckles of that hand gently against her leg. She moved a bit, and moaned.

My nose told me what was going on, and my eyes confirmed it -- she was very aroused. I nodded, breathing through my mouth, trying to retain my composure.

"Okay, I'm going to touch you some more with the clippers, just to get you used to them. I'm going to put my other hand on you to help hold you still. Ready?"

"Yes," she whimpered.

I put my left hand on her right thigh, and moved the clippers up. As I went up on my knees, I touched the back of my right hand to her mound. I'd shaved my legs once, just to see what the clippers felt like. I think she was experiencing something quite different -- she moaned again.

What to do? Should I... No, let's get on with it. "Here we go," I said, and made the first pass over her mound.

She made some noise, but stayed still. I put a hand on her hip and pressed gently. That got more of a moan, even though the clippers weren't touching her.

I made another pass, pressing gently to trim her curly hair close. She was making some noise, and was breathing deeply, but not moving. "Good girl," I said in my professional voice. We both laughed a little.

"Now hold on to the strap and keep our girl still..."

I whisked off the hair on her mound. That left the delicate parts. I could see her lips and her clit full and proud. This was going to be touchy!

"Okay, spread your legs wide. Hold the strap, and keep her steady!"

I had to position and pull her outer lips as I trimmed down the hair. She was hot and wet. She held more or less still, but made some noise.

"Make as much noise as you want, just keep still like you're doing. You're doing great."

I could see the muscles in her legs and stomach rippling as I trimmed. She made a lot of noise as I trimmed between her legs, down to her bottom. "Almost done with the clippers," I told her.

As I picked up a few strays, I rested the edge of my hand on her inner thigh. She held still, but let out a long, low moan.

“All done with the clippers, “ I said, turning them off and putting them down. I saw her relax on the bed, and laugh a little. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?” I asked.

“Oh my God...” she moaned, half laughing.

I thought for a moment, digging through my bag for a pair of clippers I seldom used. They had heavy blades, and I only use them to take care of mats and snags, practically shearing. They were also unbalanced as hell, and buzz a lot in my hand. I plugged them in.

“Now, are you going to be able to keep still for the next part, or would you like some help relaxing?”

“God, Roger, I don’t know,” she said, desperation in her voice along with a laugh.

I left the cover on the blade, and turned on the clippers. “Okay then, relax for me. Hold the strap tight. You can make as much noise as you want, and move around if you need to.”

She tensed up at the sound of the noisy clippers. I turned my hand extending the knuckle of my middle finger, and gently brought it to her slit, sliding it up to her clit.

She moaned and thrashed on the bed as I circled her clit with my vibrating knuckle. I watched as her hands flew to her breasts, holding and squeezing.

“Oh God! Finish me, please!” she cried.

I pressed my left hand gently on her newly trimmed mound and brought my buzzing knuckle gently on to her button, moving slowly, gently. Her knees clamped around my body, and soon she cried out and collapsed back on the bed. I turned off the clippers and set them down.

“Good girl -- that’s better,” I said. She laughed softly, panting a little. I leaned over and put a quick kiss on her button, tasting her. She gasped. She was delicious.

As she recovered, I took the can of shaving cream out and shook it, popping off the top. I got the washcloth out of the hot water and wrung it out over the bowl. It was warm, but not too hot.

“Okay, I’m going to wipe you off, then put on some shaving cream. You can move around some if you want to, but when I tell you to, you’re going to need to keep very still again, okay?”

“Yes,” she sighed.

I wiped her with the washcloth, gently but sensuously. She moaned and moved under my hands. I put the washcloth back in the bowl and picked up the shaving cream.

“Okay, easy part first, or hard part first?” I asked her.

She panted and laughed. "Easy part first -- let me get used to it."

"Okay," I said, and put a glob of shaving cream on her mound, spreading it out a bit. She quivered a bit. "That's cold!"

I got out my straight razor and the strop. I made sure I had a good edge.

"Okay, hold the strap again, and keep our girl still. You're doing very well. Keep still."

I put one of the towels over my leg, and working quickly, shaved the easy parts smooth, wiping the razor on the towel on my leg. I wiped her down with the washcloth again, and ran it over the more delicate areas, then returned it to the bowl.

"Okay, now for the hard part. You're doing really well. Hold still when I tell you to. The shaving cream will be a little cool again." Maybe I should get a heated dispenser, I thought.

She jumped a little as I spread the cream on her lips and between her legs. She was breathing fast.

"Okay, deep slow breathing for me and keep very still, legs open really wide."

Her lips were slippery, from the shaving cream and her own juices, as I shaved the rest of her smooth.

I folded my razor and put it down, and got the washcloth, not wringing it out as much this time. As I put it on her to wipe her clean, I said, "Good girl! Very good!"

She moaned and laughed under my hands. She started rocking her hips to my motion. I could hear her breathing pick up again. I smiled -- this was going to be fun.

I dropped the washcloth and picked up the other clean towel, and dried her gently. She relaxed on the bed again, almost whimpering, her hips continuing to move for a bit after my hands left them.

"One last thing," I said. I picked up the bottle of baby oil from my bag. It's important, after shaving like that, to protect and soothe the skin -- man or beast. I put a good amount on my hands and warmed it a little.

"Now to finish the job," I said, putting my hands on her again. I smoothed the oil into her skin, moving and pressing rhythmically. She moaned and bucked on the bed -- she was getting close.

God, I screwed up. I wanted her clit in my mouth; I wanted to feel her legs around my head, squeezing me tight. I wanted to taste her fully. Ah well, next time -- I slipped an oiled finger into her and hooked it back on the magic spot inside as I attended to her button on the outside.

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She moaned, shook, and cried, and I kept going, telling her to relax and enjoy it. It took her a few minutes, but finally with a shudder from head to toe, she relaxed. I removed my hands slowly, and wiped off the excess oil. I leaned over and kissed her smooth skin gently. I got a slight shudder for that contact.

I wiped off the razor, and put it and the shaving cream back in the case. I popped the blades off the clippers and put them in the container for cleaning and sterilization. I also slipped off my shoes and socks.

I moved around to the side of the bed and reached for the collar. As I touched her, she opened her eyes, giving me a blissful, if somewhat glazed smile.

“All done,” I told her, “How was that?”

She sighed, then her eyes focused. She gave me a lusty look and a feral grin. She started lifting off the bed.

I held onto the strap and pulled her back down. “Steady girl!” I laughed.

She took my hand and sat up. She looked me in the eye. “Take off your clothes, now!”

I stripped quickly. She tossed off the collar and robe and threw me on to the bed, jumping on top of me. We rolled around, kissing and feeling. She was ravenous. As we rolled around, I slid into her while she was on her back. Her head snapped back and she moaned, grabbing my waist, then pressing both hands against my sternum as she wiggled underneath me.

I thought I could ride us to the finish line, but she had other ideas, and I soon found myself on my back. She pressed her hands on my shoulders and ground into me.

“Oh God, Roger!” she growled, looking at me.

I reached up and squeezed her breasts. When I gave her nipples a squeeze, she shrieked and shuddered on top of me. When she was more coherent, she looked me in the eye, and with that wicked grin, said, “Now you’re going to get it...”

She rocked on top of me, and pretty soon all I could do was hang on. Now I was the one moaning incoherently. I came inside her, and she laughed, saying, “Oh, good boy! Good boy!” Then she leaned forward and we kissed again.

We didn’t get a lot of sleep that night, but it was grand. We showered together in the morning, and as I helped Melissa dry off, she said, “God, that feels good!” I ran a hand over her, slipping a finger inside. She moaned and bent forward, but held my hand in place. “I agree,” I told her.

Unfortunately, we’d agreed on a time for breakfast. We dressed and headed to the main house. As we did, Melissa told me, “I can’t believe how sexy that feels!”

I laughed. "It shows in the way you walk, my dear."

"Well, you had something to do with that as well. Just how many times have you done that?"

"Done what?" I asked indignantly. She laughed.

Thankfully, the owners were oblivious to everything except their precious Molly.

Molly was a quick study. I groomed her for the first time that afternoon, with Melissa and the lady of the house present. I went over Molly carefully, describing what I saw as her strong points, and her weak points. I also pointed out where her previous grooming had caused some problems that would take skill to overcome, and time to grow out.

The first time I turned on the clippers, I looked Melissa in the eye. She blushed a little and her nostrils flared at the buzzing sound. We got to "rest" before dinner. I spent the time between Melissa's legs, holding on and hoping the place was soundproof.

Melissa and I had a lot of fun in the next few days, and Molly proved to be very talented. Much to the chagrin of the owners, one of their kids showed us Molly's favorite toy -- a gray plastic rat. The first time we gave it to her, she held her head up high and proud, and pranced around for us, holding that thing in her mouth. Melissa and I looked at each other -- we had a champion here.

But, our stay drew to a close. Standing together in the bedroom, we paused our packing and hugged.

"When am I going to see you again?" I asked.

Melissa smiled. "Three weeks -- Denver."

I laughed and held her. "I may have to fly in a day early."

She dug fingers into my back. "And plan to stay at least one day afterwards."

We necked shamelessly in the back of the limo going to the airport, and parted tearfully.

Through some reshuffling of schedules, we got together a week and a half later, in Phoenix. The people we were working with were only too happy to pay for one hotel room rather than two. Melissa was working with some animals, and I was there to give them a trim.

We had a working afternoon -- barely getting in a kiss and a grope or three. But work was finally done, and we returned to the hotel for the night, after having a quick bite at a restaurant.

"Oh, I want you," I panted as we got back in the car to go to the hotel.

Melissa ran fingers along my thigh. “Good, but you’ve got some work to do first.”

“Oh?”

“I need a trim.”

I laughed. I thought quickly -- yes, I had an unused set of clipper blades. I always use clean blades.

Back at the hotel, she was serious. So, I set up while she got some towels and filled the ice bucket with hot water. She reclined on the bed, her feet on the floor and her bottom a little over the edge, legs spread.

“Well, it looks like I can just use the razor, beautiful.” I leaned in and kissed her. She squeezed my head momentarily between her legs.

“No, use the clippers first. And I need the collar.”

There was such desire, feeling in her voice... I got out the collar, and put it on her, handing her the strap.

“Are you going to behave for me?” I asked her, looking her in the eye.

She nodded, smiling. Her nipples were perky, and I could smell her intoxicating scent as I moved back between her legs. I got out the clippers, and ran them over her, taking my time. She moaned, but didn’t move her hips or legs.

“Done with the clippers. Good girl!”

She was panting still, and laughed nervously. As I got out the washcloth and wiped her down, she moaned again and tensed up. I put the washcloth back in the water.

“You’re way too tense for me to use the razor. Let’s see if I can help you relax.”

I’d learned my lesson from the first time. I moved in with my mouth, kissing up the inside of her thigh while I picked up some of her moisture on the fingers of my right hand. She was so tasty and responsive, and came quickly and intensely.

I sat back, pulling my finger out of her, then wiped my hands and face.

“There, that’s much better. Now you’ll be still for the razor, won’t you?”

She moaned, “Uh huh...” from the bed, and sighed.

As I reached for the razor and the shaving cream, I put the plastic bottle of baby oil in the hot water to warm, along with a bottle of Astroglide, a lubricant. That would be nice. She was

quite relaxed for the shave, and only made a bit of noise. I washed her again with the washcloth, then dried her.

“Good girl! Are you ready for the oil now, to soothe and protect your skin?”

“Oh yes,” she moaned. I could see her pulling on the strap, tugging the collar around her neck.

I slipped off my clothes, then got out the oil. It was nice and warm. I had a slightly different approach in mind tonight. I put some of the oil in my hands, and quickly started spreading and massaging it on to her. She responded very nicely.

With her legs spread, I was massaging in the oil, brushing her button a little as I did. She was getting close. I put a bit of Astroglide on the end of my cock, spreading it over the tip with one hand as I brought her to the edge with the other.

I moved up and forward, and slid into her, sliding my hands under her back and pulling on her shoulders, pulling us together. We both moaned as we kissed. She came quickly, and I followed. We managed to get some sleep that night. Late the next afternoon, we decided to stay one more night, and fly home in the morning so we could rest. That’s it, we needed to rest.

A week and a half later, it was Denver. I’d gotten in a few days early, my days packed with grooming sessions. Melissa could get in the day before things started. I drove out to pick her up at the airport -- we were staying together again. Both of us spread the costs on these trips over the clients we were supporting, and those folks didn’t mind us sharing rooms. I had a number of animals to tend to. Melissa was showing one of them, and showing another breed as well.

I waited at the gate for her flight. I had a rose for her. I’d also stocked up on other things. I had a heated shaving cream dispenser now, and a small vibrator, and a very pretty collar for her. It’s interesting what you can find in some of San Francisco’s specialty shops.

Even though it had only been nine days, I missed her. And from the greeting I received when she got off the plane, I think she missed me as well. She liked the rose, and as we were making the long drive from the airport back to the hotel, I gave her the package with the collar in it. It was a velvet collar, with a silver catch. When she opened the package and saw it, she gave me a low laugh.

“Try it on,” I suggested.

She dug fingers into my thigh. “No, you need to put it on me.”

It was my turn for a low laugh.

“So, do you need another trim?” I asked.

She sighed. "Oh yes, but I can't decide if I want it tonight, or first thing in the morning. You remember Carla? The tall redhead?"

"Yeah, doesn't she usually show boxers?"

"That's her. She was hurt in a car accident last week. I'm showing for her first thing in the morning."

I nodded. "Do you need to meet the animal tonight? We can swing by the hall."

"No, we're the second group actually, and Carla says he's really easy to work with. I thought..."

She drifted into silence, her hand on the back of my neck, playing with my hair.

"You thought?" I asked.

I looked over to her. She smiled, a good lusty smile.

"Tonight I want to make love," she said, "You can trim me in the morning."

I nodded. "Whatever you want. I'm in the service business."

She laughed. "I hope this isn't a service you're providing to anyone else!"

When we got to the hotel, I was going to give her time to unpack first. We ended up on the bed, shedding clothing. Our lovemaking was frantic, needy, almost convulsive. I helped her unpack afterwards. She looked with approval at my hot lather dispenser, sitting in the bathroom.

"Do your other clients like this?" she asked with a gleam in her eye.

"I didn't get it for my other clients," I told her, running a hand over her bare back, "I got it for you."

A few minutes later she handed me the collar I'd gotten. Both of us tingled as I put it on her. We started kissing again, and crawled into bed, turning off the lights after setting the alarm. This time our lovemaking was more subdued, more relaxed, but just as intense.

The alarm went off. "Show day!" I called out. Melissa rolled over and kissed me. She was still wearing the collar.

"What would you like, shower first and then trim, or trim first?"

She helped me up. "Let's shower first."

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We showered and dried off. While she dried her shoulder length hair, I set up things for her trim, moving the lather dispenser next to the bed. I was ready to start, when she sat on the bed and told me, "I need the collar."

I had it in its own little cloth bag now. I got it out and put it on her, watching her nostrils flare a little as I tightened it and hooked on the strap. She leaned back on the bed and sighed. I kissed my way down her body. She had some stubble, but not much.

"Still want me to use the clippers first?" I asked.

"Oh yes, please," she whispered.

I chuckled and started in. I had the washcloth, baby oil, and Astroglide in the hot water. The little vibrator had been in the cloth bag with her collar. Both of us enjoyed the clippers. I could tell now how excited this got her. I finished with the clippers and wiped her down with the washcloth, and without asking, moved in with the little vibrator and my mouth. She moaned, shrieked, shook, and eventually collapsed on the bed.

"Was that a good surprise?" I asked as I wiped myself off. She laughed softly as she panted.

"Let's see how you like the hot lather." The dispenser made a little noise as it put hot lather into my hand. She sighed and shook a little as I spread it out. "Oh, that's very nice," she told me.

I had a straight razor just for her now. I shaved her, then wiped her clean.

"All ready for the finishing touches?" I asked as I got the oil.

"Yes, please!" she moaned. I applied the warm oil, smoothing it into her, and then working more rhythmically. I switched to one hand as her hips caught the rhythm, as I put some lube on my cock.

"Oh, in me! In me now!" she cried.

I moved things away from me on the floor, and pulled her bottom off the bed and into my lap. I impaled her on me, and as we slid together, she flung her arms around me.

She rode me well, kissing me, and pushing me back on to the floor. I felt her gripping me tightly as she came, and that pushed me over the edge.

I looked into her eyes when the room stopped spinning.

"You are good," she told me.

I laughed. "We need to get dressed. We've got other clients to take care of."

She stood up with a slurp, grabbing one of the towels. We both toweled off again, and she spent a few minutes sitting on the toilet.

I was pretty much dressed when she came out of the bathroom. We kissed again, and I reached for the collar -- she still had it on, with the strap taken off. She held my hand.

"I want to wear it," she told me.

I looked her in the eye.

"I'm going to wear it in the ring. I want to. I need to."

I kissed her hand.

She had a very nice outfit, with a turtleneck top covering the collar. The colors would show the animals well. I grabbed my bag and stood by the door.

"Aren't you taking those?" she said, pointing to the razor, clippers, and lather dispenser.

I walked over to her and put an arm around her back, taking my hand up her back to feel the collar around her neck. "No, that's a special set, for my most important client." She laughed, then gave me one hell of a kiss.

We made it to the hall, and parked. We had a parking pass that let us get fairly close. We kissed as we showed our passes at the door.

"Okay," I told her, "See you around eleven. Knock 'em dead!"

She laughed and shook her head as she walked off.

I went back to my final prep work. I had time to give an owner/handler some tips on preparing her animal for the show ring while I was waiting for a client to arrive.

Melissa showed up about a quarter to eleven. One owner was entering two animals, a dog and a bitch. We were going to decide which looked better today -- that animal would go with Melissa. The owner would show the other.

"How did you do?" I asked as she walked up grinning. She held up her index finger, and gave me a kiss.

"Well, congratulations!" I told her. The owner looked over the animals with us. The dog took a tentative sniff at Melissa, then nosed me in the crotch. Then he sat down and gave me a knowing doggie look. I laughed and looked up at Melissa. She was looking off into space, but I could see she was blushing. We agreed Melissa should take the dog.

We walked out to the ring for our turn at judging. We looked over the competition, talking to the other handlers we knew, and the owners. There were a few unknowns in this group. It was hard for me to tell who was going to come out on top though. Our dog was a good contender. The gal I'd worked with earlier looked strong as well. The other two animals I'd prepared just didn't feel like they wanted to win.

There was also one young lady I'd not seen before -- maybe I'd seen her in juniors. She looked nervous. She had a good looking dog, but he'd not been prepared well. I went over and introduced myself. She was surprised, shook my hand, and said she was pleased to meet me -- she'd heard a lot about me. I asked her if she'd like some grooming tips. She rolled her eyes and told me she could use all the help she could get. I laughed and told her I'd be happy to spend some time with the two of them later. She sighed, and said again she needed all the help she could get.

I knelt down and looked at her animal closer. He was a good looking dog, and should show well. I got the brush and comb out of my coat pocket and tidied him up a bit, looking at the animal all the time, and describing what I was doing and why.

People started lining up, so I stood. She smiled, but was still nervous. I took her hand in mine and told her, "Relax and have fun. You've got a good animal. If you're enjoying it, he will too."

Our judge, an older blue-haired gal with a heart of gold, nodded to us. She had twenty-four animals to judge. She split them into groups of eight. I had one animal in the first group -- she chose the gal I'd helped earlier in the morning, and my dog.

Melissa and her dog were in the second group. Hers was the obvious choice, along with another professionally prepared and shown bitch. The surprise in the third group was the gal I'd helped just before the competition, and another of my animals.

In the final six, both Melissa and her dog were in top form. There was something extra about the spring in Melissa's step, the way she moved. I laughed -- I knew what it was, and Melissa gave me a lusty look as she took her charge by me.

Melissa took first, with the gal I'd helped right before the competition taking second, and almost peeing in the ring, she was so excited. Another of my animals took third, and the other took fourth.

I stepped into the ring to hug Melissa, and also gave the second place winner a hug. She was beaming from ear to ear.

As the judge handed her the ribbon, she said, "You know dear, you have a fine animal. He could use a little more help with grooming." The judge gave me a smile, and said, "Very nice presentation, Roger." I nodded. "Thank you, Ma'am." Not bad -- three of the animals I'd prepared made it to the final round, taking first, third, and fourth.

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We moved back for the celebration. The animals know when they've done well. Congratulations were handed around, some more earnest than others. The gal who took second, June, was a real kick. She'd put in years as a junior handler, but this was her first big show on her own. The animal's owner was very happy. I introduced June to Melissa. Melissa told June she'd done very well. I started talking to June and the owner about grooming, and I went over the animal from tip to tail with them.

Melissa gave me a quick peck on the cheek. I stood up and hugged her. She told me she had to go off and show a hound. Then she leaned in and whispered in my ear. "Don't go picking up any more special clients! You're mine!" I laughed, and gave her a good kiss before she could get away.

June gave me a look of disappointment. Her animal's owner reappeared with a video camera, and asked if I could go over the animal again. I was happy to, and made sure I mentioned how good a job I thought June had done.

We sat among the poodle folks, eating and talking. I talked to some of the other groomers, and answered questions for people as best I could. We're all in this for the animals, and improving the breed.

I'd finished going over my poodle for the best in show judging. I was packing my stuff up, just about to take it out to the car, when Melissa walked up, with a puzzled look on her face.

"What's up? Didn't pick up another first?"

She laughed. "No, it was a tough group -- we picked up second. But I've got a problem."

"Okay, what?"

"I've got two animals in the best in show, starting in half an hour, and," she leaned closer to me, whispering in my ear, "the panties I'm wearing are soaked! I've been so turned on! I don't know what I'm going to do!"

I laughed and held her. I whispered back, "Well, take 'em off! I can't make it to the hotel and back in time. Anything else I could do would just make things worse."

"Oh, I think you can help a lot, once we get back there." She kissed my ear, then straightened up. "You're right. That's what I'll do." She gave me a very naughty look and walked off.

When I got back from the car, she was there talking to the owner, the dog on lead. The dog seemed to be very interested in her left pocket. That was strange, she usually kept the bait in her right.

I walked up and rubbed her back. "What's in your left pocket he's so interested in?" I asked out loud.

She giggled and leaned over to me, whispering. “My panties. Maybe you should take them.”

I looked at her. “Hey, if it keeps the animal attentive, do it!” We both laughed.

She showed the boxer, and the poodle. They showed well. Our poodle took third, the boxer second, and first went to a damned Papillon. I can’t stand miniature breeds.

What the hell, it was a good show. It was over, and now we started the buildup for the next one. We had a day or two to rest, then back to the grind. Tonight and tomorrow, they were for us.

Driving back to the hotel, once we got on the freeway, Melissa leaned the seat back. “God! What a day!”

I patted one of her legs, then moved my hand over, feeling her under her long skirt. “You did well -- two best of breeds, a second, and second and third overall.”

She put her hand on mine. “I need you! I was so hot! I felt so sexy, going around the ring. The way my undies felt, sliding over my smooth tush -- that was so good!”

I brought up the fabric a bit and moved a finger between her legs a little. I could feel the heat and the dampness. “How did you feel during best of show?”

She laughed and moaned, holding my hand in place with one of her hands, and hitching up her skirt with the other. “I felt so naughty! I had just enough of a breeze through the fabric! Oh!”

I was on smooth skin now, with her skirt back over my hand. I found her nub and teased it a little. She moaned and writhed in the seat. I removed my hand.

“What did you do that for?” she complained.

I patted her thigh, then squeezed a breast. “So I can drive, and get us to the hotel safely, so I can eat you until you scream.”

She sat up and gave me a pouting smile. “If you promise...”

We had a late dinner that night, and a late breakfast the next morning. We arranged for late checkout from the hotel, and barely made it to the airport on time. We had another teary separation at the airport.

That went on for months, meeting for a day or so working with clients, then spending a few more days together for shows. We had a three day period together working with Molly -- that was grand. We needed to do something, neither of us was sure what.

We developed a definite show routine. The morning before ring competition, I'd put the collar on Melissa, then trim her. I'd bring her to orgasm with the vibrator, or my mouth, or both after using the clippers. After using the razor, I'd get her to the edge massaging in the oil, and then we'd make love. She wore the collar under a turtleneck or some such. She started carrying multiple pair of silk panties with her, and if she made it to best of show, she did that without her panties, just her garter belt and stockings underneath her long skirt. She got to best of show more than she'd been doing in the last few years, and won quite a few.

That led to a funny event. We went to a dinner and reception for young handlers after one show. Atlanta? I'm not sure, they all start running together. Various handlers talked a bit, giving pointers to the up and coming generation. When we had questions, one older gal stepped up to the mike. She'd been an owner/handler for many, many years, and was now a judge, with her daughter handling.

"This question is for Melissa. I've been watching you in the ring for almost ten years, and you've been doing something different these last few months. Whatever it is, it's working really well. Care to share your secret?"

I laughed and applauded. Melissa, standing there on the stage with some other people, our friends and colleagues, turned beet red. She stepped up to the mike and said simply, "No." The place roared. A friend of mine, an older gal that does Afghan hounds, leaned over and said conspiratorially in my ear, "I'll bet you know!" She patted me on the back. I leaned back and told her, "And I'm not talking, either!"

A few months after that, after yet another show, one where Molly took best of breed and best of show, we had our first argument. We both needed each other more. I'd given her my schedule, and she'd reworked both our schedules to give us more time together, but it was time on the road. We needed more, but how?

I'd thought about it in the hectic weeks leading up to Westminster. I think we'd both thought about it. We attended a dinner after that first night of ring competition, another doggie dinner. I knew ahead of time Melissa was getting an award. She was so surprised when her name was announced. She dragged me up to the front of the room with her. Being honored by your colleagues and competitors is so special.

She stepped to the mike and thanked everyone for all their help and friendship. She was looking at me most of the time. I could see the tears in her eyes.

Then the host of the festivities said, "And we might as well do this one next. We've also got an award for Roger Peters, for the contributions he's made, and the help he's provided others."

I was stunned. My hand was more or less numb as I accepted the plaque and shook our host's hand, to the applause of the crowd. I looked at Melissa. By the grin on her face, I could tell she'd known. Well, we'd both been surprised. But I had one more surprise for her. I stepped over to the microphone.

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“I’m honored, and very surprised. Thank you all. I just have one thing to say.” I pulled Melissa over to me. “Melissa, will you marry me?”

She dropped her plaque and flung her arms around me. She sobbed, “yes,” into my ear as she held me. My eyes were wet as well. The crowd roared, and stood to applaud. After a moment, our host stepped to the microphone and said, “She said yes!” The crowd got louder, and I picked her up off her feet and held her to me. We kissed on stage, and eventually sat down again, both of us crying and laughing.

We had to run a gauntlet of congratulations to get out of there, but finally did, returning to our hotel room. We talked for hours. We decided it made the most sense for me to move -- I had a rented apartment, and she had a house. We didn’t know when the wedding would be -- we’d have to work it in between shows. We needed to pick out a ring. That would be after tomorrow’s best in show competition though.

We made soft, gentle love that night. I think we both cried. We held each other and went to sleep that way.

The next morning at the Garden, Molly’s owners had heard the news. They congratulated us both. Then we got to work again.

There are still plenty of things we have to work out, but they’ll happen. Oh, the competition? Molly took second place. That damn Papillon took first. No accounting for taste, I guess. But Melissa will always be first in my book.

FIN

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Confessions of a Poodle Shaver

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