

Asian Persuasion

Contributed by Administrator
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Tad was on his way up in the corporation; he could feel it. Employee reviews were just around the corner and he finally seemed to be making a good impression on his boss. He knew that competition for a promotion would be fierce, and being good wasn't going to be enough. Tad knew that he was going to have to look the part as well.

As much as he hated clothes shopping, he figured he'd bite the bullet and get a new suit or two and perhaps a matching sport jacket and pants. As usual, he got out of work late and the stores would be closing soon. It was Wednesday, and the men's department was vacant. He poked through the racks for a few minutes then looked at his watch. If no one comes over here to help me in about the next two minutes, he thought, I'm outta here.

He took a cursory look at three more suits, and a suddenly an Asian woman appeared at his side.

"May I help you?" She smiled.

Tad gave her the once over twice; her nametag said 'Jen.' Oh yeah, he thought, you can help me, but it's got nothing to do with buying clothes. She could have been in her thirties but possibly younger. Her shoulder-length hair was straight; with the sheen of mink, it rippled like mercury when she moved. Even white teeth contrasted against her red glossy lipstick and her smooth oriental skin. Jen's eyes sparkled, revealing glimpses of an inner passion; her eyebrows were thick and dark and perfectly shaped. Her body was curvy in all the right places; well feed but not fat, Tad estimated that she was a full C cup.

"I need a couple of new suits and something perhaps a little more casual, but still business-like."

Jen locked her forearm with his. "Follow me, please. I think I know just what you're looking for."

Doubt it, Tad thought, unless you know that I'm looking to get laid too.

Jen lead him to a rack of suits, and it turned out that she was right. Within ten minutes, Tad had picked out a navy blue and a charcoal gray suit.

"Come," she said pulling him along. "We have to measure."

In the dressing room there were a couple of chairs, several full-length mirrors, and a two step high platform on which the men stood while tailors did their measuring.

"Take off your pants and put them on the chair," Jen directed.

Tad froze like a deer in headlights.

"We don't have all night," Jen said. "What, you think I've never seen a man in his underwear before?"

Normally, he wasn't shy, but naturally, he was wearing fashion briefs, they were black and a size too small. At first, he was self conscious, wondering what Jen the tailor was going to think of his underwear. Then, he decided he just didn't give a shit. He doubted he would ever see her again. As Tad he took his pants off, he saw her bend over at the waist and pick up something off the floor. He could see the tops of her stockings and the wide strap of her garter. His cock sprung to erection like a sprinter at the gun. There was nothing he could do; since he was a boy, he was wild for women in garters and stockings. Now, few things got him as hot as quickly. He slipped into the navy suit pants, hoping that she wouldn't notice his erection peaking over the top of his briefs.

She motioned for him to stand on the platform. She cuffed the pants, with needles and a soap line without a problem. As she put her arms around his waist to measure, her cheek pushed firmly against his crotch. He was sure that she could feel how hard he was, but Jen didn't say a thing. She walked behind him and began marking the seat of his pants. He noticed her feeling his ass once or twice, but didn't say anything; after she goosed him, he let out a satisfied groan.

From behind, she started to measure his inseam. Her knuckles, hand, thumb, fingers all casually knocked against his balls, making him harder than ever.

Jen came back around front. "Righty or lefty?"

"Huh?"

"Are you right handed or left handed?"

"Right handed."

"Most right -handed guys wear their cock into their left leg. But you don't wear boxers do you?"

"No."

"Okay," she cupped his balls in her hand. "I'm going to give you a little extra fullness in the front for situations," she gently squeezed his balls, "like this." Jen pulled over a chair and put the back up against the platform. "Take off the pants, but stay right there."

Tad stepped out of the pants, and stood on the platform in his underwear.

Jen knelt on the chair, slipped his briefs off his hips and over his erection, letting them drop around his ankles. Tad was surprised, but in a good way. She cupped his balls and inhaled his cock into her mouth. She licked and sucked and played with his balls, until he was harder than polymer engineering. Without the slightest warning, she broke off, turned around, and sat in the chair. She tipped back her head all the way so that she was looking at his crotch upside down.

Jen wrapped her arms around his legs, her manicured and sharp nails digging into his thighs. Opening her mouth wide, she gobbled his fat white cock deep into her mouth and down into her throat. Bobbing her head there was something like a gargling motion that she did within her throat that tickled his cockhead as her lips and tongue massaged his shaft. If she keeps this up, he thought, there's no way I'm going to last.

As quickly as she started, she stopped. Sitting up, she turned around; "Come, sit here," she said.

Tad followed her lead, walking bottomless and erect from the platform and sitting in the chair. Jen stood in front of him. She unbuttoned her blouse to her waist and pulled her breasts free from her bra. Her tits were smooth and round with

dark, puffy nipples. Tad immediately leaned forward and sucked one then the other until they were wet and hard. Jen hiked her skirt up to her waist, displaying her wide elastic garter straps and making his cock spring to attention. She stepped forward, straddling his hips and then eased her sopping wet pussy onto his cock. In a little, out a little and in a little more until her ass was resting on his thighs.

Tad grabbed her ass with both hands, his fingers wiggling into her crack and against her asshole. Jen inhaled sharply and shivered. He looked into her sparkling eyes and kissed her passionately. She wrapped one arm around his neck as they kissed and with her free hand, she pinched his nipple. Tongues intertwined, she began rocking her hips back and forth. Rocking forward, his cock sunk deep inside her, rocking back his cock slipped out some, but his fingers pushed her asshole.

Jen trembled each way she moved; her whole crotch was on fire with the most delicious sensations.

Tad felt his balls contract in anticipation of blowing his load. He let Jen go at her own pace, not wanting this fuck to end. He felt the tremble in her hips and kissed her harder. Her mouth was soft and she was a great kisser. Her hips quaked uncontrollably; she broke off their kiss, tilted her head back and groaned loudly. Tad put his mouth on her nipple again, and sucked hard. Her quaking rippled through her pussy and brought him to the brink.

As Jen let out a long low groan, Tad clenched his teeth and grunted as he shot his hot cum deep inside her cunt. They sat remaining motionless for a few moments before Jen slowly got up. When she was standing in front of him again, she put her hands on his knees, bent over, and sucked his cock clean.

An announcement of the store closing came over the loudspeaker.

Jen put her tits back in her bra and adjusted her skirt. "No time to finish tonight," she said with a grin. "I think you'll have to come back late tomorrow evening for the rest of your measuring. That's when I'll be able to fit you in."

Tad nodded and got dressed. He wondered how many suits he was going to buy here.