

# FASHION FREAK

Olivia Marshall



*Authors note:*

Dear Reader: I love to have fun with my books. I'm a hopeless romantic, and a hopeless rebel, too! I just love breaking rules and laughing about stuff! I hope you have a fun, sexy read with this wonderful fun story – I know I did!

p.s. Most my books are virgins, untouched by editors, and straight from me to you--from the heart!

FASHION FREAK

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WARNING: This book contains high graphic content with explicit love scenes. View discretion advised. Must be 18 years or older.

## **FASHION FREAK - Olivia Marshall**

This was getting way out of hand.

The fact that the words, “Need anything else, miss?” coming out of this man’s lips sent her brain racing with sheer morbid thoughts was astonishing. And the fact that she was staring at him and visualizing him to be a huge, life-size dildo for her to use for her own whim and pleasure was downright sickening.

She pursed her lips and secured a wayward lock of auburn hair behind her ear, shaking her head.

“Just help me bring the rest of the boxes in, will you?”

She’d sounded bitchy, and she hadn’t meant to, but hey, she’d had a long day and why in the world had he asked her in such a low, tantalizing voice in the first place? Why didn’t he just say, “Do you want me to fuck you?” instead? At least he’d be forthright about it.

And maybe that way she could be forthright with her answer.

She watched his big, muscular body disappear through the doorway and sighed. It was very late now, and Carly Levvy had already let her assistant retire for the night, but since they had just received a huge shipment of stilettos, sweaters, coats, leggings, and handbags, Carly needed to make sure they were securely stored in the boutique warehouse before she called it a night.

Her assistant had hired ‘Muscles’, as Carly usually called him, many times before. Since he always wore a red cap over his head, all Carly ever saw of him were the straining, taut muscles of his arms and shoulders, and the tiny waist and tight butt of a bodybuilder. She never even recalled having seen his face. All he usually did was bring in the heavy boxes towards the warehouse at the back. Carly was always so busy at the boutique, being the owner and manager of it, that she never had much time to even say ‘Hello’ to the man.

But tonight, it was nine p.m. already, there were no customers to tend to, and no credit card terminals to tamper with. And although the Manhattan streets outside were bustling with people, the lights of the warehouse were dim, and Carly became futilely

aware of the fact that she and Muscles were there all alone. Muscles wore no cap today, for there was no sunlight outside, and he did possess, to her amazement, the beautiful, masculine face of a centerfold model. He had hair the color of glistening gold, and it tumbled past his ears in a careless way that made him look both sweet and extremely hunky. His eyes were even more golden than his hair, and they shimmered in the dark, like an 18kt gold bangle bracelet she'd set her heart on some time ago. His eyebrows were sleek and straight over his eyes, and his nose was thin and long, the nostrils slightly flared. His lips were exquisite, ample and plump, and she could only imagine . . .

"Where do you want it, Miss Levvy?"

She jerked at his voice and straightened her shoulders at his words. Where do you want *it*? Was he coming on to her? Did he mean 'it' as in where she wanted him to place his dick? She did her best to act casual and look unmoved by his innuendos. That cheap bastard. He was probably enjoying torturing her this way. Had someone told him it had been years since she'd been decently fucked? She would kill her assistant Lorena if she'd opened her mouth about that. No, she'd first fire her, then she'd kill her.

Thrusting her chin up, her eyes briskly scanned the pile of boxes lined throughout the room except for the space where she kept a small desk for bookkeeping. "Maybe on top of the three boxes at that corner," she said, pointing a perfect fingernail at the selected place.

Her light green eyes watched him as he crossed the room, the big cardboard box resting over a lean, muscled shoulder and secured on the sides with both of his arms. His butt looked amazing in those loose blue jeans, and when he bent over to lower the box, his tight red t-shirt rose just a bit and she got an indecent glimpse of his muscular lower back and waist.

"There we go," he said as he straightened and turned. "On top like you like it, miss."

"Goody," she said with a bland smile. His words heated her insides like a boiler. *On top like you like it, miss...*

When he disappeared again, Carly decided she had two choices. Keep thinking unbelievable wild things that would only dampen her panties even more, or start opening boxes to look at all the treasures she was putting up for sale during the next week.

It was a close call.

She finally opened a box, sliding a sleek letter opener into the taped center, and tearing it open. She took out a gorgeous ostrich handbag from a new California designer, it was a cute clutch purse in dark chocolate ostrich skin with a clasp made of sparkling amber crystals and pigeon feathers. She smiled at it and ran her fingertips along the tip of a feather.

“You’ve got great taste, Carly,” she congratulated herself as she set down the handbag.

“Want this one on top, too?”

Carly froze for only a second. ‘Want this one on top, too?’ his words echoed in her brain. If she turned to look at him, Carly knew that she would envision herself naked and on top of *him*, riding him like a cowgirl on a rodeo match, and since it was a really wild, silly, uncharacteristic notion of hers, she stared blankly at the contents of the box she’d just opened and said, “On the floor, right beside the other ones, please.”

“Your wish is my command,” he said.

She gritted her teeth, hating him already, and she didn’t even know the guy. Having heard enough, she whirled around to face him and clenched her fists at her sides, her fingernails digging into her palms. “Will you please stop saying those things,” she hissed.

He turned to her in puzzlement after he’d set the box down on the floor.

“Pardon?”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “You’ve done nothing but tease and taunt me the whole night and let me just say that I *don’t* appreciate it.”

He genuinely looked like he had no idea what she was talking about. His eyes were wide and he lifted his palms up as if in surrender. “Look, miss, I don’t mean to be disrespectful, but I didn’t—“

“But nothing!” she said furiously, taking a step towards him like a furious she-devil. “You’re deliberately testing me. Does it excite you to torment me with your words, filled with sexual connotations? Do you enjoy filling my brains with nasty images of you and me having wild, dirty sex? Do you?”

“Well, I—“

“I don’t know who you’ve been talking to, but just because I haven’t had a fulfilling relationship during the last year doesn’t mean it’s because I don’t want to!”

“Well, if you’d rather—“

“I would rather you keep your mouth shut and just do your job without coming here and testing my will! I may be a hard woman in business, but I’ve got feelings, too, mister, and your words have moved me to the point where I can stand listening to *no* more!”

His eyes slimmed into slits, and his face turned hard when he took a step towards her. “Now, see here, miss,” he said a low, deadly voice. “I did not mean anything disrespectful, and I’ve no idea what you just said to me. But if you want me to fuck you, why don’t you just say so?”

She stared at him, her chest heaving. He stared at her, his nostrils flaring at each breath he took.

It took him forever to move.

He grabbed her jacket with his soiled, big hands—her expensive LAMB linen jacket—and jerked it open, the buttons flying to the floor. She gasped, outraged.

“Why, you!”

He grabbed the St. John silky camisole beneath, took it in both his hands, and tore it open. The tearing sound was like a death sentence, and Carly cried out in outrage.

“You, mister, are going to pay for that!”

He looked like he didn’t give a damn, because now he pulled open the zipper of her LAMB skirt and dropped it carelessly to the floor. Carly was very, very still, outraged at the assault . . . and totally thrilled.

Kneeling on his knees, he took a whiff of her panties like a hungry, rabid dog. It was gross . . . and so despicably exciting that she felt her vagina flood with desire. “Oh, my,” she breathed, fanning herself with her hand as he nudged her cunt with his nose, sniffing her there. She nearly fell backwards when his teeth snatched her silk laced panties and pulled. He made low growling sounds in the process. Dog sounds. Sounds that rasped over her skin like a caress.

“Yes, oh, yes,” she begged, sinking her nails into his hair. And then his teeth pulled on her panties harder, her silk and lace La Perla panties, and she heard them tear

open. "Oh, no, no," she said, shaking her head as she looked down at him. He ignored her and nuzzled the trim curls of her cunt with his nose, still making growling doggy sounds. This getting laid was going to cost her thousands, she thought breathlessly as she stared longingly at the La Perla panties lying torn over the polished cement floor...but yes, it was worth every penny.

"Here doggy," she whispered as she took a step backwards and sat on top of the sturdy cardboard box he'd set down on the floor only moments ago. Spreading her legs apart, she cupped her boobs through her lacy La Perla bra in what she hoped was the pose of an experienced seductress. Maybe she should remove her bra before she flushed down another three hundred dollars down the drain . . . then again, maybe he'd sniff her and bite her there, and she was sort of liking it. Sort of? She was hot and heady with desire and all she knew was that she wanted more, more sniffing, more growling, more.

*Here, doggy, come lick mama . . . here, boy . . .*

He was on his knees when he placed his big hard body between her thighs, his face contorted with desire. "I'm not your puppy," he said roughly before he sank his nose into her curls. She stiffened in both surprise and pleasure when his tongue licked her cunt like a puppy drinking milk with rhythmic, precise strokes.

"Oh, my," she gasped, throwing her head back and closing her eyes, savoring the incredible feel of a man performing oral on her. It had been . . . forever.

She moaned in protest when his tongue left her cunt. It slowly ran down the length of her thighs down to her ankles, leaving a damp, hot path on her skin in its wake. He took one sleek red patent leather pump with his hands and before she knew it he bit off the heel and flung it aside. Before tonight, they had been her favorite Manolo Blahnik red patent leather pumps . . . now they were just . . . useless.

She scowled. "Bad, bad doggy," she said, pointing a finger at him in distaste. He was going to finish with her wardrobe, that dog!

"I'm not your dog either," he said brusquely, cocking his head sideways to suck her pointed finger into his mouth, lick it with his tongue. He drew it in and made slow suckling sounds while he did so. She watched, mesmerized, and immediately forgot all about the shoe. His mouth was hot and his tongue was strong and ruthless with her finger. She wished to taste that delicious mouth of his with her own.

She bent forward and pressed her lips to his at the same time she slid her finger out of his mouth, only to replace it with her tongue, thrusting it inside him. He made a low animal sound, not like a dog, but like a wolf. When his tongue pushed through hers and delved into her mouth, she whimpered at the powerful way it stroked and possessed her. His hands fell to her breasts and he squeezed their fullness into his palms. She closed her eyes, expecting to hear the fabric tear apart, but instead, he pulled it lower, to expose the fullness of her breasts without removing it, and then his mouth left hers only to seek something else entirely . . . a nipple.

He circled her nipple with his tongue, slowly, precisely, while his other hand did the same movement on her other nipple with his thumb. Her cunt was wet and aching and it was so close to his body as he was bent forward, sucking her nipple, that she lifted her hip and slowly rocked her cunt against his rock hard abs, feeling the muscles pressing against her clit through the cotton fabric of his shirt.

“You want it bad, don’t you, Carly,” he whispered against the mound of her breast. He sank his teeth on the skin around her nipple and she cried out in pleasure. “You’re so wet for me I can feel it through my shirt.”

“Then take it off,” she urged as she helped him peel off the cotton red t-shirt.

“Take off your bra, Carly,” he said as he stood and fumbled with his jeans. “And anything else you don’t want me to break.”

She did so, her eyes watching in amazement as he pulled down his jeans and underwear only to reveal his throbbing arousal. Whoever said that muscular men had tiny penises was solely, deeply, badly mistaken. Muscles’s dick was monstrous. In fact, Carly feared that if he thrust it inside her, he might even hurt her...

She decided didn’t give a damn if she ended up bleeding in the hospital afterwards.

She wanted—no, needed—his cock inside her as soon as possible. Her vagina was swollen with need, she could feel it pulsing between her legs like a live beast, demanding to be satisfied.

“You’re beautiful,” she said as he came closer, his cock sticking out tall and proud from a mass of light golden hair.

“Want to taste it?” His voice was so low she hardly heard it.



“Yes.” Engrossed, she wrapped the fingers of one hand around the length of him.

“I’ve wanted you, Carly,” he whispered as he watched her stick out her tongue and circle the head of his penis in a slow, measured stroke. “I’ve dreamed of fucking you.”

“Oh, God,” she said, closing her eyes at his words, rubbing the tip of his penis against her pouted lips.

“I paid an escort to blow me,” he said darkly. “Just so I could call her Carly when I came in her mouth.”

Which was a waste of good money, because the real Carly was doing it for free...

Carly felt dizzy and starved at his words. Her brain pictures his cock, in another woman’s mouth, while he pretended it was her. Mush. It had replaced her blood, and now *mush* ran inside her in a thick, sticky wave.

With a low moaning sound, she drew his cock into her mouth, as far into it as she could. His cock was big and wide and hard, and she could barely sink half of it into her mouth, so she curled both her hands around the lower part of his shaft and stroked him there while she stroked the upper part of his cock with her mouth and tongue. He was . . . delicious. Salty, sweaty, the skin so soft, and the muscle achingly strong.

He groaned deep in his throat. He fisted his fingers into her long auburn hair and pulled her forward as he thrust his cock further into her mouth.

“Suck it, Carly,” he breathed. “Suck it, baby.”

She moaned, loving the taste and the feel of him, and yet, she ached for his cock to fill her, to drive deep into where she most ached.

“Do you like my cock in your mouth, Carly?”

In answer, she moved her hands around his hips, sank her nails into his rock-hard buttocks, and pulled him closer while she sucked on him hard.

“Oh, baby, I swear I’m in heaven, your mouth is just . . . oh, yes, suck it, Carly . . . I wish I could come in your mouth and you could eat me . . . eat all of me . . . but no.” He pulled on her hair and forced her to her feet. She was panting, her lips moist, her eyes dazed as she looked at him. “I don’t want to come in your mouth. I want to come here.” He cupped her pussy with his hand, squeezed it tightly. “Inside your wet . . .” He thrust a finger inside her. “Slick.” His thumb circled her clit. “Cunt.”

“I’m on the pill,” she said needlessly before he silenced her with his mouth. His tongue was ruthless, sinking into her warmth while his hands cupped her jaw and held her head in place for his conquer. He was ruthless in the way he kissed her, in the way his tongue took possession of her mouth, tasting every inch of it.

“But first,” he whispered when he pulled back. He lifted her in his arms with as much effort as if she were a feather. “I’m going to give you a good solid spanking.”

At his words, her heart raced even faster than it already was.

She found she couldn’t wait.

“Why?” she asked breathlessly, a shaky smile on her lips.

He scowled at her, his golden eyes serious. “Because you’ve been a bad girl, why else?” He placed her down on the desk and turned her around so that she was face down. Her feet barely touched the floor, while her stomach and breasts were pressed flat over the wood and her buttocks thrust up in the air like melons, amply revealing her little ass and her wet, distended pink pussy.

“I’ve heard you laugh about me. I’ve heard what you call me,” he said as he rubbed both his palms over the mounds of her buttocks.

“I call you ‘Muscles’,” she said in a tiny little voice, staring blankly down at the wooden desk.

“And that’s not a nice thing to say after my parents went through all that trouble in finding me a name,” he chastised. He slapped her butt, hard, and she yelped at the sting, fisted her hands over the desk.

“You should apologize, Carly,” he said before he slapped her other buttock with his palm, hard, her butt jerking from the impact.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered brokenly. Her sex was aching for his touch, and she felt so feverish and so hot that her skin was perspiring as if her insides were on fire.

“You think your fancy clothes make you better than me, don’t you?”

She was silent, biting her lower lip as she waited for the dreadful (and much awaited and longed for) slap.

“Don’t you, Carly?” he insisted.

“No,” she said. “I just like to dress . . . nicely. The customers—“

“It’s not for the customers.”

“You’re right it’s for . . . me.”

“And is that all you’re worth, the amount that you spend on your clothes?”

“No.”

“Good.”

He slapped her so hard she bit her lower lip and thought she would draw blood. She closed her eyes tightly, feeling her sex clench in need. “Please,” she whispered.

“Please what? What’s my name, Carly?”

Carly could have died in that instance. Because, frankly, she didn’t know.

“I’m sorry I . . .”

He slapped her again, the skin on her buttock burning from the hit.

“Marvin?” she guessed.

He growled when he slapped her, the sting from the impact almost unbearable to her. Almost.

“It’s Joe,” he whispered as he bent over her, his lips an inch from her ear. His chest was pressed against her back and she could feel his cock between the two mounds of her buttocks. “Joe Harris.”

“Please, fuck me, Joe,” she whispered brokenly. It would only take a touch, a mere feel of his cock against her cunt, to make her come. She was trembling with need.

“Baby, I’ve dreamt about fucking you. Making you *mine*. Now tell me, how do you want it?” He kissed her ear, a wet, sloppy kiss. “Hard?”

“Yes. Hard.” She clenched her fists so hard her knuckles turned white.

“Very hard, or just hard?”

“Just fuck me!”

He slid his dick inside her and fully embedded it into her slick, tight muscles. He was so big, spreading her cunt so wide, that she thought she would explode.

“Like that?” he breathed against her ear as he pumped into her.

She whimpered.

He groaned against her ear, licked her earlobe, pumped inside her harder.

“Like that or harder, baby?”

“Like that,” she said, part moan, part groan. She felt a tension unlike any other coil in the pit of her belly as he continued to pump inside her. No one had ever fucked her

this hard, this fast. His weight pinned her down on the desk like a freight truck and his cock filled her, stretched her, engulfed her, rammed into her full force.

“Your pussy is so tight.” His breath was hot and fast against her ear. “I want to come right now. Come inside you.”

“Yes, Joe,” she breathed. “Come inside me, come inside me *now*.”

“You’re mine, Carly,” he said hotly. “All mine.” And then he spilled himself inside her, growling a low wolfish growl when he did so. She exploded beneath him, and when she did, she saw more than a million stars flutter by.

A few minutes afterwards, he kissed her temple before he pulled backwards so she could straighten. His gaze was steady on her face when she stood, and for a moment Carly couldn’t bring herself to look at him. Her eyes fell to the floor and jumped from one torn article of clothing, to the next. His gaze followed hers.

“Sorry about that,” he said sheepishly.

“It’s okay, really. Joe.” She looked at him then, and smiled shakily. This was pretty awkward . . . He did have the most gorgeous—unbearably gorgeous face. Maybe they could meet once a month, perhaps? Would he even want to?

Joe cupped her face with his hands and kissed her, a soft, tender kiss. She closed her eyes and kissed him back, loving this soft kiss as much as his other ones.

“Want to have dinner with me, Carly?”

Carly stared at him in silence, for a moment surprised by his question. It was, actually, a very complicated question . . .

If she accepted, it would mean she was willing to take this relationship to the next level, meaning that she would actually need to converse with him, not just have sex. Furthermore, it would mean she was beginning to develop feelings for this man, and she would be upgrading his status as her ‘sex toy’ or ‘diversion’ into something else entirely. Plus, it would also mean, that he would no longer be Muscles to her, but she would be recognizing him formally as Joe Harris. Also, if she accompanied him out on public, they would most probably be regarded as a couple. This would mean that he’d surely ask for her home phone number, invite her regularly to dinner, to the movies, and then to meet his parents at some point. In short, if she agreed to this dinner, her single life was most probably doomed.

Thank Goodness.

Carly smiled a wide smile. "I'd love to."

**THE END**