

The Young Seamstress by Chris Hailey, Copyright 2016

Story codes: Mf, semi-cons, prost, bukkake Summary: A young seamstress needs desperately to earn enough money to save the shop that her dear departed mother has left her.

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The needlework was fine, the woman agreed upon very close inspection, lesser than one might hope, but fine. And the fabric, maybe it wasn't the softest silk she'd ever felt, but yes, it was quite nice. She held the dress up to herself. It was certainly much too small for her, hopefully her daughter, for whom the dress was intended, hadn't indulged in as many pastries as the woman had. She straightened the gown against her leg, then twirled before the mirror--once, twice, three times, losing her balance slightly from dizziness. She gave a puzzled, furrowed-brow look at herself in the mirror.

"Do you think it's appropriate for a ball?" she asked.

"Oh yes!" Suzette answered. "Do you see the lace? Very fine!"

"Lace? Yes, no, I mean... I mean to ask, will it work for the dancing? The girls so love to dance with the young men at balls these days."

"It will be wonderful for dancing."

The woman frowned at herself in the mirror. "I don't know. Henri down the street has practically the same dress, for two hundred shillings less."

Many thoughts flashed through Suzette's mind, of things that she might say in response to such a comment. She had always been an insolent child, but now that her mother had died, leaving young Suzette in charge of the

family's little seamstress shop, she was beginning to learn when it was better to hold her tongue. Finally, she spoke.

"I can sell it to you for one hundred shillings less," she said, with a slight sigh that hardly masked her incredulity at having to make such an offer. Indeed it practically brought her to tears to say it. The silk alone cost almost that much. But O! she needed the money, so terribly badly! The mortgage was past due, two months now, and she couldn't afford coal for the stove, and it would soon be so cold outside.

The woman set the dress down, rather carelessly, on the countertop. "I don't think so. Emerald green is not Margaret's color."

"It is more of a jade, I think," Suzette said in the most polite way she could. The woman clearly knew as little of fabric as she knew of stitchings. "All the young girls look wonderful in jade. But tell me what color you want, and I will find a more suitable..."

"No," the woman said, waving her hand dismissively at the girl. "No, thank you. Henri will have what I want, and for less than you by a good step."

Suzette sat and stared at the door as it closed behind the woman when she left the store. The young seamstress sniffled, then retrieved her handkerchief and dabbed the tears from her eyes. This store had been in her family since before she was born, and everything that Suzette knew about seamstressry, she learned from her mother. And seamstressry was the only thing she knew. What would she do, when this little store closed? Where would she go? And worse of all, the thought of the pretty little store, so much a part of her memory of her mother, lost! Lost to some candy shop or barber, or even worse, a public house! Can you imagine, mother's store, a public house?!?

She had to dab her eyes dry very quickly because the door to the little shop opened suddenly, letting a gust of cold November air fill the room as the little bell above it rang with enthusiasm. A strange man stepped briskly in. He was dressed in a terribly fancy coat of purple-wine velvet,

with a tall beaver-skin hat and a silver-topped walking stick. He quickly removed his hat and gave a graceful bow.

"M'lady," he said.

Suzette could hardly respond, she was so dumbfounded by this prettily-dressed man who came waltzing into her little store. She rose slightly and gave a curtsy. "Sir," she said in demure reply. "How might I assist you?"

"I need a dress for my wife," he said, "or perhaps one for my, well... another lady." He spied the jade green dress on the countertop and picked it up.

"Does that look like it will fit either of the ladies?" Suzette asked.

"My wife is a petite woman," he said, looking from the dress to Suzette, "if by 'petite,' one means, 'very short and very fat!'" His eyes sparkled, and Suzette laughed.

"I have some dresses for such a lady, or I can make one in a matter of a day or two."

"I won't be in town past tonight I'm afraid," he said, setting the dress back down and looking at the rack along the wall that held more dresses. "My mistress, though... she is a fine woman. Not as fine as you, I dare say, Miss...?"

Suzette felt her cheeks redden. "Miss Reinhart," she said, curtsying again.

The man lifted a dress from the rack, a long narrow yellow cotton gown. "This is very pretty, Miss Reinhart. Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, I did."

"Very fine work."

"Thank you, sir."

"But expensive," he said, looking at the label. "Where I come from, a dress like this would be at least fifty shillings less."

"Yes, sir. But fabric is so very costly here, with the war to the south..."

He put the dress back on the rack, and Suzette's heart sank. She could tell that this unexpected guest, this chance visitor, offered her the opportunity to save her mother's store and her family's livelihood, at least for another month or two. But she also knew that he was about to leave, without making any purchase.

She had to do something! He just couldn't leave without he left some gold first!

"Um..." she said, looking the handsome man in the face, "did I mention there's a special today?"

"A special? No, you didn't."

"Yes, a free gift for a good customer. If you buy two dresses, you can have..." her eyes darted around the room, looking for something she could afford to give away.

"Yes?"

"...you can have..." she stammered, her eyes still searching.

"I know what I want to have," the gentleman said. "I want to have you."

Suzette's eyes went wide and she could barely respond. "M-m-me?"

"Yes," he said, "of course, you. If I buy two dresses, I get to have you for free, right here, right now."

"Ho... how...?"

"I hadn't thought that far ahead yet," he said. "I supposed I'll just turn you over on this very countertop." He tapped the silver head of his walking stick on the counter that Suzette sat behind.

The young seamstress was horrified. She wasn't a whore! What sort of a man would come in her store and make such a proposal to her? To a lady! A "fine" lady, he'd said so himself! She couldn't believe the gentleman was proposing such a thing.

"But s.. sir!" she said as the handsome man stepped behind her and roughly pushed her face down onto the counter and lifted her dress above her bottom. "S... surely you aren't serious!" She felt her undergarments being unceremoniously pulled to her knees and heard the sound of his pants hitting the floor.

She felt something very large, and warm, press against her sex, rubbing up and down along her slit, pushing into her.

"Please, sir," Suzette said, the words almost caught in her throat at the strange new feeling, "be gentle! I've only ever had one man, and he was just a boy." "And did you like it?" the gentleman asked.

"No, it was... Ah!" Her words caught in her mouth as his cockhead entered her. "It was disappointing!"

"Well, I fuck like a man, not a boy!" he shouted in reply as he pulled back and pushed deeper into her. "You can be certain that it will not be disappointing this time!"

"Please sir, I beg you, be gentle!" she pleaded. His response, accompanied by a low growl, was to clutch her hips even tighter in his strong hands and fuck her even harder. Suzette felt her poor inexperienced sex forced painfully open to accommodate his violating girth, and her tears began to flow again. Worse still, it was not merely her tears that flowed;

she could also feel wetness flowing from her sex, providing lubrication for the man's huge organ. Oh no! she thought to herself through her tears. Does my pussy like this? How could she betray me like this?!? And sadly for the poor girl, she realized that it wasn't just her pussy that was betraying her at this terrible moment; it was her entire body, as she felt waves of exhilaration course through her, emanating with an electric thrill from deep inside her violated sex. Her breathing was hard, her face turning red, her legs shaking uncontrollably.

"Ooohhhh..." Suzette moaned in response to the unbelievable jolts of pleasure.

"You see, little whore?" He brought his hand down on her buttocks with a hard slap. "I told you it would not be disappointing this time!" He left her hand on her ass, gripping it in a tight squeeze.

At this very moment, at the very height of Suzette's debasement and embarrassment, she heard the tinkle of the bell above the door to her little store again as another customer walked in. To her horror, Suzette looked up and saw another man enter the room, an older gentleman from town whom she recognized as a Mr. Johansson, a customer who frequented the store when her mother was the proprietor.

The man driving his cock into Suzette let out a full-voiced laugh. "You forgot to lock the door, you silly girl!" he said.

Mr. Johansson tipped his hat to Suzette as he entered the store, walking to the rack of dresses. "I'm looking for a pretty dress for my wife," he said. "Do you have anything with some nice frill about the collar?"

"I... uhhh..." Suzette moaned in response. "The chartreuse gown... uggg... has a pretty frill..."

"Yes," Mr. Johansson said as he lifted the gown from the rack. "Is this silk? Quite nice."

"Yes," the young seamstress replied, "it is... the finest... Chinese..." She turned back to the man who was fucking her from behind, "Please, sir, could you slow down? I need to help this customer."

The man laughed loudly again. "I think not, little whore!"

"There is..." she stammered, turning back to Mr. Johansson, "...a special today..."

"Right!" the first gentleman added. "Buy two dresses and you get the whore for free!"

"Yes..." she groaned, red-faced and shaking even while she was mortified to hear the man call her a whore in Mr. Johansson's presence. "If you buy two dresses... you can have my pussy when this man is done!"

"Well then!" Mr. Johansson unbuckled his trousers and dropped them to the floor, taking his solid cock into his hands and beginning to stroke it. "Finish up there, Jack!"

The first man laughed loudly again. "I won't be done for some time, my friend." He was holding the girl's hips tight and slamming into her. "I'm going to get my money's worth out of this sweet little pussy."

"Well I'd better get my piece soon or I won't be buying any dresses."

"Please... be patient, sir," Suzette said through her moans. "You will have your turn."

"It's no problem for me. I'll just fuck your mouth instead." He moved into position in front of the young seamstress's face.

"What? Wait! No!" But even as she opened her mouth to protest the man's disgusting idea, he took the opportunity to push his bulbous cockhead into her.

"Come along, you little harlot, give me a good suck."

His cock filled her mouth so full she could barely breathe, but, resigned now to her fate, she gave the man's thick head a solid suck, looking up at him at the same time with a look of disgust on her face. The result was salty liquid leaking from him, which she was horrified to realize she had swallowed upon her second suck. But at that moment, another wave of pleasure flowed through her body. Oh no! Her body was betraying her again!

"Oh, she likes it!" the first man growled, increasing his thrusting power behind her. "She's soaking wet now!"

Oh no! Suzette thought again, because once more it was not simply her pussy that betrayed her but her entire body, waves of pleasure, uncontrolled shaking, as Mr. Johansson held her head tight and thrust his own powerful hips back and forth, fucking her face, just as the first man did the same behind her. And so Suzette lay there, belly-down on the countertop, spitroasted on two cocks. She panted and moaned, both of which were very difficult around the huge cock in her mouth, and thought to herself that it must all be over soon. How long can they keep this up? Surely they will finish soon!

But the poor girl! She should have been more cautious about what she wished for! Because within seconds of this thought forming in her mind, Mr. Johansson's cock lurched and throbbed in her mouth, and before she could even understand why it was behaving so strangely, her mouth was suddenly full of something more than simply Mr. Johansson's enormous foul cockhead--something warm and thick and.. Oh no! More of it! Oh my God, he is cumming! He is cumming in my mouth!

And right then a huge crashing wave of pleasure flowed through her and her entire body shook. She couldn't contain herself a moment longer as she climaxed, cumming and cumming while the man shot his semen into her mouth.

He pulled out when he finished and she looked up at him, her cheeks bulging from the unbelievable amount of cum he'd filled her with. "Show it to me, whore!" he commanded. "Show me the treasure I have given you."



Suzette opened her mouth carefully, so that she wouldn't spill a drop while she showed Mr. Johansson his cum; but still it sloshed about, spilling down her chin, as her body continued to rock from the first man still fucking her so powerfully from behind.

"You look adorable with a mouthful of cum," Mr. Johansson said to her. She closed her mouth with a grimace and he added, "You should look happier about this. You have been given a gift from a gentleman."

She gave him a little smile.

"Good girl," he said. "And now swallow it."

Her eyes went wide in disbelief, and she shook her head. But Mr. Johansson looked around the room and spied a pretty homemade headband. "I'll buy that headband there," he said, pointing, "along with the two dresses, if you swallow your treasure."

Oh, she needed the money so badly! And so with great reluctance, she closed her eyes and tried to swallow. It tasted terrible, so thick and salty and bitter, and it was difficult to swallow, as the first man continued to fuck her so hard from behind. It took poor Suzette several attempts for her to force the entire load down her throat.

At this instant, the bell above the door rang yet again. As Suzette opened her eyes and her mouth, to show Mr. Johansson that his treasure had been swallowed, another man stepped in front of her, young and tall and handsome, dressed so finely in a green dandy coat and a powdered wig. A handsomer man she had not seen in years; oh why? Why should she meet such a man now, with her pussy full of one man's cock and her mouth overflowing with another's semen?

"Hiho!" Mr. Johansson said to the new arrival. "Welcome to the funhouse!"

The handsome young man looked down at Suzette with a lecherous grin, his

cock already unholstered. "What have we here?"

"A special today, buy two dresses and you get the girl for free!" Mr. Johansson answered.

The man clearly did not need any further convincing. He shoved his rock-hard member into Suzette's open maw.

"My turn now," he said in a commanding voice.

At the feeling of the second cock in her mouth, Suzette gave a reluctant sigh. Oh, no! Another cock in her mouth? But at least he'll buy two dresses! And so she began to suck the newcomer while he stood still before her with his cock in her mouth, her body rocking her back and forth with the motion of the fucking the man behind her was administering, which caused her lips to slide along the shaft of the new man's engorged organ. At the same time, Mr. Johansson took two dresses from the rack, along with the headband, laid several gold coins on the counter, and doffed his hat with a promise to return for another daily special soon.

As Mr. Johansson opened the door to leave, two more men entered. "Hullo," Mr. Johansson said. He nodded at the scene on the counter. "Today's special. Buy two dresses and get the girl for free!"

Suzette was horrified! Oh my god, I can't take any more cocks! I can't handle more climaxes, and more cum! And yet, at the taste of the handsome young man's cock in her mouth, her body began convulsing in orgasm again.

She heard the man behind her moaning loudly. "Oh fuck yeah! The bitch is cumming again!" he shouted. She felt his hand come down hard on her ass, a painful slap. "Cum, whore, cum! Oh yes, I'm cumming too!"

Another hard slap, and she felt her pussy suddenly fill with something wonderfully warm and thick and she moaned around the cock in her mouth as waves of amazing pleasure rolled through her body. It was the most spectacular orgasm of her young life as she so willingly gave her pussy--even her womb!--to the stranger behind her. She moaned and groaned in climax as

he ejaculated inside her, and he seemed to cum forever, shooting her full until there wasn't any room for more and yet shooting still. When he finally stopped thrusting his hips and pulled his giant member out of her, she felt a gush of semen flow from her distended pussy lips and rush down her leg.

One more slap on her bottom. "Do you see, little hussy?" the man said. "I told you that you would not be disappointed today."

It was blessed relief for the young seamstress to have her used little pussy finally freed from its labor, but at the same time, she felt a strange and unexpected disappointment. The disappointment did not last long, for at this moment a new cock slid into her cunt. She groaned as the unknown man took strong hold of her hips and began fucking her sloppy, used, cum-dripping pussy for himself. At this moment the cock in her mouth lurched and bucked and a massive ejaculation spewed forth from the handsome man's organ and into her throat, pump upon pump of semen filling her mouth a second time that afternoon.

She looked up at the man, unable to close her aching jaw at this point as his huge load flowed down her face.

"Swallow, little whore," he said.

Poor Suzette shook her head. This was all too much for her! "I can't..." she gurgled through the cum in her mouth.

At this moment, the man standing before her was roughly pushed aside, and another man took his place, cock in hand. She barely had a moment to catch her breath, her mouth still full of cum, when he rudely slid his massive member in. At first she pulled away--"No, no more!"

But the man was insistent. "I buy two dresses, I get to use your mouth, whore!" he shouted.

Suzette wanted this all to stop, but from the corner of her eye she could see the pile of gold amassed on the counter next to her, growing

larger with each man who used her. She needed the money so badly! And so she looked up at the man, gave him a meager smile, and opened her mouth wide. Cum flowed down her chin as his cock slid between her lips, and she gulped to swallow what remained in her mouth.

The two men who were now impaling her seemed to know each other well. Were they brothers, perhaps? She couldn't tell, she hadn't seen either of them when they entered the store and neither could she see them now as they fucked her. But they conversed like old friends or close relations while they casually used her body.

"She has a fine pussy," the man behind her said. "A bit loose, after her first fuck, but I don't mind a used pussy."

"So true! And she has a skill with her mouth. Nearly as talented as her mother!"

My mother? the young seamstress thought to herself. Whatever could they mean?

"I was wondering how long it would take the little whore to realize why her mother's business did so well," the man shoving his cock into her pussy said. "I was afraid she'd go out of business before she'd discovered where her real talent lay!"

This? This is what my mother did to keep the store afloat?

"Yes, indeed," the man with his cock in her mouth replied. "I'm so glad to find that the shop has got its old twinkle back."

With this, the cock in her mouth drove deep, far deeper than either of the first two men had gone. She felt herself gag as it pushed past the back of her mouth, and she tried to pull away, but the man grabbed her head. "Your mother used her throat, missy," he said. "Time for you to learn the art as well!" At the same time, the man behind her held her tight and drove in painfully, slamming against her cervix. What a large cock he must have! Despite the dual violation, she felt her body began to climax

again, waves of pleasure washing over her and she moaned and shook.

"Stop cumming, you hussy," the man in her mouth hollered, "and pay attention to your cock sucking!" He drove in deep again and she let him this time, unable and unwilling to resist, and as she gave him a powerful suck his head slipped down her throat. "There you go!" he said, pulling back and driving into her throat again.

The man behind her groaned, his huge cock impaling her completely. "Oh fuck little whore take my cum!" he shouted, loud enough that surely passersby outside the shop must have heard him.

The other man patted Suzette on the head to get her attention. "Do you hear my brother groan so loud, whore? It's good advertisement for you! You should thank him!"

The poor young seamstress! The thought of her neighbors and friends, knowing what she was doing inside her store that day, was the most humiliating and degrading thing she could ever imagine! And at this moment she felt the cock buried in her cunt lurch and pulse deep inside her, and the man in her throat let out a bellow as he pulled his organ completely out of her mouth.

"OH FUCK!" he shouted.

She felt her pussy fill, at the same moment that her face was suddenly drenched with a giant shot of cum from the man who had been in her throat. And she came. Oh heavens oh stars and moon and God and Mary and Jesus she came! Her body convulsed as the two men unloaded, one in her slutty cunt, the other on her whorish face, pumping and pumping their semen into and onto her convulsing body.

She collapsed onto the counter when they had finished, cum flowing from her pussy and pooling on the floor, as the two men took their dresses from the rack and lay their gold on the pile next to her.

"Until next time, slutty girl," they said, laughing heartily as they

left the store.

Suzette lay in the cum of five men, her eyes closed. She was sore and exhausted and terribly embarrassed, but at the same time she recalled the feeling of the several climaxes--dozens of them!--that she had just experienced. She was just beginning to think about picking herself up off of the counter and cleaning the cum from the floor, when she heard the tinkle of the bell above the door yet another time. Oh lord, she thought to herself, not again!

She looked up and saw her banker entering the shop. A most unpleasant fat old man, his face glowed blotchy red and he smelled of stale cheep cigars. But luckily for the young seamstress, his interests lay chiefly in money, and so he looked disdainfully at the girl as she lifted herself gingerly from the counter and stood awkwardly before him, cum covering her face and chest and dripping down her legs.

"I trust you've managed to find a way to make your mortgage payments?" he said with a knowing sneer.

She picked up the pile of gold and counted out the money that she owed him. He took it, suspiciously counting it twice, then slid it into the breast pocket of his dingy suit coat. "Well done, Suzette, well done," he said. "And next month, we can discuss..." He looked at her cum-covered face and the pool of semen on the floor beneath her. "We can discuss the possibility of alternative payment methods."

She nodded. "Yessir," she said.

He smiled a lecherous grin, and turned and left the store.

After the horrible fat banker had departed, Suzette sat quietly in a puddle of the cum of five different men, ashamed and embarrassed and debased. And yet, as her eyes lifted, she saw the rack of dresses against the wall, now only half-filled as the empty spots where ten dresses used to hang reminded her that today, she had saved her mother's store.