**Changing Room**

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The bride and her pack of giggling bridesmaids and relatives were finally gone. Gone with their constantly changing demands and their charge cards and their smug wedding party attitudes. Ryne looked at the piles of dresses hanging on the hooks and draped over the chairs in the changing room and groaned. She'd be straightening out crumpled tulle and lace for the next two hours at this rate. The headache the bride had already givin her intensified.

She picked up the white silken sheath dress from the back of the chair and stroked the fabric, letting the pleasure of touching it work its way from her fingertips up her arms. This was one of her own designs: all lean and classic lines, insanely flattering on the right woman.

Not that the little twit was smart enough to see that when her fiancé pointed out more than once. It had been hard not to stare at him, harder still not to flirt. But she'd sworn that she'd never go for another engaged guy, not after Sam. Never again. It was just her bad luck that a guy who looked like he escaped from a romance novel cover and had at least half a brain would go for someone cute and dippy. Ryne sighed.

She couldn't resist holding the dress up under her chin and looking at her reflection in the mirrors. Its length and cut flattered her more than it did the bride and she smiled a little at the thought. Someday when her designs started selling, she'd have dresses like this one to call her own. No more waiting hand and foot on the kind of woman who would go for a nightmarish meringue of lace and beads and glitter that practically stood up on its own. She shuddered every time she looked at that one.

The sound of a throat being cleared behind her made her whirl around. The bride to be, a Miss Jasmine Smith, was standing behind her, one blonde brow raised in a questioning stare. "Well, somebody's got a lot of free time." She simpered, something like a smile twisting her full lips.

Ryne bit back a sharp response. That damn security bell always stopped working when it would have been most useful. But then this was what she got for not making sure the door was locked after they had all left. "Is there something I can help you with, Miss Smith?" She grabbed a hanger and started to put the gown away but a gesture from the other woman made her stop.

"I saw the way he looked at you. I'm not stupid, you know."

The bride's blue eyes narrowed in a glare and her fair skin flushed as if she was going to scream or cry.

"I don't know--" Ryne began.

"Yes,you do. Any woman would notice him, why should you be any different? The thing is, he doesn't usually look back, not like that. No, just shut up for a minute. I need to know that he's faithful; otherwise, I'm always going to wonder where he is. I'm damned if I'll turn into my mother." A single tear leaked from her eye and ran down her cheek but the glare that she kept on Ryne showed no trace of weakness.

In fact, her expression suggested something else, something Ryne couldn't read. What the hell was this about? Did the little moron think she was hot for her fiancé? Of course she was, unfortunately. "I wish you all the best, Miss Smith, but what does this have to do with me?"

"I'm sending him back here to talk to you. He'll think he's alone with you but I'll be in there , watching." She gesture at one of the changing room curtains. "Don't worry I'll pay you two hundred dollars for your time. I just need to see what he does." Her glare turned a little desperate. "You do want the sales from my wedding, right? Do this for me and I'll send all my friends here. You could retire on what I'll do for you. Otherwise, well, you figure it out." She placed her hands on her hips and stared at Ryne.

Ryne's lips parted to begin telling her off but she caught the words before they were uttered. Business had been really slow lately and Mrs. C had really good about letting her try to sell her designs. If the store went under, she'd just have to start all over again someplace else and that meant years of work. Besides, he wasn't going to do anything. A little flirtation and that would be the end of it. A pang went through her at the thought but she made herself ignore it. "Well, I'll talk to your fiancé, Miss Smith, but I'm sure nothing will happen."

The other woman gave a brusque nod and pulled out a tiny, expensive cell phone. "Hi hon. Listen, I'm really busy at the florist and I was wondering if you could go back to the dress store and make sure that girl wrote down cream instead of white lace." There was a brief pause, just long enough to make Ryne regret the whole thing.

The bride to be made it worse. "No, I don't think I should just call. You, of all people, know what retail help is like these days. Make her show you the order. Uh-huh. Love you too,sweetie." She blew an air kiss at the phone before she switched it off. "There. Now he's on his way. Just look cute and don't tell him I'm here." With that, she turned on her heels and vanished behind the curtains of one of the other rooms, leaving Ryne staring after her.

She thought about throwing the other woman out but that wouldn't do anything except her pride any good. What was Smith's Problem anyway? The guy was marrying her, wasn't he? Still, Ryne was mad enough to flirt back now. Might as well show him what he'd be missing, marrying someone like that. Her eyes narrowed as studied the gown.

"I'd love to see you model it." She spun around, her heart racing. The once and future groom, lone stud in a herd of fillies, was back. He lounged against the doorway, watching her from under half-closed lids. A small smile twisted his lips, making her blush a rosy pink as hurried to hang the dress up.

She tried not to sigh and made sure she didn't meet his sharp blue eyes when she turned around. No point in giving his paranoid girlfriend something else to freak out about. "What can I do for you, Mr. Coleman? Did Miss Smith forget something?"

"As a matter of fact, she did. She wanted to make sure that the lace on that delightful monstrosity that she insists on wearing is cream and not white."

His voice was filled with a slightly mocking contempt. Ryne managed not to smirk. "Certainly. I'll add a note to the order. Is there anything else?"

"Oh, I think there might be. She was wondering if that dress you were holding when I came in might suit the bridesmaids a bit better then what they picked. Would you mind trying it on for me? I know it's a nuisance but I'm certainly good for any extra charges you need to tack on." He sat down in the plush red chair in a way that suggested that he was staying put. His gaze wandered up her body, sending a hot flash through her like an electric shock.

Uh-oh. No bad boy should be that handsome. It wasn't fair. She remembered her audience and tried to sound crisp and professional. "Do you really think that's a good idea, Mr. Coleman? Maybe it would be better to wait until your fiancée and her bridesmaids can come back to look at the gowns again. I'd hate it if Miss Smith wasn't happy with her choices."

"Somehow I doubt that. Besides, my fiancée trusts my judgement implicitly. Relationships are built on trust like that, don't you agree? Particularly since my family is footing the bill for this fiasco. Old money talks, Ms. White. Now, I realize you still have a lot of work to do so perhaps we should get started." His voice lost the lazy seductive quality she'd detected when he came in and took on a commanding tone.

Ryne bit her lip, grabbed the dress and walked into an empty changing room. She yanked the curtains closed behind her, which meant the jerk couldn't see her lips move while she swore at him. Who'd he think he was anyway? Who did either of them think they were, for that matter? "Old money talks!" Give a guy a department store chain and it went straight to his head.

That wasn't all it went to. Against her better judgment, she imagined him going down on her, imagined the kind of hell he'd catch later if the bride to be watched him seduce the bridal-shop girl. Revenge might be sweet at that. She smiled at herself in the mirror. All right, he and his little bride wanted a show, they'd get a show.

She unbuttoned her neat blue blouse and slipped out of her skirt, dropping the both over the back of the chair. She studied her reflection for a moment, considering. her bra would show at the shoulders and the back with the dress's halter neckline. After a moment's hesitation, she tugged it off. She gave her reflection a tight-lipped smile. Let him drool all he wanted.

The dress clung to her like a second skin, the silky fabric caressing her bare breasts until her nipples showed hard under it. The skirt had a long slit in it that ran from the floor to her upper thigh and she stretched her leg out to see how it looked. It was definitely too tight. And too low cut. She'd be lucky if she didn't fall out while she was parading around in front of this clown. And his little girlfriend. To top it off, she had a visible line of elastic around her waist were her panty hose showed through the thin fabric. Great.

She spun around to look at it a few more times. It did really ruin the line of the dress. Slowly she pulled the skirt up and tugged her panty hose and her underwear off. She plucked a few curls loose from the demure bun that restrained her long brown hair and gave herself one last once-over. It was pretty clear that she wasn't wearing a brand now that the first flush of annoyance was gone, she was a little more self-conscious. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. The bride might repost her to Mrs. K., after all. His voice drifted through the curtains, interrupting her thoughts "Still awake in there, Ms. White?"

Damn him! She yanked the curtains back and stalked out as forcefully as the dress's tight skirt would permit. "Is this what you had in mind, Mr. Coleman?" Deliberately, she twisted right, then left, while she watched his reaction.

The smile was back along with the purr in his voice. "Turn all the way around if you please, Ms. White. Oh yes, this is exactly what I had in mind." He uncoiled from the chair and paced around her in a tight circle, first one way, then the next. The silence between them grew until she thought she'd scream.

He took a step closer and her breath caught in her throat. Wasn't white what they dressed sacrificial virgins in? This was so wrong. The Smith woman was going to freak. She dropped her eyes to the carpet and wondered how to get out of this. "It doesn't really hang right on me, of course. If Miss Smith would like this dress for the bridesmaids, we'd have to do some new measurements."

"Who's the designer? I don't see a name on the tag." He reached out and caught the sales tag that dangled from the back of the dress, his fingers just barely brushing her exposed skin.

She trembled, a tiny gasp escaping her lips as a single drop of moisture worked its slop way down her thigh. Stop it she told herself sternly. It didn't matter what her body wanted; her brain knew better. She tried to remember that the other woman was watching, that this could cost her her job. She took in a deep breath and looked up. "It's by someone new. She's local, not very well known."

He met her eyes and his smile got a bit more real. "I think she will be. I also think it hangs very well on you. Very well indeed. May I check to see what the fabric feels like?" He reached out at her mute nod and ran his fingers down part of the skirt. This time, she couldn't bite back her grasp. His touch was like pure electricity, burning its way through the dress and up her thighs. She closed her eyes, willing herself not to want him, willing away the aching space inside her that clamored for more of his touch, more of his body than was safe to even think about. Somehow, thinking about the fiancée behind the curtain made it worse.

His fingers trailed down the skirt, rolling the fabric gently between his fingertips. She was wet now, her thighs slick with want. She fretted that he'd be able to see the skirt getting damp. Or smell her. She was nothing but longing and pheromones now, how could he miss it? He circled around behind her, still running his fingers over the skirt. The silken fabric rustled slightly, barely louder than the thumping of her heart.

"Would you like to see another dress?" She forced the words out, breaking the spell, and made herself meet his eyes in the mirror.

"I'm enjoying looking at this one quite a bit right now. Perhaps later." He tugged gently at the skirt and the slit fell open, exposing her leg up to her moist thigh. "Do stop me if I'm becoming too forward, Ms. White. I wouldn't want my attentions to be misinterpreted." He murmured the words, so close to her now that curls around her ear moved with his breath.

For a single wild instant, she wondered if he knew he had an audience. There was something so staged, so practiced about his approach that it almost felt like he was doing it for someone else. Even so, she imagined him inside her, his solid length thrusting into her until it filled that persistent ache. She could almost feel his tongue on her clit, expertly coaxing her into orgasm after orgasm.

Then she could picture him walking out the door, headed off to marry his little bride without a second thought. Just like Sam did to her. She met his eyes in the mirror again, steel in her voice. "Of course, Mr. Coleman. Perhaps you'd like to try on the tux and cummerbund that you picked out earlier to see how it sets off the dress in the bridal party?" She gave his reflection a tiger's smile. She would feel the fabric against his skin, run her fingers over the jacket's drape and watch him in the mirror until he hardened into an ache that no amount of jerking off would cure.

His fingers caressed the edge of the gown where it met the small of her back. "Certainly, if you think that's a good idea."

"Oh, I do, Mr. Coleman. I always think that you should be very sure before investing in wedding clothes."

"I see your point, Ms. White. I like to be certain about these things too. " His fingertips barely touched her skin as they traced the line of the dress over the small of her back. She shifted so that the slit in the skirt fell open again and her leg was bared. His breath caught a little and her smile broadened. "You don't mind wearing the dress for a few more moments, do you?" His hand slid over her ass, touching her so lightly that it seemed almost accidental.

"Not at all, Mr. Coleman. We want you to be happy with your purchases from Campbell's Bridal." She ran one fingertip around the gown's plunging neckline and watched his eyes follow it as she pulled it even lower. She thought about licking her lips, running her pink tongue extravagantly over her lipstick until he crumbled. But not yet. With a careless, bright smile she walked over to retrieve the tux from the rack where she'd hung it earlier.

Once he was out of sight behind the curtains, she hesitated a moment. If she gave in to her desires, it would mean nothing but trouble. Her thighs rubbed together and she couldn't help slipping her hand up between them. Her clit burned as she caressed it, this time imagining Jasmine Smith watching her fuck her fiancé. Imagining the little plump brunette rubbing herself off in a twisted mix of lust and fury. Maybe she was even getting off watching Ryne now. She bit back a moan at the picture in her mind.

Then the curtains parted behind her and he walked in. She jerked her hand away, but not quite fast enough. He raised one eyebrow and his lips twisted. "Would you mind staying in here while I change? I suspect I'll need some help with the tie." His smile was feral, the wolf looking at Little Red. His fingers were already at his collar, shedding his tie, his jacket.

Ryne chewed her lip and made herself pace casually over to the chair and sit down. She crossed her legs so the skirt fell away on either side of her bare thigh. He followed her, shirt unbuttoned to expose broad muscles. He leaned over her and trailed one hand up her thigh. "It's your design, isn't it?"

She nodded, not trusting her voice, and found that she was running her hands over his chest. He grabbed her hand and kissed it hard, thin lips burning on her skin until she almost forgot about their audience. Then she was on her feet and in his arms, kissing him with a passion she hardly recognized. His thigh parted hers through the skirt's slit and he rocked against him, need conquering sense as her body snag to his touch.

His lips were on her neck, his teeth nibbling her collarbone as she sent one hand under the skirt between her thighs. She moaned as his fingers found their way inside her. He laughed then, a deep quiet chuckle that made her stiffen a little even as her knees melted. Sam thought his seductions were one big joke too. But then his fiancée had never came along to watch.

She pulled up his face and kissed him, savoring his taste: mint with a slight tang of good scotch. Now it was time for her lips to explore his neck and chest. To plant a tiny lipstick kiss on the white fabric of his shirt where the collar would cover it. It was a little thing, one that only another woman would notice when she kissed him.

She smiled a little and let him spin her in his arms so the faced the mirrors together. He wrapped one arm around her, his hand finding her breast under the gown's silk and kneading it like dough. His other hand was between her thighs, his fingers on her clit as if he had always known exactly how to touch her. Her hair fell down around her shoulders, pins flying as she put her hands behind her to stroke him, to feel his hardened flesh beneath the soft fabric of his pants.

Was that a gasp she heard from behind the curtain? It definitely moved, shifting as though someone behind it was trying to find a more comfortable position. For the briefest of moments, she could see a bare leg, as if the Smith had raised her own skirts.

He pinched her nipple unbearably hard at the same moment that his fingers bore down on her clit. There, now she was sure she heard the fiancée moan. The wantonness, the very wrongness of it excited her even more and she stiffened against him, her orgasm shaking her until she thought her knees would buckle under her.

He lowered her to the floor then, eager hands pulling the dress up and fumbling at his belt. She sat up, her lips on his skin as she unbuckle his belt and unzipped his fly. He was hard and eager in her hands and she lowered her mouth to run her tongue against him, laughing softly when he groaned. There was a soft crackle as he pulled a condom from his pocket and she forced herself not to grimace. Of course, he'd be prepared. You never know when a woman might giver herself to you, wet, hot and eager.

But the ache inside her didn't care about her pride. She pulled the package from his fingers and opened it with her teeth. He gasped for breath as she rolled the condom over his penis, stiffening more as she touched him, his hands ruthlessly crushing the fabric of the gown up around her thighs. The carpet was rough against her bare skin as he drove himself inside her and she wrapped her arms around his neck and welcomed his tongue in her mouth, spreading her thighs to take him in.

He twisted so that his fingers found her clit as he thrust against her, sending little shocks through her. She wrapped her legs around his thighs and tried to pull him further inside her, arching her back a little. He dropped onto her then, his hands on her shoulders gripping hard enough to bruise. She thrust back against him, moaning a little. He was muttering things in her ear, something about how hot she was, when she stopped his mouth with her own.

She imagined what it was like between him and Jasmine when they were doing this. Did he want her the same way? Did he take her the moment that she craved him? Was anyone else watching when they did it? Her thighs and the carpet beneath them were soaked at the thought. For a moment, she even thought about calling out to Jasmine, picturing those rounded lips on her nipple while the other woman's fiancée thrust his way into her. She came then, bucking under him in wild desire.

His mouth was savage against her lips, her neck, her shoulders. The dress would never be the same, she thought distantly as his hands crushed the fabric beyond repair. She groaned at the pain of the realization and the pleasure of him inside her rolled into one. He came then as though her small sound had given him permission. He even gave a small shout, just loud enough to mask the sound of the bell by the door, as Ryne realized a moment later.

"Jay? Are you still here? Anybody around? Jasmine must've gone over to open the door. This should be interesting. "Shit!" Coleman pulled out of Ryne, swearing softly. His erection plummeted as he yanked off the condom and zipped his pants up. "Can you get out into the other changing room?" he whispered to Ryne, eyes wide and somewhat panicked as he leaned down to help her up.

It was quite the act. It might even be real. Ryne gave him a considering look and trailed her fingers over his crotch, smiling when he stiffened a little under the pressure. "Sure thing, lover. But what's in it for me?" It would be only moments before his bride began checking the changing rooms; she could see he knew it too.

"Shit! What do you want? Money?" He pulled his wallet from his pants and she reached out to hold his hand in place.

"I'm not a hooker so don't bother giving me a twenty or two. Your family owns Coleman's department stores, doesn't it?"

Light dawned swiftly. "You want the stores to carry your designs? I can't guarantee it but I can get you an interview with the top buyers, with my recommendation. Please..." His eyes were desperate now, darting to the curtains until she almost laughed.

"Good enough, Mr. Coleman. I look forward to hearing from you so that nobody else hears about this. Understand?"

She paced out between the curtains into the next room, casting one backward glance to make sure he watched the graceful swing of her ass walking away. She smiled at her reflection as she heard his fiancée open the changing room curtains behind her.

"There you are! What are you doing here, Jay? Where's that girl who's supposed to be waiting on us? I called and called." Jay mumbled something inaudible and Ryne grinned to herself as she shed the gown and pulled on her regular clothes with an easy grace.

Clearly Jay's betrothed was going to pretend nothing had happened. She decided she'd play along a bit further and yanked all the remaining pins from her hair so that it tumbled to her shoulders. Then she bit her lower lip to make it blush pink. She gave herself a critical look make sure she appeared tousled enough and slipped through the curtains toward the back room. A few seconds later, she emerged carrying a box with a new tux in it.

"Oh, Miss Smith! I'm sorry I didn't hear you come in. Is there anything I can help you with?"

The other woman's eyes narrowed but Ryne couldn't help noticing that she looked pretty tousled herself. "Shouldn't somebody be watching the counter in this place? I wouldn't want my dress getting stolen." Her gaze darted from her fiancé to Ryne, almost making the latter smile. Jay looked nervous, one finger tugging at his damp collar as he disappeared to go change.

"You going to tell him?" Ryne smiled cynically.

"There's nothing for me to tell him. Or you either." Jasmine Smith pulled a debit card from her purse and held it out. "Two hundred dollars. Take it off this. And give me some of your business cards." Their fingers touched as Ryne reached automatically for the card.

A shock went up her arm. "You knew what he'd do, didn't you? So what happens now?"

Jasmine's lips thinned into an almost smile. "We'll be back, of course. I think I do like that gown you were showing us earlier better than the ones we picked for the bridesmaids. I guess we'll just have to do more fittings for the whole party. And it'll be our little secret. Guilty sex is always the best, don't you think?"

Jay walked in and gave them both a slightly nervous stare. A few moments later the happy couple were on their way out. He didn't risk a backward glance but she did, and Ryne composed her face into an expression of polite interest. She wondered how long it would take before he figured it out, and what his little bride would get out of him before he realized he was being played. Relationships were built on trust, indeed. Her lips curled in a wry smile as she locked the door behind them.