**Melina Job at the Mall**

by[Erica\_Gasca](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=753808&page=submissions)©

It's very hot having friends that work at the mall's clothing stores. I've been able to make some money and get clothes for a few favors. It started a few years ago when I was window shopping. One of the guys at my favorite store approached me and said he had a friend who needed a model to try on clothes. I would get paid lots of money, but I would have to try on any and all outfits. That didn't seem too hard so I said yes. Besides I love showing off my body. I was five foot four inches tall, very skinny almost like a toothpick. But being Latina, I had a round bubble booty and 28ds. The women on my mom's side of the family all had big tits and the women on my dad sides of the family had big butts. I got blessed with both. So my friend took me a part of the store I never seen. There I met my first "customer." God he was old enough to be my grandfather. I took the three outfits he wanted me to model for him and I went into the changing room.

The first outfit was a pair of tight little jeans and a cut pink halter top. It fit me really tiny and showed more than I thought it should. Still I was getting paid so I went and modeled it for him. He told me what poses he wanted me so I got in those poses. The man wanted to make sure his daughter (who he was buying the clothes for) would not show too much. He put me in positions to see if my ass would show off too much or that my cleavage wasn't showing more than what he would allow. He sent me back and asked me to put on the shorts. The shorts were tinier than the pants and I knew half my ass would be showing as soon as I bent over. It came with a loose fitting tank top and if I bent over my tits would be showing. Sure enough when I came out he put me through a series of poses. I felt the shorts ride up my ass when he asked me to bend over. My face got flushed but I did what he asked. He walked around me and looked down my shirt. Then he went behind me and I knew he was checking out my ass. This went on for like 10 minutes. Again he sent me to the changing room to put on the mini skirt and tube top. God this was the most revealing outfit from them all. Just walking you could see my nice round firm ass. You could see my luscious perky 28ds as good as if I was naked. When he was running through my poses I notice his huge bulge in his pants. Oh god, then it hit me. This dirty old perv wanted to check out my body for his pleasure. I heard him sigh when I put my hands on a little table and bend over and spread my legs like he asked. My ass was hanging out and by arching my back he got the best view ever. He told me not to move and I stayed there for several minutes. I looked back him when I was allowed to move. The old man was sweating, his face was flushed, and he was breathing hard. He smiled and handed me $100.00. Wow I never saw so much money. I thanked him and told him if his daughter ever needs more cloths he could ask me to model for him.

The next time I was at the store my friend told me of another man who was willing to pay modeling clothes. Sure I said. I met another dirty old man who wanted to buy clothes for "his daughter." He told me he wanted to see me wear them without a bra because that's how his daughter dressed. Every time was so thin and tiny my dark brown long nipples poked right through the material. He had even picked out the thong panties for me to wear with the outfits. When I was on my last outfit he told me to sit the chair with my legs slightly open and to close my eyes. I did as I was told. It was dead silent but I could hear him breathing. Every now and then he would say,

"Keep your eyes closed." I had to look.

I slowly opened one eye. Oh fuck he was jerking off. This dirty old man was jerking off to me. I couldn't more, I couldn't speak, and all I could do was watch. He came all over the floor. Long string of cum shot to me but didn't quiet reach. He cleaned his cock off and put it away in his pants.

"Ok we're done here," he handed me the money and left.

"What about the clothes for your daughter," I asked.

He kept walking and without looking back he said, "Next time."

When we were alone I confronted my so called friend.

"What the hell was that about? What kind of girl do you think I am," I demanded.

"A rich one if you keep doing this. Look I got several old guys who would pay to have you 'model' for them. The more you show the more they pay. Be here every Saturday and you could work in about four or five guys each day," he said.

I couldn't believe what I was listening. Didn't he hear how angry I was? Didn't he know I wasn't that kind of girl?

"How much money are we talking about?" I heard myself ask.

"Lots he said. If you're interested be here this coming Saturday, I'll have your first customers. Oh yea, you could tell your family you're working here. They can call me and I will say yes," he told me.

I went home thinking about the offer. What could it hurt? They only look. I'm not doing anything too bad. Sure I guess I could try it.

I was at the store next Saturday for my first client. It was the first man that paid me to model. He looked nervous and excited. He handed me several tiny skirts and tops along with a few thongs. I didn't wear any bra and put on the tiny outfits. Everything was showing. He put me into the last pose and told me not to move. I stood there for a few minutes and then looked over my shoulder. The dirty old man was across the room in a chair pumping his cock hard. He stopped because he had been caught.

"I told you not to move," he yelled.

"It's ok. You can cum closer for a better view," I replied.

He was in shock. He did not move.

"Cum on a little closer, I don't bite," I said again.

With that I put my elbows on the table and spread my legs a little more.

"See don't it look good. It looks better up close," I told him.

He rushed to me bringing his chair and placing it behind me. I kept looking over my shoulder at the dirty old man jerking off to my ass and pussy. He had a huge cock for an old guy. He worked it hard and fast. When he came his cock unloaded a lot of cum. He sprayed my ass with his sperm. It felt drenched. The old man didn't stop until he had pumped every last drop from his cock.

"I'm so sorry," he kept repeating. "

Don't worry you can pay me for it," I replied.

"Yes of course. Of course I will," he stammered.

Wow he did pay me a lot.

As he was walking out my friend told me that my next client was here. Every man had their own little fantasy girl. Each one brought in different outfits for me to put on. Soon some even made me put my hair in a certain way (pigtails being the most popular) and how to wear my makeup. Every Saturday I saw several horny old me jerk off their fat old cocks when they were looking at me all dressed up to their fantasy. If they wanted me to talk I started to charge more. Then if they wanted to cum on my shirt it cost more.

After a while I started to get wet seeing them lust after me. I started to image them actually having sex with me. They started to become people I knew not just customers. I knew the time they would be here, what kind of outfits they liked, and their favorite positions, and how to make them cum so good. I even started to pick out outfits for them. I got covered in cum so much that summer and I never touched a cock.

Then one day the question I had been expecting and dreading came. "How much for a blow job," he asked. I was on my knees looking up at him as he stroked his cock looking at my tits. I didn't answer. I was curious but I was not sure if this was where I wanted to give my first blow job.

"Well how much," he said again.

"I don't do that," I replied as I kept watching his fat cock in my face.

"Cum on, I'll pay you good," he retorted.

"Sorry, I just never did it," I told him honestly.

"Cum on, you'll like it. All girls do. The ones that say they don't just lie," he said.

He moved is cock closer to my face. I didn't move.

"No you can look at me and jerk off. That's the deal," I answered.

He moved it closer. The big fat mushroom head was right at my mouth.

"Oh cum on little girl, suck daddy's fat cock," he went on.

"What?" I asked looking up at him.

He never answered. Before I could close my mouth he had shoved it in. It felt so good in my mouth. It was thick, warm, hard and soft at the same time. He grabbed my pigtails and shoved more of it in my mouth. I started to gag.

"Easy baby, just take it easy. Relax. You can take it. Come on you little cock sucker. Take daddy's cock," he told me.

I continue to let him fuck my mouth. As every second went by I enjoyed it more and more. He was right I did like a cock in my mouth. I started to suck his cock as he pumped it into my face.

"See I told you little slut. You looked like a natural born cock sucker from the first time I saw you," he told me.

He started to get rough and shove his massive cock into my mouth. The more I gagged the harder he pushed. After a few minutes he stiffen put and held my head firm in his hands. I left every shot of cum spurt out of him into my mouth. I sucked and swallowed and gagged on his cock and cum. He pulled out and came on my face. In the mirror I could see a strand of cum from his cock to my lips.

"God little girl you're the best cock sucker I ever had," he told me.

"Keep doing it and you will make a lot of money," he advised. He walked away with a smile, leaving me on my knees with the taste of cum in my mouth.

I was still on my knees when my friend brought in another customer. "I think I'm going to enjoy today's session," the customer told my friend.