**The Fashion Show**

by sandy2moon

*A revealing fashion show...*

“No, Darling, you must show your tits,” came the cry from a very effeminate Pierre, the designer of a new range of clothes for the European summer collection. I rearranged my ‘tits’ in the soft multi-colored synthetic dress so that the audience could see my bobbing breasts as I walk down the ramp in the European Fashion Show in Paris, France.

This year Pierre’s designs were very sexy and very risqué. He combined synthetic materials with leather and satin, chiffon and wool and showed a lot of naked flesh. He believed women should show their assets to their best advantage. A number of the clothes have bare backs, see-through blouses, slits up the skirts and even bare fronts.

The models were not your average anorexic girls with small or no tits at all. No, we were a healthy bunch with 34C – 36D cup sizes and beautiful tans. White, bronze and black skins glistened and glowed under the bright lights.

The dressing area looked like a hurricane flood swept through the room. Girls ran from the ramp to their wardrobe change, peeled off everything and slipped into the next skimpy item.

I had never seen so many naked pussies at a fashion show before. Pierre insisted that we did not wear any panties and also shaved our pussies. He wanted to show buttocks and pubic mounds to this young modern crowd. Gone were the days of false modesty and the hypocrisy of fashion. Pierre believed people dressed up to get laid. Men wanted to look successful to attract beautiful women, while women wanted to look sexy to catch the eyes of the richest men available. We all knew that every date would be concluded in bed with people fucking their brains out.

So why not cut to the chase and show your naked assets?

I took a deep breath and started down the ramp. The who’s who of the entertainment and fashion worlds lined the sides of the stage, rubbing shoulders with the trophy wives and spoiled children of the rich and famous. My aroused nipples pointed at the curious audience, but it was my wet pussy that attracted the most attention.

The dress barely covered my ass cheeks and a small upside-down triangle was supposed to do its job in front. The spaghetti strings over my shoulders pretended to keep the dress from falling off. My ample breasts swayed and peeked behind the flimsy material with every step of my long strong legs. My thighs rubbed against each other, slipping over my pussy. The flapping triangle never covered my naked mound. The audience had an unobstructed view of my clit and puffy pussy lips.

'Fuck it,' I thought. 'They want to see my cunt; I’ll show it to them.' At my first scheduled stop and turn, I put my hands on my hip, spread my legs and pushed my pelvis towards the crowd. I looked into the eyes of a beautiful young woman, caressed my buttocks and slipped my hands between my legs. The group before me cheered and applauded my brazenness. I swiveled around, bent over to reveal the naked valley between my legs and my wet cunt. Wolf whistles accompanied me back to the dressing room.

An angry Pierre waited for me.

“This is a fashion show, not a strip club, you little hussy.”

“You could’ve fooled me,” I said while I removed the ‘dress’ and quickly stepped into a black leather dominatrix harness that obscenely exposed my tits and mound. As I stepped into the thigh boots, I fell against Pierre and touched his rock-hard cock with my naked bottom.

“What’s this?” I demanded and grabbed his huge cock through his trousers.

“You’re supposed to be gay.”

Pierre dragged me aside and pulled me closer to him. I could feel my naked breasts rubbing against his satin shirt. My nipples wanted to burst with arousal. I pushed my pelvis against his leg, leaving a wet slimy trail down his black trousers. My engorged pussy and tits sent sparks through my being that left me gasping.

“Where else can a man like me touch and see so many beautiful naked women?” He whispered in my ear, while slipping his finger between my puffy lips and into my wet canal. With the cushion of his thumb, he rubbed my sensitive clit, sending me nearly over the edge. He withdrew his wet fingers from my hungry cunt and swirled me in the direction of the stage.

I was up next and with weak knees and a leaking pussy I managed to get onto the ramp. I focused on a light in the distance and started my walk. I didn’t feel like a dominatrix but a slave of my own desires. I could feel the leather-straps between my legs, pulling my pussy lips open to reveal my moist love canal. When I turned at another spot, I swayed my hips and rubbed my clit, looking straight at a beautiful young man with his mouth wide open. I smiled at my newfound pussy power and strutted back to the dressing room.

Pierre and two other girls spat angry words at each other.

“Listen, darlings, we have a job to do. You can fuck him later, after I’m done with him,” I said, getting ready for my final outfit. “His cock is mine.”

But then it hit me. Why not pull a Robert Altman stunt like in the “Ready to Wear/Pret ‘a Porte” movie?

I quickly organized the models to follow my lead and off we went hand in hand onto the ramp. The applause was overwhelming. I could feel my smile widening as Pierre came onto the ramp, walking between his bevy of totally naked models. As he bowed to the appreciative audience, the models hugged, and French kissed one another.

Next year’s Summer Collection was the beginning of a new wave of erotic fashions, and I was part of that movement. It gave the finger to everything politically correct.