

My Latin Rose

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One day as I was searching for employment in my neighborhood, I passed an empty store front displaying a sign in its window advertising a two week-job opening. It was for a new women's clothing store being renovated and soon to be opened. I thought to myself as I walked in, how lucky I had been finding an opportunity for employment so close to home. I was immediately approached by an employee and asked him for an employment application.

As I started to fill out the application at a display counter the same employee interrupted me, asking me for my assistance moving a mannequin, which he seemed to have been struggling with, and I stopped filling out my application and assisted him.

As we started moving the mannequin a woman came out from the back of the store, and asked who I was. “I’m John, just helping this gentleman to move the mannequin, I was filling out an employment application.”

“It’s nice meeting you John, I’m Betty, the owner of this establishment, and that is Bill you’re helping, and you now can consider yourself employed, that’s if you want the job. Since you don’t have any lunch with you as this may have been unexpected, lunch is on me today if you accept, we’ll be happy to have you as a member of our team. You can finish the application and leave it on the counter and I’ll get to it later. We have long days ahead; I want to open as soon as I am able.”

After finishing the application and leaving it on the counter, I reported to Bill for an assignment, which Bill had informed me would have to be after lunch, as two large pizzas and

bottles of soda had just been delivered, and we all sat down for lunch. Betty opened the pizza boxes and said, "Dig in guys, "and we all did. During lunch I learned that Bill had been hired last week and we could work twelve-hour days or more if we wanted to, that's what Betty and Bill do, and Bill was so tired one day, that he slept in the store overnight.

After lunch I asked Bill for an assignment. He directed me to follow him to a back storeroom, filled with just received mannequins, with heads and some without, and he explained "We can carry the mannequins with the heads to pre-marked positions in the show-room in front of the store, and Betty will re-position them if necessary, and after dressing them, if they need moving, she will call you or me. The one's without heads or other body parts we can put together what you feel is your ideal woman, your perfect mannequin. Let's start moving the

ones with heads first, and have our fun later.” It took us the rest of the day to bring out the mannequins with heads. Betty asked if we were staying, and we both answered yes, and she said “Great” as we returned to put together the headless mannequins. Only when I first started putting together the headless mannequins did I first noticed that they were almost the perfect anatomical mannequins’ likenesses to women that I have ever scene. When I told Bill he remarked, “Didn’t I tell you John, go build her, and carry her to the show room”

“Bill, I may carry her home.” Bill chuckled.

The mannequins were free standing, but the heads and some of the lower and upper extremities were packed in boxes, which was somewhat weird when I was searching for body parts to put together my perfect mannequin. As I continued, hoping to find a Latin head to match the perfect body I had assembled.

Suddenly Betty made an appearance asking if I had finished. “No not yet Betty, I still have a few heads to unpack.”

She responded, “John, you’re really into this.”

“Yes, I am, it may be the only opportunity I’ll ever get to pick my perfect woman.”

She smiled and said as she touched my arm “Don’t think you’ll ever have that problem. You can bring her to the show-room when you’re finished. I have a special place for her,” and she left. I continued searching the boxes, and when reaching the last box, her head was there, a perfect head. A smiling Latin beauty with long deep black hair, and eyebrows deep with an open invitation I could or could not deny. I picked up her head and gently cradled it in my hands as I lifted it towards me and onto her perfect body that yearned in earnest for my completion. “My Perfect, my Latin Rose,”

unintentionally rolled off my lips as I admired my work. She stood naked before me, with breasts I would only dare to touch or gently embrace as we stood alone together at her introduction to life, as I stood intensely jealous of her overwhelming beauty that I had to share, as I prepared to carry her to the showroom then Bill came in and asked if I needed any help. No Bill, I'll take her to the show-room myself."

"Okay John, you lead the way."

I picked the mannequin up, trying to avoid any pleasures that may transpire as I embrace her naked body transporting her to the show-room where Betty waited for us.

"Just put her there John, she will be the first mannequin, oh I mean woman, John to greet my customers when they patronize my store.

We worked till about mid-night to ensure a week-end opening as the sales personnel will show up tomorrow for training. When I finished for the night, I was tired, and about to pass my Spanish Rose on my way out, and stopped and stood in front of her, wishing her a good night, but then decided to stay the night so we could keep each other company. When I awoke Friday, my hand held a rose, and one in my Latin Rose's hair. The front door opened and Betty and Bill entered and I hid the rose that was in my hand. Betty brought me coffee and a bagel telling me when She and Bill left, I was sleeping like a baby. Bill then commented, "Nice touch John, the rose in her hair," "Where did you find the rose?"

Betty commented next, "John, I didn't notice it before, yes John where did you find it, is the rose real?"

“Probably left in the mannequin box guys, I don’t really know.”

They both walked away puzzled. I was also puzzled not knowing where the rose came from, and the fact it was real.

The store opened Saturday and business was very good, so good that Betty told us we could stick around for another week, and next Sunday we would have a private celebration in the store with us three. I spent the last week sleeping overnight in the show-room keeping my Spanish Rose company.

On Sunday, we had the party, and Betty supplied everything, and we all got drunk. After Bill had left Betty changed into a mannequin’s robe and made a pass at me while dropping her robe, and immediately I accepted the invitation although very much surprised, as she was much older than I. We embraced, and started rolling

indiscriminately around the show-room floor like crazed animals, disregarding the mannequins that graced the floor, we bumped into constantly with our feverish love making till we made contact with my Latin Rose, who fell on us breaking Betty's nose, with blood covering the floor, and us all. Betty rose to her feet holding her nose screaming "If I didn't know better John, I would think that bitch had done it on purpose, or did she?"

"Really Betty" I responded, "She's not real, she's a mannequin."

"But she's your mannequin, and it looks like she's smiling at me."

"Betty she's always smiling."

"I'll fix her John, Betty" steamed as she dragged my Latin Rose by her hair to the nearest closet and shoved her in saying, "We'll

see how she likes it in the closet till I return from Urgent Care.

I left shaking my head as I exited the door. walking home I was thinking of my Rose in the dark and forsaken closet. I had thought seriously returning to the store, breaking in and freeing my Rose when all of a sudden, a voice called to me from afar. As I turned around my Latin Rose fell into my arms, and we kissed and embraced, as I exclaimed, "What took you so long dear?" We started our life together and never returned.

