A Trip to the Shops

by blueeyed\_devil©

It was a beautifully sunny day and it seemed like such a waste of time to be

spending it largely indoors. But then I had always hated clothes shopping. Worst

Vickie was the kind of girl who always took ages, and had to try everything on.

It never seemed to be simply a matter of grabbing what she wanted and leaving.

As we entered the store I reluctantly flipped the shades up on to the top of my

head. I followed Vickie around the store as she picked up various items,

occasionally holding them against her. I tried to muster some enthusiasm for the

task, but failed. I could sense that she was annoyed by the fact I was so

apathetic, but this must have been the tenth store we had been into. All the

clothes had seemed somehow to blend into on. Every store looked much like the

last.

"I am going to try this on." She said as she grabbed a dress of the shelf.

I watched as she disappeared into the changing room and pulled the flimsy

curtain shut behind her. I listened to the sound of the curtain as it was pulled

shut. The slight gap in the curtain made me wonder if I stood at the right angle

perhaps I would have been able to see something. It stirred a memory deep inside

me, the idea of watching something that perhaps I should not have done. For the

first time that day I felt a surge of excitement. I looked around the shop. It

was almost empty, there was a solitary shopping assistant, served a customer.

She looked young, and yet surprising sophisticated. Not unattractive, I thought

to myself, but I felt my desire belonged elsewhere. I looked back at the curtain

and saw it rustling slightly. Once more I glanced back at the shopping assistant

who was now chatting causally to the customer. I made my move.

I slipped furtively through the curtain. She was standing facing away from me. I

reached around and placed my hand over her mouth. I managed to block out her

sighs.

"Shhh...it's just me," I whispered.

I released by hand from her mouth.

"What are you doing in here?" She almost hissed at me.

"Relax." I said as I allowed by hands to run through her hair, before caressing

the side of her face. I turned her head slightly so that she was looking at the

full sized mirror in front of her. I allowed my eyes to run over her. She was

wearing virginal white underwear, the complimented her flawless complexion.

I allowed my hands to trace the outline of her face, softly moving downwards

caressing her shoulders and neck before running them down her sides. Exploring

the way her waist curves and develops into the feminine curves of her hips. She

shivered slightly as I leant forwards and nibbled very gently on her left

earlobe, tilting her head slight as I did. As she purred with pleasure I let one

hand grab her breasts and begin to massage them from through the thin fabric of

her bra. I could feel her erect nipple. Meanwhile my other hand rubbed softly

between her legs. She moaned in pleasure and I felt a faint touch of moistness

through the fabric of her panties. Her breathing grew louder and more ragged.

"Shhh" I whispered, "Someone will hear us."

I moved my hand upwards and stroked the bottom of her stomach. Teasingly I

pulled the waist band of her panties and out then let it snap back. Then I

slipped my hand inside and began to softly rub the faint crop of pubic hair. My

fingers traced the shape of her outer lips, with two fingers to pull them ever

so slightly apart. Meanwhile my other hand continued to caress her breasts,

first the left one and then the right one. I looked at her reflection in the

mirror. Admiring her beauty as her arousal grew more visible, and shed flushed a

rosy pink across her face and cheeks. I could see her nipples were hard, even

through the bra.

I knew what I wanted to do I began to rub around her clitoris with one finger,

gently circling it. My touch was soft at first, so soft that I wondered if she

could even feel me at all, at times it I could scarcely feel her with the tip of

my finger. With each stroke I allowed my touch to grow more forceful. My fingers

moved faster and faster with each passing moment. At one point I stopped to

insert a couple of fingers inside her. Her moisture seemed to encourage me to

slide my fingers in still deeper and so I slide them in as far as I could. As I

pulled them out I felt her juices begin to drip off my fingers. I used these as

natural lubricant. My fingers teased her rubbing her clit and the sensitive

areas around it. At times slipping inside her and stimulating her G spot. I

watched in the mirror the way she responded to my touch, letting her pleasure be

my guide. All the while I could tell that she was enjoying it. Her body, guided

by her hips, squirming with me. I felt her body begin to quiver and she began to

breathe at a faster rate. I watched her face in the mirror as she bit her lower

lip in an attempt to avoid making a sound. A look of fierce concentration was

etched upon her face. I could tell she was close. I felt the quivering that had

overcome her body rising to a peak.

Then I stopped; moving my hand slightly away from her. I wanted to make her beg; to plead. I studied her in the mirror. Her face flushed, glinting with the faint

hint of perspiration upon her forehead. I saw what looked like a pleading look

in her eye. I kept my hand still, just above her clit. Not touching, but close

enough that I could feel the warmth and moisture radiating from her body as I

allowed a few moments to pass. Neither of us moved, but I could sense her

mounting frustration.

"Please..." She sighed.

I could sense the desperation in her voice that she was about to lose it.

"Beg me!"

"Please," she whimpered.

I responded by waiting another instant before sliding my finger down to her

clit. She moaned as I began to rub it once again. I could tell how close she

was, feeling the muscles in her pussy contracting. I could sense the muscles in

her legs and back shuddering. She threw her head back as I felt her collapse

against me. I held her as she exploded into an orgasm, her attempts to keep

quiet failed as she let out a sexy and yet subdued moan. She fought to regain

her breathe and I could feel her legs were wobbly so I sat her down on the bench.

I knew I had to get out of there. I peered through the curtains. Damn there were

now two shop assistants standing not more than five feet away. They were looking

over at the cubical. They weren't going anywhere. I decided to just get of there.

"Is everything alright, sir?" giggled one of them as I walked past. I felt

myself blush, "It is just that we thought we heard some strange noises".

"Everything is fine." I responded as I quickly hurried past.