**Amy Gets Licked**

***Dedicated to my new friend Amy and all her dreams***

***By Stevesaint***

This story is simply a work of imagination...or is it?  If you are under the age of 18, live in a jurisdiction where reading erotic stories would be considered illegal, or are just plain offended by material of a sexual nature, then stop now and don’t read this.

All others please enjoy!  If you like this story, then give me some feedback at [stevesaint@juno.com](mailto:stevesaint@juno.com)

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*(fF)*

I walk into the shop looking for a new dress.  I don’t actually need a new dress, but I’ve been feeling down a bit lately and want something new and maybe a little sexy to make me feel better.  I was looking through one of the racks when a voice asks “Can I help you find something?”

I turn to answer the clerk, but freeze.  She is so beautiful she takes my breath away.  My only thought is ‘what is this gorgeous creature doing in *THIS* Kansas shit-town?’

She smiles at me and I feel stupid for being so tongue-tied.  “Why don’t I let you browse around?  If you need anything, please let me know...my name is Debbie.”

I nod—and probably blush, my face suddenly hot.  Why can’t I even talk?  While I continue to slide hangers back and forth on the rack, hardly looking at the clothes at all, I sneak a glance over at Debbie.  She’s everything I’ve ever dreamed of.  An older woman of about 30-35, she has long, curly, raven-black tresses, nice breasts, and magnificently flared hips leading to a to-die-for ass.  Other parts of my body besides my face begin to feel hot.  I’ve got to shake this; she’s probably married with two kids, for God’s sake.  Concentrate on the dresses Amy, I command myself.

When I lift one dress to get a better look at it, I’m startled by her voice right behind me.

“Yes, I think that’s the best one for your figure.  Would you like to try it on?”

“Y...Yes,” I stutter, still unable to speak coherently when I look at her.  Can she see my distress?  Can she smell the musk of my arousal?  Damned if I won’t leave a puddle in the dressing room.

“Excellent.  Follow me and I’ll set you up in one of our fitting rooms.  Would you like to try on anything else while you’re in there?”

Yes, *you*, I think to myself.  I impulsively lift the skimpiest dress from the rack and follow her into the fitting room area.  I’m walking behind her, admiring the way her ass seductively sways while she walks.  She directs me to one of the little booths, stepping aside to let me pass.  Did she mean to let our breasts rub together?

“If you need any help, just call out for me,” she says.  Is she staring at my bosom?  Am I seeing her look at me that way, or is it just my achingly horny imagination?

“Well, I could use your help in unhooking my bra, if that’s okay.”  My test: how will she react?  She stays in the small cubicle with me and helps me out of all my clothes except for my panties.

She says, “Mmm, this dress *WILL* look fantastic braless, with your breasts.”  She absently runs the tip of her tongue over her upper lip.  “I’m sure guys tell you all the time what beautiful skin you have,” she says while running her hand up the outside of my arm and across my shoulder blade to the nape of my neck.  If they weren’t before, my panties are definitely soaked now.

“No...No guys.”

That did it.  Her hand moves to cup one of my aching breasts.  “There’s a spare office in the back.  Why don’t you put on that little number and we’ll go back there,” she says breathlessly.  “Susie will watch the store,” indicating her colleague.

While she goes off to tell Susie, I do indeed slide into the slinky silk dress with the spaghetti straps.  Looking in the mirror, I see it’s a tad too small for me, but what the hell, my nipples are poking at the thin material and I feel as sexy as I’ve felt in a long while.  Debbie returns and leads me to the rear of the store.  When we enter one of the offices, she quickly closes the door—and she’s all over me.  My breasts are very large and full, apparently the early focus of her attention.  Her hands knead them while we kiss.  Our kiss is long and deep.  The promise of her flitting tongue being somewhere else makes me moan.  I’m a hyper ball of fire as I fumble with her clothes.  She passively lets me strip her until she’s just in her black lace panties.  The new dress is soon dropped to the floor, leaving me in just panties too.

We fall into each others arms again, our breasts rubbing tantalizingly together as each of us reaches down to touch the other’s crotch.  Neither of us is surprised at the other’s wetness, soaking through the fabric of our panties.

Between heavy breaths, Debbie says, “The cot...over there...should be...okay ...oh...I need you...oh...”

I lick her, running my tongue through the folds of her labia before finding her pearl of a clit.  She tastes so sweet.  I greedily suck on her little nub, while cupping a gloriously round ass cheek in each of my palms.   Her hips twitch at each flick of my tongue, until I’m rewarded with a shudder, a cry, and a torrent of love juice as she climaxes.  She sounds like a hungry kitten as she croons as another orgasmic wave passes through her.

Looking like she was drugged, she languidly gazes down at me nestled between her lovely thighs and says just two words: “Your turn.”  Two magnificent, sweet words.

She explores every curve of my body until I can’t take it anymore.  I beg her to eat me.  And that simply doesn’t describe how she sends me to the moon.  Her tongue exquisitely licks and probes my pussy, purposely ignoring my clit, I suppose, until I’m nuts with desire.  By the time she ‘finds’ my little nub, it isn’t little anymore, stiff and sticking up like it usually does when I’m horny.

Like a disembodied voice, I hear myself moan “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh,” as my entire body convulses likes it’s never done before.  “Yesssssssssss, yessssssss, YESSSSSSSSS” I cry.

We lay in each others arms for quite a while before we hear a light knock on the door.

“Debbie...c’mon...there’re customers out here...it’s too busy for just me!”

Debbie gets up on one elbow and answers, “Yeah Susie, I’ll be right out...sorry.”  She looks down at me and whispers, “You know, I’m embarrassed I don’t know your name.”

I told her.

“So Amy my love, when are we going to do this again?”

Her smile is radiant, the heat from her breasts is hypnotic, and the smell of her musky sex is intoxicating.  “What about now,” I answer, and we kiss again, oblivious to Susie’s pleas from the other side of the office door.

*Not*

*The End,*

*but a Beginning...*