**Changing Room Fun**

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He had been thinking of this fantasy for some time and finally the opportunity and the courage to do so arose.

They both took a long lazy walk into town, holding hands and chatting away in the carefree easy way they seem to just slip into. Distracted by each others attention they strolled down the busy high street and enjoyed the beautiful day.

They stopped to look in many of the shop windows, happily browsing away not really looking to by anything. As they approached one such shop she saw the most beautiful yet sensuous dress she had ever see. It was a short, lacy black dress, like something worn on a catwalk in Paris. Gazing at it longingly she pulled him towards her by the hand to show him "My god I love that dress" she said as she imagined herself wearing it.

"Well why don't you go in try it on" he said, a massive grin appearing on his face, knowing he will get to see her gorgeous figure squeezed into the tight little dress.

Inside the busy shop they both searched around until they found the dress from the window. She took one in her size and with a cheeky grin on her face she whispered "sit down Mr, I'll give you a sneak peek once I've slipped this on."

He sat on a sofa just outside the changing room and waited, very impatiently, for her to emerge in the dress. Just sitting there thinking about her body made his cock stir slightly, biting his lip the waiting was getting him hot and bothered.

When she finally appeared his jaw dropped. The dress fit her like a glove and it accentuated every curve and contour of her body. Moving his eyes up her figure, starting at her feet, he took in every inch of her body, moving up to her slender smooth legs, slowly up to her hips and waist which were shapely and full figured. He couldn't help but want to reach out and pull her towards him, but he continued his gaze, moving up further to her ample cleavage, which as she breathed in and out deeply, swelled and became fuller in the tight dress. His cock stirred again, the blood pumping hard now.

He finally made his way to her beautiful feminine face, full lips, big eyes youthful. He made made a twirling motion with his finger for her to give him a better view from every angle and she span around obediently like a giddy school girl, half blushing, half giggling and with a hint of cheekiness that she did so well. She could see he was enjoying the view and she wanted him to be engulfed with the sight of her. She turned again, slowly this time so her sexy, pert bum rotated into view. He saw she wasn't wearing panties and at that point all of his senses went into overdrive and only one thought was on his mind. She sensed his desire and moved slowly towards him.

As she stood in front of him he reached out and grabbed her ass, pulled her close and could immediately feel the heat and moisture radiating from her pussy. She bent down and whispered into his ear "I'm not wearing my panties for a reason" and with that she took his hand, pulled him up and lead him slowly to the changing room.

Taking one quick glance to see that they hadn't been spotted she pulled him into the changing room and pushed him up against the wall. The changing room only had a curtain to block the view from outside and on the three walls were mirrors which gave them both a perfect view of each others bodies.

She launched her body onto his, kissing him passionately and pressing her soft body against him. The kissing got steamer and more forceful as they devoured each others lips, when suddenly he span her around, bent her over slightly, pressed her face first against one of the mirrors and began to pull up her skirt.

"Now you little tease, you can feel what your sexy body has done to me," he said quietly into her ear.

She loved him taking control and his words turned her moist pussy into a deep wetness that made her ready to receive his huge cock. He first slid one of his fingers slowly and deeply inside her to feel how turned on she was, then another finger slid in, getting her pussy ready for something bigger.

Then quickly undoing his jeans with his free hand, he pulled out his pulsating cock and slid the head in slowly at first. She took his swollen head easily, then he forcefully slid the rest of his cock deep inside her in one fluid movement that took both of their breaths away.

He began to rhythmically fuck her pussy, her pert ass cushioning his thrusts as he pinned her to the wall.

She was the perfect height for him to penetrate her and he could feel her pussy clamp around his shaft as he slid in and out of her tight lips. He continued to thrust inside her, one hand on her hips so he could pull her into his thrusts, the other hand pulling her hair so that her head tilted backwards and her spine arched and pushed her ass out towards him.

Without warning she exploded with an intense orgasm and he felt her shudder on his cock. The excitement of the changing room, plus the force of his thrusts finished her quick, she was clearly in the mood. The orgasm began to subside and they both started to giggle like naughty teenagers, shushing each other and trying as hard as they could to be quiet. They could hear people outside the changing room, walking past to try things on, chatting away, oblivious to what was happening only meters away in the changing room.

She sensed he was ready to cum, but she reached around and grabbed his ass, keeping him inside her so she could enjoy the feeling for a few more seconds.

"Let me thank you for letting me try on this sexy dress" she said, and with that she slowly pulled him out of her pussy, turned to face him, got down on her knees and took his cook in her mouth.

She sucked him expertly, focusing on the head first, massaging his balls, then slowly taking him deep, feeling every inch slide down her throat. She kept her eyes locked on his, searching his eyes and seeing his pleasure. Knowing he was about to explode and with one last bob of her head, he shot pulses of warm cum deep into the back of her mouth. Gagging slightly she swallowed the lot, then greedily licked the remaining cum from his fully drained cock.

As they both tidied themselves up and she changed back into her clothes, they left the changing room hand in hand, grinning like Cheshire cats and flushed with pleasure.

"How was the dress Madame?" asked the shop assistant.

"Hmmmm, it was amazing," she said "but I think I might come back and try it on again another time just to make sure."

They left the shop hand in hand "we should have bought the dress" he said, the experience still whirring around in his mind.

As they strolled away she said "we can get it next time, for now the memory of wearing that dress is all I need."