**Cindy Shopping**

by[cindyandal](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=86249&page=submissions)©

“Oh, this is kinda cute!” Cindy said, holding up a dress. The dress was vinyl. It had vinyl straps holding up a top that was cut low across the front. It was short. And the front was connected to the back by 3 one-inch vinyl strips on each side. The strips separated the two halves by about six inches, leaving a wide expanse of skin to be seen. It was slightly narrower at the waist than at the top and bottom, allowing the chance of a glimpse of breast at the top, and who knows what at the bottom.  
  
“Yep, it sure is.” I replied. “I think you should try that one on.”  
  
“I’ll think about it.” She said, noting its position on the floor.  
  
We were in an adult shop, stopping in late after a bit of a night on the town.  
  
I thought the dress would be just about the right length – very short – and I liked the other features as well.  
  
As was customary, when we walked into the shop to look around, Cindy had headed straight for the clothing. I had scoped the place out a bit. It had the counter in the middle of the store, with the clothing racks on one side, the leather and toy stuff along with the dressing rooms on the other side, and in the back were long shelves of movies for rent and for sale. There were perhaps 6 or 7 men roaming in the racks, searching for the movie that looked just right. The clerk was a youngish man, who looked bored when we walked through the door, but who seemed to perk up when he got a good look at Cindy.  
  
She was already wearing a short dress, just a few inches below her crotch, with a loose top held up by spaghetti straps. As she searched through the clothes, bending and contorting, I’m sure the show was entertaining. She liked sexy clothes, and so did I.  
  
She moved through the racks, looking at every item. She would pull an interesting dress or skirt or blouse out and hold it up to her, sizing it up. Sometimes she would ask my opinion, which was usually enthusiastic. I didn’t normally relish clothes shopping with her, but in places like this I enjoyed the experience.  
  
After a while, she had decided on a few things she liked, and decided to try them all on.  
  
Cindy took the vinyl dress off the rack and approached the clerk.  
  
“Is it ok if I try this on?” she asked, flashing her winning smile.  
  
“Of course.” He replied, “Try everything on if you want. The changing rooms are over there, and there is a full length mirror along the front wall.”  
  
He pointed to the mirror, which was in among the leather harnesses. I noted with amusement that it was a good twenty feet from the changing rooms. There would be a little excitement generated here tonight. Cindy took the dress in to the room, and pulled the drape shut. Cindy is rather tall; the drape only hung down to about the middle of her thighs, and stopped right at her eye level. Since it afforded such a good look into the room (really a booth), I’m sure it helped to guard against theft. I thought that it also increased the excitement level.  
  
I watched as she removed her dress, letting it fall to the floor, then picking it up to hang on the hook. The brief flash as she stooped over was meant as a preview. I watched her legs as she stood there naked in the booth, taking the dress off the hangar and unzipping it, then stepped into it and pulled it up. After zipping up and arranging the straps, she pulled open the drape and stepped out.  
  
“What do you think?” she asked.  
  
“Holy shit!” is what I thought.  
  
She turned slowly around so that I, and the clerk, could see how she looked. The dress actually was a little shorter than the one she had just taken off. But the feature of the bare sides was truly erotic. She looked as if she was wearing two aprons. We could see the beginning swell of her breasts from the sides, we could see a virtually continuous expanse of skin from shoulder to ankle along both sides, and it probably would not have taken much of a change in angle to see the bottom of her bottom.  
  
I liked it.  
  
She walked over to the mirror and slowly turned around, appraising the look. I saw her smile to herself while looking in the mirror. I, a little reluctantly, turned to look toward the movie shelves and saw that two men had taken a sudden interest in the movies all the way at the closest end of the aisles. They were pretending to study the movie cover, but were really looking over the top to study Cindy.  
  
Cindy liked that, I know.  
  
She told the clerk she was going to get something else, and she walked past all of us on her way back to the clothing. She came back shortly with several items, and entered the changing booth.  
  
She came out the next time with a skirt and top. The skirt was short and plaid, and the top was short and white. By short, I mean that it stopped just below her boobs, but clung tight to accentuate the curves. The skirt was more than half-way up her thighs to her crotch, and hung loose and promised lots of movement on a windy day. The schoolgirl look is a dead-lock turn-on for almost every guy I know, and I sensed the clerk paying real close attention to her when she came out.  
  
By this time, a couple of other men had decided to come to the end of the movie stacks and study those movies, too. Cindy went to the mirror and checked herself out again. This time she did a couple of quick spins, and we all watched the skirt fly up as she spun, giving us all a peek at her gorgeous butt. As she walked toward her booth, she seemed to notice the men for the first time. Brazenly, she walked right up to stop just a few feet in front of them.  
  
“What do you think about this one?” she asked coyly, spinning around again to show the dress and herself to full advantage.  
  
I could not really hear the replies, but by watching the head nods, I assumed that they were approving. The clerk next to me was now unabashedly staring at Cindy, watching her every move.  
  
Cindy returned to her booth, but this time, she was little careless with the drape. She did not quite get it closed all the way, leaving about two inches of gap, through which we could peer.  
  
She removed that outfit, and I could see a lot of her butt as she bent over to pick up the next one.  
  
She put it on and walked out, and I caught my breath again.  
  
This dress was entirely made of mesh, loosely woven in some places, more tightly in others. The effect was that she was wearing a mesh body stocking. I could sort of see her nipples and her bush behind the closer woven places; other than that, it was like she was naked. When she turned to walk to the mirror, we could see that her butt was entirely visible. The loose mesh skirt half waved from side to side with the sway of her hips as she walked, which added to the peek-a-boo qualities of the dress. When Cindy first saw herself in the mirror, even she gasped at the sight. She glanced around, looking at first a trifle nervous, and then I saw that impish look creep back into her eyes.  
  
She turned and again walked past her audience.  
  
“I guess I can’t wear this on a cold day, can I?” she asked. “It sure wouldn’t keep me very warm. What do you guys think?”  
  
Amid the stammers I heard one say that it sure made him feel hot, to which Cindy laughed.  
  
She continued on to the clothes area and looked some more, finally returning to us in frustration.  
  
“I don’t know what I want to try on next.” addressing us all. “Would somebody else find something interesting I could try on?”  
  
In the middle of the room, she stood tall and confident; hands on her hips, legs spread. This position served to stretch the mesh more, showing more of her creamy, tanned skin. Some of the men moved to various areas of the room, looking for their fantasy outfits – the ones that their women would never wear for them, not even in the privacy of their own homes. The rest stood where they were, transfixed by the sight before them; afraid that this was all a dream and their movement would only awaken them and end the vision.  
  
The first man returned, holding a pair of matching red thong panties and tiny bra. He extended it sheepishly to Cindy.  
  
She took the items, laughing.  
  
“Well, I guess you were in a hurry, but I’ll bet there are more imaginative things in here I could try on. I’ll go see if these fit, but, in the meantime, you guys need to be a little more creative. I need some help with good ideas.”  
  
She winked at them and went inside her booth; again seeming to forget to pull the curtain closed all the way. Those not searching for clothes watched as she struggled a bit with getting the mesh dress off, then watched as she pulled on the panties. She had to work to get the bra on, since it was a little too small. Finally the she connected the straps in back, and worked more to get as much of her boobs as could inside. The small cups didn’t hold much of her, and laughing, Cindy turned and walked out of the booth.  
  
Returning to the guy who had given the undies to her, she asked if this was what he had wanted to see.  
  
What a question! There was this statuesque blond, standing there in thong panties and too small bra, supple thighs connecting to firm ass cheeks, with luscious breasts spilling out of the bra, barely leaving her nipples concealed.  
  
Yeah, it was pretty much what we wanted to see.  
  
She looked around to see what other ideas the men had come up with, and, surprisingly, only one had returned with anything. The others just stood and stared. I thought that they simply did not want to miss the action.  
  
“Ok, this is creative, I’ve always wanted to wear something like this.”  
  
She went back to her booth, holding the leather items the man had given her; then she turned around again and came back out.  
  
Turning to the clerk, she asked for some tall boots to go with the outfit. He nearly fell over himself looking for her size, but quickly came up with close to the style that Cindy had requested.  
  
Cindy then went back to her booth, but this time she pulled the drape all the way shut. I think she was relishing the drama she generated. Under the curtain, we could see her pull off the panties, then step into the leather contraption. We could see the top of her head as she fumbled with getting it adjusted right, then we could see as she wrestled with the leather top. Finally, she put on the boots. She kept one leg on the floor as she placed the boot on the seat, then pushed her foot in and zipped up the side. After repeating the process for the other boot, she spent a little more time adjusting things, and then announced her intentions of coming back out.  
  
We all waited in anticipation as she playfully pulled the curtain back slowly, peeking around the side and teasing us by hiding behind the cloth for as long as possible.  
  
“This is exactly what I wanted, this is fun.” Breathlessly saying these words, she then boldly stepped out to the middle of the room.  
  
We all gasped at the sight. It was all I could do not to cum in my pants right then. I’ll bet some of the others were not quite so in control.  
  
She stood there proudly and confidently. The leather top, little more than a collection of black leather straps, did not conceal her breasts. In fact, they merely encircled the breasts, supporting them slightly so her breasts and nipples stood out straight from her body. Her fully extended nipples stood out like pencil erasers from the aureoles, begging to be sucked, contrasting with the smooth white skin around them.  
  
Far away, her “panties” were of the same design. Leather strips circled around her waist and the tops of her thighs, leaving her buns in open view as the thong did, except this did not have a strap running up her butt crack. In front, her trimmed pussy was fully visible. Her labia were swollen and open, attesting to her high degree of excitement, and there was nothing to hinder the sight of this wonderland.  
  
The boots may have been a bit much. With the three-inch platform and nine-inch heels, she towered over us like Athena. The boots covered most of her calves, leaving her knees and thighs open and inviting. I had always maintained that those thighs were the best ear-warmers in the world, and I was dying to re-verify that.  
  
Cindy was a goddess standing there, and she knew the powers that she held. Approaching the man whose idea it had been, she got very close, then very slowly turned around in front of him. His eyes hungrily devoured her, roaming all over her body, and she welcomed the attention. Smiling, she asked if he liked what he saw, and he could only nod as he continued to savor the sight.  
  
She then approached each man in turn, allowing him the same views. From her height, she had to look down on them all, and they all were in awe of the creature before them. Chances are they had never seen such wanton, superb sexuality that close before, especially in such a beautiful woman. Cindy was enjoying immensely the power that she had over these men, as one by one, she allowed them up-close looks at her. Towering above them, she played her role. I suspect that only I could see how she was throbbing with passion. I knew that she was hungering for release, yet still wanted to prolong the moment. Eventually, the moment had to end. After she had allowed the last man his full visual share, she turned and moved toward her booth. Throwing the curtain back to remain fully open, she moved inside and sat down on the seat, without bothering to close the curtain this time. Crossing one leg over her knee, she slowly unzipped the boot and pulled it off. With her thighs spread as they were, the view to her pussy was fantastic. It beckoned, wet and open, for all to see, and we all stared at the sight.  
  
Cindy then did the same with the other boot, languorously slipping it off her foot, while she watched us all watch her. Then she picked up both the boots and walked out to the clerk, standing with the rest of us.  
  
“There are way too many tricks to this little outfit. I could never figure it out by myself. Could you please take it off me?” she asked.  
  
The clerk walked around behind her and unlocked a couple of little latches. He then returned to face her, and reached out, took hold of the “bra” by the loops encircling her breasts, and slowly slid it off her breasts, and then the remaining straps down her arms. He then reached forward to the leather strap above her pussy hair. He fumbled with the latch a bit, so he kneeled down in front of her to improve his view. With his face inches away from Cindy’s crotch, he struggled with the latch, finally getting it to open. Slowly he grabbed the leather straps on her hips and slid the “panties” down her long legs, savoring the feel of her skin as he did so.  
  
When the leather lay on the floor, Cindy stepped forward out of it. With her crotch now even closer to the clerk’s face, she put her hand behind his head and pulled his face against her crotch. The look on her face was incredible as she relished the thought of the sight she was giving us all. I can only imagine what look the clerk had on his face.  
  
Presently, she stepped away, leaving the clerk panting on his knees on the floor. Completely naked now, she again paraded slowly in front of each of the men, turning slowly to allow them all to savor her magnificent sexuality. I saw the bulges in the pants of all of them. They could probably see my bulge as well. We watched as she walked back to the booth, where she deliberately bent over and picked up shoes, fumbling a bit so we could enjoy the show of her ass and pussy from this angle. She then grabbed her dress off the hook, and turned to exit the booth.  
  
When she came out she was carrying her dress and shoes, still completely naked. She stopped and looked long at her audience, and then she came up to stop in front of me.  
  
“I cannot believe how fucking turned on I am!” she whispered to me. “This whole night is so damn erotic, I could cum right now.”  
  
Staring into her eyes, I raised my eyebrows slightly. Seeing this, the impish grin returned to her face.  
  
She slowly raised one hand and inserted two fingers into her mouth. I watched as she licked and sucked on them for a bit, until they were thoroughly moist. Slowly again, she lowered her hand and placed her wet fingers on her clitoris. It did not take long for her to rub herself, until I heard her breath quickening, as I had heard so many times before. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back, rubbing faster and faster. A slight moan escaped her lips, turning into an animalistic growl. Her breath came faster and faster, and her magnificent breasts were heaving and waving as her entire exquisite body shook and swayed and undulated from the growing pressure from inside. Faster and faster, her breath became ragged, her muscles tightened and loosened. She had the presence of mind to turn and face the rest of her admirers as she lost all control.  
  
Her hand was circling furiously over her clitoris; her other hand had now reached down to insert itself into her gaping pussy. Unclenching her eyes, she looked at everybody in front of her, and then, with another moan, which this time became a scream, she came. She came in waves and waves. Her knees began to buckle, and I got behind her to hold her up. I felt her violently shaking, and then, with a massive, throaty yell, total release came. Eyes open to see her effect, she continued to shake and shiver. Then, finally, her convulsions began to lessen.  
  
She regained her muscle control. Since she could now stand unassisted, I let her go so that she could once again study the men in front of her. Smiling to herself, she approached each man, and with a “Tsk, Tsk”, for each one, she reached out and patted the large wet spots which had suddenly appeared on each.  
  
Throatily, she whispered “Thanks, guys. It looks like you enjoyed that as much as I did.”  
  
Turning to face me and retrieve her clothes, she laughed out loud when she saw the growing wet spot on the front of my pants, too.  
  
“You still got it, Babe!” I grinned. “In fact, I think you have even more of it then when we first met. I sure do love you for it, too.”  
  
Still laughing, after giving me a deep kiss, she pulled on her dress and stepped into her shoes.  
  
We paused just before we got to the door, so Cindy could once again see the men, still standing there, still awestruck.  
  
“Bye, guys. I had a wonderful time, and I do hope this will happen again.”  
  
She blew them a kiss, and we walked out the door.  
  
On the drive home, I pulled her dress over her hips and played with her pussy the whole way, much to the delight of a couple of pickup drivers we passed. We made long love that night, in the comfort of our bed, remembering each detail of the experience. Somehow, I think the chances are good that it will happen again; and I will do everything I can to facilitate it.