**Helen's Morning After**

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**Helen's Morning After Pt. 01**

The window was ajar. The sounds of birds doing their usual morning chorus woke her gently from her dreams. Same as every Summer morning, their excited twittering in the bush below the window heralded a new day in their search for sustenance.  
  
Her brain fought the confusion of dreams against reality and switched into comprehension. She was not alone in the bed. The duvet oddly pulled. A heaviness to the sheets. She was lying on hard muscular flesh. But it was her bed; she recognized the wall in front of her. It was definitely her room all right. The arm was hairy on her cheek.  
  
He had stayed last night. It was his arm beneath her head, the other draped over her; one of his knees pulled up against the back of her thighs. His head on the pillow behind her. His cock and balls languishing against one of her ass cheeks.  
  
Her eyes focused themselves; the usual cramp in her bowels told her she needed the toilet. Extricating herself from his arms and the duvet, she padded off as silently as she could out of the door and down to the smallest room.  
  
Seated on the toilet, she tilted her hips to direct the spray into the bowl and prepared paper to wipe. Her brain now remembered the full experience of the previous evening, assimilating the memories in order that they had occurred. The slave position in the lounge. Sat open legged on the worktop in the kitchen filling her cumpot. The oh so frequent climaxes. Her choice to drain the cumpot unrequested. Taking his load whilst bent over the sofa - and then the last final cum that he hadn't known about.  
  
She felt a little guilty. It had been his fault of course. He turned her on so much. Winding her up to a frenzy. Without realizing it, he was turning her into a...  
  
A what?  
  
Her fingers felt the smooth metal of the rings on her labia, and comfortingly rotated them back and forth as she was prone to doing these days. Her body felt constantly keyed up. Constantly ready to respond to the slightest sexual or physical stimuli. It must be ready for it after so many years of abstinence and denial. Primed to explode with the meerest hint of eroticism in her life. She was on a journey of self discovery and owed it to herself; only catching up on the years of missed opportunities, she mused. Last night would have been about a month's worth of orgasms and sexual experiences, all together in one go.  
  
Her mind clicked over and visualized the sleeping man in the bed at the end of the hallway. He was harsh lover, but fair. Brutal at times in his treatment of her, but equally compassionate and tender. He compelled her to exercise and keep fit, but praised every achievement. He knew what he wanted from her but gave much more than he took. He only had one cum last night and seemed perfectly happy with it, but had happily exhausted her body and mind getting there. Her body responded instinctively to his very presence.  
  
Turning her into a slave to his body.  
  
There! She had thought the word.  
  
It was out in the open.  
  
A slave to her feelings and emotions.  
  
A slave to the next erotic event.  
  
A slave to the next gratuitousness.  
  
It didn't upset her. On the contrary, a slight grin now creased her lips. It felt naughty. Titillating. Mind broadening. Enlightening. In all her experiences with him up to now: being barely dressed in a restaurant and that blow job in the booth, cumwalking in a cafe, presenting herself in public - and she had never once felt unsafe in his presence. A little out of her depth at times; at the limits of her comfort zone, but wasn't that character building? Wasn't that the whole fun of it.  
  
It raised her confidence immeasurably. She had always felt better afterwards.  
  
Put a strut in her walk, a sway to her hips.  
  
Confident.  
  
Assured.  
  
Stronger.  
  
She felt more confident with her body. 'Confidence is sexy,' he had often said. She had gone from being shy and embarrassed. Away from wearing loose fitting clothes to actively choosing and preferring those that accentuated and showed off her figure. Her constant exercise helped. Morning and night. Push-ups and sit-ups tightened her flesh in all the right places. She could feel that her body was becoming more toned and taut and that his annoying constant nagging was helping her. Grateful in fact; she knew that he had her best interests at heart. Knew that she was in better shape now than for as long as she could remember.  
  
She regarded her puffy lower lips as the morning flow trickled to nothing. The hours of stimulation last night had left them slightly sore this morning. Very pink on the inner lips and darker at her clit. She smoothed the lips down comfortingly.  
  
Pleasurably sore. Tracing her fingers down the gaping slit created by her spread knees, she felt again the familiar tingle of arousal, and her nipples hardened in an automatic response. She took a sharp breath.  
  
Not fair on him. She shouldn't touch herself. She was being greedy.  
  
He had only cum once last night. She couldn't count how many she had had in the end. She would wait. They had the day together and preferred the anticipation of what he had in store - during conversation last night, they had discussed a necessary shopping trip today.  
  
She used and then pushed the damp paper between her legs into the toilet bowl and resolutely got to her feet. She had a plan for him first this morning.  
  
Softly as she could to save waking him, she descended the stairs to put the kettle on. She would imagine that anyone would love to wake up to a cuppa. A nice easy start to the day. A quick win.  
  
She went back into the lounge to collect the stilletos from where they were dropped the previous evening and slipped them back on. She was used to them now. Felt natural having them on regardless of being in or out of the house. A quick look in the wall mirror confirmed her pert nude breasts and how high her rib cage was made by the created change in her posture because of wearing the five inch heels. Her belly felt even flatter too.  
  
They had been a good buy; a brilliant idea. She felt good. She felt sexy. She felt ten years younger.  
  
As the kettle hummed and crackled as the water temperature rose, she busied herself as silently as possible tidying the lounge. It felt natural now to walk in the shoes. Naked almost to not be in them. Her pussy fluttered slightly as she pulled back the curtains and arranged them whilst stood beside the exposing glass. 'Careful, Helen', she told herself, this is no time to start leaking. A final smooth of the pleats and they were sorted.  
  
The kettle sounded almost there.  
  
Time to make the drinks.  
  
The cumpot and weights caught her eye.  
  
A second of deliberation, but it seemed prudent to take the glass cumpot with her. The bed was clean, and though her thoughts were on his fun, she did have a tendency to leak at every impure thought and she didn't have much control over those when he was around.  
  
Careful onto the kitchen's solid ceramic tile so as not to slip, she poured the teas, and then climbed back up the stairs to the bedroom, the handles of the two mugs clenched together in one hand, the glass in the other.  
  
Pushing silently into the bedroom, she placed the drink vessels down carefully on the bedside cabinet and regarded the sleeping form in her bed.  
  
On his back now, the long figure of the man was still asleep in the remains of the duvet she had disturbed getting up. His blue eyes closed, his breathing soft and rhythmic. It was warm in the room. The duvet covered his legs up to his midriff. His chest rose and fell slightly with each intake of breath.  
  
One knee at a time, she climbed onto the bed and ducked her head under the duvet, effectively pushing it down towards his feet. On all fours, her ass high and open in the air, she moved slowly and carefully so as not to disturb him until her face was beside his cock. She looked appreciatively at it.  
  
Limp and flaccid, it hung across to his thigh, the circumsized head bulging out of the surrounding skin. Rough and pink, the little eye was closed. A hirsute man usually, there was evidence of some landscaping going on. Short and well kept, she was grateful for the lack of tickling when his cock was in her mouth. His ball sack seemed large. It pooled out beneath his cock at the top of his leg.  
  
She shifted her weight and spread her legs slightly, making sure her heeled feet were off the edge of the bed. Her breasts swung slightly; more pert than pendulous, both elbows flat on the mattress.  
  
She leaned forward, and licked his cock.  
  
From ball sack to tip, she licked slowly and gently but savoured every moment. A lollipop in length, but soft and yielding. It moved beneath the pressure of her tongue. She kissed his bulbous knob and then softly licked his shaft once more. Sucked her mouth to create some saliva.  
  
She felt him stir. She did it again, her saliva wet tongue dancing this time on the shaft in an effort to provoke a reaction from it. She was rewarded with a slight swelling.  
  
Again and again.  
  
She grinned to herself.  
  
This was fun.  
  
He seemed to be awakening, his arms above his head in a slight stretch, twisting slowly on the spot.  
  
She shuffled herself sideways a little, moving herself higher up the bed towards his head, changing her angle slightly so as she could take his naturally erecting member into her mouth.  
  
He was aware of her now.  
  
His hand on her head.  
  
A moan on his lips.  
  
He still wasn't totally hard. She still had work to do. Happy to do. Willing and eager to do. She noticed his balls beginning to raise up and their sack begin to tauten.  
  
Clamping her lips around his head, her tongue searching for his little eye, she moistened and licked and sucked gently, making a popping noise when he fell out. Using her tongue to scoop him up, he was quickly back in her mouth. No need for hurry or haste. Keep him relaxed. This was about his pleasure.  
  
Using her elbows and knees, she rocked herself back and forth in a fucking motion.  
  
A jangle. Metal on metal.  
  
It obviously surprised him; she felt him turn his head and twist his upper torso to check for the location of the sound.  
  
Knowing exactly what it was, she put a little more vigour into her movements, and was rewarded with his exploring hand smoothing over her ass and into the crack between her legs. It quickly found the weights that he had brought with him, clamped once more to her labia rings. He pulled on them gently and she groaned her own arousal.  
  
She couldn't see his face. Her senses were full of his now rapidly hardening flesh in her mouth, but sensed him relax back on the pillow, his hand toying with the strip of material that connected the two heavy spring clips. Soft tugs were repeatedly stretching her lips. She felt the familiar moist beginnings of her own excitement.  
  
Not fair!  
  
She told herself off.  
  
This was a morning blowjob for him. A thank you for all the pleasure he had given her last night. She didn't want to cum. At least, not yet.  
  
She sat up on her knees, and took a hold of his shaft with one hand to slowly wank him while turning to look him in the face. Her breasts swelled enticingly above him.  
  
He put his hand behind her neck and pulled her down and close. They kissed.  
  
Urgently.  
  
Passionately.  
  
Intensely.  
  
His left hand at her pussy, driving her wild, his right keeping their faces together. Up and down, her hand sliding over the slick wetness of his shaft. His hips rising now, his body shaking, his breathing shallow and tremulous. Kissing ceased, it was just lip to lip intensity. A grunt escaped his lips and his ejaculation spurted up his chest, catching her left breast as it went. A thick rope of it, followed by a couple of lesser sprays.  
  
Slowing down her movements, his breathing slowed back to normal and his eyes closed; kissing recommenced for a brief moment. She rested her forehead against his and gave him time to come down from his high.  
  
Sitting up, she saw the thin ribbon of spunk lying over his belly up to his rib cage. He followed her gaze and looked down at it. He gave her the raised eyebrows and she knew what he expected her to do. What she was willing to do. Enjoyed doing. She obediently ducked her head down to it, the smell filling her senses.  
  
Slurping slightly, she sucked it into her mouth in three good sized amounts. Sticking her tongue out she gleefully showed him the full residue in the narrow valley. Swallowing quickly, she then used her tongue to clean up the trail and then smiled triumphantly at the clean white skin she had restored.  
  
At his appreciative smile, she sat back unpright on his hand, and twisted to get him his cup of tea. That would be a wake up he would never forget.  
  
She grabbed hers too, and with both hands holding the mug, blew gently on it before finally allowing the hot infused water to wash down the taste of his morning load. Aware of his fingers still at the entrance to her slit, as much as she really wanted him to reciprocate, she also wanted to be left in limbo...  
  
To be denied...  
  
To be left frustrated.  
  
To remain horny.  
  
To be left craving her own morning release.  
  
Her release however, was obviously not going to be an offered option and she found that her own delayed release actually a considerable turn on. He was more interested in the fact she had independently returned the clips to her rings. He supped his own drink and the expression on his face was of deep thought.  
  
Slowly a smile crept across his face.  
  
He looked like he had a plan.  
  
...  
  
It was decided to spend the morning shopping up at the local sprawling retail centre. It had a large department store, supermarket and a range of smaller retail chains which were worth looking around. He had promised her a shopping trip as reward for her proactivity with her fitness regime and her obviously toning body. Pleased for her own progress, she hoped for even more definition around her belly as the months went on. She never felt criticised, always encouraged, but appreciated this offer of reward and besides, she would never say 'no' to retail therapy.  
  
They gave themselves an hour to rest first after her morning exertions and prepare for their day. She needed to complete her exercises and have a shower but it was decided upon to get breakfast or brunch out.  
  
Embarrassment and self consciousness now a thing of the past, she went through her routines efficiently and methodically, determined to feel and look her best for the day. He hadn't told her his plans and didn't bother to ask or influence them. She was along for the ride and was going to enjoy every minute.  
  
Making her face up at the bedroom dressing table, she was careful with her blusher and added a glitter above her eyes. Drying her hair, she cascaded it down as far as possible over her shoulders and then applied pale pink lipstick to complete the look. She liked to look pretty.  
  
He had asked her to get ready but hadn't specified anything else. Hadn't asked for a certain look with her clothes and didn't even suggest ideas. It was up to her. She hoped to impress him. She wanted to look soft and girly.  
  
She was looking forward to shopping with her tall, blue eyed lover and wanted him proud of her. She had lost a little more weight over the last few weeks, further toning her midriff and building more self-confidence. Today was a day to show it off.  
  
Glancing at her shoe collection, she sorted through the options and decided on the white stilletos. She slipped them on first knowing that they set the tone and made her feel good. Looking through her wardrobe of clothes, many of which were now too big for her - she picked an off-white sundress with large red flowers, a pattern that gave her a Summery look. It used to be quite tight on her but now it fitted much better. A thin white belt clinched it in nicely at the waist. It was straight across the tops of her breasts which didn't put much cleavage on view, and coming to about her knees it gave her a demure, classy look that hid the fact that she hadn't bothered with any underwear.  
  
The last time she had worn it, she had noticed it was prone to riding up her thighs slightly. She didn't imagine that that would be a problem today, knowing him, that would most likely be an encouragement.  
  
The dress hadn't looked like this on her the last time she had worn it... but today, she thought as she twisted and looked at herself in the mirror, it looked brilliant.  
  
It was clear that he thought so too.  
  
Appreciative nods, comments and kisses when she entered the downstairs room lifted her spirits even further. Naughtily, she pulled up the front hem of her dress to show him the omission of knickers and twisted her pussy rings back and forth again, more out of habit and apprehension of his comment than anything else.  
  
She didn't need to worry. Taking her in his arms, the long slow kiss was a heady excitement. Arms wrapping her body and a delicious feeling of possession. Then one of his hand cupped hers at her lips, a finger guiding one of hers into the slit between them. Together their fingers moved easily in the quickly moistening tract.  
  
Filling her.  
  
Shielding her.  
  
Protecting her.  
  
As her breathing deepened though, it was over. Breaking apart and leaving her mildly thwarted, he once again complimented her and told her that she looked beautiful, but that she was missing something - adornments for her pussy.  
  
He handed her once more the heavy clips though this time minus the strip of material. She clipped them back again, one on each ring, the tugs being a comfort now more than anything else. A feeling of being owned almost. Like putting a collar on a pet. Minor spasms of enjoyment shot through her agitated and desperate lips.  
  
Smoothing her dress back down, she looked to see the very faint bulge of each clip prodding at the material. Hardly noticeable, she thought, which was good. Public decorum. Private party.  
  
They prepared to leave the house. He insisted that she had her phone on her. She didn't question it. A small shoulder clutch handbag was enough for her bits and pieces. Lipstick etcetera. No need for her cumpot today. The cut glass tumbler was instead upended in the dishwasher before they left. It needed a scrub.  
  
And so they climbed into the car for the short drive to the mall. Directing the car into the large parking garage under the shops, they drove around the seemingly endless chicanes until they found a parking space not too far from the shop entrance.  
  
Despite the sunny bright day outside, the light barely sneaked in to the cars and florescent strip lighting dimly illuminated the inside of their vehicle and his face as he paused to explain his plans.  
  
She was to hold her phone in her hand.  
  
She should obey any instruction, spoken or messaged to her.  
  
She should obey immediately.  
  
She pursed her lips and blew out her cheeks slightly. Messaged? It sounded like he was going to be leaving her. A scary thought! Seeing her concern, he again leaned forward to reassuringly kiss her, allay her concerns and promise her that it will be fun. His hand on her waist, it felt calming and instantly dispelled the butterflies in her belly.  
  
Helen believed it. He had always kept her at the edge of her comfort zone, pushing all the time to broaden it, but never enough to cause her consternation. The last few months had made her feel super confident and more alive than at any other time in her life.  
  
He ran his hand up her bare thighs. She tingled instinctively at his touch, at the soft tug on her clips, at his single intruding finger on the tip of her clit. She moaned and the kiss became deeper, as did his finger, pushing through the soft folds of her flesh. Her pussy made a soft squelching sound, betraying how keyed up she was. He had several times already that morning started her erotic wind up only to leave her hanging, unrequited. She hoped it would be now. This time. Please. Just a little one.

As he stroked her back and forth, her arms encircled his shoulders and she arched her back and closed her eyes. Was she going to be allowed an orgasm? She groaned in ecstasy.  
  
Before she had time to build her focus on his hand though, he was already removing it and, indicating that she should do the same, opened the door to get out. Her body was trembling, shaking with enjoyment but also the frustration once again of being denied the final push over the top. Maybe a good idea, the last thing she wanted was to walk around with a soaking wet skirt. Regaining a calm breath she controlled herself again.  
  
They strolled across the parking lot to the entrance door hand in hand. The clacking of her heels on the tarmac drained her perceived tinkling of the two weights hanging from her. She was really used to walking in them now, swaying her hips with each step, enjoying how it looked to herself below her tighter waist. She could have skipped, her heart felt so light.  
  
They stepped onto the upwards escalator, he taking a gallant step back to allow her on first and almost immediately he issued her first instruction.  
  
Legs apart!  
  
Without hesitation she separated her legs, each foot pushing to the edges of the moving stair. People on the downward escalator were too far away to notice, the elderly couple ahead of her were facing up and he was behind her on the step below.  
  
She felt his hand once again up her thighs, his forefinger flat and squarely on her clit between her weighted rings. She desperately tried not to jump for the sake of anyone watching, trusting that he had positioned himself to shield her dignity from anyone below. Her hands gripped the hard black handrail and an excited gasp exited her body: feeling rather than hearing the squelch from her depths. The leap along the road to orgasm was getting further each time.  
  
A couple of strokes. An intrusion. A brief filling hand and then it was gone.  
  
After a second to compose herself, she turned to grin at him, watching him slowly and deliberately lick his fingers of her moistness. So that was going to be the game - and her without her cumpot. How often would he be able to do that in public? She didn't think it would take long now to reach the brink and cross it.  
  
Taking her hand at the top of the stairs, the strolled along the bank of shops, deciding on where to go first.  
  
It had to be a jewellery store.  
  
Spending ages looking through the vast glass frontage, a pretty pair of drop pendant style earrings caught their eyes. They looked more robust than delicate. He informed her that he was looking for semi permanent additions to the rings between her legs. Sparkly, they dropped from reasonably sturdy looking rings.  
  
Her heart was beating fast.  
  
She prayed that he didn't expect her to try them on in the shop. There was a matching necklace too. She would be happy to put that on. He playfully indicated one of the customer chairs but with the shop assistant hovering around the board of drop earrings, it wasn't practical to go any further with experimentation with how they looked dangling from her lower areas.  
  
Selected and bought, they moved on to the cafe in the next unit. The breakfast deal tempted them to sit down, as well as being relatively empty of other shoppers. Choosing a table as far away from others as possible and with a couple of meals ordered and imminent, she got her next instruction.  
  
Switch the weights for the jewellery.  
  
What? Here? Now?  
  
The look on his face suggested that he wasn't joking and with public toilets available throughout the mall, there were none in the cafe for customer use.  
  
Nervously she shifted her weight to the leading edge of the seat, hiked her skirt up surreptitiously and unclipped both of her weights, placing them on the table beside the newly purchased box. She was practiced and efficient with that part of the operation. He leant back in his chair and watched her with one eye out, she knew, for voyeuristic others.  
  
Lifting out the first drop earring, she took a few moments with nervous fingers to clip it onto her her first ring. Eventually it fell back attached against her inner thigh, where it settled glinting and glittering; rested against the material under her bottom. Glancing around, and hopeful that no one had noticed, she raised her bottom off the seat and pulled her dress further up, allowing the jewellery to hang freely between her legs. Grabbing the other one, she faired slightly better this time having already practiced. They looked better than his keys there last night. There was hardly any weight there, which kind of disappointed her but they looked feminine and attractive on her.  
  
Actually rather pleased with how they dangled, she opened her legs and admired the new appendages. Sliding her finger where his had been earlier, she felt the familiar urges coursing through her and wondered if she should have brought the cumpot. A copious squirter, it would be embarrassing to leave a trail on the floor beneath the table and wondered how the jewellery would cope with seemingly endless liquid.  
  
The meals were on their way over.  
  
Instinctively she closed her legs so as the waiting staff didn't notice what she was doing. Still sat on the hem, she pulled the front of it down over her exposed pussy, giving her the impression of wearing the smallest mini-skirt ever. Crossing her hands in her lap also protected her modesty.  
  
The plates of food delivered and sat between them, he plucked the necklace from the box and rose to place it around her neck. She smiled up at him and returned his upside down kiss with passion and ignorance of anyone observing. Again, her heart felt lifted.  
  
He returned to his seat and with the smell of bacon a little too much to ignore now, they tucked into their food.  
  
Over the food and in preparation for later, they discussed her practicing a quick efficient method of taking a selfie. His idea was that, as she looked so beautiful, she would have to take her own picture anywhere and everywhere. A game if you will. A dare of sorts. Where would be the most audacious place for an open legged selfie?  
  
Dropping her bag to the floor would give her a reason to lift the hemline of her dress midway up her thighs, and to squat down on her heels as though about to look through it. Bringing her phone up at arm's length, she could quickly take a photo of her gaping pussy, framed by the beautiful dangling labia-rings and whatever was behind her, before grabbing the handle strap and returning to a standing position.  
  
It sounded great in theory. Simple and effective. Easy. She would only have to worry in case there was anyone directly in front of her who would notice her lack of underwear, but everyone around would be none the wiser and too intent on their own business to think about a woman picking up her handbag.  
  
She pushed her chair back, checked that there was no one watching, and performed the move.  
  
Heart beating like a hammer again, her knees barely opened and the picture was poor. It was one thing to practice in the relative safety of the cafe, but she wondered where she would next be doing it. She wanted to get it right and executed it a second time.  
  
This one was perfect. Her knees were very wide, the jewellery hanging from her lower lips perfectly framing her soft pink flesh. The chair and table legs behind her and the back of the nearest customer.  
  
Triumphantly she turned the phone to show him.  
  
It was time to go flashing.  
  
Giggling to herself for the sheer audacity of what she was about to do, they linked arms and left the cafe, the clicking of her heels on the floor an erotic sound track to their planned escapade. The mall was a two tier building with a wide upper corridor bordered with a steel railing. At that time of day, it was still quite quiet. Many people milled around the lower floor, customers and staff alike. The upper floor shops still had a fair few grilles still down in their doorways. The stairs were not too far, so the decision was made and they slowly climbed them to the upper level unnoticed by the busy people they left behind.  
  
Having strolled back down the gallery a way, they stood for a few minutes at the railing, looking down at the scene below.  
  
She kept her legs closed for the moment, concerned slightly that anyone looking up would see under her dress. She knew that practically, that couldn't happen, but she still felt slightly self conscious.  
  
He released from holding her waist and stepped back into a closed doorway behind them. She turned curiously.  
  
Picture.  
  
The command rang out as she had known it would.  
  
Authoratitive.  
  
Definitive.  
  
Resolute.  
  
She prepared the phone app.  
  
A smile. A deep breath. A glance left and right for confirmation of privacy, then she dropped her bag to the floor. As she had done in the cafe, she hoisted the front of the dress to mid thigh, and squatted down to ostensibly get a hold of her bag. The camera phone in her outstretched hand was pulled into position, and with her knees opening to display the dangling jewellery, she took her first extremely public snap shot.  
  
Her heart was beating fast. She thought she could actually feel the blood pumping through her veins; could definitely feel the familiar moistness collecting in the space between her legs.  
  
She felt free.  
  
She felt naughty.  
  
She felt alive.  
  
Quickly stepping forward and joining him under the closed store front overhang, they checked the picture together. Giggling, her thumb and forefinger enlarging the image, they checked how it had turned out. The glinting between her legs, the slightly worried smile on her face, the definition in her leg muscles, the angles created by the stilettos...  
  
And the slightly blurred shapes of people on the opposite gallery walk behind her. Too far away for definition, they were mostly just blobs of coat colour.  
  
He was proud of her and told her so. Sharing a kiss in the quiet space, he held her face and they lost themselves in the moment of accomplishment.  
  
She enjoyed the kiss, but her head was full of what she had just done. The thrill and excitement of her daring courage eclipsed everything else right at that moment. A desire to push the envelope; to live in the moment; to explore her confidence. It had taken a second for that picture and no one had noticed. No one had any awareness of what she had done. It had had no effect on them. The world had not ended. But she had taken a personal picture of her bejewelled sex in what was a very public place.  
  
She toyed with ideas that swirled around her head in a cyclone of eroticism. They caught her. Entrapped her. Called out to her. Adrenaline pumping, she decided she could do better. The game had been his; the rules had been his. But a game, as ever, is only as enjoyable as the effort that is put in.  
  
Decision made, and unasked, she backed up to the rail once more.  
  
To his raised eyebrows and curious smile, she prepared herself, and then repeated the moves from before.  
  
This time, squatting back on her heels, she was more aware of the goings-on around her and took her time a little more. Wanted to enjoy it. Feel the heady liberating freedom. No one could see her from behind. She was just a woman searching in a handbag. No one either end of the gallery walk would have had any view of her open slit or even that she wasn't wearing underwear. The only person on the blank wall ahead of her was her own, currently extremely intrigued, tall lover.  
  
She opened her knees a little wider. In the image on the screen, she watched her newly acquired jewellery shake loose of her sticky wet flesh and dangle between her open thighs, which swelled softly and intoxicatingly.  
  
Moving the phone left and right, she watched over her shoulder for suitable background action, and at the moment of distant movement, with a happy contented smile on her face, luxuriously and decadently, clicked the shutter button.  
  
The distant people were obviously opening the store. One reaching up for the shutter button. Both were intent on their egress to the unit. No one was bothered with a shopper fetching a purse from the floor.  
  
Sort of wishing that they were watching her, she twisted her body left and right to get a better pose, and then clicked again.  
  
Still the world had not ended.  
  
No one had run towards her shouting.  
  
She hadn't been arrested.  
  
This was fun.  
  
Just one more.  
  
He had leant back against the closed store. Arms folded, a grin unfurled on his face, he looked like he was thoroughly enjoying himself. Probably enjoying the view. She was surpassing his planned intent.  
  
Another look around.  
  
Her other hand pulled back her dress even further, exposing her shaved mound, excited bulging lips, glinting rings and free dangling drop pendant earrings.  
  
Click.  
  
On her feet, she was quickly back in his arms. Breathlessly panting, her chest was heaving with excitement. Hard to breathe. Hard to talk. Desperate for his touch.  
  
Guessing what she needed, he looped an arm round her waist once more and steered her to walk the gallery. There was a more discrete alcove not too far away that must have seen its fair share of action in the past... and was about to again. Turning her into it and putting her back against the wall, they kissed once again, her arms wrapped around behind his neck, her hand still gripping her phone.  
  
Contentedly.  
  
Crucially.  
  
Urgently.  
  
His hand now at her thigh. Fingers climbing beneath her dress. Searching for her arousal. Now at her lips. Between them. Stroking. Pinching. Thrusting.  
  
Between her hanging jewellery which rubbed gently on her inner thighs.  
  
She was aching to cum. Felt the dampness beginning to cascade.  
  
Her dress!  
  
Her hands off him and at her thighs, careful not to drop her phone, she wrenched the material up her body, pooling it around her waist. It now looked like she was wearing a mini-skirt but she couldn't care less. Arms back around his neck, their lips locking together. Her eyes on the last image still on the screen held at his back above his shoulder.  
  
She stared at her nerve in the shot.  
  
Her confidence in public.  
  
Her self assured body position.  
  
The familiar rising emotion was peaking her every sense. Permeating around every part of her, filling her up and shutting down any peripheral awareness in deference to her immediate desire.  
  
It was rising.  
  
It was building.  
  
It was coming.  
  
She sucked air in and had to bite her lip.  
  
His fingers were deep inside her. Clawing almost at her clit; his knuckles filling her opening.  
  
The splash of her squirt hitting the linoleum floor was loud but ignored. Standing on one leg, the other knee up and pressed against his thigh, she shuddered and trembled and quivered.  
  
Desperate to feel him deeply.  
  
Desperate to crest.  
  
Desperate not to make any sound.  
  
A second cum wave hit her almost immediately after the first.  
  
She wanted a third.  
  
Could feel it building.  
  
Could feel it ready.  
  
It was coming. Closer. Closer. Closer.  
  
Her eyes were closed. The image of her own public exposure imprinted on her brain taking her closer than ever to that peak.  
  
He stopped.  
  
Wrenched almost his hand away from her lips, right at the cusp of her point of no return.  
  
Bastard.  
  
She opened her eyes to find him smirking at her. There was pleading in her eyes at his slowly shaking head. Just one last single second would have been enough. That had been the closest edge in her entire life and had left her entire body shaking for resolution. Her flesh was literally covered in goosebumps and her entire neck a deep red flush. Her face felt heated.  
  
He whispered softly into her ear.  
  
She would have to earn it!  
  
He was pulling her dress hem back down just enough to cover her modesty. The floor around them was seemingly awash with her squirt; some had splashed his shoes she was amused to notice. She grinned guiltily and they both stepped cautiously out of the pool, her legs still wobbly.  
  
His words registered all of a sudden.  
  
Earn it? What did that mean?  
  
Breathing deeply, she gazed up into his face.  
  
The morning was obviously not over.  
  
The game was still afoot.  
  
Still trembling slightly and holding his hand tightly for reassurance, they ambled back down the gallery walk and away from the pool of squirt. Her face was still quite flushed and she was breathing quite hard. She tried not to think about what she had left behind and fervently hoped it would dry quickly in the mall air conditioning.  
  
She looked at him. His face was quite impassive. What was he thinking? She knew exactly what she herself was thinking: Still turned on and horny as hell. Last night she felt like she had had a thousand orgasms, and the two so far today was just leaving her short of complete satisfaction. She could really do with at least one more very soon. The trouble was, that with her state of mind at the moment, she always seemed to be wanting just one more. Beginning to feel that she was insatiable. A slave to her carnal needs.  
  
His hand on her bottom; it patted the fabric covering her cheek comfortingly. A stroke. A caress. He could tell she was still keyed up. Understood that she needed more. Knew how she was feeling. He smiled to himself; there was plenty of time.  
  
The popular home furnishings store near the end of the upper walkway was open so they took a left in through the entrance and then veered left again towards the furniture section. It was relatively quiet with only a couple of people browsing the sideboards, shelving racks and tables etcetera up ahead.  
  
He detached his hand from hers and, with his eyes firmly fixed on hers, gave the instruction once more.  
  
Picture.  
  
This was easier than last time. One last glance around confirmed that even the closest people would have no indication of what she was doing due to the bulk of the displayed furniture. There were two quite obvious security cameras at intervals in the ceiling behind her, but nothing ahead. The size and height of the seemingly acres of wood, chipboard and plastic cocooned her location quite helpfully. He was obviously on the lookout for anyone becoming aware of her actions. She felt totally safe taking the picture. He would protect her; he would know the swift way out of the situation if required.  
  
She performed her move with ease and aplomb. It was an all too easy accomplishment. Where was the challenge? Her heart rate was barely above normal. This was becoming second nature. She could hardly believe that doing something like this would have been totally unheard of before...  
  
Displaying her jewelled sex in public, her lower lips swollen in arousal, in a dress that she was beginning to just leave pulled midway up her thighs? Just the thought of it before would have given her palpitations. Now it was almost becoming boring. How quickly a difficult ask becomes mundane with the correct training and practice.  
  
However, she soon understood his game.  
  
Wrapping his arms around her shoulders, he leant down to explain, whispering softly in to her ear.  
  
Now the heart rate was back up.  
  
Now she was breathing hard.  
  
Now her pussy was fluttering madly.  
  
She took a couple of seconds to settle her nerves. A cautious smile played on her face as her brain comprehended the jeopardy it placed her in; worked out the angles; immediately planning the task's possible execution. He kissed her adieu, and sauntered back out of the store. Angling her head and stepping to the side, she watched him through the store front window. Watched him find a bench seat on the gallery walk outside and sit back in it, lazily crossing his legs.  
  
Her task was to take five selfies of herself against different backgrounds with people in them... and to do so... alone.  
  
The 'alone' word mattered now more than anything. It changed the entire concept of what she had been doing. Before, he had been her rock. Her guide. Her guard. Her confidence. She trusted him to protect her dignity, defend her from possible humiliation. Shield her from others.

Now?  
  
Well now she was on her own. The power to choose to do it, or not do it. He hadn't insisted; it wasn't a command. He had voiced it as a suggestion; a request; a dare if you will. She would have to rely on herself and her own swift planning and cunning to carry it out.  
  
Deep breaths, Helen. Deep breaths.  
  
The first picture was the hardest. Not because of location or public view. But because she had exceeded her comfort zone. Out on a limb and alone, not even aware of the particular department she was in, the task became about the location of the security cameras and the amount of people around.  
  
She performed the squat and shot.  
  
A reasonable image, she clicked to view what turned out to be most of her thighs, the very visible dangling jewellery, a lot of belly and her own extremely worried looking face. Not that erotic. Perfunctory and mundane.  
  
Standing, her heart slowed again to normal and the desire to do a much better job surfaced once more.  
  
The second, third and fourth pictures were much better. She remembered to smile at the camera, to lift her ribcage even during the squat, to open her legs a touch further. To enjoy her daring.  
  
The fourth had more obvious people behind in the background. Not one of them were aware of her or her activities.  
  
With her head facing down on her phone, she wasn't really aware of her progress around the store up to this point. A look up and at her surroundings told her that she was in kitchen utensils. A few more people were milling around this area. Couples mainly. All concentrating on their morning and perusing the shelves.  
  
She saw the opportunity for the perfect last shot. Unaware of it, she had wandered back into the main wide aisle leading to the front door. Ahead of her, all she could see was empty space. The large bay windows either side were empty of people too. Distantly ahead, people were on the opposite gallery walk and too far away to count. Exactly above her was the last domed security device. Tall display counters held the products either side of the aisle, and behind her were many customers.  
  
It was now or never.  
  
...  
  
Heart rate was up again. She felt so alive. Click clacking her stilleto tips, she raced out of the store a little faster than she would normally walk in heels and made it straight to his bench; his smiling face greeting hers happily; her phone in an out-stretched hand proudly displayed and waving urgently.  
  
His hands once more on her face, he brought her close for a long kiss; could tell that she was excited. The flush was there once again and the slight tremor in her body, goose bumps on her arms.  
  
Standing, and pulling her up too, they ambled on and down the nearby stairs towards the clothing store chatting about her adventure and dissecting her thought processes and chronology of what had happened. Flicking through the catalogue of pictures, he agreed that they had got better and better as the five shots had gone on. That last picture was mind-blowing. Obviously in the most public space ever and her gaping labia and glinting jewellery just displayed like the goods on the surrounding counters. And her with the biggest smile ever on her lips.  
  
It was obvious she was leaking, a thin trace of her automatic and at times unfortunate body betrayal had reached her knee. Twisting to make sure she wasn't being watched, she ran her free hand up under her dress and stroked her clit a couple of times to alleviate her frustration slightly.  
  
Reaching a popular woman's fashion store, they opted to walk in and browse. He pulled at her arm slightly to encourage her to remove her hand as they crossed the portal. She did so reluctantly.  
  
One, harassed looking store assistant was busy replacing clothes around the store, following a young woman around who seemed slightly careless with her window shopping and oblivious to the problems she was causing by taking outfits from the racks to hold against herself and then replacing them wrongly.  
  
Happy that they were going to be left alone, they browsed a row of shortish skirts. Denim and slightly flared, they looked modern and sexy. Checking the sizes, the most appropriate one was selected and they moved towards the changing area at the back of the store. There was a surprisingly tidy short passageway and three stalls as was typical in these shops.  
  
Entering the first one, he pulled the curtain back for her and mostly closed it behind her. Reaching forward, he pulled on the zip in the small of her back in order for her to remove the dress.  
  
Smiling broadly, she shook herself to allow it to drop to the floor. One light tug as it travelled over her hips and then stood there in the pool of cloth, naked except for her stilletos and body jewellery.  
  
Half in the stall, and half out, his head swivelled back and forth checking first on the location of the store assistant, and then on her antics in the booth.  
  
The denim skirt ignored, she still needed to release some of the frustration, and without asking for permission she sat on the slatted bench and lifted her knees up to her chest, exposing and gaping her pussy lewdly as though on her worktop the previous evening.  
  
One finger. Two fingers. Almost three.  
  
She buried them into herself, rewarding them both with a swift splash (as usual) of her seemingly constant arousal.  
  
His hand on hers.  
  
Dissuading.  
  
Preventing.  
  
Slowing her.  
  
Bastard.  
  
She had nearly been there again.  
  
Breathing hard still, she stood up and they shared a look of mock dismay. Picking her clothes from the floor where they had dropped, he handed her the new skirt to try on.  
  
Inching it up her leg, it soon became apparent that it was too small. Not quite there yet with her diet, the waist band cut in uncomfortably. He held his hand out for it. He'd go and get the next size up.  
  
She passed it him and leaving her naked he disappeared, the curtain swishing back into place in his wake.  
  
Within seconds he was back again with the next size up. This size fitted snugly. Where was the mirror? She looked down at the long length of leg she was showing and wondered how she looked. She would never have worn anything like this before. Even in the days when she would have counted herself as young and not approaching middle age. This was what a twenty-something girl would wear, not a forty-eight year old.  
  
All of a sudden he was swishing the curtain back to usher her out and instinctively she crossed her hands over her bare chest to shield herself from scrutiny.  
  
But it was ok.  
  
His smile.  
  
His nod of assurance.  
  
Eyes darting left and right, she cautiously emerged into the narrow corridor. Another open doorless frame led back into the shop, but at the end of the corridor was the full length mirror. Heart beating fast, and her eyes roaming the ceiling for cameras, she nervously dropped her arms and posed outside her booth to watch herself in the mirror.  
  
She liked what she saw, and judging by the smile on his lips too, so did he. Striking a supermodel pose, she saw her smiling face, her suitably sized but very pert breasts and hard nipples. Her belly was still larger than she really liked but the diet and exercise regime was working and it made her feel confident. With everything else, it was not the focal point any more.  
  
The short denim skirt ended a long way up her thighs. Her cupping hand ascertained that her dangling jewellery was not far above the hemline. Her legs looked very long, the white stilletos made sure of that.  
  
She looked...  
  
She felt...  
  
She searched for an appropriate word.  
  
She was sexy.  
  
Twisting back and forth once more, she eventually noticed in the mirror over her shoulder that he had disappeared. The leap of fear quickly evaporated however when he returned holding a quite insubstantial white blouse. She giggled. Was he serious? She had heavier cleaning rags at the house.  
  
Smiling at each other, she resignedly took the proffered garment and slipped it over her head, setting it quickly over the chest and once again looking at herself in the mirror. He couldn't be serious. She would just humour him.  
  
Low cut at the cleavage, it showed off her new necklace nicely. The material sat lightly on her shoulders too and was long enough to almost meet the waist band of the skirt. Her belly button was just visible.  
  
None of that was an issue...  
  
He had gone again. She saw his back as he sauntered out of the changing area and back into the shop. He seemed in no hurry.  
  
She stepped back into the booth and pulled the curtain back closed to wait for him.  
  
It was then she noticed he had taken her own dress with him too. What was he doing? A sense that something was wrong.  
  
Rising panic.  
  
Abandoned.  
  
Stranded.  
  
At least she wasn't totally naked in a changing booth in a women's fashion store. At least she had some cloth on her body. But she may as well have been. The thin blouse seemed to emphasize her naked breasts beneath, barely colouring them white, it was that thin. Her stiff nipples pointed the polyester quite considerably at those two places. She felt more on display than if she was naked.  
  
She looked around. The only thing in the booth was her little handbag lying on its side where it had fallen, and her phone looking just as abandoned on the bench slats.  
  
Her heart was beating very hard again; could feel it. Damn - the material was that thin, she could practically see it.  
  
Her pussy disgorged another large droplet of squirt which seemed to follow it's earlier predecessor almost exactly. She reached down a hand to catch it and wipe it back up her leg.  
  
No tissues. Damn again.  
  
Nothing else for it.  
  
She licked it off her fingers.  
  
It was all too much.  
  
One foot on the bench seat.  
  
Her one hand back between her legs.  
  
Fingers on her clit.  
  
Leaning back, she twitched the curtain with her free hand and looked through the gap she had created, searching for her naughty lover. Struggling to keep her face impassive to anyone watching, she groaned with the approaching climax.  
  
There he was.  
  
By the counter.  
  
Leaning on it but smiling back at her.  
  
It only took a few more seconds. He was too far away to stop her. Though it didn't seem as though he wanted to.  
  
Their eyes locked together across the shop; his knowing smile; her busy fingers between her rings. The cum she experienced filled her senses and blasted into her brain. It was a strong one. It lasted several moments. Her legs were used to buckling but she just about stayed upright. Sprayed the bench seat and side wall.  
  
Her phone was ringing.  
  
Her brain switched back into gear.  
  
Her eyes refocussed and saw him holding his phone to his ear.  
  
He obviously wasn't coming back. Removing her damp hand from the slit between her legs and letting the curtain go, she put her foot back on the floor, answered the call and listened intently.

**Helen's Morning After Pt. 02**  
  
She listened with horror to the instructions. They were calmly conveyed to her. Forthright and seemingly the easiest thing in the world to complete, delivered in an expectational tone. Not overly long but carelessly minimizing what was a mountainous obstacle.  
  
Through the gap she had made between the curtain and doorframe she could see that it was him giving them, could see his mouth move in correlation to the words she was hearing. Could almost hear him speaking them without the necessity of the phone. She just had problems believing them. Comprehending them. Embracing them.  
  
Despite the fact she had not long cum, annoyingly, she moistened up again between her legs. She could feel it. The smell of it now quite prevalent.  
  
Why did her body need this humiliation?  
  
Why did it always respond like this, seemingly craving it as though a fix?  
  
Here she was, a tallish woman on the wrong side of 45, in a women's fashion store wearing five inch white stilettos, a short denim skirt and the sheerest of blouses.  
  
She wore no underwear which put her at risk of exposing her newly purchased jewellery which was dangling from a neat pair of rings in either of her labia. She wasn't exactly unforgettable in her appearance. She wasn't a waif. Couldn't exactly slip unnoticed anywhere.  
  
It had been a real emotional journey of self discovery to this point, but the next few steps seemed like they were going to be the hardest yet. These actual steps!  
  
She clicked the call-end button on the phone and replaced it calmly in the small handbag that lay on the bench slats and assessed her situation.  
  
Currently, she was in the small changing booth... hiding perhaps, at the back of a popular women's fashion shop. The small handbag was the only thing in the cubicle space with her except for the store's clothes that she had been trying on.  
  
Task completion was possible. She thought about it for a second, steadying her nerves. Everything today had at first glance seemed too much, only to be found easier with a little planning and fortitude of spirit.  
  
Her breasts were pretty much on full display beneath the flimsiest and most pointless material ever. Who would ever wear this? Why would they want their bra showing? Maybe a clubbing millennial perhaps or a very risque woman. Imagine being caught in the rain wearing it; it would be completely transparent with even a couple of droplets. May as well be naked.  
  
The dress she wanted; the dress she had come in to the store wearing, was in her tall lover's hand over by the till. Alongside the store assistant. It wasn't far but it might as well have been a hundred miles of hostile territory.  
  
Obstacles and trip hazards.  
  
Security cameras.  
  
Critical or nosey eyes or virtuous prudes.  
  
She contemplated his simple instruction.  
  
Fetch the dress, he had told her.  
  
Fine for him to say that. He was wearing jeans and a collarless shirt that made him look very handsome as it happened. She on the other hand had her whole torso on full display. Her breasts were highlighted in this ridiculous garment. Emphasized even. She would have felt less self-conscious completely topless.  
  
Maybe picking up a random other garment and holding it before her would be enough? But he might take issue with her spoiling the game. That might entail a punishment.  
  
Maybe an arm across herself would suffice? A carefully positioned forearm would obscure view of her flesh.  
  
Maybe both hands holding a breast each. No, that would be too obvious. Cupping each and walking across the sales floor would scream the words 'look at me'. Like she wanted to show everybody her assets.  
  
She tried each look. The single arm hid the main meat of her chest, and from her viewpoint would leave a little cleavage and slight under-boob on display. She wondered how it would look for others. Wondered where the ceiling cameras were and whether they were operational.  
  
At least she had a skirt on.  
  
At least her pussy was not on view.  
  
At least she had some modicum of decency.  
  
She practiced for a few moments and wondered how it looked. Nonchalantly. Carelessly. First holding and carrying the bag. Now, without the bag?  
  
Panicking slightly because the shop was still empty for the moment, she knew she had to make a decision. If she put it off much longer, the store might fill up.  
  
Without the bag, she decided. Holding the bag across her chest didn't look natural. She chided herself and realized that she needed to get going. One more deep breath then she purposefully pulled back the curtain.  
  
She exited the booth and strode purposefully across the sales floor towards the till, her one hand looped around the opposite back-of-her-neck, like it was aching and needed a subconscious massage. Her eyes were fixated on her man and she prayed that no one else was going to enter the store.  
  
Her forearm across her pert breasts prevented them from bouncing. She was aware of the breast in the crook of her arm escaping slightly and expected that its stiff nipple was now visible. She dare not look. Her arm clamped the other breast slightly higher than it's usual resting place.  
  
The skirt swirled in a pleasurable way with each step, an air-conditioning breeze attacking her very open and damp crack between her legs. Conscious of how it felt as she strode across the floor, she liked it. Despite the situation she was very turned on.  
  
Despite the situation?  
  
Maybe it was due to the situation.  
  
Shit!  
  
Customers.  
  
A middle aged couple were at the store front looking through at the clothed mannequins on the window stages. They seemed preoccupied with each other and the object of their interest, but if they looked up, she was directly in their eye line.  
  
A girl now in the entrance.  
  
Youngish. Attractive. Trendy. Judgemental.  
  
On her phone and oblivious. Whew!  
  
Where were they all coming from?  
  
The distance between booth and desk hadn't seemed that far before she started walking, but she was panting heavily now and could feel her heart racing with her predicament. There was no going back. No pleading for him to change his mind. No point but to finish the journey.  
  
Her eyes flicked to his face.  
  
His cheeky, conniving face.  
  
He knew what he was doing to her.  
  
But she couldn't help her own smile at the smiling pleasure on his face. Broad and happy, it was lit up like a beacon. His soft blue eyes radiated his delight. His hunger for her.  
  
She must have looked an unforgettable sight marching across the carpet floor but the assistant was not privvy to it as she was still looking away checking out a clipboard of duties or something similar. Feeling lucky now, this was going to be easy. What on Earth had been the problem?  
  
The couple the other side of the window were not acting like they had seen her and the girl on the phone was twisting off to check out a display the far side of the shop, obviously still engrossed in a text conversation.  
  
All was good so far.  
  
She was returning to her comfort zone.  
  
Her breathing was returning to normal.  
  
This was a breeze.  
  
Reaching him, he silently held out the white dress with the large red flowery pattern that was actually hers. He had folded it neatly and was passing it as a small package.  
  
She reached out her free hand for it but he pulled it away. Bastard! It made her take another half step forward. Rising panic again. What was he doing?  
  
She reached again but was rewarded with his raised eyebrows rather than a relinquished dress.  
  
Fine!  
  
She took her hand from her neck and almost felt her breasts bounce down, free from constriction once more. Instantly aware of her exposure, she stretched out that hand instead and this time was rewarded with her dress.  
  
Her exposed bare breasts were in plain view of anyone who cared to see them. The assistant mere feet away. The couple in the window. Even the girl on her phone could have an eyeful if she wished. Exposed. Exhibited. Displayed yet again.  
  
He didn't release his grip.  
  
She couldn't take it.  
  
She was exposed standing beside a complete, oblivious, stranger.  
  
It was only moments, but it felt like minutes.  
  
The shock displaying on her face contrasting the mischievousness on his.  
  
He let go.  
  
Shaking her head with a smile of relief, she turned and made her way back to the changing area, clutching her own dress across her body.  
  
A backward look ensured that apart from the disinterested store assistant who was now rearranging a display in the window, obviously a task on her work sheet, they were pretty much alone. The couple in the window had disappeared and she was shielded from phone girl by numerous racks of clothing.  
  
Confidence swelling inside.  
  
Her own sense of mischievousness.  
  
Her own right to tease.  
  
She paused in the doorway to the changing area and stood with legs apart. She felt safe. Sanctuary and decency was hers with just another two steps.  
  
Another look around.  
  
The only eyes were his.  
  
She flicked her skirt up behind her to expose her buttocks. He smiled.  
  
She bent at the waist and touched the floor with her hands.  
  
Helen didn't know why she did it. It hadn't been a preconceived plan or a goal of hers. It just seemed a fun thing to do. In her defence her emotions were in brand new territory; she was feeling extremely naughty. It seemed that her pussy was calling the shots, a tickle of constant arousal playing on her, competing with her brain for control.  
  
The crack of her pussy through to her ass opened wide, the rings bearing the jewellery freed themselves of her natural moist stickiness and separated allowing the attached drop earrings to dangle enticingly below her open anus.  
  
She felt slutty.  
  
She felt very slutty.  
  
She felt in charge.  
  
Twisting to make sure she could see his reaction and reaching around, she softly smacked her own ass. She allowed a couple of sharp spanking sounds to emanate and leave a slight red handprint that would soon fade from her flesh.  
  
Standing up again to enter the booth, the last thing she saw before swishing the curtain back into place, was him coughing and choking slightly, the assistant obviously asking if he was all right.  
  
...  
  
They left the shop giggling again together. He was now carrying a plastic carrier with the skirt that they had decided to have. The blouse had been fun they decided but not something she would have occasion to wear.  
  
As much fun as it had been, she was back in the Summer dress and feeling more secure. Using one of his clean handkerchiefs, she had been able to surreptitiously mop up her arousal and dry her lower lips and the new jewellery. It had only just been purchased and had already been soaked several times.  
  
More people seemed to be packing the concourse now and progress was much slower. Looking up, the gallery walk was a lot busier. The memory of her earlier activities still fresh in her mind, it brought a naughty grin of happiness. Perhaps fate had been smiling on her for now those exploits wouldn't be possible.  
  
Looking around and enjoying the stroll she was aware that he had paused her at another store.  
  
Shoes!  
  
She had begun to love shoes.  
  
No longer just functional footwear, but the right ones could give a body altering confidence boost. Since she had started regular exercise, she felt like she wanted to showcase her shape a little. Heels were the ultra-feminine way of doing so.  
  
Looking through the window, they saw the collection of training shoes, smart male brogues and in the second pane, a variety of attractive heeled and practical flat women's shoes.  
  
The decision was made to enter; it was time for another purchase. She wondered what he had in mind for her in this establishment. What rite of passage he had for her during this next acquisition.  
  
Hand in hand, they entered through the blast of hot air that portaled the door, and looked up for hanging signage that would indicate where they needed to head. Tall racks surrounded them of the latest bargains and current fads.  
  
She already had a few pairs of simple elegant high heeled court shoes in a couple of different colours but since her recent thirst for wearing them, it had been at the back of her mind to experiment more with design. Straps around her ankles and maybe a buckle; a variety of material or finish perhaps.  
  
He leaned to her ear and whispered his instruction for this part of the shopping trip. An expectation for this shop.  
  
Oh great. Absolutely fantastic.  
  
He had a real knack for upgrading what otherwise could be an ordinary event to one that kept her focused and aware. Centred her mind and eroticised everything. Would give her memories to appreciate and recall in glorious detail on the nights she was alone and in need of personal time but created a usual leak between her legs right now.  
  
Don't sit on the dress.  
  
Her mind was going crazy now. One of the most crucial and inherent necessities when shoe shopping, was to sit down to change and try them on. The banks of chairs and bench seats were there, to sit on. Down the middle of the shop. In the spaces between the racks and alongside full length and floor mirrors.  
  
Don't sit on the dress.  
  
It was wrapped around her, covering her bottom and down almost to her knees. To not sit on the fabric of her dress would mean... would mean?  
  
Her brain clicked over and into gear. She knew exactly what he was asking of her. A fresh challenge now. Another future delicious reminiscence that would stay with her the rest of her life. Another opportunity to live a moment that she never, in her wildest dreams, ever expected to have.  
  
Deep breaths, Helen. You can do this; her inner voice calmed her as always. The inner confidence was there a lot these days. Always offering a solution to achieve what at first seemed impossible.  
  
Smiling to betray the remaining mild panic once again, she paused to kiss her man. He responded, surprised but grateful. It was always a concern that each task was potentially a step too far for her, but she allayed his worried expression with a smile, a nod and her own eager expression.  
  
She had, after all, complete faith in being in the safety of his company. She decided, once again, to embrace the moment and to see what happened. Too often in her life she had found herself always saying no to potential new experiences... feeling now like she had missed out. Not any more.  
  
First things first though...  
  
Finding shoes that she liked, that would fit her and that she wanted to try on. She always fancied a snake skin clubbing style high heeled pump. Today was the day for ticking that box.  
  
They strolled down the aisles picking and pointing at the merchandise on display. Several were plucked from the shelf, sizes checked and replaced. Designs contemplated and dismissed.  
  
A pointed toe high heeled Court shoe was found; a design they liked. It was an abstract print. It looked pretty. A hovering young male assistant came over and quickly assessed their needs. A young man in his early twenties, he was obviously a new employee, and quick on his feet considering the speed he left their vicinity on the search for the box of the correct size she needed.  
  
Deep breaths again as Helen was steered to the closest side wall where there were three spare unoccupied seats between the long wall racks.  
  
Grateful for his consideration, she nervously checked the aisle for any eyes noticing what she was up to. Turning her back to the chair, her hands on the material at her waist, she slowly and cautiously lifted the skirt from around her bottom.  
  
No one was watching.  
  
Using his large body as a shield and in one fluid motion, she bent and crouched to sit. Hooking the last of the dress from around her bottom she finished the movement by sitting squarely on the velour covered seat. Quickly, she squished the material down and around her hips to hide as much of her flesh as possible, glad that her skirt was quite flexible and accommodating. Stretching nicely after the times it had been on and off so far that day.  
  
She heard the quiet chink of her lower jewellery tapping against the metal frame of the chair and inwardly giggled. Shuffling her bottom she felt the drag on her clit and bit her lip as the sharp feeling of sudden arousal flooded her.  
  
Nervously she looked down and around herself, a pat down of the dress at her bottom prevented a draft through the gap in the back of the chair. Then checking that the dress was pulled across her knees, she placed her hands in her lap, pushing the material into any space remaining between her legs, and resting her fingers on her labia to quieten them.  
  
The lad was not long. Bustling back between the racks of clothing, he was knelt down and removing the shoes from the protective white tissue paper around the correct size shoes before they realised it. Standing each heeled shoe in front of her as a pair, he stretched out to take her first foot.  
  
Surprised she stretched forward her leg and felt him slip the old shoe from her foot and exchange it for the new one.  
  
He seemed intent on the operation. He was looking down. She was grateful but oddly slightly disappointed. Felt comfortable, yet naughty enough to want to tease. He was of average height; a fair haired, good looking lad.  
  
A trendy haircut of someone who had the time and resources to keep it nice.  
  
Residual acne and the gangly nature of someone still coming to terms with their body and sporting the mild facial fuzz of someone desirous of their first beard.  
  
She felt nothing particularly for the person a foot or so away from her; a person much less than half her age, but the predicament she found herself in was causing the usual flutter of excitement.  
  
Her eyes fixed on her own man. They shared the gaze, an unspoken calming communication as the lad reached for her second foot.  
  
Helen didn't know why she did it. Under torture there still would not have been a definitive answer. All the experiences up to this moment this morning had left her more sexually charged and carefree than at any other time in her life. There was only one move to make, and it changed her perception of herself completely.  
  
She took her hands from her lap and held the leading edge of the chair either side in order to push her foot home in the new shoe. This deliberate and simple act had the effect of leaning her forward and disturbing the hem of her dress and separating her thighs.  
  
They both saw the lad's eyes flick up to the clink of her jewellery, and then widen slightly. There was no way he had a good view, but his attention had been drawn by the sound and most likely the glint of light on the shiny inset stones on the drop earrings.  
  
No horror.  
  
No disgust.  
  
No disappointment.  
  
Helen watched with unbridled glee as both her man's eyes, and the young man's eyes, widened in disbelief. She couldn't believe herself either. What was the worst that could happen? The exit was literally just there. No one knew her. She didn't recognise anyone in the shop. If it all went sideways, all she had to do was just grab her own stuff and go.  
  
But she was feeling feisty now.  
  
The second shoe was being put on. The lad, bless him, was looking uncertain. Possibly conscious of her tall, imposing looking bloke behind him, he obviously didn't know where to place himself. He was trying to act impervious but obviously wanted a confirmatory voyeuristic second look.  
  
Mischievously she waggled her leg side to side to square her foot in the shoe, fully aware that this shimmied her thighs and caused the jewellery to rattle once more.  
  
Her man was looking away desperately trying to keep a grin from his face. The lad on the floor unbalanced slightly from his position almost on all fours, but started to collect the discarded tissue paper together to hide it.  
  
She stood up.  
  
Normally a simple and uncomplicated procedure, the fact that she had been sitting on her naked bottom threw a slight spanner in the works. Her hand ready at her waist simultaneously pulled the skirt back down over her bottom as she rose to full height.

To drop or not to drop?  
  
She looked like she was wearing a mini skirt. Her furthest sparkling jewels were brushing the hem of her dress in extremely close proximity to the young stranger. But there was a little weight in the material and the only thing preventing gravity from taking it to its usual position on her thighs - was her.  
  
Why didn't she drop the material?  
  
Why couldn't she just let go?  
  
What was keeping her from recovering her naked thighs?  
  
Not knowing what was up with her, she resisted releasing it and instead angled her feet one by one left and right albeit to admire the shoes. She felt her thighs open and close as she did so and felt the created movement of the rings on her labia.  
  
The lad was cool. Head angled to the shoes, she knew he was trying to discretely check out her additions. It made her feel naughty and oh so alive. It would only take an extra pinch of material at her hip and he would be face to face with her most private area. Deep breaths steadied her nerves.  
  
This however, was a step too far for her blue-eyed man who called the lad's attention to another shoe on the rack. As he turned to see, she retook her seat, once more making sure she was not sat on the fabric of her dress.  
  
These shoes, though they fitted well, didn't impress them. A second pair with a leopard print design were swiftly selected from a nearby shelf and her size was requested.  
  
Within moments, the necessary size box was found and brought to her, and once the same amount of attention was bestowed on her by the helpful young man who as far as her tall lover was concerned, was a little too eager in his work.  
  
Helen on the other hand, was in her element. The seemingly constant arousal all morning had had a marked effect, the natural inhibitions that usually guided her behaviour had been slowly stripped from her. Displaying herself in public all morning in various ways had compounded her emotions and she felt she was ready to explode with life.  
  
She felt completely safe with her blue-eyed man but was enjoying the attention from the young man at her feet; became steadily more lax as a result with holding her dress down around her, very conscious that her labia jewellery rattled frequently against the chair frame and instead of trying to prevent it, enjoyed it.  
  
Encouraged it.  
  
Promoted it.  
  
Emphasised it.  
  
Twisting happily in her seated position, she asked her man to look for, and hold up random other items around the racks. As he did so, she knew full well that the leading hem of her skirt lifted higher and her hip movement flexed her pussy open and closed with the drop earrings dancing on the end of their attachments.  
  
She was calling the shots.  
  
The lad on his hands and knees before her almost had his eyes out on storks. All pretence of 'just doing his job' was forgotten as was most of his vocabulary. Any attempt at dialogue about the shoes was abandoned as his jaw almost dropped at what he saw. He became quieter with each passing moment until he stopped bothering with any sales patter whatsoever.  
  
She felt elated.  
  
She felt exhilarated.  
  
She felt extremely turned on.  
  
As her own man rounded the aisle corner once more on his return from a fetch that he was performing for her, he couldn't believe what he saw. He stopped still in shock, a single shoe option in his hand.  
  
She was now stood in front of her chair in the beautiful leopard print stilletos with her dress held up at her waist, the height barely below her hips wrapping around at her pussy lips and halfway down her ass.  
  
The lad was still on his knees but leaning forward, his head in line and his nose not too far from the dangling additions.  
  
Raised eyebrows.  
  
Wide open eyes.  
  
Shock on his face.  
  
Her man looked incredulous.  
  
Her smile filled her face and the flush of excitement was obvious. The game had been his creation, but the rules were changing. She was having slutty fun.  
  
The thin single trickle of her usual leak escaped her lips and threaded it's way down her inside leg towards her knee. The lad watched it in fascination. Looking down at herself, there was no embarrassment, no necessity to shield herself, no desire to run for safety.  
  
As its descent came to a halt, the wild desire to take it a little further took hold. Stepping across the lad's floor-planted hand, she walked the aisle away from the men a short distance, fully aware that the lower flesh of her ass cheeks were on full view. She turned and posed nonchalantly, as though trying to ascertain the comfort of the shoes.  
  
The earrings shimmied and glinted on full display below the hiked-up dress. Her pussy open like a rose, her clit engorged and pulsating with excitement. Her legs looked long and beautifully toned in the stilleto heels, a glint on her moisturised skin.  
  
Her own man leant back against the display where he stood, a smile creeping across his face. The lad, still on the floor, had sagged his jaw in amazement.  
  
Seconds.  
  
Minutes.  
  
Hours.  
  
It could have been any amount of time because no one spoke. She was the object of scrutiny. Of fantasy. Her meat was on display and being favourably rated. She was the vision of erotic beauty. An object of desire. A sex toy for use.  
  
She walked back.  
  
It was more of a sashay.  
  
Slow. Methodical. Hips wiggling left and right with each step. A slow sexy walk that she had always been capable of but had forgotten for so many of her years. A walk she had had in her late teens but that had been forgotten with the rigours of life that came with a changing body and sensible shoes. A walk that captivated attention. Tall and statuesque, she held her shoulders down and pushed her breasts out. The vision commanded respect.  
  
She reached the lad but ignored him to start a conversation over his head. She knew his nose was inches from her genitals; could most likely smell her arousal and obviously see her leaking slit.  
  
Her own feigned oblivion made her wet. The lad was still there. He wasn't being forced to look at her. He had his own will.  
  
Her heart was beating fast.  
  
A single touch in the right place now and the lad was close enough to practically drown in her squirt.  
  
Trying to formulate words in the conversation with her man. A sentence that made sense; a diversion from the desire to cum. She wanted to cum more than anything in the world. Cum right here, right now. Cum on the floor. Cum over this inquisitive youngster. Show him the power and raw sex appeal of a mature woman. Give him an experience that he would never forget.  
  
No.  
  
No, Helen.  
  
A step too far.  
  
She had to get out. If she didn't, she couldn't be held accountable for her actions. Her brain was ready to explode, her body primed for the ejaculation of her own fluids. Standing tall, naked from the waist down in this shop, feet slightly apart in front of a complete stranger, it was harder to not finish herself off than anything previously asked of her in her entire life.  
  
Sheer will-power.  
  
The fog in her head held her immobile.  
  
The in-built decorum succeeded.  
  
Unresisting, she felt her man take charge.  
  
As though it was a distant awareness, she felt herself release the dress, her bags and paraphernalia collected from around her. Felt herself steered to the door with a pause by the till; the change in temperature as they left the store. She heard her heels clicking on the glossy ceramic tiles of the concourse and then the tarmac of the garage floor as they left the mall for the car.  
  
The cool natural air of the parking lot brought her to her senses. The fog in her head beginning to clear, she knew what she needed. Desired. Needed more than her next breath.  
  
To his amazement as they walked, she pulled her dress back up and over her belly. Her hand briefly up behind her back and the zip released. The dress was up and over her head as they rounded the chicane into the final straight to find the car.  
  
Naked and not caring who could see her, she walked tall and proud.  
  
She saw the amazed look on his face and was amused to see a slight fright there too; a panicking look around to make sure that she was safe. She appreciated it.  
  
But was beyond his control.  
  
Beyond his influence.  
  
Beyond sane thought.  
  
A car leaving in the next lane across.  
  
A young couple over to their left.  
  
An oblivious group of teens wrapped up in silly behaviour and giggling at each other.  
  
They reached the car as the dress was disentangled from around her head. She thrust it onto it's roof and put her back to the rear door to sink down onto her haunches.  
  
This was unprecedented. He hadn't requested this; hadn't planned it. He didn't quite know how to react. Still exercising caution, he needed to know that they weren't going to be interrupted and his head swivelled left and right with surveillance.  
  
Grabbing his belt she pulled him to her and scrabbled to release his cock a little too roughly. Fighting to find the zip or buttons at his crotch was a step beyond her abilities.  
  
He freed himself from her clutch and lowered his fly to release his own semi stiff member from it's home. It sprang out and slowly began to unfurl.  
  
She was panting. Hot. Flushed.  
  
She needed her mouth filled.  
  
She needed her pussy stimulated.  
  
Burying her hands between her legs, the soft clink of the earrings brushing the ground she sucked him deep into her mouth. Felt him swell inside her. Pushing out seemingly in all directions to fill the cavity. Long slow sucks always worked and did so again. Extending at this angle he seemed huge and she fought a gag reflex.  
  
Naked in a parking garage to a mall. Naked between two cars with a stiff cock in her mouth.  
  
Naked of her own accord.  
  
Her breathing getting short, it didn't take her long to build to a climax and she heard the accompanying splash on the tarmac between his feet. Release was bliss. She kept on going, the memories of the morning playing as a loop in her mind. A second cum.  
  
He was fucking her face. She kept her lips and tongue as a soft helpful tube. It didn't take long. As much as he didn't want to hurt her, her head pinned to the gloss paint of the door she was just a receptacle for his fluids.  
  
He was turned on.  
  
Wrenching himself free of her mouth, his own large hand on his cock to finish himself off, he spurted onto her face.  
  
And again.  
  
And again.  
  
It coated her mouth, nose, and cheeks.  
  
Pale white and creamy it soaked her willing face and dripped down around her nose. The taste and texture and smell was over powering.  
  
She came again.  
  
Blissfully content, eyes closed tight, she felt him probing at her mouth and opened her mouth obediently to suck and clean him.  
  
She didn't care who saw.  
  
She felt on top of the world.  
  
She felt more self confident than ever.