**Jen Baby**

**Chapter 1**

Jennifer Salvatore breathed in and stood up on tip toe and strained to

pull up the too-tight denim shorts over her pert little ass. Her blond

hair was still damp from the shower, and hung over her shoulders in a

tangled wet mess, and her bouncing figure, still struggling into the

shorts, caused a droplet of water to drip from the straggly ends of her

hair and to roll coolly down her back until it was absorbed in the

waistband of the shorts, just as she closed the stud in front. She

breathed a deep sigh of achievement.

She hadn't worn these shorts for more than three years, and then, at a

skinny 15 she had looked like a cute kid in them. Now they were

transformed into an entirely different category, hugging her 18 year

old ass which had filled out so curvaceously since then. If anything,

the cut-off legs had frayed even more in the intervening years, and

revealed even more of the subtle curve under the cheeks of her

backside, cutting between her legs, pulled tight into her groin. She

twisted round to see the effect in the full length mirror behind her,

and liked what she saw.

"I'm sure Jeff will be happy with my choice" she thought to herself, as

her eyes took in her reflection. She was still on tip-toe, as if

wearing heels, and twisting round to look in the mirror had tightened

the muscles in her long slender legs, emphasising their female grace.

Wearing nothing but the shorts, which barely covered her cheeks, and

which were sufficiently low at the waist to leave the small dimples at

the base of her back exposed, she looked stunning, and she knew it.

Above the shorts, her long narrow waist extended into a finely shaped

back, her shoulder blades clearly defined in her twisted posture. As

her eyes followed her reflection upwards, they took in the rounded

curve of her breast on the side turned towards the mirror, the nipple

turned upwards to point towards the corner of the room.

Further up, and she caught the reflection of her own staring eyes, her

head turned over her shoulder, framed by that damp blond hair.

Jennifer couldn't resist winking at herself, pleased with what she had

seen, and excited by what lay ahead.

As she turned away from her reflection, and started to towel her hair

dry, and then start to brush it through, she thought again about her

instructions.

The mysterious Jeff had come into her life some months before, chatting

to her in the Internet chat room she had used so many times. Calling

herself "jenbaby", she had been immediately impressed with how much

Jeff appeared to know about her, despite never having spoken to him

before. She would find out later just how he knew so much, but that

comes later in this story.

They had got on well, and talked about all the usual stuff. Jeff, who

had originally called himself "rotter" in the chat room, made her

laugh, but he also started to raise her interest by laying little

subtle challenges to her, challenges she couldn't resist. Over the

months, they had explored all sorts of subjects, and Jeff had gradually

pulled from her the fact that she liked the idea of being submissive.

Now their relationship was on an entirely different level, and the

latest challenge that Jeff had made to her was overtly sexual and

submissive. She thought through the details again as she continued to

brush and dry her hair.

Jennifer had been "commanded" by Jeff to dress provocatively this

weekend, and to go to the local Valley Mall where she knew some of the

boys from school would be hanging out. She had strict instructions to

flirt with any boys she met, and to do more if one particular boy was

there. Jeff had told her he expected her to find a way to display

herself to a boy named Kevin who Jennifer had told Jeff about during

one of their late night chats. Kevin was in the same year as Jennifer,

but somehow seemed a lot older and more mature than the other boys at

school. Jeff had been insistent that she should seek him out and find

a way to let him see her hidden charms. If she did, Jeff promised her

a reward, but was keeping that a surprise.

Jennifer looked at herself in the mirror again, and thought how she was

getting ready to expose herself to Kevin at Jeff's command; the thought

sent a shiver down her back. She wondered what adventures the day

would bring, and wondered what surprise Jeff had in store for her. She

realised that she loved the idea of handing over control of herself and

her body to a complete stranger, someone she had only ever met on the

Internet, who was now controlling how she acted and what she did.

She quickly finished her hair and make-up, applying it a little heavier

than she would normally do for school; she liked the effect. Finally,

she slipped on her shoes, and picked up the top she had chosen to wear,

sliding her arms into the sleeves and pulling the crisp white cotton of

the shirt across her chest to tie it beneath her breasts in a loose

knot. She buttoned one button above the knot, and then turned this way

and that before the mirror to see the effect.

She looked sensational, but very slightly trashy. The shirt allowed

anyone to view a fair amount of cleavage, but was decent enough,

although it was clear that she wasn't wearing a bra. The smooth brown

skin of her belly and legs contrasted nicely with the whiteness of the

shirt, and the washed out denim blue of the shorts. She undid the

single button and then leaned forwards, seeing the desired effect in

the mirror of her dressing table. With the button undone, the shirt

gaped enough for the whole of her breast to be exposed from the front

left side. From anywhere else, she still preserved her modesty.

Satisfied with the effect, Jennifer re-buttoned, flicked her hair from

beneath the collar of the shirt, picked up her purse and left her room.

Valley Mall

As she drove down to Valley Mall, Jennifer was conscious of the pressure

from her shorts against her pussy. The tightness and direct contact

between the rough material and the soft folds of her sex was very

pleasant and added to her already excited state. Jeff had been adamant

about her not wearing underwear, and the strange sensation was more

pleasing than she had imagined. As she drove, she couldn't help

pressing the fingers of her right hand against the crotch of her

shorts, pushing the hard denim seam of her shorts even harder against

her clit and lips. She realised that she was already getting damp

thinking about what she was doing, and what she was about to do.

At the mall, she parked her beat-up old Ford, and then slipped from

behind the wheel. As she opened her legs to reach first her left foot

out of the car, she looked down to see that her inner thigh was visible

all the way to the soft, sensitive skin of her groin, the denim crotch

of her shorts pulled tightly into the crack of her sex. She knew it

would not take much to allow the lip of her pussy to become visible,

and the thought thrilled her.

As she walked from the car park to the mall entrance, she was already

aware of the gaze of passers-by, their eyes following this precocious

young girl, so obviously dressed to please. She revelled in the

attention that she was getting, heightened by the knowledge that she

was doing this under orders from Jeff, and that her own choice in the

matter had been effectively removed.

Jennifer quickly found some of the kids from school hanging about

outside Auntie Anne's Pretzels. There were five boys and two girls

from her year already sitting around one of the little benches that

were scattered around the mall. As she walked up to join them, her

eyes scanned the group to see who was there. She had already realised

that Kevin wasn't part of the group, when Bobby saw her approaching.

His eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw what she was

wearing, and Jennifer responded to his intense stare by swaggering a

little more sexily as she took the few remaining paces to join the

group.

"Hi guys" she said in a slightly bored and disinterested way, as she

joined the group. Now they all looked around at her, the boys with

growing interest, and the two girls, at first, with delighted

expressions, but which quickly faded into curiosity as they took in

what she was wearing. Had it been anyone else but Jess and Christy,

Jennifer's two best friends at school, Jennifer knew that she would

have been subjected to a much more jealous and judgemental assessment

of her appearance by any girls present, but Jess and Christie knew her

too well, and were too close to her, to be quite as bitchy as the other

girls would have been.

The boys in the group returned her greeting, and then continued to stare

at her as Jess and Christy took her to one side so that they could

speak privately.

"Jesus Jen, you look fantastic," whispered Jess, "who the hell is this

for? You don't normally dress like this to the mall!"

Jennifer smiled at them enigmatically. "I'll tell you all about it

later, when it's quieter, but do you really think I look OK?"

Now it was Christy's turn to give her opinion. "You look great Jen, but

kinda trashy too" she said. "And I've never seen you go without a bra

in anything quite as see-through as that shirt. You're likely to give

some of these boys' ideas, or even a heart attack, letting them see you

like that."

Jennifer smiled again. "Well that's the general idea," she laughed,

"Have either of you seen Kevin?"

"Oh my God!" said Jess, "Don't tell me that you're dressed up to impress

that weirdo! He probably won't be interested unless you're carrying a

guitar or something. And you'd need to dress in a grungy smock if you

want to turn his head, not be dressed like Daisy Duke."

Again, Jennifer could only smile at the reaction of her friends. She

knew they would be as excited as her if they only knew why she was here

and dressed like this. She had already told them a little about Jeff,

and they were intrigued. But for now, she wanted to keep the secret to

herself for a while.

"Well have you seen him, or not?" she demanded.

Christy acknowledged that he had been around, alone as usual. "When I

saw him last, he was heading into that charity shop over by American

Eagle. Probably looking for a new old jumper or something. How can

people wear other peoples cast-offs like that, it makes my skin creep

thinking about it."

Jennifer thanked her for the information, then told Jess and Christy

that there was something that she had to do, that she'd see them soon,

and she'd tell them all about it later. Finally, she waved casually to

the boys who were all still eyeing her like a cat eyes a bird, and

whose eyes unanimously followed her ass as she sauntered off in the

direction of American Eagle.

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Jennifer approached the little charity shop carefully. She wasn't sure

quite what she would do, or how she would do it, but the first thing to

do was to ensure that Kevin was still in the shop. She looked through

the window, past the racks of second hand clothes, and spotted him near

the back of the shop, leafing through a shelf full of old vinyl

records. "Typical!" she thought, "the rest of the world moves on to CD

and DVD, and Kevin adds to his collection of vinyl. What do you play

those things on these days?"

She watched him for a few seconds, feeling a thrill run through her at

her instructions from Jeff. Kevin was a bit of a loner, but he was

kind of hot too, in his own old-fashioned way. His dirty blond hair

was always too long and a bit scruffy, just like his clothes. But he

was good looking, and there was an air of mystery about him that

attracted her. That's why she had told Jeff about him when Jeff had

been asking about her friends and acquaintances at school.

She also made an assessment of the store itself. Typical of the charity

shops that were growing in number, this one was for some central

American orphans, and took in a wide variety of second hand clothes,

jewellery, books, ornaments and other stuff from donors, before selling

the items at knock down prices. The shops like this never lasted long,

not being able to afford reasonable commercial rents, they made

agreements with landlords for the temporary use of vacant premises at

very low cost, and the landlords benefited from tax breaks counting the

let as a charitable donation. As a consequence, there was always a

temporary look and feel to the shop and its contents.

Other than Kevin and a young spotty charity worker acting as shop

assistant, the store was empty. It was reasonable large for a charity

shop, stretching all the way back to where temporary fitting rooms were

installed to allow shoppers to try on various items. Racks of clothes

and shelving units for other items created a kind of maze in the store,

and Jennifer realised that she could probably browse around in there

for some time before Kevin saw or noticed her. A plan started to form

in her mind, and she slipped quietly into the store.

The spotty youth in charge acknowledged her arrival, and his eyes

followed her around the room as she quietly browsed the racks, always

keeping a gap between her and Kevin. As she moved towards the back of

the store, closer to her target, she casually picked up an item every

now and then from the shelves or racks as she passed, always dropping

them back down before moving on. Her intention was to find a way of

letting Kevin see her without it being obvious that she knew he was

there.

She looked again at the temporary fitting rooms as she got closer, and

the half-formed plan became clearer. The rooms consisted of little

partition frameworks built from 2x2 wooden struts, panelled in between

the rooms by plywood boards, and with dusty looking curtains hanging

down instead of doors to the partitions. Through the open curtains,

she could see that each of the four fitting rooms had a full length

mirror standing at the back of the room, a hanger on one wall to hang

clothes, and a wooden seat for use by the shoppers. The fitting rooms

all faced down the length of the shop, towards the counter, behind

which the spotty assistant stood.

Jennifer completed her plan in her head, and went into action to fulfil

it. As she came to terms with what she was going to do, her heart

started to beat faster, and her nipples erected from the excitement

that she was starting to feel. She was about to satisfy Jeff's orders,

and expose herself to Kevin. The fact that she couldn't do that

without also exposing herself to the spotty shop assistant actually

added to her excitement as the thrill started to mount within her.

Jennifer scanned quickly around the store, and spotted what she was

looking for a little over to the right, and away from where Kevin was

still flicking through the racks of LPs. By the look of his progress

to date, he could be there for another 30 minutes at least. And he was

perfectly positioned, near the back of the store, facing towards the

wall on the left, the fitting rooms only a few feet away over his right

shoulder, but with racks of clothes between him and them such that

Jennifer could feasibly enter a changing room without seeing him. He

however, had a perfect view of the fitting rooms, although being

himself partly hidden from them.

Jennifer quickly moved over to the rack she had spotted. It was full of

second hand dresses, tops and shirts, of all sorts and sizes. She

expertly rifled through the rack, selecting half a dozen items, which

she transferred to her left hand. When she thought she had enough, she

wheeled round to the counter and asked the spotty youth if she could

try them on, in a voice that was slightly louder than it really needed

to be. She wanted Kevin to note her presence in the store without

letting him know that she knew he was there.

The young guy behind the counter pointed over to the fitting rooms at

the back of the store, and told her to go ahead. Jennifer noted with

interest as he watched her thread her way to the back, where she chose

the fitting room that would give both him and Kevin the best possible

view.

As she entered the fitting room and hung up her choices, Jennifer was

already starting to breathe heavily, and her skin was starting to glow

slightly in the heat of the shop. She turned around and reached up to

pull closed the curtain screen, deliberately leaving a fairly wide gap

to the left of the curtain, the side nearest to Kevin. From the corner

of her eye, she noted that Kevin had definitely seen her entering the

fitting room, although he was partly hidden by a rack of clothes. So

far so good.

Jennifer turned around inside the cubicle to face the full length mirror

at the back, and took in her own reflection, straightening the collar

of her shirt, and sliding her hands down across her flat belly to

adjust the belt on her shorts. Whilst she was doing this, she also

checked out the reflection to see what was happening behind her.

From the front of her cubicle, there was a long straight aisle leading

all the way to the front of the store, where the counter was. She had

to stop herself from smiling as she realised the spotty guy had

repositioned himself at that end of the counter that gave him the best

view into her cubicle.

Over to the left in her reflection, she could just make out Kevin, half

hidden, but who she could plainly see was pretending to leaf through

records, but was keeping at least half an eye on her through the gap in

the curtain screen. Everything was working perfectly, and Jennifer

took a deep breath and unbuttoned the shirt and started to pull at the

knot that held it together.

She could feel two pairs of eyes watching as she finally untied the knot

in her shirt. Now all that was covering her breasts were the flaps of

the shirt, which she pulled apart, and shrugged from her shoulders, as

her audience watched with bated breath. She casually draped the shirt

over the wooden seat, and then turned in profile to the clothes she had

selected, and slowly reached up to unhook one of the items from the

hanger. She knew that she was now perfectly visible in profile, her

arms stretched upwards, raising her breasts into the best position for

the two guys to see. She held the pose for a few seconds whilst

holding her own breath from excitement, deliberately exposing herself

to their view.

The item she first selected was a simple print dress, in a filmy

material, with a zipper down the back. She unzipped the zipper, before

stepping into the dress and pulling it up and over her shorts,

stretching her arms to pull the dress up over her shoulders, and

adjusting it at the front, the zipper still all the way down. Before

starting to fasten the zipper, she turned back to the mirror, allowing

the two men to see her back exposed, down to about the middle of her

shorts, where the zipper reached to.

Jennifer smoothed her hands ostentatiously down the front of the dress,

pulling a face as she encountered the bumps and lumps of her shorts

beneath the dress. Then, as if to get a proper feel for the fit of the

dress over her curvy frame, she reached down at the front and under the

skirt of the dress to undo, and then slip out of her shorts. She was

now completely naked beneath the thin material of the dress, but the

men had no idea that this was the case, until she stood back up, the

zip still undone.

As she shook her self into the dress and let it fall over her body to

lie naturally over her, both men could now see the start of the crack

of her backside, and the swelling curves at the top of the cheeks of

her ass. It was clear that she wasn't wearing knickers under the dress.

The sweat had started to form in droplets on the forehead of the

spotty shop assistant, and there was an uncomfortable tightness in his

crotch as his cock started to swell at this unexpected relief from the

normal monotony of his day. Jennifer's deliberate exposure was having

the desired effect on at least one of her watchers, and she could

clearly see his reaction in the reflection of her mirror.

What Kevin was thinking and feeling was less obvious, but she could see

that she had clearly attracted his attention, and he now made no

pretence of looking through the records, but was openly peeking at her

through the racks of clothes.

Jennifer reached behind her for the zipper to the dress, and pulled it

up as far as she could, before reaching over her shoulder to pull it

the rest of the way up. Despite the casual choice of dress, it had not

been important when she chose it whether it fitted or suited her, the

dress was actually a great fit, and clung to her curves like a second

skin. She twisted and posed in front of the mirror, turning this way

and that, smoothing the dress over her hips, and then her bust,

allowing her hands to do what she was sure both men would like to have

done. She felt really sensual, allowing her hands to caress her young

body as they watched her.

After several minutes of this, Jennifer reached back to undo the zip,

pulling it all the way down, and then turning to select another item

from those she had brought into the fitting room with her, the dress

hanging loosely about her, and the cheeks of her ass partially on

display. She took a few seconds to select the next item, deliberately

teasing the boys who were watching her with growing interest and

erections, waiting for her to slip out of the dress.

Finally, she shrugged the dress from her shoulders, and it cascaded

down, forming a liquid pool at her feet, and leaving her standing

completely naked, her entire rear exposed directly to the two boys /

men, whilst her naked front was visible to them in the reflection of

her own mirror. She heard a short intake of air from Kevin as her

entire body came into view, and she paused for a second or two to allow

him to drink her all in with his eyes.

Jenifer's nipples were erect, and the little patch of blond hair at the

base of her flat, taut stomach, was all that stood between her and his

intent gaze. The start of her pussy lips was visible between her legs,

and became more so as her legs opened as she stepped out of the dress

which had pooled at her feet. Jennifer had never felt so wanton in her

life, enjoying her own exposure and exhibition, remembering that this

was because Jeff had ordered her to do this. She wondered if she could

take the next step.

Still completely naked, except for her shoes, Jennifer slowly bent from

the waist to pick up the dress that had covered her so recently. As

she bent forwards, her ass pushed back against the curtain that was

only partly closed behind her, causing the curtain to open even

further. She took her time collecting the dress in this position,

aware that her ass was now poking out of the fitting room, and totally

exposed to two pairs of eyes. Beneath, between her partially opened

legs, her moist pussy lips were also visible, and her breath caught as

she realised that the two watchers would be aware of her wetness and

excitement at displaying herself so blatantly.

Finally, and reluctantly, she stood back up, and took her time to fold

the dress neatly and put it on the chair on top of her shirt that she

had placed there earlier. Her shorts were still at her feet where she

had stepped out of them, and she wondered if she should bend again to

pick them up. Instead she squatted down on her haunches, still facing

the mirror, her legs parting and exposing her sex, gapingly wet and

excited. She looked at herself thus displayed in the mirror, enjoying

the sensation of seeing exactly what her audience were seeing. As one

hand groped around on the floor for her shorts, she couldn't resist

reaching between her legs with the other hand, and quickly spreading

her lips, feeling her own wetness with her fingers under the constant

gaze of her school friend and a complete stranger. As she checked out

his reflection in the mirror, she saw that the shop assistant was

openly and sensually groping his own erection through the material of

his pants, his bulge straining down his leg with his excitement.

She slowly stood up, and added the shorts to the little pile of clothes

on the chair, and then turned in profile to select another item from

those she had taken into the changing room with her.

As she stood, naked, in profile to her two watchers, arms raised again

to grapple with the the hangers on which her selection hung, she again

gave her audience a perfect view of her young, tautly stretched body.

As she took down a short skirt from the hook, she appeared to notice

the gap in the curtain, and quickly turned to pull it closed, shutting

off the view, and breaking the hearts of her attentive audience, but

adding to their mutual impression that they had been privileged to view

an entirely accidental, rather than deliberate display.

With the curtain closed, Jennifer took a deep breath, leant against the

wall of the cubicle and considered her position. She was still naked,

had just enjoyed, and been immensely excited by, displaying her

nakedness to a school acquaintance and a complete stranger. Her pulse

was racing, and her pussy was swollen and wet with her excitement.

Now, hidden from view, she couldn't resist reaching down and sliding

her middle finger between her legs, allowing it to slide gently across

her erect clitoris, and between those same wet lips that she had

displayed so lasciviously so few moments ago. Her eyes closed with the

sensation of her finger satisfying her need for physical contact, and

the images of what she had just done filled her dirty mind.

She asked herself what Jeff would want her to do next, and answered

herself in a way that allowed her to do what she wanted to do. But

first, her excitement needed appeasing, and she quickly frigged at

herself, bringing herself to an intense orgasm in just a few seconds,

whilst still standing against the wall of the cubicle. It was

difficult for her to keep the noise of her orgasm from escaping her

lips, and she ended up biting hard on the thumb of one hand whilst the

other worked quickly between her legs, bringing the release of orgasm.

As she quieted down from the intense excitement of cumming, she realised

that she was sopping wet between the legs, and the smell of her

excitement became unmistakeable in the confines of the dressing room.

She took a tissue from the pocket of her shorts, and wiped herself as

best she could before discarding the tissue in the little waste bin in

the corner of the cubicle; then she eyed her remaining selection of

clothes for a suitable item for the next part of her plan.

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The curtain had been closed for a few seconds before either of the

watchers could draw their eyes from the booth and reluctantly return to

other matters, with the expectation that the show was over for now.

Kevin returned to leafing through the remaining LPs on the shelf, but

now stood closer to the shelf to hide his erection, which had tented

his baggy pants. He would never be able to look at Jennifer Salvatore

again in school without remembering her as she stood naked in the booth

only a few feet away from him. The thought added to his excitement.

Paul, the shop assistant, whose boring routine day had just got a lot

more interesting, was so aroused by what he had just witnessed that he

couldn't resist stepping quickly from behind the counter and into the

staff rest room at the side of the store. Here, after locking the

door, he quickly dropped his own pants, and with a few quick strokes of

his experienced hand, shot a load of his sperm at the back of the

toilet bowl whilst remembering the lovely sight of the naked girl in

the dressing room. The whole operation took him no longer than it did

Jennifer, and if they only knew it, they had just experienced their

first simultaneous orgasm.

Paul quickly cleaned up, and went back to the counter, having been

absent for no more than 60 seconds from start to finish.

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It was a good 5 minutes later before anything else happened. Kevin was

still leafing through the albums, and had collected 3 or 4 that had

caught his interest. He was pulling these out of their sleeves to

assess the extent of the wear and scratch damage on the vynil before

making a purchase, when he heard the sound of the curtain being drawn

quickly across the opening of the booth still occupied by Jennifer.

His eyes flashed up to see her emerge from the booth, not in the shorts

and shirt she had worn when arriving, but in a skirt and top that she

had obviously taken into the booth with her. As she walked up to the

counter at the front of the store, Kevin's eyes followed her with

renewed interest.

The skirt was short. Very short. Such that it only just covered her

ass. As she walked up the aisle towards the shop assistant, he watched

her rear as the skirt swished and swayed with her motion, flicking up

as her ass swung to reveal the crease at the base of her cheeks, first

the left and then the right.

When he could take his eyes of the mesmeric effect of the hem of her

skirt, he was able to see that from the back, the top she had on was

completely sheer and see-through, and he could see her shoulder blades

moved through the shirt as her arms swung on the walk to the front of

the shop.

"Oh my God!" he thought, "what must that look like from the front?"

Whilst he was thinking that, Paul was doing a double-take. His

attention too had been awakened by the sound of the curtain opening,

and his quick glance had taken in the site of Jennifer walking up the

aisle, her eyes locked with his, before he had bent his head down in

embarrassment at her stare. With his head bowed, his brain was able to

make sense of the information provided by his peripheral vision, and

the sight of her wonderful breasts, bobbing slightly as she walked

towards him, and clearly visible through the filmy material of the

blouse, caused his head to pop back up in disbelief. His second stare

at her avoided her eyes, and his own eyes locked instead on her breasts

as she walked quickly up to the counter right in front of him.

"Excuse me" she said, standing balatantly on display before him, "I need

to know if these prices are fixed, or if I buy both these items, can I

make an offer for a reduced price for the two?"

As she spoke, she reached up with one hand and pulled the price tag from

inside the shirt where it was attached to a button, and with the other,

she pulled up the tag on the skirt, which was stapled to the hem at the

side. She pushed both tags towards him, inviting him to look at them.

Paul could barely drag his eyes from her breasts, but forced himself to

look at the prices on the two items. He did the math in his head,

individually they added up to $22. He wanted to pay her back for the

pleasure she had so far brought him, and he flushed and stammered as he

replied.

"B b buy the skirt for $12, and I'll throw in the blouse" he said.

Jennifer's big smile was reward enough for his offer, and she quickly

flipped on her heels and headed back to the changing booth, stepping in

an exaggeratedly female fashion. Now it was Paul's turn to enjoy the

rear view, whilst Kevin was able to answer his own question about what

the front looked like. His mouth dropped open as Jennifer walked

directly towards him as if she didn't have a care in the world.

For the first time, Jennifer acknowledged Kevin's presence, and smiled

cheerfully at him, saying "Hi Kevin" as she passed his astonished

stare. She headed straight back into the booth, didn't bother with the

curtain, and blatantly stripped off, replacing her shorts and shirt in

their full view. She picked up the blouse and skirt she had just taken

off, and headed back to the counter. As she passed Kevin, she paused

and looked him straight in the eye.

"I'm going for something to eat in Roman Delight, want to join me?"

Without waiting for an answer, she walked to the counter, handed over

the items and $12 to the gob-smacked Paul, who wordlessly wrapped her

purchases and handed them back. Just before she left the store, she

leaned over the counter towards him and whispered,

"I left some of the items in the booth, maybe you should get them back

on the rack as soon as I leave". Then she winked at him, and left the

shop.

Kevin, who had watched the entire spectacle speechless, left his

selected albums as they lay on the shelf, and started to walk after

her, gradually increasing his pace to a trot, and almost running out of

the door to the store behinf her in his effort to catch up with her.

They left behind the bemused Paul, on his own in the now deserted store,

who was trying to work out what her final words had been about. He

didn't disciver their true meaning until 10 minutes later, when he went

into the cubicle to remove the discarded items and replace them on the

rack. As he gathered them up, he noticed some writing on the mirror.

In lipstick, Jennifer had written the following:

"mail me. Jennifersalvatore1987 at hotmail dot com"

He smiled at the message, quickly wrote the address down on the back of

his hand, and then picked up the tissue lying in the waste bin to erase

the message from the mirror. He noted the dampness of the tissue, and

suspiciously raised it near his nose. The scent was unmistakeably that

of mixed lipstick and pussy juice, and his cock started to swell afresh

in his pants.